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THE  
**PARTERRE**

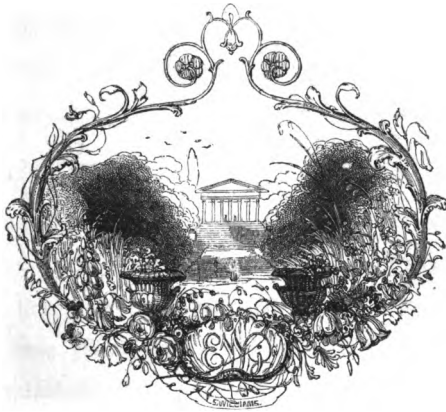
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OF

**FICTION, POETRY, HISTORY, LITERATURE,  
AND THE FINE ARTS.**

**WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ENGRAVINGS, BY MR. S. WILLIAMS.**

**VOL. I.**



**SEMPER FLORENS.**

**LONDON:**  
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# PREFACE.



THE completion of a volume of *The Parterre*, has laid upon us the duty of prefixing that summary of reasons and promises, known by the name of a Preface; without which, according to established usage, no volume is complete.

To those who have seconded our infant efforts from their commencement, we need not recapitulate either the objects or the intentions of our little work: we have endeavoured to fulfil our early promises, and, we trust, not unsuccessfully; but that portion of the public, whose patronage we hope yet to obtain, will expect that we should lead them into our newly laid-out *Parterre*, by the gradual approach of a preface, as an avenue from whence they can inspect its arrangements at one view, rather than lead them at once into the midst, and bid them cull its flowers at random.

The most prominent features in this arrangement, are—the great number of original articles; in which respect the *Parterre* surpasses every other similar periodical; reckoning in this volume, upwards of one hundred. The engravings which illustrate many of these articles,

Handwritten scribbles and signatures at the bottom left of the page.

and of which the present volume contains twenty-eight, have been executed by Mr. Samuel Williams, in the first style of wood engraving, and we feel confident, may be ranked among the finest productions of that now beautiful art. To the Selected Articles, as well as those that are original, we feel authorized to draw our readers' attention; the support hitherto afforded to the *Parterre*, being our best warrant for this confidence in our selection.

In conclusion, we beg to assure our friends, that the next volume shall be still richer in original articles; a promise of which our forthcoming numbers will be the fulfilment.

THE EDITORS OF THE PARTERRE.

# CONTENTS.

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TALES, ROMANCES, AND NARRATIVES.		PAGE
The Scrivener . . . . .	page 1	
Gregory Hipkins, surnamed the Unlucky . . . . .	9, 24	
Karl Wynck; a legend of Amsterdam . . . . .	17	
The Bear Hunt . . . . .	28	
The Phantom Skirmish . . . . .	33	
The Broken Miniature . . . . .	36	
An Episode of the Revolution of July, 1830 . . . . .	42	
A Tale for the Discontented . . . . .	49	
Dick Doleful; a sketch from nature . . . . .	52	
Magnanimity . . . . .	55	
The Dutch Lovers . . . . .	57	
The Death of the Chevalier D'Assas . . . . .	74	
A Midnight Invitation . . . . .	81	
The Heroine of the Tyrol . . . . .	85	
My First Duel . . . . .	90	
Popping the Question . . . . .	93	
A Page from a Blue Jacket's Log-Book . . . . .	97	
Love and Gold . . . . .	105	
The Regicide . . . . .	113	
The Innkeeper of Treves and his Wife . . . . .	116	
The Sorrows of Saunders Skelp . . . . .	118	
The Night Coach . . . . .	123	
A Day by the Danube . . . . .	126	
Evil May-Day . . . . .	129, 145	
The Painter's Revelation . . . . .	134	
The Witch: an American legend . . . . .	135	
The Nuptials of Count Rizzari . . . . .	139	
The Pirate; a sketch . . . . .	153	
The Rivals; a tale of Love and Marriage . . . . .	156	
Wolmar; a German Legend . . . . .	161	
Benefactors . . . . .	171	
Extract from the Journal of an Odd Fellow . . . . .	173	
The Runaway Negro . . . . .	177	
Loves of an Attorney . . . . .	180	
Astrolab; or, the Soothsayer of Bagdad . . . . .	185	
The Will and the Law Suit . . . . .	196	
Jonathan's Visit to the Celestial Empire . . . . .	200	
The Sentinel; a tradition of the Civil Wars . . . . .	209	
Sighmon Dumps . . . . .	212	
The French Fisherman . . . . .	218, 227	
The Slave's Revenge . . . . .	225	
The Mysterious Countess . . . . .	230	
Horrors of the Siege of Badajoz . . . . .	234	
The Challenge . . . . .	241	
The Murderer's Grave . . . . .	243	
Fire and Water; or, the Pirate's Night Cruize . . . . .	249	
The Siege of Soleure . . . . .	257	
Sardinian Feuds . . . . .	263	
The Author; a humorous sketch . . . . .	266, 275, 289	
The Hungarian Girl . . . . .	269	
Andrew, the Fisherman; a Cornish Legend . . . . .	273	
Biography of Jacob Hays . . . . .	278	
Crocodile Island . . . . .	281	
The Victim of a Name . . . . .	297	
The Beggar; from the French . . . . .	321	
Perilous Adventure . . . . .	324	
Extraordinary instance of Courage . . . . .	325	
The Traveller in spite of Himself . . . . .	329	
The Danish Rover; a Legend of the Isle of Wight . . . . .	337	
Amateur Philanthropy . . . . .	344	
The Gallant; or, a Visit to the Bear Garden . . . . .	353	
Extracts from the Journal of an Odd Fellow . . . . .	355	
The Guard; a sketch from Life . . . . .	361	
A Story of the South of France . . . . .	364	
A Passage in the Life of Teddy O'Donohu . . . . .	369	
Memoir of a Pair of Whiskers . . . . .	379	
The Justice; a narrative . . . . .	385	
The Main Truck; or, a Leap for Life . . . . .	388	
An Irish Adventure . . . . .	395	
Count Floris; a Leaf from the Chronicles . . . . .	401	
A Sister's Love and Courage . . . . .	405	
—		
POETRY.		
The Grave of the Poetess . . . . .	5	
Dunbar Castle; by H. Guilford . . . . .	6	
Tarnaway Castle; by the same . . . . .	19	
Stanzas . . . . .	31	
To a Withered Flower . . . . .	36	
The May-flower . . . . .	52	
To Margaret . . . . .	56	
The Tower of the Plague . . . . .	69	
A Poet's Musings . . . . .	84	
The Spirit of Napoleon at the Bier of his Son . . . . .	100	
Jericho Beleaguered . . . . .	115	
Stanzas; by H. Guilford . . . . .	134	

	PAGE		PAGE
The Miniature . . . . .	153	Peg Top . . . . .	272
Autumn Flowers . . . . .	154	Biography of Jacob Hays . . . . .	278
The Grouse Shooter's Call . . . . .	168	Conversation . . . . .	294
On a coloured Tile; by H. Guilford . . . . .	178	Notes of a Reader—The Defteday Bey—Nothing like Leather . . . . .	314
On a Topaz Seal; by the same . . . . .	199	The Evils of Literature . . . . .	327
To the Memory of Robert Emmett . . . . .	212	Taking the Veil . . . . .	343
Seclusion . . . . .	244	Apology for the Literature of the Day . . . . .	316
Stanzas . . . . .	264	Napoleon's Mamelukes . . . . .	359
Fragment . . . . .	275	Musical Anecdotes . . . . .	359
The Spider and the Fly; by Mary Howitt . . . . .	293	Sagacity of the Elephant . . . . .	360
Fragments—Time; Tried Friendship; by H. Guilford . . . . .	329	Letters from Turkey—The Dardanelles—The Scamander—Asiatic Sunset—Turkish Bey—Castles of the Dardanelles—Turkish Bath . . . . .	382
Fragment—The March Wind . . . . .	339	Chinese Entertainment . . . . .	393
—Sweetness of Temper . . . . .	355	A Day at Athens . . . . .	394
The Mother's Grave . . . . .	361	Chapter on Chimneys . . . . .	409
Song of the Wanderer . . . . .	378		
Steam . . . . .	392		

## ESSAYS, SKETCHES, LETTERS, &amp;c.

Sydney and the Mauritius—Paul and Virginia . . . . .	5
Letters from the Lakes . . . . .	7, 22, 40
Privy Purse Expenses, temp. Hen. viij. . . . .	14
Eccentricities of the Author of "Dr. Syntax" . . . . .	20
Enraged Contributor . . . . .	47
The Cries of London . . . . .	63
Chess . . . . .	67
American Society—Sketches from the Springs . . . . .	70
Habits of Sailors . . . . .	79
On the Art of Dressing the Human Body . . . . .	101
Coleridge . . . . .	107
Dalecarlian Marriage . . . . .	109
Pirates of the Middle Ages . . . . .	110
Memorabilia; by a Descendant of Oliver Cromwell—Parr, Coleridge, &c. . . . .	143
Beauty and Association . . . . .	155
Steam and its Prospects . . . . .	168
Kentuckian's Account of a Panther Fight . . . . .	175
Appreciation of Shakspeare . . . . .	179
Notes of a Naturalist . . . . .	200
A Night at the French Opera . . . . .	207
European Savages . . . . .	217
Authorship of the Waverley Novels . . . . .	218
Hindu Trial by Ordeal . . . . .	222
Castigations, No. 1 . . . . .	233
— 2 . . . . .	235
Sorrows of Sleepiness . . . . .	233
Astronomical Speculations . . . . .	245
Feudal Virtues . . . . .	248
Civilization . . . . .	248
Errors and Anachronisms . . . . .	254, 260, 292, 318
Utility of Dulness . . . . .	264
Indolence of Genius . . . . .	265

## MISCELLANIES.

Contrivance for effecting the Escape of Napoleon . . . . .	15
Rebellion of females at Madagascar . . . . .	15
The God of Thieves . . . . .	16
Almanack-maker at Gudduck . . . . .	16
A Giant . . . . .	16
Fishing not a cruel Sport . . . . .	31
Otto of Roses . . . . .	31
Ginger Yill . . . . .	32
Consequence of Popularity . . . . .	32
Otway's Venice Preserved . . . . .	32
Fashion . . . . .	32
Literary Shoemaker . . . . .	32
Pedigree of our Bishops . . . . .	47
Blow at Freemasonry . . . . .	48
Restitution . . . . .	48
Echoes . . . . .	48
Priests outwitted . . . . .	48
Diet of Byron and Shelley . . . . .	48
Gift of the Gab . . . . .	48
A Query . . . . .	48
Unconscious Irony . . . . .	64
Hints to Authors . . . . .	64
Origin of the word Bankrupt . . . . .	64
Fashionable Pair . . . . .	64
Sentiment—Exportation of Women . . . . .	80
Moral Fortitude . . . . .	96
Moses outwitted . . . . .	111
Kentuckian in Company . . . . .	112
Theban Monument . . . . .	112
Rome . . . . .	112
Astley and Ducrow . . . . .	144
Professional Envy . . . . .	144
Literary Dispatch . . . . .	144
Single Combat at Waterloo . . . . .	144
Good Advice . . . . .	144
Apology for the Modern Greeks . . . . .	160
Periodical Literature . . . . .	160
Woman . . . . .	160
Marriage . . . . .	160

	PAGE		PAGE
Campbell . . . . .	176	Epigram . . . . .	352
Female Ingenuity . . . . .	176	Earl of Chatham . . . . .	352
Mutton and no Mutton . . . . .	176	Sensitive Friendship . . . . .	352
Interesting Question . . . . .	176	Sensibility . . . . .	367
Orthography . . . . .	176	Lord North . . . . .	367
American Acuteness . . . . .	176	Curious Calculations . . . . .	367
Romance of Real Life . . . . .	176	French Pistols . . . . .	367
Rather hard . . . . .	192	Australian Mode of procuring Food . . . . .	368
Variation of the Roman Language . . . . .	192	Extraordinary Picture . . . . .	368
Specimen of the Sublime . . . . .	192	Dutch Garden at Brock . . . . .	368
Ancestry . . . . .	192	Golden Age in France . . . . .	368
Painter's Miseries . . . . .	192	Advantages of Reflection . . . . .	384
Ingenious Device . . . . .	192	Curious Facts in Natural History . . . . .	384
Government . . . . .	208	Doubt and Fear . . . . .	384
Faction . . . . .	208	Versatility of Talent . . . . .	400
Curious Discovery . . . . .	208	Chivalrous Heroine . . . . .	400
Antidote against Arsenic . . . . .	208	Napoleon and Charlemagne . . . . .	408
Coolness of M. de Malsaignes . . . . .	208		
Valuable Timber . . . . .	208		
Evils of Prosperity . . . . .	223		
Loss of a Character . . . . .	223		
A Clencher . . . . .	223		
Law of Love . . . . .	223		
Imperial Gratitude . . . . .	223		
Physician and Lawyer . . . . .	223		
Anecdote of Voltaire . . . . .	224		
March of Knowledge . . . . .	224		
Prior Engagement . . . . .	224		
Royal Signatures . . . . .	224		
Phrenology—Flint Soup . . . . .	224		
Haydn and his Wife . . . . .	240		
Bread in the time of Elizabeth . . . . .	240		
Blarney . . . . .	240		
Birman Customs . . . . .	240		
Curious Mode of Fishing . . . . .	256		
Negro Irishmen . . . . .	256		
Ants in Grenada . . . . .	256		
M. de Malsaignes . . . . .	272		
Portuguese Beggars . . . . .	272		
Auricular Confession . . . . .	287		
Thieves' Vinegar . . . . .	287		
Punch . . . . .	288		
Strange Story . . . . .	288		
Abyssinian Barristers . . . . .	288		
Curious Parallel . . . . .	288		
An Absent Man . . . . .	288		
Turning a Faculty to Account . . . . .	319		
Cambridge Wit . . . . .	319		
The English a polite People . . . . .	319		
First Kiss of Love . . . . .	320		
Wedding Rings . . . . .	320		
Preparing for expected Evil . . . . .	335		
The Irish and their Dwellings . . . . .	335		
Curious Revenue . . . . .	336		
All Right . . . . .	336		
Pedigree of Henry VII. . . . .	336		
Joe Miller . . . . .	336		
Impudence and Innocence . . . . .	336		
Flattery . . . . .	352		
Literal . . . . .	352		

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 1. The Surprise of the Castle of Guisnes . . . . .	65
No. 2. The Battle of Aurai . . . . .	193

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher . . . . .	138
The Angler in Wales . . . . .	183
The Story without an End; by Mrs. Austin . . . . .	293
Sketches of Natural History; by Mrs. Howitt . . . . .	293
Captain Smyth on Roman Medals . . . . .	375
Guy Rivers; a Tale of Georgia . . . . .	339

## HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

Charles the First . . . . .	199
Blake . . . . .	199
Parricide . . . . .	199
Bravery . . . . .	200
Slight Mistake . . . . .	200
Taxes of the Romans . . . . .	216
James the First . . . . .	216
Avarice of the Romans . . . . .	217
Dutch Courage . . . . .	247
Prisoners during the Civil Wars . . . . .	248
Cromwell . . . . .	248
Satirical Medals . . . . .	316
Kirk and Jefferies . . . . .	316

## ANECDOTES;

## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson . . . . .	46
Nash, King of Bath . . . . .	93
Ancestress of Franklin . . . . .	185
Medical Science in Persia . . . . .	317
Perilous Adventure . . . . .	324

## Embellishments.

---

	PAGE.
1. The Scrivener - - - - -	1
2. Karl Wynck - - - - -	17
3. The Phantom Skirmish - - - - -	33
4. A Tale for the Discontented - - - - -	49
5. Surprise of the Castle of Guisnes - - - - -	65
6. Midnight Invitation - - - - -	81
7. Page of a Blue-Jacket's Log-book - - - - -	97
8. The Regicide - - - - -	113
9, 10. Evil May-Day - - - - -	129, 145
11. Wolmar - - - - -	161
12. The Runaway Negro - - - - -	177
13. The Battle of Aurai - - - - -	193
14. The Sentinel - - - - -	209
15. The Slave's Revenge - - - - -	225
16. The Challenge - - - - -	241
17. The Siege of Soleure - - - - -	257
18. Andrew the Fisherman - - - - -	273
19, 20. The Victim of a Name - - - - -	289, 305
21. The Beggar - - - - -	321
22. The Danish Rover - - - - -	337
23. The Gallant - - - - -	353
24. Teddy O'Donohu - - - - -	369
25. Origin of the Figure of Britannia - - - - -	377
26. The Justice - - - - -	385
27. Count Floris - - - - -	401
28. Vignette in Title.	

# THE PARTERRE:

A JOURNAL OF FICTION, POETRY, HISTORY, LITERATURE,  
AND THE FINE ARTS.



p. 5.

## THE SCRIVENER. (For the Parterre).

THE clock of St. Dunstan's had tolled the hour of six, one evening in the month of April, and the fishmongers had begun to close their stalls, when a young man, attired in sober and somewhat rustic costume, landed on the quay at Billingsgate, from the Gravesend passage-boat. Without heeding the crowd of idlers around him, and the throng of porters, who, doffing their hats, solicited the honour of carrying the small portmanteau he held in his hand, the stranger sauntered carelessly along Thames-street, towards Tower-hill. As he approached that spot so long celebrated in our history, his attention was arrested by a crowd of people who were listening to the discourse of a mountebank, who, with pill-box in hand, was enumerating the almost countless virtues of his medicines. Having mingled in the crowd, the young man watched with evident curiosity the strange grimaces and contortions of the speaker's countenance. The dress of the quack was antiquated, and had probably been fashioned in the time of the first Charles. A doublet of sad coloured

cloth, much stained and worn, descended as low as the hips. Slops, or breeches, of a capacious size, concealed the shape of the wearer's thighs, and shewed in relief his hose of black silk, upon which many a careful and timely darn were visible. At his feet sat a jester, or jack-pudding, who from time to time blew a discordant blast upon a cracked trumpet at the desire of his master, whose volubility and command of language were truly surprising, added to which was a sharpness of wit and repartee that plainly told him to be a man of infinitely superior intellect to most of those around him.

"Here is a liquor," said the quack, exhibiting a small phial, "that shall cure all pains of the joints in a few seconds—take but five drops of this precious balm in a toss of aqua vitæ. and it will make any of ye who are ailing as sound as a roach. Tell me not of Catholic miracles—whoreson cheats as they be—this goodly liquor will do more for ye than all the saints in the calendar. Your caryophilati (commended by my Lord Bacon) may be good, and so may your rosa moschata, and your nardi folium, but crucify me if this will not

set you right in the turning of a die. You all know Jonas Sands, the tanner, of Bermondsey—the poor soul was racked in 's joints, but one dose of my precious cordial drove his pains to the devil! Here is an unguent for tetter and pimples; what say you fair maiden, will you not drive away that unsightly object on your right cheek with a touch of this salve?—the price?—oh, a shilling—your quacksalvers would charge you four, for as much hog's-lard. Here is a powder for the complexion, compounded of simples. I learned this art when studying at the college of Parma, of the illustrious Signor Boccacini. What say you gentle mistress in the scarlet hood? Will you not try this precious packet on your comely skin? Trust me, wrinkles fly at its very touch, and a lovely bloom is suffused over the whole countenance. Here," exhibiting another phial, "is an elixir for all scorbutic humours—it hath cured the king's evil, in a few days, without inconvenience to the patient."

"Buy it, in God's name, good people," said a man in the crowd, who had hitherto remained unnoticed, "'tis a thing of price, and we ought to value it; the king's evil hath prevailed greatly of late." These words were said with an emphatic and significant tone, which could not be misunderstood, and all eyes were turned towards him who had uttered them. "Ha!" cried the quack, "have we puritans here? do you speak treason in broad day-light, you shameless villain: hast no value for thine ears, Isaachar?" "We know each other, master mountebank," replied the man, lifting his broad hat so as to expose his countenance to full view; but both have not a *friend at court!* what if you try the elixir you boast of, trust me 't is a disease which must be rooted out ere long."

"Do you deal in ambiguities, you villain?" cried the quack, who was evidently disconcerted; "away with thee, or I will utter that which shall whisk thee off to the Tower right quickly." "You dare not, master mountebank; but come, don't chafe it with me, we were once *friends* you know." This was uttered with such a careless air, that it vexed the mountebank to the quick. His countenance grew pale with deadly rage, and he cried out to two or three soldiers from the Tower, who were listening to the squabble with evident delight—"Yon villain is Jasper Arkin-stall, the Papist, seize him on your

allegiance, he is encompassing the death of the king."

"Stand off!" cried he, who was thus denounced, to several who pressed around him, "stand off, I say, and let me reply to that old cheat, whom I will ere long pluck by the gills. He says he will sell you a salve or an elixir for the king's evil, surpassing all others; will it, I ask, be as efficacious as the famous Doctor Oliver's? This unequivocal allusion to the late protector, uttered in such a place and at such a time, absolutely froze with horror many of the bystanders, for several persons had already suffered on that very spot for less direct offences. Some of them, nevertheless, drew their swords, and advanced to seize the person of Arkin-stall, who, however, proved a tartar, for in an instant his cloak was wound round his left arm, and a rapier of uncommon length bristled before their faces. Several pushed at him at once, and among the rest one of the soldiers before-mentioned, who stumbling forward, received the point of Arkin-stall's rapier in his sword-arm, and instantly dropped his weapon. The check which this accident gave to the assailants, allowed their antagonist an opportunity of retreating, and he fled into a neighbouring house, the door of which had been left ajar, pursued by some thirty or forty persons.

But the fugitive was not to be taken; he had made his way through the house, threatening those whom he met with instant death if they opposed him, and leaping out of a back window into a court at the rear of the house, got clear off.

The scene filled our traveller with amazement; he at first supposed Arkin-stall to be under the influence of liquor, but a moment's reflection assured him that it was a premeditated plan for annoying the mountebank, who seemed so disconcerted by the interruption, that he at once ceased to "ply his vocation," and retired from the place. In the meanwhile, the young countryman bent his steps across Tower-hill, and shortly arrived at Aldgate, when having engaged a bed at a neighbouring inn, he proceeded to the house of a scrivener, named Ralph Battencourt. Here he found the man of business at his desk, wrapped in a sort of old dressing-gown, and his head covered by a worn-out velvet cap, from under which his long, grey hair, descended on each side of his sallow and unprepossessing countenance. His small, dark, piercing eyes, were almost hidden



by his bushy brows and a pair of horn spectacles. On the desk lay a piece of sealing-wax and a large thumb-ring, both of which had apparently been just used, a pair of small scales for weighing gold, and a volume on Conveyancing. In the window-seat stood a pile of books and papers; and over the chimney, up which no hospitable smoke had passed for many years, hung an old musketoon, an iron-handled broadsword, and a rapier in a red leather sheath, all covered with venerable dust.

"Well, Master Latymer," said the Scrivener, pointing at the same time, to an empty chair; "I have closed the bargain at last; pray seat yourself; I had much trouble in the matter, I assure ye."

"It is ever a hard bargain when we wish to sell," replied Latymer; "how much have you obtained for the estate? Pr'ythee tell me at once; I sit on thorns the while."

"Fifteen hundred pounds, Sir; fifteen hundred pounds!" said the Scrivener, placing his pen behind his ear, and rubbing his hands together with apparent satisfaction. "O, it was an excellent bargain—an excellent bargain, Sir!"

"And who may this prodigal be, who has made up his mind to give that sum for an estate which cost my poor father, in worse times, three thousand pounds?" inquired the young man, in a tone that shewed he did not partake of the Scrivener's enthusiasm; "Curse on the cuckoldy clown! would he not give more?"

"Heaven forgive ye, for thus speaking of an honest man!" ejaculated Master Battencourt. "Alas the day! that our citizens should be thus flouted. He is of the Common Council, Sir; a man of substance, a mercer; his name is Andrew Trollope, and his house is the sign of the Seven Fleur de Luces, in the Minories."

Latymer suppressed the reply which rose to his lips, and inquired for the money. The Scrivener informed him, that it would be paid on the morrow, when the deed of conveyance would be ready for his signature. It was arranged that the purchaser should be ready with the money at twelve o'clock on the following day; and Latymer was about to take his leave, when the latch of the door was suddenly raised, and a gallant entered with a careless air, and throwing himself into a chair, surveyed his own hose and his shoe-ties with evident satisfaction. "Art busy, my old deity?"

inquired the intruder, casting, at the same time, a penetrating glance upon Latymer. "A—no, my lor—your worship, no; I am at your—your worship's commands," said the Scrivener, stammering, and looking all confusion; for the gallant winked, and eyed him significantly. Latymer now took his leave, but not without observing the face and figure of Battencourt's visitor. The gallant appeared to be in the prime of life; he wore a long periwig of brown hair, and his gaily trimmed moustaches were of the same colour, and turned up at the ends; his eyes were of a greyish hue, his complexion fair, and the expression of his features would have been feminine, but for a rakish air which pervaded them. Latymer felt persuaded that he had looked upon that face before. He returned to his inn, and left Master Battencourt and his visitor together.

In the morning he resolved to have a ramble through the city, to which he was almost a stranger, before the hour appointed by the Scrivener should arrive. He had scarcely left the inn, when he beheld with some surprise advancing towards him, the man who had so strangely interrupted and bearded the quack on Tower-hill. His astonishment increased, when Arkinstall saluted him by his name, and inquired respecting the health of his father.

"I have heard that he has been ailing," said Arkinstall, "and as he was roughly used in the late wars, I fear the worst." "He has suffered much, Sir," replied Latymer; "but I wot not that you were acquainted." "Acquainted! we were sworn friends! Ah, youth! when thy father saved me from death, and snatched me from before a file of Corbet's musketeers waiting for the word to fire, he dreamt not that a life of privation and suffering would be the lot of his friend—his schoolfellow! I see thee look incredulous—tut! the name that villain Rochester, for 't is he thou sawest in the guise of a mountebank—the name he used is only one of many which I have found it expedient to assume in these sad days—but how of thy father?"—"He has been dead these six months," returned Latymer, still suspicious of his interrogator, whose threadbare garments were ill-concealed by the large cloak he wore, from beneath which the long rapier before mentioned peeped out menacingly. What, thought the youth, if this should be some bully, ready to denounce me as a plotter against the

state. Arkininstall read what was passing within him. "Poor boy," said he, "I blame thee not for thy suspicion in such days as these. I will not bring thee into danger, by detaining thee in the street, where every eye is upon us. But a word in thy ear ere we part: mistrust not the tattered jerkin; thou hast more to fear in this city from silk and velvet. Adieu! we may meet again. Walter Sibbell would peril life and limb to serve the son of his friend." He disappeared down a narrow street, and Latymer, who had no time to reply to this caution, regarded his receding figure for a moment, and then pursued his way. "'Tis strange, thought he, that this man, of whom I have heard my poor father speak in terms of friendship, should be thus heedlessly hazarding life and property by a quarrel with a nobleman so powerful as Rochester; and stranger still, that he should be able to recognise me after a lapse of so many years. I would fain know more, though his forlorn appearance tells me that he is needy and desperate, and that any intimacy with him might bring upon my head the vengeance of his powerful enemy, the profligate earl. *Property*, did I say? his threadbare doublet leaves no doubt of his being poor; and he seems to set but little value on his life. Misfortune has, perhaps, scattered his wits to the winds, for I noted the wild glance of his light-grey eye."

Nothing further occurred to interrupt his reflections, and as the appointed hour arrived, he knocked at the door of the Scrivener. Battencourt was not alone; he was engaged in earnest conversation with a short, burly personage, whom he at once introduced to Latymer as Master Trollope, of the Minories, and the deed of conveyance was placed in his hands for approval. He had scarcely read a dozen words, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and upon its being opened by Master Battencourt's boy, Walter Sibbell suddenly entered the room. His eye glanced fiercely on Trollope. "Ha!" cried he, "what! the cuckold mercer joined in the conspiracy to cheat a friendless youth of his inheritance! Art thou giving the earl thy aid, in reward for his having deprived thee of an unworthy mate? William Latymer, I have arrived in time to save thee. Sign nothing which this hoary villain may tender thee. Battencourt, thy treachery is well known to me. Thy grey hairs alone protect thy recreant carcass. As for thee (ad-

dressing himself again to Trollope) my sword would be dishonoured by contact with thy vile body: begone, base pander to the most abandoned of men, lest I forget myself and do thee harm. William Latymer, you must hasten hence, and hie to the King who can alone protect thee—he cannot, abandoned as he is, forget thy father's merits—the Earl is in disgrace, but if you take not this step you are lost."

"I am indeed lost," said Latymer, "but it is in amazement—what am I to learn from this?" "That this hoary cheat has conspired with the noble Earl of Rochester, aided by this trembling slave—(pointing to Trollope, who stood quivering with fear and rage) to rob thee of the estate thou wouldst foolishly sell."

Here the Scrivener broke forth in a shrill cracked voice, which age and wrath had rendered strangely eloquent: "God a mercy," cried he, "what times we live in, when every mad jack-an-ape beards us under our own roofs. Get out of my house sirrah, or we shall find you a lodging in the Compter—Here, Will! run and fetch a constable." "Summon thy master the devil from his burning throne, he will hear thee sooner," cried Sibbell fiercely—"The boy has done his work bravely, and discovered the plot to his real master."

"The accursed urchin!" ejaculated Battencourt. "I have been nursing an adder, then:—where is this imp of Satan?" "Beyond thy power, and in safety," rejoined Sibbell—"but come Master Latymer, I must send you on your errand, and let you further into the mysteries of this plot;" then taking Latymer by the arm, he led him away, casting as he passed out a threatening look upon Trollope who evinced an inclination to follow them. Upon gaining the street, Sibbell hastily described the plan which had been contrived by the Scrivener to obtain the title deeds from his unsuspecting client. It had been arranged that Trollope should have the documents sent to his home, which would afford him an opportunity of absconding with them, while a ruffian, hired for the purpose, was to denounce Latymer as a plotter against the state, and get him lodged in Newgate; the Earl of Rochester was then to intercede for him, and procure a commutation of his sentence to banishment to the plantations. No time was to be lost. Latymer flew to the court and laid the whole before the king, while

Sibbel hastened to take measures for his own safety, well aware that the Earl would hesitate no longer to destroy him.

As the evening advanced, the bustle on the river decreased, while the hum of voices, and the various sounds of labour were hushed into a calm, when Walter Sibbel quickly descended the stairs at St. Catharine's, and jumping into a wherry, desired the waterman to row across to Dock Head. The boat had scarcely reached the middle of the stream when three figures were seen descending the stairs. They immediately entered a wherry, and rowed after that which bore Sibbel, calling loudly on the waterman to lay to, as he was bearing one impeached of high crimes against the government. The boatman seemed inclined to obey this summons, but the threatening aspect of Sibbel plainly told that he dared not, while the two pistols in his girdle, which his cloak, now laid aside, no longer concealed, indicated that any attempt to capture him would be dangerous. Sibbel gained the shore, and throwing the waterman a groat, hurried to a wretched hovel in the neighbourhood. Lifting the latch and dashing open the door, the fugitive cut short the inquiries of the old woman who acted in the capacity of his housekeeper, and throwing her his purse which contained but a few pieces of silver, forced her gently out of the house and closed the door, at which his pursuers were the next moment thundering for admittance. One of them was a constable, the others were soldiers, and all were armed with swords and pistols. Their loud knocking at the door alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought many persons to the spot. They now attempted to gain admittance by the small latticed window, but this was strongly guarded by iron bars. A large spar was at length brought, and the besiegers using it as a battering-ram, dashed the door into shivers; then rushing in sword in hand, encountered the object of their pursuit, who was well prepared for them. The constable was instantly shot dead by Sibbel, who kept his pursuers at bay, and gradually retreated up the small staircase at the end of the room. He gained the chamber, and a shot was fired which broke his sword arm. His rapier fell from his grasp, and he uttered a groan of anguish; another shot was fired, and Sibbel staggered towards a barrel, into which he snapped his remaining pistol—but it missed fire, and he fell, exhausted from

loss of blood. "Thus perish the king's enemies!" said the foremost soldier, starting alternately at the now lifeless body of Sibbel, and the barrel which was filled with gunpowder.—"We have had a narrow escape, Will!"

A. A. A.

### THE GRAVE OF THE POETESS.

Not there! Not there!  
The dull, damp church-yard earth should never  
darken  
The crowned ringlets of her golden hair:  
Child of the Laurel! be thy dreamless slumbers  
Far from those charnel-regions of despair!  
Make her a grave

By the low murmur of a silver fountain,  
Wherethe wood-violets in the foam-drops lave,  
And silvery aspen leaves and dewy roses,  
To the wild music of the breezes wave.  
There should be heard,

When the red light of summer eyes is dying,  
The low, sweet warble of some unseen bird,  
Hymning the parting sunset, wild and lonely,  
As the wind-harp by aerial breathings stirr'd,  
Fit dirge for thee,

Whose soul was music—Beautiful departed!  
Like the charm'd spell of some far melody  
Echoing within our souls, a shadowy requiem,  
For happiness and love, no more to be.  
But unforget

Wilt thou be, sweet lanthe—Consecrated  
By the heart's truest tears, the lonely spot  
Where all that death can claim of thee shall  
perish

But the bright spirit—Earth, thou hast it not:  
Not, not of thee,

Ask we for our belov'd one. Soul enfranchis'd!  
Why should we murmur where thy dust shall be.  
The undying has no grave—ashes and darkness  
Are all we give to earth—Immortal,  
Thou art free!

E. S. C.

### SYDNEY AND THE MAURITIUS.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

As the intercourse between Sydney and the Mauritius is now likely to become more frequent and regular, the subjoined details, collected from the most modern authorities, may possess interest at this time.

The Isle of France covers a surface of 400,000 acres. The temperature is healthy, and the heat moderate; but the island is subject to hurricanes. The soil is in general of little depth and full of stones; but it produces wheat, rice, maize, sugar, coffee, cotton, and spices.

It was originally discovered by the Portuguese, and afterwards occupied by the Dutch, who gave it the name of Mauritius (after Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange). The first French inhabitants emigrated thither, from the contiguous island of Bourbon, in 1720.

The late war placed it in the possession of the English, who, much to the mortification of the French, did not cede it, with Bourbon, by the treaty of 1814. It is admitted by both, that in a commercial point of view, the possession of the one island is valueless without the other.

The annual production of sugar is, on an average, 20,000,000 lbs.; of coffee, 600,000 lbs.; of cotton, 500,000 lbs. The population in the year 1812 was as follows: 17,000 whites, 4000 creoles, 70,000 black slaves—total 91,000.

For the beauty and grace of the women, and for the suavity and freedom which reign in social intercourse, this island is highly celebrated.

But it awakens peculiar interest as identified with the charming romance of Paul and Virginia, of which it is the scene.

How often are the fictions of the novelist, however, built upon the frailest foundation!

“Paul, the hero of the tale” (it is remarked by a late reviewer of the voyage of Captain Freycinct, in the *Uranie* corvette, that touched here in 1819), “is a mere creature of fancy. Madame de la Tour, the mother of the heroine, so far from dying in an agony of grief, for the loss of her daughter, survived the catastrophe long enough to espouse three husbands in succession; and the pastor, who acts so fine a part in the novel, is transformed into a chevalier de Bernage, son of an echevin at Paris, who, after serving in the *Mousquetaires*, and killing an antagonist in a duel, had retired thither, and taken up his residence at the *Riviere du Rempart*, half a league from the spot where the *St. Gerand* was wrecked.

“But to make amends for this diversity in the characters of real life and those of romance, the *Isle of France* is celebrated for the residence of others, whose adventures have partaken of the extravagance of fiction. One of these was the daughter-in-law of the *Czar Peter*, who, escaping from *Russia*, sought an obscure retreat at *Paris*. There she married a *M. Moldac*, sergeant-major of a regiment which was sent thither; and in consideration of her rank, her husband is said to have been promoted to a majority, by an order of the *Court*. Another was *Madame de Puja*, wife of a *French colonel*, and recently deceased. She was the celebrated *Anastasia*, the mistress of *Count Beniowsky*, who, after facilitating his escape from *Kamschatka*, accompanied him in his wanderings, and when

he was killed at *Madagascar*, sought an asylum in this island, where she terminated her eventful career.” C.

## DUNBAR CASTLE.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

WHERE fragments, rent as by an earthquake's shock,

Root the green turf, or pile the jagged rock;  
While gulfs below, in sea-wrought fissures spread,

Mask, from the sun, their horrid black and red.  
—Gaze! till you question the bewildered sense,  
Where the rock ceases, where the walls commence.

Approach, and lo! the throne that nature gave  
Shews what a mighty lord, art lifted o'er the wave!

Ramparts are there, whose rage fatigues the eye;

Halls, too familiar with the churlish sky;  
Towers, on disjointed craigs, where men compare

The graceful roundel with the massy square;  
Grim bridges, o'er the invading ocean flung;  
Gateways, with storm-defaced escutcheons, hung;

Ribbed windows, plundered of their gorgeous pane;

And the dim gallery's sea-lulled souterrain;  
And throned the highest, and the broadest built,  
The haggard donjon, like the ghost of guilt!  
How stern they stand! how bright they meet the morn!

Though gaunt, august, defying though forlorn.  
Like gems, the bastion's crimson colour wears  
The lichen's gold and silver seal of years.

And in and out (as daring and as free  
As erst black Agnes) winds the German Sea.  
Mocking with groans the long-hushed battle shout,

'Twi'x porch and chamber, winds he in and out.  
*Once*, not so chartered, when each billowy road  
The adamantine mass in sovereign pride bestrode.

Then, while below the buried ocean raved,  
Above, helms glittered, and gonfannons waved:  
Sweet o'er its gulfs, unwet, Patricia furs;  
And softly clinked the gold chivalric spurs.

Where'er a craig its threatening head uprear'd,  
There the bold turret rose and domineered;  
Where'er deep rifts received the dauntless main,  
Leapt the light ark, and made th' invasion vain.

Deep at its base Behemoth lay at rest,  
And eagles wished their eyrie on its crest!

Man his bold work with conscious pride surveyed,

And the curbed ocean bellowed—but obeyed.  
Yet oft his floods the Barmkin's crest have known,  
Oft weltering watched the dire Mazmorra's groan,

Oft round those moonlight towers, his waters mte

Have lulled themselves with royal Mary's lute:  
Or, lashed to frantic rivalry, have drowned

Agnes Corppatrick's wildest slogan sound;  
Pictured her patriot flag in waveless blue,  
Or drenched its blazon with tempestuous dew.

And hath, indeed, the downy purple bed  
In this damp, windy, grass-grown pile been spread?

Have torches glimmered, where the sun as bright

Blazes, as o'er Dunpender's houseless height?  
Or chequered tapestry's legendary pall  
Decked with red raiment this bewildered wall?

Think of the warm green forestry that spreads  
Where Southron castles rear their gleamy heads;

Constrasting with its pageantry of dyes,  
The sun-gilt panes, gray towers, and azure skies.  
Then on this ocean fortress lean, and look  
Where fitful gales, nor flower, nor foliage brook!  
Age brings no robe to dignify his walls,  
And, like the Roman, veil him as he falls:  
Still, though dismantled, still that giant form  
Salutes the sun, and challenges the storm,  
Bids the bleak wind his healing watch-bell be,  
The stars his sentinels, his moat the sea.

*Note.*—Black Agnes was not the only heroine of Dunbar Castle, as the following anecdote will shew, taken from the lips of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the delightful writer of "Letters from the Mountains."

It is said to be the prototype of Rebecca's turret scene in Ivanhoe, and is interesting not only in itself, but also as exhibiting the wonderful power of the dead magician, in retaining every thing he once heard; and seizing in an instant, and adapting to his purpose, anecdotes which to others might have seemed common place, but which having passed through his crucible, came forth with the stamp of dramatic sublimity and pathos.

One of the loftiest remains of Dunbar Castle (I think it is the porch, surmounted by a coat of arms and a window), is easily accessible on one side, but, on the other, looks down into the black scarp'd vaults by which the sea intrudes into every quarter of this extraordinary fabric, and which make the eye reel to measure them. As the day, though sunny, was excessively windy, when I was there in the autumn of 1828, it was as much as I could do to creep, on my hands and knees, within a few yards of this porch, though anxious to decipher the blazonry of its armorial shield.

About forty years ago, one of the bonnie lassies of Dunbar, with her bare white feet and snooded golden hair, was busily employed in the bleaching field, whose wide green lies close under the castle walls that shield it from the sea, a young officer of the— Dragoon Guards then quartered at Dunbar, was lounging about the ruins; was struck with the girl's extraordinary beauty, accosted her, and met with a civil but short reply. Far from rebuffed, however, he proceeded to pour into her ear a jargon of that equivocal strain, at which a sensible girl would laugh, and a modest one frown.—At length he offered to salute her, and was received with a ringing box on the ear, which staggered our amorous son of Mars, and deafened him, for the time, to the loudest roar of the neighbouring waves.

Half laughing, half indignant, the lass

fled up the steep and broken gallery, that leads to the outer gateway of the castle. Half laughing, and thoroughly put to his mettle, thither the knight pursued her; till, finding she had no other resource, this maritime Venus sprang to the armorial porch already mentioned, and darting into its doorless arch (from whose threshold a dizzy descent shot perpendicularly down to the hideous and roaring gulf below), she clasped the pillar with one hand, and with the other waving back her pursuer, she vowed that if he advanced another step, she would dash herself into the abyss of rock and wave at her feet!

There was too much earnestness in the tone of her voice, the hue of her cheek, and the glance of her eye to permit her Lothario's doubting, one instant, her resolution of executing what she threatened. Still she was not satisfied that he instantly stinted in his pursuit, at her menace; but extorted from him the promise of a soldier and man of honour, that he would permit her, unmolested, to resume her labours on the bleaching green, behind the castle.

And to this slight incident are we indebted, for that shuddering scene in Ivanhoe.

For the Norman towers, and embattled platforms of giant Torquilstone, we have the haggard, haughty spectre of Dunbar; and, for the turbaned and high-souled Daughter of Jerusalem, the barefooted, but equally intrepid Scottish Maiden.

## LETTERS FROM THE LAKES.

### No. 1.

THE REV. H. WHITE TO MISS —.

*Ulverston, Sept. 22, 1795.*

"WHEN I left the Spiral Graces, your idea, my dear —, that I should record at evening the sights and events of the finished day, appeared reasonable and practicable in *theory*, and for this purpose I brought with me a blank paper book for memorabilia, which, alas! now lies by my side as innocent and unstained as when it first issued from the paper-mill. So much for *practice*; but in truth there has not occurred a single day, after whose full occupation my eyes would suffer me to write a line, but called aloud with Scotia's queen, 'to bed, to bed, to bed:' and it is impossible for me to adduce a stronger proof of my desire to gratify you, than by tasking my day-weakened sight to fill the present folio blank. This

morning—but hold—I will commence my journal regularly—after this assurance, that every delight I have experienced from sublime nature would have been doubled to me, had your quick perception and glowing enthusiasm been the companion of my ‘matchless’ way.

“On Sunday evening, 13th, I drank tea with the Storers, and proceeded through the gathering dusk, in shaded road, to spire-crowned Uttoxeter. No sooner had I alighted than I perceived a deficiency of that cash, which, like the vinegar of Hannibal, was to obtain me a passage amongst the towering Alps and Appenines of this country. Not without suspicion of having lost these necessary viaticums, Sam retraced his way to Lichfield at day-break, and having searched in vain the reading-desk and pulpit at Ridware, at last found the things needful in my study at Lacklane. Not small was the anxiety I suffered during his absence; and immediately on his return mounted my steed, and arrived at Cheadle after dark. This little town hangs upon the side of a vast hill; and the window lights, through the dusk as we approached, appeared like luminaries hung amidst the clouds.

“Tuesday morning, 15th, we set out for Belmont; and when I left the direct road to wind along the Churnet’s edge, Sam was almost as much struck with the vast mountains, the gloom of woods descending to their base, and the lucid prattling waters beneath, as he has since been amidst our present far superior rocks, waters, and vales; indeed, the exquisite scenery of Belmont did not less enchant me at the *second* view, than on September 30th, 1794, it did at the *first*; it is yet almost unrivalled. No diminution of friendly welcome and attention appeared in my reception at Belmont. A high-bosomed lively girl was there, who, after the *crate* story, clung to me like a burr, nutted with me up the craggy steeps. Beneath this hospitable roof I staid till Thursday (17th), and then descending to the hill, that substitutes the residences of man for grassy verdure, I baited at Leek, and through a diversified and rich country proceeded to wide-spread, two-towered Macclesfield, whose entrance by the noble manufactory on one side, and a rapid stream on the other, is striking. From hence, detained only by the elegant house of Sir George Warren, and the expanded lake that skirts the road, I passed at dusk tumultuous and noisy Stockport, and reached Manchester about

eight. Mr. Simmonds was my obliging conductor through the whole of Friday, (18th). Only noticing the palace-like infirmary, with a cheerful but imprisoned water in front, the venerable schools with their excellent library, and the numerous buildings private and public, my spirit anchored upon the inimitable paintings of Mr. Hardman—three rooms and the staircase contain them. Through the door-way of the largest is seen the ‘Mother of Ruth,’ preparing her lovely charge to visit their benefactor; she is stooping to bind the bracelets, and is only *not* alive. The ‘Tigers,’ of Rubens; the ‘Banditti,’ of Mortimer; the ‘Falstaff,’ of Fuseli; the ‘Burgomaster,’ of Rembrandt; the ‘Birds,’ of Elmer and Snyders; the various productions of Wright, particularly the ‘Watch-tower on fire,’ with the moon rising opposite, are all so exquisite, that their equal may sometimes and separately be seen, but their *superiors NEVER*. Clothed in the gray mantle of early morning, we left populous, commercial Manchester on Saturday, 19th; a range of hills extended its huge side for many miles. About its centre two men appeared stationary; upon inquiry we learnt that they were two pyramidal stones, erected, in ages long past, to memorize two brothers, who, losing their way in a severe winter, perished in the frost, and were discovered the next day ‘folded in each other’s arms.’ I hope this simple narrative will interest *you* as much as it did *me*. The end of this mountain is called Rivington Craig. We dined at Chorley a little way beyond Pipe Hall, and had a most pleasant ride (save and except the dust) to high situated Preston, which looks down upon the tide-swelling *Ribble*, crossed by many handsome bridges, and the interesting village of Walton, embosoming the handsome seat of Sir Harry Hoghton. I here made an acquaintance with the worthy vicar of the principal church, Humphrey Shuttleworth; did the whole duty twice on Sunday, and walked with him and his three daughters in the environs till night.

“Yesterday I dined at Garstong, and arrived at the brow of the hill which overlooks Lancaster, by noon. Here, and through this day, descriptive language can neither adequately inform you, or even outline, what I have seen. To the left, between twenty-one majestic hills, shone in full blaze the dazzling ocean, to which the shining and meandering Lune was hastening. Still to the left, in the wide-spread valley, ap-

peared the noble castle with all its battlements, and the principal part of the front now rebuilding;—the lofty flag-crowned tower of the church immediately below it. The mass of the town, with its shipping sinking into a valley, on the right, the back-ground formed by our noble mountains faintly seen in distance.

“It is nothing, that I went last night to the play, and saw young graceful Siddons—his very MOTHER: and now for this day, ‘for aye to be remembered.’ After crossing, with honest *Kendal*, the landlord of this signless house, Lancaster’s beautiful bridge, we arrived, after four miles, where the *sands* commence. Ocean rolling to the left, and such a noble, diversified shore on the right as impoverishes description. The huge mountain of Ingleborough, the Gibraltar of England, is at first the principal feature; and the divine *Claude*, on his own *Tiber*, never introduced more happily his favourite *Soracte*. To the first landing, we passed over sands for *nine* miles. In the hollows, fishermen were collecting their prey. Towards the termination of these first sands appeared the guide on horseback, at the side of the *Eau*, so admirably painted by Mrs. Radcliffe. At the end of this water we met the Lancaster coach. After six miles of land the Ulverston sands commence, and with them the story of this never to be surpassed *ride*. To the left, ships sailing in the main sea—the light-house of Peel Castle just discernible: in front, the *Eden* of this place, Conishead Priory, standing at the base of an immense hill curtained with forest. More to the left, at the foot of high mountains, stone-built Ulverston, with its bay and shipping and white-tower church; then, a bare and craggy mountain, at whose foot the eye enters a bay of inexpressible richness, with the stupendous alps of Westmorland and Cumberland in distant majesty, as sovereigns of the vale. To the right the numerous woods of Holker-hall, with the seat of Lord George Cavendish. Ulverston is lovelily situated, and I have dined upon just-caught trout, fire-hot steaks, and delicious apple-pie, serenaded by a hand-organ! The afternoon has been spent in the paradise of Conishead Priory—the roaring of a noble bull reverberated to the opposite shore; and I have stolen a dear little dog, now lying at my side. Farewell; God bless you! I dare not promise to write again, but if I do not it will be my misfortune not my fault.

“H. WHITE.”

“Not one *lake* has been yet beheld, though I have seen the mountains that environ them. To-morrow morning early I purpose visiting Furness Abbey, the finest ruin in England, seven miles distant; and passing Coniston Lake in the evening, to the foot of Winander Mere. We passed an island this morning called Chapel Island, the window of the monastery only remaining, which is singularly picturesque, and has been unnoticed by all tourists; it is the property of the enviable possessor of Conishead Priory (Mr. Braddyll), one of the present members for Carlisle. At Preston I saw one of the governesses, who was told in her prison at Paris that she was sentenced to be drowned by Robespierre, but the tyrant died within the *time*. She still looks alarmed, and is in sad health.”

### GREGORY HIPKINS, ESQ.

SURNAMED THE UNLUCKY.

THERE is a grave, respectable kind of nonsense talked by grave respectable persons, when the undoing of some dear friend is the subject, which is sure to make it out that “it was all his own fault.” And a convenient aphorism it is, when they think it prudent to leave to their dear friend to get out of the difficulty, which, according to their amiable hypothesis, he has brought on himself. But I, Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky, deny the doctrine. I assert, that in ten cases out of twelve, it is a man’s LUCK that strands him on the sands and shallows of his existence. Individuals there are, whom nature, in her grand scheme, seems to have made the pegs whereon she hangs the evils requisite to complete it.

If Theophrastus had obliged us amongst the huge budget of characteristics he has left us, with those of an unlucky man, they would probably have run thus:—The Unlucky man is one who, hastening at the very last hour to give pledges of prosecution, meets on the way some one who detains him with a long story of a naval action, which has just reached the Piræus, till he is too late, and has to pay a thousand drachmas to his adversary—or one, who having purchased a new vestment to appear as a witness before the dicasts, on coming out of the bath, finds that a thief has walked off with it—or one, who turning into another street, to avoid an ill-favoured acquaintance, perceives that he has thrust himself into a cul-de-sac,

whilst his creditor is waiting for him at the entrance.

But let us come to the real adversities of life. The same Gregory Hipkins maintains, that there are individuals who have been predestined to mishap from their birth upwards—gifted with an aptitude for misfortune—a proclivity to ill—tossed, the mere playthings of fortune, from one vexation to another. Let them sail on what tack they please, they will make no way. The tide that bears onwards their competitors for wealth or fame, stagnates the moment they tempt it—the gale slumbers, and their idle canvass shakes into tatters.

And a dismal voyage has it been to Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky. For ever has the current drifted him upon the unpropitious shoals and flats that lurked in his course, and at length left him in sorrow and seclusion, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” unless a kind friend or two, like the philosophical neighbours of Job that visited his dunghill to read him moral and economical lectures upon the misery, comes now and then to prove to me that I have brought it all on myself. Admirable judges of the game when the cards are down on the table! Has not Gregory Hipkins been invariably doomed to play in the losing seat? Oracles of retrospective wisdom, has not *ILL-LUCK* dogged him from his cradle—hounding him as the Fury did Orestes? The earliest memorials of his childhood, are they not of floggings vicariously inflicted for offences he was guiltless of—sums extorted for broken windows on the mere presumption of being seen *near* the *locus in quo*—pains and penalties suffered for plundering orchards, on no better proof than that of having passed *close* to the spot, or of an apple found in his pocket, however fairly purchased in market overt?

And in maturer life—what a serried phalanx of misadventures—minor calamities, petty mischances, you will perhaps tell me—but on that account, good sir, not the more tolerable. The greater ones may call up the fortitude that breasts the surge, and rides in triumph over it; but patience itself will sink under a prolonged struggle with the lesser but more importunate troubles that make up their want of power to crush, by their efficacy to sting and lacerate. Ridiculous it may seem to class them as grievances. Yet in the Manichæan conflict of man’s life, it is by means of such auxiliaries, that the evil principle con-

trives to get the best of it. Repeatedly have I uttered the happiest impromptu, which some trifling accident of proximity has stifled—sometimes at their birth, by the sudden flap of a door, or the instantaneous yell of a vociferous minstrel in the street—in one instance, by an old lady, who sneezed so inopportunistly that the wittiest of bon-mots fell still-born from my lips. Never shall I forget—when dining with a party amongst whom I was particularly anxious to shine—a certain physician’s making a forcible seizure of the best thing I ever said, and by mere jockeyship passing it off as his own—a fraud which the unlucky circumstance of his sitting *next* to me secured from detection. In the meanwhile, I had the luxury of hearing the applause with which it was received, though placed to the Doctor’s credit, the feelings of a gentleman forbidding me to put in a claim to it. At another time urged to dine at a public meeting by some charitable feeling little in unison with the state of my pocket, what was my chagrin, whilst I was detaching the half-guinea I had destined for my subscription from two guineas which I had grasped along with it, to see them, by reason of a sudden jerk from an awkward booby who sat *next* to me, all tumbling into the plate together, to the great delight of the collector, who carried about the unlucky recipient of my unintentional munificence! At other times, if allured by the less laudable motive of partaking in delicacies not often in my reach, I paid my guinea at the Albion, or at some other temple of good fare—the last fragment of the choicest delicacy—the last spoonful of green peas in April for instance—was sure to vanish the instant I applied for it—or as I was disjoining “a gnarled and unwedgeable fowl,” a duty which its accursed *proximity* forced upon me—my plate was sure to return from its bootless mission to the *vol au vent*, or the *bécasse*, for which I had kept it in abeyance.

By this time you will suspect, from my thus scoring the words of proximity, that there is some specific Hipkinean theory relative to *LUCK*, which I have mustered these incidents to illustrate. And so there is. Accurately speaking, perhaps, luck, good or bad, is not predicable of any human occurrence; every change that happens to a thing, whether sentient or inanimate, being only explicable by the action of something



external upon it. But the doctrine of the true church respecting luck is this—that your weal or woe depends on certain relative positions you hold involuntarily, or have chosen spontaneously, to that which is proximately the cause of that weal or woe. If, by your own free agency, your *juxta-position* to that which produces ill, has brought it ill upon you, you are the architect of your own misery. And of this, the world in its wonted tenderness to misfortune, will be sure to remind you. But if, wedged in by a coercive force of circumstances, which you could neither evade nor resist, you have been compelled into that disastrous *proximity*, you may call it, for want of a better term, ill-luck; it being the necessary disposition of things, to which your consent was never asked. And this is what, in all ages, mankind have understood by luck. It is the fate of Homer, the destiny that hunted down the house of Atreus—the necessity whose scythed chariot cuts down the hopes and prosperities of man—the irreversible decree, that went forth from the beginning, containing and controlling all things within its chain of adamant. This is the Hipkinean theory—nor has Hipkins the Unlucky found it without its uses. In sorrow, penury, the desertion of friends, and every circumstance of outward evil, he has called to mind the forced *proximities* of his lot, and derived comfort from the reflection.

In an evil hour, I chose the pursuit of the Bar. Without a friendly star, and guided only by the flickering taper of my own understanding, I scrambled over its rugged roads and through its deep sloughs—from practice to doctrine—from dry precedents and mishapen forms to some obscurely-perceived principle, that shot an uncertain ray on the chaos which they told me was the law of England. Happier circumstances would have given a happier direction, or at least more of system and regularity to my studies. It is not true, oh ye assertors of general propositions, that poverty stimulates to exertion—it retards—it deadens exertion. It brings down the clear spirit from its ethereal aspirations to commune with gross and earthward cares. At length, however I reached the bar, the *terminus a quo*. Alas! the *terminus in quem* was dark and distant. The decease of the individual, two days after my call, who to that day had scantily supplied the indispensable expenses of my education from a stock which they had already exhausted, left me nearly in

the condition that suggested Jaffier's bitter thanksgiving to heaven, that he had not a ducat. He was not my parent, nor did I ever know that I had one. The want, however, of parental kindness I never felt, for he was in all other respects a parent, and all he had was expended upon my ill-starred ambition. On the 6th day of June, therefore, 1800, I awoke one fine morning in Trinity Term, with the sum of seven guineas in my pocket. It was a slender capital, but the last offices to my departed friend absorbed every reflection; nor was it till a week afterwards that I stared my actual situation in the face. In truth, it had a most repulsive look. I was drifting into deep water in a frail canoe, with scarce a pair of paddles to guide it;—no being who cared for me, and no "revenue but my good spirits to feed and clothe me."

This accursed profession too—requiring an outlay of money so far beyond my means, my dreams even, of obtaining;—but it was my choice—a boyish choice, from which good advice might have diverted me. And here I cannot but recur to the first determination of my mind towards the bar, partly because it shews what paltry accidents, at a given period of our existence, irretrievably dispose of the rest of it, and partly because it is illustrative of the aforesaid theory of *contiguities*. Whilst yet a boy, I was on a visit to an old gentleman at Bedford, whose house was closely, nay, inconveniently contiguous to the town-hall, the noise and clamour of the assizes being heard distinctly in every apartment. This circumstance suggested to me, that I might as well hear the trial of a *nisi prius* case, which had excited great expectation. I therefore squeezed myself in, and began to take some interest in the proceedings. One of the leaders of the circuit was a prosy long-winded sergeant, whose powers in addressing the jury, and ease and impudence in puzzling and disconcerting an adverse witness, seemed, to my untutored apprehension, the perfection of forensic talent; and strange as it is, the voice and manner of this person retained their hold upon my judgment, long after it had become conversant with better models. I sat near enough to him, moreover, to discern the number of guineas marked on his brief. My youthful emulation was instantly in a blaze; and, Corregio-like, I said, I too will be a barrister! Thus I exclaimed in my foolishness—and thus my desires were blindly fixed

upon the profession, that was the cornerstone of my evil fortunes.

Yet though I began under all the discouragements of penury, I abated not one jot of heart or hope. I prided myself upon an excellent classical education, and upon this I had grafted a respectable stock of municipal lore. Nor was I a stranger to some internal convictions, that even with such unequal chances, I ought and therefore should, distance the greater number of my competitors. It was a most defective syllogism. For though my attendance in the court was unremitted, term after term I sat amongst the undistinguished occupants of the back row. Term after term, I answered the usual question of the Chief Justice—"Any thing to move, sir?" with "No, my Lord," and the usual bow. Term after term, I listened to the jests and playful allusions of my fellow-juniors, to our common want of success. Light of heart, and backed with the purses of friends and parents, they could afford to laugh. To me it was the bitterest of ironies. I lived I knew not how, and was alike ignorant how I should live on the morrow. Westminster Hall, chilly sepulchre of the hopes that blossomed in the paths of my early manhood! beneath thy cobwebbed roofs, how oft have breathed the sighs of plundered suitors—but oftener still, the subdued and stifled sigh of the famished barrister pacing thy dreary pavement—the tear stealing down his cheek, as, with weariness of heart, he bethinks himself how he is to provide for the necessities of the day! Grave of my summer prospects, I have now left thee! but even now the pangs of that fevered state, half aspiration, half despair, (how much worse than fixed, assured indigence,) still recur to me as the legend of some fearful dream!

One afternoon (the morning had been consumed in one of those unrequited pilgrimages to Westminster Hall), I was broiling my dinner at the homeless fire of my chambers, when a double rap interrupted my culinary labours. Having risen to answer it, with no great alacrity indeed, for I had few visitors but duns, imagine my surprise, when an attorney's clerk, walking into my room, laid a brief on my table, and a fee of six guineas, with the usual supernumerary half-crown for the clerk, and then hastily descended the staircase. Was it a dream, or, better late than never, had merit been discovered,—or was it a mistake? The latter hypothesis was little to my mind, so I would not entertain it for a moment.

I pretend not to describe what I felt. The returning springtide of hope and joy rushed through my frame. Ye, who endeavour to form a conception of the feelings of a young barrister when his first brief greets his eyes,—abandon the task. They are not to be portrayed by any limner. Six guineas—precursors of hundreds more, hid in the prolific womb of the future—it was gladness even to ecstasy. My slenderness of purse had occasioned a long suspension of payment to my poor laundress, she herself struggling with the ills of poverty, and a brood of little ones. I flew across the square of the Inner Temple to her humble abode, reckless of the pots of porter I overturned in my way, and too rapid in my flight to hear the execrations of those whose equilibrium I had unsettled. I threw into her lap four of the pieces so auspiciously vouchsafed to me, feasted upon the gratitude with which she received them, and returned to my chambers to eat my meal, or rather to feed upon the folios of my brief, which I soon began to unfold, chinking at the same time the two remaining guineas, as they discoursed a music not the less eloquent to my feelings for the pleasing uses to which the four others had been applied.—Treacherous satisfaction!

In about an hour, a brisk knocking announced an apparition I would gladly have exorcised into the Red Sea. It was the attorney himself, to inquire about the brief which his clerk had delivered at my chambers, instead of the *contiguous* chambers, occupied by a barrister of some standing; but the youth had assured me he had been particularly directed to my chambers, and though there was no name of counsel on the back, it being no uncommon omission, I was satisfied that it had arrived at its right destination. When it was explained, however, by my new visitor, I made what I conceived every requisite apology, ingenuously avowing, as I placed the residue in his hand, the appropriation of four guineas, with a promise in a few days to repay him the deficiency. "Settle that matter," rejoined the churlish attorney, "with Mr. C—. I shall pay him the two guineas, and refer him to you for the rest." I did not quarrel with the proposal, assured that there was not a man of honourable feelings or decent manners at the English bar who would think harshly of me for an innocent error. I was deceived. The English bar contained many such persons, and no doubt does at this day. No

sooner had the attorney left Mr. C—, than the latter rushed in, and, in no measured phrase, began abusing me for the "trick" I had played him. The word did not suit me, as he himself perceived by my instant application to the poker, which I intended making the arbiter of the dispute, had he not sullenly retired. His brutishness drove me to the expedient of pawning the only legacy of my deceased friend, a silver hunting watch; a resource of no mean use in the ways and means of one so unencumbered with wealth.

In itself the incident of the brief was insignificant, and so I considered it at the time. It proved afterwards a link in the chain of those inauspicious contiguities, which I call ill-luck. Their sinister influence on the fortunes of Gregory Hipkins, will not be denied even by those who reject his theory.

So far forth, ye impugners of the Hipkinean hypothesis, my conduct has not been my fate. Nor, perhaps, shall I be found more the accomplice of my own evil fortunes in the sequel. By some means hardly worth specifying, but chiefly through the kindness of one who himself wanted the little aid he imparted, I was enabled to join the Circuit. I arrived at Maidstone just as the Bar were sitting down to dinner, of course taking the lower end of the table, as became a decorous junior. To my infinite astonishment, however, my reception was a freezing one. No hand, as is usual on such occasions, was stretched out to greet me. It was clear I had incurred what might be called a professional proscription. How I had incurred it was a mystery. I ate my dinner notwithstanding; but no one, I observed, asked me to join in a glass of wine, or addressed to me one syllable of discourse. This was perplexing, and I remained for some minutes in no very enviable state of feeling. Yet my own bosom knew no ill, and I shrunk not from the studied contempt of which I was the object. At last observing a barrister, whose looks I did not dislike, leaving the room, I followed him, trusting to find in him some sympathy for a young man who had innocently fallen under condemnation, and besought him to explain the mystery.

"Mr. Hipkins, is it possible," he said, "you should be unapprised of our determination after dinner to discuss your admissibility to the Circuit-table?"

"Admissibility! Is it called in question?"

"You will hear soon. It is the awkward affair of a brief, intended for the gentleman occupying the chambers next to your own, and the appropriation of the fee to your own uses."

"Heavens! Am I accused of theft?"

"Whatever you are accused of, your defence will be heard; and if you are innocent, you have nothing to fear."

"Defence! Never will I make one," was my reply. "He who defends himself under such an imputation, half admits it to be just."

The barrister, not entering into my refinements, shrugged up his shoulders, and went his way. I retired also, with the twofold resolve to bid adieu to bar and barristers, after I had obtained from the person, whose inauspicious proximity to my chambers had brought this persecution on my head, a written recantation of what he had said to my prejudice; it being clear that he must have spoken of me unfairly and untruly. Nor was it long before I obtained, in his own hand-writing, the attestation I demanded. In strength and size he was a Polyphemus, (as to manners, the Cyclops would have appeared a polished gentleman by his side,) and might have jerked me out of his window, had he been so minded, but he quailed in every limb whilst he was writing and subscribing the document of his shame. This I instantly forwarded to the senior of the Circuit, by whom I was unanimously acquitted, and Mr. C— severely stigmatized for his baseness. Indeed, it was pure defecated malice on his part to throw so false a colouring upon an innocent mistake. The man died not long ago, unhonoured and undistinguished in his profession, and neither loved nor respected out of it.

And there is one, the gentlest of her kind and sex, who having taken the liberty which Alexander indulged to Parmenio, of peeping over my shoulder as I was recording this passage of my history, asks me in the tone of affectionate remonstrance, why I did not brave the inquiry with the pride and confidence of an innocent man? Friend of my later days, prolonged by your cares—never may you know the ragged film out of which the world spins its judgments! Dream on, dear creature, the dream that tells you they are swayed by justice and virtue. Other men, I admit, might have done so, and been acquitted, and taken a seat at the same board, stunned with congratulations on all sides, from those whose hearts yearned to convict

him. Not so Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky. His inward, his outward pride, the whole bundle of habits and opinions that make up his individuality—forbade it. He would have been an outcast from himself—a thousand times worse than an exile from the whole herd of humanity—had he bowed to such a jurisdiction. Where moral infamy is the question, inquiry is conviction. Infinitely did I prefer having it supposed that I had *done* what I was accused of, than that I was *capable* of doing it.

From this time things went on with me indifferently. Days revolved, bringing on the usual changes in their round. The sterility of winter was succeeded by the second life of spring—but there was no second life to my black coat, which had arrived, through successive transmigrations of colour, at that dingy brown which is generally considered as its euthanasia. Was I to sink without an effort? I should not, indeed, have met with much interruption in so doing. The whole world was before me, and I might choose what hole or corner I liked to die in. Indolence, for penury is naturally indolent and irresolute, came over me, or I might have tried my chance in the field of literary labour, which was not then overrun, as it is now, with half-pay officers and the literature of the quarterdeck. Yet I shrunk from the hemming and hawing of booksellers, editors, and critics, and gave up the notion.

To beguile unpleasant reflections, I occasionally heard the debates of the House of Commons, which, at that unreforming era were really worth listening to. Your ears were not then shocked with the coarse Lancastrian burr of tedious delegates from the clothing districts. Fox, Pitt, Windham, were in the fulness of their fame, and the setting glories of Burke were still above the horizon. I observed the reporters plying their nightly labours, and understanding that they were not badly paid, again I said with Corregio, "I too will be a reporter." I could not, it is true, write short-hand, but I could rely upon a strong memory, having more than once borne away an entire speech of one of those great men, with a truth and fidelity that rendered it at once, as a verbal and intellectual copy, far superior to the reports of the papers. In particular, I addressed myself to the peculiar character of Fox as a speaker, having often heard it remarked, that it resembled that of Demosthenes. I found the

parallel, however, erroneous. In appalling or sarcastic interrogatory, in rapid lightning flashes of indignation, withering where it fell, there was some analogy. But the compression of Demosthenes, close and adamantine,—even the graces, equally the result of severe, perhaps midnight toil, that play over his discourses, like the smiles of the terrific ocean, rendered his manner unlike that of Fox, whose eloquence, seemingly impeded by the rapidity of his conceptions, and like a great stream hiding itself among tangled thickets, and then re-appearing in its full expanse of waters, rushed forth like a torrent from his soul. In Fox's reasoning, I thought also that I could discover what was too evanescent for the commonplace reporter, a refined logic, conducting to the most beautiful of moral demonstrations.

(To be continued)

### The Antiquary.

#### PRIVY PURSE EXPENSES IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE following extracts are taken at random, from a list of the privy purse expenses of the family of Lestrange of Hunstanton, given by the Society of Antiquaries in their last volume of the *Archæologia*. They were communicated by Daniel Gurney, Esq. who, in an introductory article, observes that "the average money value of things in these accounts is about one-tenth of what they are at present; and where this does not hold good, it probably arises from the article being more or less scarce by comparison with the present day; manufactured goods being of higher value from the absence of any but the most simple machinery at that period; and the very great variation in the price of wheat; shewing the uncertainty of the supply."—  
"11 Henry 8, 1819. s. d.

Fyrst. Pd to John Brown, for	
ix. stone of beffe . . . . .	iiij j ob
Itm. to a wiff of Vngaldes-	
thorpe for vj Gees . . . . .	xx
„ for vj Checons . . . . .	vj
„ for vj lb. Candell . . . . .	vij ob
„ for a gallon and di. of	
Rynnyshe Wyne . . . . .	xviii
„ Pd Robert Grome for v.	
barrels and di. of Bere . xj	
„ Pd for a pecke of otemele	iiij
„ Pd for vij. dussen Candylls	vijij vj
„ Pd to John Brown, of	
Lynne, for a hoggyshead	
of Claryett Wyne . . . . .	xxiiij iiij

„ Pd to y<sup>e</sup> same Jehn for s. d.  
 C weytt of grete Reasons  
 (Raisins) . . . . . v  
 „ Pd to hym for a teppenett  
 of Fyggs . . . . . ij  
 „ Pd to hym for vj lb Almans xvij  
 „ Pd to—Fewterer of Thorn-  
 ham for xiiij. chalder of  
 Colys and di . . . . . liij  
 „ Pd to Robert Grome for ij.  
 barrels of Sengill Berey<sup>t</sup>  
 was droncke whan he  
 ware at Anm . . . . . ij vij  
 „ Pd for a payer of Showse,  
 for Boye of y<sup>e</sup> Kechyn . . . vij  
 „ Pd for a payer of Showe  
 for James y<sup>e</sup> Fawken . . . ix  
 „ Pd for a payer of Gloves  
 for my Master . . . . . j

MISCELLANIES.

CONTRIVANCE FOR EFFECTING THE  
 ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that a few years since a vessel was engaged to be built at Battersea, by the renowned *Johnson* the smuggler, for the purpose of liberating Buonaparte from the island of St. Helena. The vessel was about 90 feet long, and of the burden of 100 tons. It was built of half-inch plank; the grain of two of such planks was placed in a vertical and the other two in a horizontal position. These planks were so well caulked and cemented together that the thickness of the sides of the vessel did not exceed that of an ordinary washing-tub. The masts were so contrived that they could be lowered to a level with the deck, and the whole vessel might be sunk in shoal water, with the crew on board, without danger. Ample means were provided for supplying the vessel with fresh air. The plan was, to sail up at night, within a short distance of St. Helena, and sink the vessel until the next or some subsequent night, when the emperor would be enabled to make his escape to the beach, at which time the vessel was to be raised, Buonaparte to get on board, and sail away in the dark. It happened, however, that Buonaparte died before the vessel was quite finished; and it is a curious coincidence that she was to be copped the very day the news of his death arrived. Johnson was to have received 40,000*l.* as soon as the vessel had got into blue water, exclusive of the reward to be given in case the enterprise succeeded. This Johnson had previously offered his services to the Admiralty, and affirmed that he could blow up any

ship without being hurt. Accordingly, a trial was given him in the Thames, accompanied by a boatswain to one of his Majesty's ships, who had been married only a week before, in a boat of a similar construction to the one before described, to a barge moored in the middle of the stream. They sunk their boat, made fast the torpedo to the bottom of the barge, and lighted the match. Johnson then perceived that his vessel remained fast, having got (as the sailors express it) his cable athwart hawse of the barge. Upon which he pulled out his watch, and having looked at it attentively, told the boatswain that he had only two minutes and a half to live. Upon this the boatswain began to make grievous lamentations—"Oh, my poor dear Nancy!" said the boatswain, "what will she say?"—"Avast, blubbering," said Johnson; "Doff your jacket, and be ready to stuff it in the hawse-hole while I cut the cable." Upon saying this, Johnson seized an axe, and cut the cable. The boatswain stuffed his jacket into the hole, and they got out of the reach of the torpedo, which blew up the barge.

A REBELLION OF FEMALES IN MADAGASCAR.

A female rebellion took place a little while ago, in consequence of the following extraordinary grievance:—It was the privilege of persons of that sex to dress the king's hair; and in the beauty of their long black locks, both men and women take great pride. When Prince Rataffe returned to Madagascar from England, his head had been shorn of its barbarous honours, and converted into a curly crop. Radama was so pleased with this foreign fashion that he determined to adopt it,—to rid himself, probably, of the periodical plague of hair-dressing, which, according to the costume of his country, was a work of no little labour on the part of his female barbers, and of suffering patience on his part. Accordingly, he took an opportunity, when he happened to be at some distance from his capital, to have his head polled nearly to the scalp. His first appearance in public, so disfigured, threw the women, whose business was thus cut up, into equal consternation and frenzy. They rose in mass, and their clamours threatened no little public commotion. But Radama was not a man to be intimidated or averted from his purpose, by such means. His measures were severe and decisive. He surrounded the whole insurgent mob with a body of

well-disciplined soldiers, and demanded the immediate surrender of four of their ringleaders. These being given up, he turned to his guards and said, 'Will no body rid me of these troublesome women?' when those present rushed upon the poor creatures, and slaughtered them at once. Radama then commanded the dead bodies to be thrown into the midst of their companions, who were kept three days without food in the armed circle of military, while the dogs, before their eyes, devoured the putrid corpses of their friends. The consequences did not stop here; infection broke out, some died, and the rest fled, and returned to their homes. — *Bennet and Tyerman's Voyages and Travels.*

#### THE GOD OF THIEVES.

HAVING occasion to recur to the former state of society in these islands, we have just heard that, among other idols, there was a god of thieves, held by his worshippers in the highest honour. He was called Hiro; and among his votaries were many of the cleverest men, not from the lower ranks only, but even some of the principal chiefs. The arts and contrivances which these resorted to, in order to obtain the property of their neighbours and strangers, proved that this strange representative of Satan was served with more than ordinary devotion. His rites were celebrated in darkness, at the change of the moon. While the husband prowled forth to rob, the wife went to the marae to pray for his success; yet, if success were not always found, it would be with an ill grace if they should charge Hiro with bad faith towards his followers; for faithful as they were in making vows, they were knavish enough in performing them: thus, if a hog had been stolen, an inch or two of the tail was deemed sufficient thank-offering to him.

#### THE ALMANACK-MAKER AT GUDDUCK.

THE festival of the new year commencing with the new moon, to-day, we, being at the village of Gudduck, went to the police-office, (which serves for a town hall,) where nearly the whole population was assembled, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The oldest Brahmin in the place, and all the principal men, were seated upon a carpet at one end of the room. Among these was the astrologer of the district, whose business it was to read over the new almanack, or, at least, announce to the good people the most remarkable events which it foretold. After a prologue of music, singing, and dancing (as usual) by girls, the astrologer began to act his more solemn mum-

meries. The book was lying before him; a small quantity of rice and some betelnuts was then poured on the ground at his feet; after which a few green leaves, and a little red powder, on a piece of paper, were brought. First he made a brief poojah or prayer; he then mixed some of the rice with the red powder, and distributed the grains among those who sat near him. A piece of camphor was next placed on a green leaf, and, being ignited, was carried round, when all that pleased held their hands over the flame, and then folded them in the attitude of supplication. Afterwards the betelnuts and cere-leaves were given away by him to persons on the right hand and on the left. All this was done over the new almanack, which being thereby consecrated, the astrologer began to gabble over its pages with marvellous fluency, but, apparently, with not less precision. This fool's calendar (as it was, assuredly, in many parts, though equally suited to wiser men's occasions in others,) contained the usual heterogeneous prognostications, calculations, and lucubrations, on the weather, the heavenly bodies, the prevailing vices, and the impending judgments, which characterize similar compositions in Christian Europe. The ceremony was concluded with another fit of music, singing, and dancing; after which chaplets of sweet-scented flowers, sandal-wood, snuff, and plantains, were presented, as new year's gifts, to the chief inhabitants, and those strangers who happened to be there—among the rest to ourselves, with a modest expression of a hope, on the part of the astrologer, that the gentlemen would give him cloth for a mantle."

A GIANT. — Grimstone, in his history of the Netherlands, speaks of one Klaes van Knyten, a man of enormous size and stature. "This giant, (says he), was born in the village of Sparenwoude near Harlem: his father and mother were of ordinary stature, yet no man might be compared unto him, for the tallest men of all Holland might stand under his arm and not touch him; and yet there are commonly seen at this day (1627) verie tall men in that country. He would cover four ordinary soles of shoes with his foot: he terrified little children to behold him; and yet there was not any roughness or malice in him, but was gentle and mild as a lambe. For if he had been fierce and cruel answerable to his greatness and proportion, hee might have chased a whole armie before him."



p. 18.

## KARL WYNCK.

A LEGEND OF AMSTERDAM.  
(For the Parterre).

"In our owne times Sathan hath bin busie with divers persons, and in the time of our forefathers the devyls were wont to plaie strange pranks with men."

*Witchcraft Unveiled, 1649.*

"I'm a happy fellow—a very happy fellow!" exclaimed Karl Wynck, a poor tailor, who dwelt in one of the old-fashioned narrow streets of Amsterdam. "The money I shall receive from the Burgomaster Harmen for making this cloak, shall be placed along with that I have already laid up, and, if fortune does not jilt me, I'll wed my little Elizabeth before I am six months older."

So saying, he rubbed his hands together with much satisfaction, and drawing his legs still closer under him, resumed his needle, singing merrily as he worked. But fate interferes with the humble as well as with the exalted; and the cup of felicity is as often dashed from the lips of tailors, as from those of more dignified professions; and Karl had soon experience of the truth of this axiom. His song, which in the fulness of his heart he was caroling at the top of his voice, was suddenly hushed, for a handsomely dressed cavalier dashing violently into the house, seized an old sword which hung over the fire-place, and disappeared as quickly as he had entered.

"This is strange!" muttered Karl,

"my visitor does not look like a thief." So he flung aside his work, jumped from the board, and running to the door, beheld at a short distance, two gentlemen engaged in fierce strife. One of the combatants almost instantly fell dead, while the victor casting away his weapon, fled precipitately up the street. Karl paid little attention to the fugitive, but flew to the assistance of the fallen cavalier, whose hand still grasped his rapier: he had been thrust through the heart, with the sword which had remained for many years a harmless occupant of the nail over the poor tailor's fire-place, but now lay near the corpse of the cavalier stained with gore,—the sight for the moment deprived Karl of speech and motion. His horror increased as he heard several voices in the crowd which had been drawn to the spot, denounce him as the assassin. Karl gave himself up for a lost man:—he attempted to explain the matter, but he did it in such a confused manner, and trembled so violently that many of the bystanders, who knew him to be a peaceable and inoffensive young man, now considered him guilty; in short, he was immediately hurried off to prison as a murderer. Here he was left to feel the horrors of his miserable situation: he paced his dungeon with a throbbing heart and racking brain, and thought on his blighted hopes and his sweetheart, who he felt persuaded would erase his very name from her remembrance. He

had, however, the melancholy satisfaction to find that this was not the case: Elizabeth was soon at the prison, where in the arms of her lover, she endeavoured to whisper the comfort she herself so much needed. But the "gentle reader," as in all such cases, is requested to *imagine* the grief of a young couple under such heavy affliction.

The next day came, and a priest was ushered into Karl's prison. There was a something in the countenance of the ecclesiastic which the prisoner did not fancy: his grey, sharp, twinkling eye had more of cunning than of sanctity in it, and his whole manner was unprepossessing. His subsequent advice corroborated the prisoner's suspicions.

"Karl Wynck" said the priest, "you are a lost man unless you make a bold effort for your deliverance."

"That is too true, father; but I see no means of escaping from this dungeon, from which I shall soon be dragged to the scaffold. Oh! 't is terrible to have one's name pronounced with horror by the good, and scoffed at by the wicked; but I die innocent of murder."

"This is but idle prating, my son," interrupted the priest; "will you profit by my advice, or will you die that death you dread so much?"

"I would fain hear your counsel, father."

"Hearken then," rejoined the priest; "the keeper of the gaol has a son who was this day married, and the wedding will be kept in the rooms above: an hour before midnight every one will be engaged in the revel, except the man whose duty it is to see all safe. When he enters your dungeon, use this knife resolutely—why, what ails thee, boy?" cried the priest, perceiving Karl's already pallid features become still paler.

"Oh father!" said the poor prisoner, "counsel me not thus; *that* would indeed be murder—I cannot do it.

"Fool!" muttered his adviser as his thin lip curled with scorn: "is it for such as thee to judge of sin or virtue? hast thou not heard how Moses slew the Egyptian who smote his countryman? was that"—Karl heard no more.

"Begone! (he cried) begone, tempter! I have heard how the blessed Saint Anthony was beset by devils who affected sanctity, and I begin to fear that thou art one of that hellish legion. Begone, I say!"

The priest (or devil, if you please) smiled another dark smile, and his eyes gleamed like bright coals of fire.

"Idiot," he muttered, as he turned

upon his heel, "thou art lost! Perish in thine own obstinacy!"

Karl heard the door close upon his visiter, and falling on his knees, uttered a prayer to heaven.

The stranger who had been killed was not known to any of the town's-people. He had that day arrived at Amsterdam, and from his appearance was judged to be a gentleman. Karl was put upon his trial, and the evidence against him being deemed conclusive, he was condemned to die. In vain did he urge his innocence; in vain did he repeat his story of the combat between the two cavaliers, and how the slayer had procured the weapon with which he had destroyed his antagonist; and equally vain were the numerous testimonials of good conduct and sobriety which his neighbours tendered in his favour. Poor Karl was condemned to die; and though pitied by many, was thought deserving the fate to which he had doomed another.

The day of execution arrived, and Karl took leave of his dear Elizabeth with a bursting heart; but he resolved to meet death like a man, and walked with a firm step to the place of death. Ascending the scaffold, he looked with a hurried glance upon the vast crowd which had assembled to see him die. A body of the town-guard surrounded the scaffold to keep off the throng which completely filled the square, while every window and house-top was occupied by the burghers and their families. The melancholy sound of the death-bell mingled with the murmur of the immense crowd, from which Karl endeavoured to avert his face; but as he did so, his eye rested on the athletic figure and stern features of the executioner, whose brawny arms, bared to the elbows, reposed on his huge two-handed sword, which, already unsheathed, gleamed brightly in the morning's sun.

Alas! thought Karl, what preparation for the death of a poor tailor!

A priest unobserved, ascended the scaffold and knelt by his side: it was he who had visited him in prison.

"Karl Wynck," whispered the tempter, "I can save thee even now."

"How?" murmured the tailor, his blood curdling at the sound of that voice.

"Acknowledge thyself mine, and I will transport thee in an instant, to some far distant country."

Karl started on his feet so suddenly, that the guards grasped their halberds, supposing he meditated an escape, but he had no such intention.

"Avaunt, fiend!" he cried, shudder-



ing violently, "remember the reproof which our blessed Lord gave thee of old, Sathanas, avaunt!"

The headsman's assistant here advanced, and bade Karl prepare himself. The sufferer observed that he was ready, and begged that the false priest might be dismissed; but when they turned to bid him begone, he was nowhere to be seen. Karl knelt again to receive the fatal blow; the headsman approached and raised his huge sword, but suddenly withheld the blow, for a thousand voices bade him desist, and a horseman was seen to urge his foaming steed through the dense crowd.

"Hold! hold!" cried the new comer, "for Jesu's sake forbear—stay the execution. *I am the slayer*, and that poor man is innocent of murder!" It was, indeed, the cavalier who had possessed himself of Karl's sword; and the poor youth, overcome by this unexpected rescue, fell senseless into the arms of the executioner.

"Sir," said the cavalier, surrendering himself to the officer of the town-guard, "the crime is mine, if crime it be to destroy one of the most barefaced villains that ever scourged society. I am a gentleman of Leghorn, my name is Bernardo Strozzi: the man I slew was of good family, but he robbed me of all I valued in this world, and I resolved to seek him wherever he fled. Chance led me to your city, and walking out without my sword, I met my foe in the street. He would have avoided me, but I resolved to possess myself of even a knife, so that I might destroy him. I luckily seized a sword in the house of this poor man; vengeance nerved my arm, and he fell, almost as soon as our weapons had crossed. The combat was fair and equal. I left Amsterdam immediately; and at the next town, learnt that another had been condemned for the slayer. The saints be praised that my good steed bore me here in time!"

Crowds pressed around Karl to congratulate him upon his escape from death, while the cavalier placed in his hands a purse well filled with gold.

"Friend," said he, "take this and be happy. I regret the misery you have suffered, but this may make you some amends."

Our tale is ended; but as some may need a postscript, we add for their especial information, that Karl, with such an acquisition of wealth, forgot the suffering he had endured, and was the happiest man in Holland. He married his dear

Elizabeth, by whom he had many children, became rich, and died at an advanced age. The house in which he lived, was formerly shewn to the curious, and there was an inscription over the door, recording in a few brief lines the history we have endeavoured to give in detail; but modern improvements have crept even into Holland, and the dwelling of honest Karl Wynck is no longer shewn to the inquisitive traveller. A. A. A.

## THE BARONIAL HALL IN TARNAWAY CASTLE.\*

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

1.

PALACE of thunder! mighty hall,  
Built on the Pagan temple's fall;  
Where the sacrificial splendour,  
Wreathed flamen, virgins tender,  
Hymned th' Olympian idol's sway,  
Hail gigantic Tarnaway!

2.

Imperious pile! when first you soared  
Triumphant o'er the lightning's lord,—  
Over shattered fane and altar,—  
Did your builder never falter,  
Thinking there *must* come a day  
Of doom to feudal Tarnaway?—

3.

High-titled house! when round thy rooms  
Red tapestry hung its silken blooms,  
Minstrel harps the dance entwining,  
Rubied cups and gold lamps shining,  
Did no warning demon say,  
"Darkness will come to Tarnaway?"

4.

Darkness *is* come! thy Titan hall  
Hath not tottered to its fall;  
But thy pomps are all departed;—  
By thy recreant lords deserted,  
What a lumpish pile of clay  
Mocks old towery Tarnaway!

5.

Yet I reverence thy form,  
Fane of th' unworshipped fiend of storm!  
Though no more the Randolf's towers  
Frown above their beechen bowers,  
And the dull builders of the day  
Have libelled ancient Tarnaway.

6.

Still thy hall, high Randolf's hall,—  
Sole relic, and chief boast of all,—  
Tells too magnificent a story  
Of thy vanished grace and glory,  
Not to laugh at the decay  
That overshadows Tarnaway.

\* Supposed to have been built on the site of an ancient temple to Jupiter Tarnanis; so called from the horse, *Tarnan*, signifying thunder.

## 7.

The sculptured chestnut's Norman roof,  
Soaring imperially aloof,  
With sublime acclaims hath trembled,  
When the principedom's power assembled,  
Making the angry thunder-bray  
*Faint* in the Hall of Tarnaway!

## 8.

And I have sate in Moray's chair;  
(That lion of this lofty lair!)  
All his subtle snares untwining,  
All his foul designs divining,  
Forged, while his queen a captive lay,  
And *he* usurped at Tarnaway!—

## 9.

Oh, storied house! with claims like *thine*,  
Lament no more thy pomp's decline,  
Though the shrine no longer claim thee,  
Though unwieldy walls defame thee,  
Those, who tread *this hall*, shall say,  
"Behold thy temple, Tarnaway!"

*Note.*—Tarnaway was a magnificent old castle, or rather palace, built in all the freakish splendour of the Flemish or Burgundian style of architecture. In its vast hall (built by Thomas Randolph, the nephew of Bruce), the puissant Earls of Moray used to assemble the inferior barons, and *they*, in turn, were attended by the several ranks of their house and maintenance, till a puisne parliament was displayed in all its ceremony and importance—the great feudal superior being the *comes* or *earl*, who occupied an elevated seat or *siège*, as it was termed, in the centre of the dais; the minor barons, &c. being duly ranked on each side. It would hold upwards of a thousand men fully armed. This illustrious and venerable fabric has of late years been pulled down, with the sole exception of the hall; and the most execrable mass of deformities that ever teemed from builder's brain has arisen in its stead.

But it was built only to be deserted, so it did not much matter! It stands about four miles to the north of Forres.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE AUTHOR OF  
"DOCTOR SYNTAX."

IN the life of Mrs. Siddons, by the poet Campbell, there is an amusing account of the author of *Doctor Syntax*, which we here place before our readers. It is not a solitary instance of a man of genius playing the vagabond; but Combe was no ordinary performer, as the following extract will demonstrate.

"Mr. Combe's history is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early

days than for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an alderman of the city of London; and, as he was sent first to Eton College, and afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham. But his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple, his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and, it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the *Coterie*, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. One evening, Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colours, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the *Coterie*, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer for several minutes with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. "I have been thinking," said Lord Lyttleton, "what I can compare you to, in your gaudy colouring, and you give me no idea but that of a drunken peacock." The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw the contents of a glass of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment; but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female till Mr. Combe came forward, and, by his resolute behaviour, obliged the offender to withdraw. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him much credit among the circles of fashion; but his Grace's diminishing finances ere long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and, at another time, in a similar exigency, he went into the French service. From a more cogent motive than piety, he afterwards entered into a French mo-

nastery, and lived there till the term of his noviciate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life, he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with his old acquaintance, A wealthy divine, who had known him in the best London society, recognised him when a waiter at Swansea actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and, staring at him, exclaimed, "You cannot be Combe?" "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled "The Diaboliad." Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was *not a gentleman*.

After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduities of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work, which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lyttleton, entitled "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," and "Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman," that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving, and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. "If I compounded with my creditors," said Mr. Combe, "I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters."

When he was near the age of seventy he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of drawings, representing an old clergyman and schoolmaster, who felt, or fancied himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in quest of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of the "Adventures of Dr. Syntax" induced Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successive publications, "The Dance of Life," and "The Dance of Death," in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs.

It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddons's reading master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic Majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was limping painfully along the high street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. "Heavens!" said the astonished histrion, "is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?" "Fiddlesticks!" answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, "a philosopher can bear anything." The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman, passing through the public-house, had observed him reading, and, looking over his shoulder, saw with surprise a copy of Horace. "What," said he, "my friend, can you read that book in the original?" "If I cannot," replied Combe, "a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education." His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with

the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potatoes, and clubbed their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit-night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and, after concluding the enumeration, he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am." While expectation was all agog, he added, "*I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.*" He then bowed, and left the stage.

#### LETTERS FROM THE LAKES. No. 2.

THE REV. H. WHITE, TO MISS —.

*Ullswater, October 3d, 1795.*

"FOR the last ten days, dear —, leisure has made her curtsy to admiration and delight, who have so fully occupied her place, as not even to allow a momentary cessation, till the present evening. In my last, I omitted to notice the immense flocks of sea gulls that enlivened Lancaster's first sands—some gracefully circling with shewy, black tipped wings, either alighting or ascending; but the majority were feeding in the little ponds left by the tide, occasionally flocking away in troops at the approach of the horses. At Lancaster, that art might not insult nature, I went out of powder, and my head has been in admirable unison with this new world, this sublime Eden. "I ask no other proof," said an elegant female at Keswick yesterday, "of your being *worthy* to enjoy our matchless scenery." From dear Ulverston, my last was dated; its environs abound both in shady and exposed walks, the principal, leads through the neat church-yard to a level terrace, commanding the channel and the town, lined with seats, from whence you soon reach the foot of a very steep mountain, whose summit commands the *sand* view before described, and peeps into a green valley, protected by the immense hills of Cumberland and Westmorland. Wednesday, 23d September, I took chaise for Furness Abbey; and if this wide extent of noble ruins, its overhanging night of woods peopled with ever-cawing rooks, its rapid stream, checked by fallen fragments, and foaming in rage over them, had been the sole object of my tour, I should not have considered it as an unworthy one. Thursday, 24th, the *first* lake of this unrivalled

country met my enraptured view, it was Coniston.—I and Sam, broke our fast within a snug cove, where the lucid waters gently passed at our feet. Pastures stored with cattle, or grain now collecting, descended to the very brim. Our road was shaded by trees, which admitted partial gleams of Conistonia's sunny bosom—huge hills clothed with timber, were our immense barriers to the very skirts of the road. As we proceeded, they closed around the head of the lake, and wonderfully elevated the view with *them*; the water also changed, the wind arose, the billows swelled, till they became "tempest tost," and reared aloft their white and angry heads, till they appeared no mean emblems of the mighty sea. Their *roar* was a grand accompaniment to the wonderful scene. The head of Coniston has not been excelled, unless by that of Ullswater, to whose *upper* waves, the meads of Patterdale, its low-towered church, the numerous groves and humble cottages, crowd around as if embracing, and guarding the glassy mirror, that reflects and adorns their varied features. Beneath her Majesty, who hangs forth, in point-lace kerchief, like the covering of a breast of veal, at the pretty town of Hawkstead, I stayed from Sunday to Friday noon 25th, and then descended into a lovely valley, glowing with Esthwaite Water, upon which the sun-beams spread diamonds. The road leads by its side for two miles, and at its crown two large promontories embowered in wood, rush into its waves, and create a scene of exquisite beauty. Leaving this liquid gem, we soon arrived at an almost precipitous ascent, and from its brow beheld majestic Windermere stretching to the right—a long breadth of water flowing beneath supreme majesty of rock. To the left our view was obstructed by a sky-aspiring cliff, which had rolled down vast portions of stone beneath our feet, and appeared *shudderingly* awful. As we descended the steep declivity, the lake shone forth, at happy peeps. At the bottom of the hill, the silver-edged billows welcomed us in soothing murmurs; but owing to jutting elbows of the crag, we could only see across the lake, which here *inlets* and forms a reedy bay. We now passed at the foot of the terrific precipice, large gleams of the lake bursting upon us in exquisite contrast, till we gained an eminence that presented long *reaches* of animated waves on either hand studded with verdant islands, whose Queen bears a temple, with a lofty alcove containing

thirty-six rooms, and now the residence of Mrs. C. and her pretty squirrel-mouthed children. On the opposite shore the various picturesque coves, white villas, rich meadows, the church and village of Bowness, its pine-enveloped parsonage, and a wooded promontory that runs into the lake, friendlily to land the passengers from the ferry-boat, set at naught all power of description. We landed at Bowness, where my honest friend, John Ullock, landlord of the White Lion, with a countenance so open, so exactly indicating a *laker*, that I anticipated truly the civility and attention I afterwards experienced. Fortunately, no company was then there, and I ran up a flight of steps into the garden, over the little bowling-green, and took possession of a summer-house that looked down upon the matchless lake, the great island, the Hy-Staff island, and the two Lilly-of-the-Valley islands, where these lovely flowers bespread the surface as thickly as grass. Here the tea-tray was immediately brought, and I enjoyed the viands, with positive happiness. The worthy rector, Mr. Barton's, arrival, broke my reverie of bliss, and I learned that as he was rather an invalid, my assistance on the Sunday would be a kindness. Saturday 26th, the whole of the morning was spent upon the water, fishing (*Sam's rod*, for perch), and sailing down to Rawlinson's Nab: the length of this king of the lakes, is thirteen miles. An agreeable party now were arrived at the inn, and after dinner we again launched forth, and landed at Belle-vue, Mr. Curwen's island of forty-one acres, and from every side of it we enjoy exquisite views of Windermere, with its variegated shores. So high was the wind, that the placid lake became a stormy sea. Sunday 27th, walking forth to church, a mitred carriage passed me, and I instantly recollected, divinity's lion, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. In *stature*, in *look*, and in *gesture*, no less than in *mind*, is he the *greatest* of men. He is amongst men, what Skiddaw is amongst mountains. A bevy of ladies followed this Leviathan into church; but seeing me and Barton approaching, he stopt at the door, and with the dignity and air of the royal Dane's spectre, he turned to make a very graceful bow. While I was surplising, Barton went to the pew and informed him of my name &c.: in an instant he returned and told me that his lordship gave no answer to this, and as he frightens them out of their senses, he came immediately from

him. Little did I regard this apparent pride; but no sooner was the service ended, than forth from his pew stalked this mighty lord; complacency upon his brow, and paternal affection in his eye; took me by the hand, and insisted that I should accompany him to Calgarth, or if I stayed at Bowness, that I would visit him as frequently as I could. Engaged to dinner at the rectory, and obliged to depart the next morning, I could only lament my inability to accept so condescending and flattering an invitation. "Come then," said his lordship, in a tone of softened thunder, "we will compromise this matter—I will *lend* you to Barton during dinner, provided he will let *me* have you early in the afternoon." This was settled, and I walked four miles to Calgarth, lingering to behold glimpses of the lake on my left hand, and a torrent roaring at the base of a wooded dell, on my right. The wine was yet on the table, I was received with ineffable kindness, introduced to Monsieur D'Ormond, the bosom friend of Louis XVI., Sir John St. Ledger, and the two Sunderlands of Ullverston: so much information, sweetened by such urbanity of manners, so much attention to each guest, particularly to *me*, I never enjoyed or witnessed at any table. Mrs. Watson shone no less in the drawing room, and they both seemed to regret that I could not spend Monday with them, as Mr. Watson the eldest son, now in the army, then became of age. Early on Monday morn, September 28th, I ascended the heights above Windermere, and did not imitate *Mrs. Lot* till I reached the mountain's brow. Well was I rewarded:—the entire lake was distended, with all its angles and promontories, bays and islands, at my feet. On my left appeared Lancaster Sands, bounded by the ocean; to the right, mountains of all sizes and variations—terrible, sublime, wooded, and cultivated, and in the "path of beauty," variegated inclosures, hanging to the eye in every sweet and picturesque form.

Now downward as I bend my sight,

What is that *atom* I espy?

Is that a man?

And hath that little speck its cares,

Its *freaks*, its *follies*, and its airs?

And do I hear the insect say,

"My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"

O weak, contemptible and vain—

The tenant of a day!

"Were you to receive a picture something like this celebrated water, *Claude*

must throw his delicate sun-shine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lakes, and the woods; *Salvator* must dash out the horror of the impending cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, the foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of *Poussin* should crown this unattainable chef-d'oeuvre of perfection with the solitary, tyrannic majesty of the beetling mountains.

"Write *fully* to Liverpool, on Sunday morning, at Mrs. S—'s, 44, Duke street. Most truly yours,  
H. WHITE."

GREGORY HIPKINS, ESQ.

SURNAMED THE UNLUCKY.

(Concluded from p. 14).

Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, saw my specimen, and forthwith I became a reporter. I did not succeed quite so well with Pitt. The impression produced by one of his speeches on my mind was that of a pageant, or a procession of beautiful figures, like those which embellish the friezes of an ancient temple. Every word, by a miraculous collocation, found its place—yet, as a whole, it was too uniform and finished, and with too few under parts, to sink deeply into the memory, which requires frequent contrasts to aid it. In a word, Pitt was the perfect rhetorician; whilst Fox, like an athlete, threw aside the ornaments of rhetoric as so many encumbrances to the muscular play of his limbs. It was this circumstance that diminished the value of my services as a reporter. There was another. I could make no hand of the second and third rate speakers. If I abridged them, they complained of being mutilated. If I served them up in their own unadulterated nonsense in its primitive state, they vowed they were misrepresented. It chanced, that in the ordinary routine of duty, I had to report the speech of a member whom I could not well bear, and who was supporting a certain job with all his might and main. Finding the effort to follow him painful in the extreme. I asked a person who sat *next* to me, if he had collected the substance of what he had said. My informant, as I afterwards learned, was adverse to the job,—and, unfortunately, so impregnated with the arguments against it, that he began instantly to state them one after another. I took it for granted they were those of the inaudible member, whom he perhaps might have heard more distinctly than I could, from having the advantage of quicker

organs; and with this impression, hastened with my report to the office. The next morning, the orator figured as a powerful opponent of the job he had supported through thick and thin. I was obliged, therefore, to resign my post. Such was the sinister result of a mere casual proximity to the officious gentleman, who so kindly led me into the error.

And now, the demon of *contiguity* seemed disposed to assist me in repairing the ills he had done me. At a friend's house, I was seated *next* to his daughter, who was likely, on the expected demise of a relative, to be possessed of a tolerable fortune. I met her at the same table frequently, each time contriving to sit *next* to her. She was what people call sensible; that is, she spoke common things on common subjects;—nor did I like her the worse for not being crammed with reading. My assiduities pleased her, and—we were married.

No mortal man could feel more sensitively the transition to a married state, than Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky. It was a change, physical and moral, of the entire man—a new idiosyncrasy, as it were, kneaded into his own. It brought new connexions, new habitudes—fathers-in-law—brothers-in-law—mothers-in-law. It was like a change of tribe to an Israelite. I could only see, or think, or feel, as they did—enter into their squabbles on one side or another, for neutrality is an indulgence seldom permitted. As I said, my wife's property was only an expectancy—but so little likely to be defeated, that my father-in-law gave us, in the interim, a scanty stipend to live on. Expectation is a fine glittering thing, but a most sorry purveyor for immediate wants. I was in reality a pensioner upon my wife's caprices; of which, to say the truth, she had no scanty assortment.

I had my cure, however. It was to get into the good books of the uncle, whose will was in a short time to be the cornucopiæ to render us easy and affluent. We spent much of our time at his villa, near London. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the India service, and a bachelor; and having scraped together a few lacs of rupees, he had returned with a sallow complexion, and the reduced portion of liver usually brought back to England by old Indians. It was in truth an easy commerce we had to carry on: on our part, to hear his military adventures, surpassing every

thing the world of fiction or reality had heretofore yielded,—on his, to recount them from morn till night. A *miles gloriosus* of this description would have been a treasure to Plautus or Ben Jonson. He stood nine hours up to the neck in water at the first breach in Seringapatam—looked tigers full in the face, while he sketched their likenesses—crossed the Ganges with bullocks and baggage, over a bridge formed by the backs of sleeping alligators—slept in cots with cobra di capellos coiled upon his pillow, while scorpions dropt into his mouth when he gave his first yawn in the morning—and, on one occasion, having accidentally met with a fall, during the procession of Juggernaut, lay stretched at full length, whilst the chariot followed by myriads of worshippers went over him. In short, it became a penance beyond my powers of endurance, to live on terms of ordinary complaisance with a liar of such magnitude. As often, however, as I was about to utter an incredulous expression, the conjugal frown of Mrs. Hipkins rebuked me to silence; and sometimes a pinch of the arm, with a “Can’t you be quiet, Gregory?” was requisite to keep me quiet.

And thus things went on, till the day of our departure. In the room, which, from its containing about a dozen volumes, the Colonel called his library, I saw on his desk the portrait of a ferocious royal tiger, which he had sketched in India, and had exhibited to us the evening before. He had been giving it, I suppose some additional touches, for a pencil lay beside it. The *proximity* of the pencil proved my ruin; for seeing the words, “Drawn on the spot,” in his own hand at the bottom, an irresistible impulse seized me to add the additional ones, “in the absence of the tiger.” The interpolation, at once reflecting on his veracity and his courage, did not meet his eye till some days after our departure. The moment he saw it, he was at no loss to discover its author, made another will instantly in favour of some distant relations, and died not long after he made it. At this most seasonable juncture, my father-in-law, who, though overflowing with affection for his daughter, had possibly, with Shakspeare, a fine poetical feeling respecting “the uses of adversity,” withdrew, on some kind parental pretence or other, the little stipend he had allowed us.

In this ebb of our fortunes, Mrs. Gregory Hipkins found relief in amusement, and amusement at the play. All

the world was about that time mad to see the young Roscius, an urchin not above four feet high, play the heroic characters of Shakspeare. He was, however, at the height of his fame;—the universal theme of that idiot wonder, which, at certain periods, leads the play-going part of the public by the nose, and fills the theatres to overflowing. We succeeded in getting into the pit, without any accident worth mentioning, unless it was the loss of a valuable shawl from my wife’s shoulders, the gift of our dear departed uncle, who had scaled the walls of a zenana, to receive it as a gift from the fair hands of a rich Begum, who was in love with him, having first put to death half-a-dozen Mussulman guards, who, with naked scimitars, opposed his entrance.

We were not so fortunate in getting out. The inconvenient vomitories of a London playhouse are proverbial. On this occasion there was such a pressure, that Mrs. Hipkins found great difficulty in keeping hold of my arm, and I had to endure grumblings of the true conjugal kind without end—“Dear me Gregory, how can you be so stupid—Lord, how you pull—Heavens, why don’t you come on!” I could get on no farther. There had been seated *next* to me a person with a wooden leg, which had more than once bruised my shins during the performance, and, by its accursed proximity, was still destined to torment me; for it had fixed itself upon my foot, and kept me immovable, and in great agony, till the tide of human beings passed by, separating my wife from me, and carrying that gentle creature onwards in its vortex. In vain I remonstrated, bellowed, swore—he himself could not stir, for a *contiguous* door-post, behind which the crowd had jammed him. At length he released me, and again feeling the pressure of a female arm upon my own, I hobbled on, deeming myself not unfortunate in having so soon been rejoined by Mrs. Hipkins. At this moment a pressure of the hand, somewhat tenderer than betokens the second post-matrimonial year of couples much more tender than Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Hipkins, induced me to turn my face towards her. Unspeakable horror—one moment for the magic pen of Spenser! to paint me the lineaments of the foulest of hags, that ogled, as I bent my head beneath a flaunting, tawdry bonnet, with a grin that revealed teeth of every size, shape and hue, huddled together like gravestones that had felt the upheaving of an earthquake—and

breathing—powers of heaven, rather of hell—such vapours as were never brushed from the unwholesome fens of Sierra Leone itself—“Dear Gregory,” she croaked, “beloved, have I found you at last?” She must have caught my name from my wife, as she followed us on our return from the play, into the pit avenue. “Dear Gregory”—~~Frantic even to madness, I strove to shake her off, with efforts almost supernatural; but she clung to me as the venomous shirt to Alcides, renewing her unearthly raptures, and beseeching me not to desert her, in tones, or rather howls, of so unusual a kind, as to invite a crowd of linkboys and hackney-coachmen to take an interest in the spectacle. The philosophy of the moment is the best in these cases. “It is a poor unhappy maniac,” I said, walking quietly homewards, and hanging down my ears, as Horace did, when he vainly strove to shake off the friend he met in the Via Sacra of Rome. But did my eyes deceive me? No; they did not.~~ **Hold of**

A few yards onwards, and not many from my own residence, I could perceive Mrs. Gregory Hipkins in close *proximity* to a tall Irish hussar, who had sat *next* her at the play. She was leaning on his arm, and listening to his discourse, or rather rhodomontade, with much earnestness. The *proximity* of person, too, was greater than was required in the casual escort of a gentleman to a lady who accidentally stood in need of his protection. In the meanwhile, the increasing raptures of the hideous Duessa still sticking to my arm, attracted the notice of my wife and the hussar, who turned back to have their share of the diversion.

“This poor wretch,” I said to Mrs Hipkins, “is out of her mind. Common humanity will not suffer me to use violent means of getting rid of her.”

“Oh, Mr Hipkins,” replied my amiable spouse, “your part of the piece is well got up. An old attachment perhaps.”—

I relished her irony but little, and that of her Hibernian gallant still less, who, eyeing the withered fragment of the female form that hung on my arm, ranted in the truest of brogues, “Warm in their ashes live her wonted fires!”

Had my arm been unfettered by its loathsome burden, I should have aided his gravitation to the earth by an immediate application of my fist to the untenanted skull of this most impudent of blockheads. But I was bent upon effecting my deliverance. It was a struggle that lasted

three or four minutes, during which Mrs. Gregory Hipkins, with her one-eyed beau (I forgot to mention that her Apollo was a mutilated statue) walked towards my house with all possible composure. Nor was it but by the fortunate accident of my persecutor’s stumbling on a broken part of the pavement, and thereby losing **Hold of** my arm, that I succeeded in giving her a push that laid her at full length in the mud that had collected in the chasm, and breaking away from her in the midst of mingled moans for the desertion of “her Gregory,” and the ruin of her *gros de Naples* gown, and Brussels veil. My wife was at the door, in the act of wishing her Damon good night; but there was something in the mode of wishing it, that “denoted a foregone conclusion.” I rushed in—Mrs. Hipkins had squatted herself on a sofa. She sighed, as vulgar women do on such occasions—alas! Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky had made some months before the pleasant discovery that his wife was essentially vulgar—and genuine thorough-bred vulgarity is a compound of all that is horrid in the female creation—and began a series of upbraidings after the truest precedents of vulgar women.

“Well, Mr. Hipkins—you have parted on good terms, I trust, with your old flame?” she ejaculated.

“And you with yours, I hope, madam,” was my reply.

A sort of peace was patched up. It seems that she had met her friend Captain Mahoney somewhere before, and that the acquaintance was renewed by his accidentally sitting next to her at the play. The step of captain, indeed, was a piece of promotion she herself gave him, perhaps *euphonia gratia*; for the fellow was only an ensign.

“And you know, Gregory, I could not decline his arm, when I lost you in the crowd; besides, really, he was so civil, really.”

My own story told itself; and Mrs. Hipkins was, or pretended to be, satisfied.

Strange incidents bring on strange dispositions. Mrs. Gregory Hipkins became bilious. Cheltenham is the only place for bilious people. Her whole family, she pleaded, were afflicted with “the bile,” and Cheltenham had cured them, one after the other. I had no counter plea but the hourly-wasting condition of my purse. What is that against an expedition on which a female sets her heart? So behold us inmates of Stiles’s boarding-house at Cheltenham.



"It is written!" says the Turk. I was still to be the victim of these *proximities*. We were sitting down at the public dining-table, when who should advance towards my wife, and, with the easy assurance of a face thrice dipped in the brazen stream of the Shannon, take his seat next her, but the same Captain Mahoney! He honoured me with a slight token of recognition, and began pouring his unmeaning volubilities into her ear; and really Mrs. Gregory Hipkins did seriously incline to hear them. Next day—several days in succession—the same proximity of seat—the same stream of nothings absorbing all her faculties; but by degrees a closer contiguity of head and cheek, and the talk frequently subsiding into murmurs.

I was always inclined to think jealousy a very foolish species of self-tormenting. The woman who makes a man jealous is never worth being jealous about. But who can control his fate? We were seated at the dinner-table as usual—the Captain of course, *next* to Mrs. Hipkins. The jangling of a post-chaise was heard at the door; and in a few minutes bounced into the apartment—accursed fatality!—the infernal hag that had tormented me to death on the night of the play. Seeing the chair *next* my own unoccupied, toad-like she squatted in it, with an agility of which I did not deem her capable, and began a series of embraces—the mere recollection of which brings a cold fainting sickness over me even at this moment. I brushed them off as well as I could; but to stop her tongue, whilst it was revelling in the maddest hyperboles of fondness, was impossible. "Dear Gregory—beloved Gregory! We meet to part no more! Cruel man, to leave me in that dirty puddle—my *gros de Naples* will never more be fit to wear."

All eyes were upon me. A buzz went round—"A pleasing recognition," said one. "He looks confoundedly sheepish," remarked another. "His wife does not seem over-pleased," said a third. "Wife!" observed a fourth, with an air of positive information, "don't you see that the lady who is just arrived is his first wife, who is come to claim her husband?" And in this interpretation, which, merely implying that I was guilty of bigamy, recommended itself by its simplicity, every one acquiesced. Nay, I could distinctly hear a young barrister at the end of the table laying it down to be a felony, and quoting the Duchess of Kingston's case to prove that it was clergyable.

My tormentor's plate being laden with

meat, I had a short respite whilst she devoured it. The farce, however, which was so highly amusing to every body but myself, was soon renewed, and motioning Mrs. Hipkins to follow me, I endeavoured to steal away. But Mrs. Hipkins, amiable woman, not wishing to increase the uproar, as I supposed, stirred not, and the frantic bedlamite again clung round me. In vain I strove to impress the company with the obvious fact, that the woman was insane. Probably I might have succeeded, had not the unaccountable conduct of Mrs. Hipkins encouraged a theory less favourable to me. Some, however, were candid enough to admit the insanity—but they believed it was my misconduct that had occasioned it.

The hag followed me into the High Street, whither I had betaken myself as a refuge, and renewed her loathsome endearments. At last, seeing a mob of a less refined class collecting around us, I thought the jest was becoming somewhat too serious, and called in the aid of a constable or two, who, with some difficulty, took her into custody. Thus the affair would have ended, had it been that of any other of the myriads that people God's earth—but Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky. The sage tribunal of every library, the assembled wisdom of the Pump-room, gave it against me. It was quite clear that I had married a second wife, the first being still living, which the young barrister had convinced them amounted to bigamy—having, moreover, clapped my first wife into prison to get rid of her evidence. The lawyer thought that a magistrate should call on me to find bail—others thought that I ought not to be at large on any terms whatever.

Conjugal disputes are settled or revived at night. I bitterly reproached Mrs. Gregory Hipkins. She was dreadfully affected by my reproaches—and went to sleep. The next morning she rose early, to take the waters at the pump-room. Worn out by the petty persecutions of the preceding day, I claimed the privilege of a protracted slumber. I could remark, however, that she was a considerable time at her toilet—and heard, though indistinctly, a confused noise or rustling, and a stirring of band-boxes betokening a packing-up. Nor was I deceived. On going down into the breakfast-room, I learned that Mrs. Gregory Hipkins and Captain Mahoney had departed four hours before, seated *next* to each other in a post-chaise.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## THE BEAR HUNT.

“A bear,” commenced our Alcibiades, “as colossal in size as unequalled in strength, had become the terror of the inhabitants of the whole country between Bucharest and Cempino, near the Carpatho-Romano-Moldavian mountains. The haunts of the monster were chiefly confined to the interminable forest of Poenar, which is traversed by the road from Bucharest to Kronstadt, at Transylvania. This dreadful animal had been known to the inhabitants for about eight or ten years, during which time he had destroyed more than four hundred head of oxen, and other domestic animals. It appeared as if the inhabitants were panic-struck, for no one dared to attack him; his last exploit, and which at length awakened the attention of the chief divan of the district, was as follows:—

“A large quantity of wine, destined for Bucharest, was being slowly transported across the hills, and, according to the usual custom, the drivers halted for repose and refreshment during the heat of the day. The animals were released from their teams and left to graze along the side of the road close to the forest, when suddenly a dreadful roaring was heard; the drivers ran to the spot, and beheld in the midst of the buffaloes a black animal of most formidable dimensions, who had already seized one and thrown it on its back, where he held it, in spite of the fearful struggles of the agonized victim, with one of his claws, like the grasp of an iron vice, and escaped upon his other three legs with his ill-fated prey.

“This apparently half-fabulous intelligence attracted not only the attention of the government, but that of the lovers of the chase in Bucharest and the adjacent country; namely, the Bojars, Kostaki, Kornesko, Manoulaki-Floresko, the bey Zadey-Soutzo, and myself. A grand hunt was speedily projected, and the whole admirably organized by one of the party, Signor Floresko, of the foreign department.

“It was planned that the bear, when first traced, was to be driven forward by five or six hundred peasants into a semi-circle composed of about a hundred huntsmen.

“The appointed day arrived, and these arrangements having been made in the most silent manner possible, the signal was given to commence the chase by a long blast of the hunting-horn, which was quickly followed by the

sounds of other most noisy instruments, and the loud shouts of the peasants; it was not long before a shot resounded to my right, near the spot where Signor Kornesko stood, which was succeeded by a dead silence; after the lapse of a few minutes, I heard the rush of some animal through the thickets, the noise of whose steps among the dry leaves was doubled by the stillness of a clear October day. My visitor was a well-fed fox; he presented himself about eighty paces distant; I shot him through the head, and again the former stillness succeeded: but the drivers drawing nearer, the tremendous uproar re-commenced. It was perfectly frightful to hear our Moldavian peasants (scattered over two leagues of ground) utter their piercing cries and still more frightful wailings, while they beat the trees with sticks, clappers, and other discordant noisy instruments. I now heard at about the distance of half a league two shots, which were immediately followed by the most deafening yells,—and the word Ours! Ours! (which in the Romano-Moldavian language is sounded as in French) fell distinctly on my ear.

“The prince, or bey, Zadey-Soutzo, came up to me, saying, ‘Seigneur Alcibiades, the bear has broken through the cordon formed by the drivers. What have you killed?’

“‘A fine fox, as you see here before you;’ the Mameluke who attended him carried the animal away.

“At this moment Signor Kornesko joined us, and we all went together to the spot where the bear had disappeared; there we found Florensko, who was endeavouring to ascertain the track. On demanding who had shot at the bear? we were told it was Lazar, the hunter, but that he had merely grazed his back; the other shot was from the musket of a peasant, past whom the bear ran with astonishing rapidity, breaking down the young trees which interrupted his progress. The poor fellow, excessively frightened, fell upon his back, which caused his rifle to explode without his assistance; his deplorable plight was the subject of much merriment to us, and we re-called his scattered senses by a pretty strong dose of brandy.

“We now followed the track of the bear, and about a hundred paces further discovered spots of sweat on the leaves and bark of the trees; they were about the height of a middle-sized man. I demanded of Lazar, who had shot at him, whether he ran on his hind legs or all

fours? 'On all fours, like a dog,' was the answer.

"I now began to attach some credit to the marvellous accounts I had heard of the enormous size and strength of the monster; and my curiosity to see him, together with my desire for his destruction, were most strongly excited.

"For a considerable time I wandered about with the rest of the company, who had sent for a pack of hounds that had been left at the nearest village; until, weary of this ineffectual search, I took a wild, unfrequented path, and turned to the left in the thickest part of the forest, where I hoped to be able to find a passage to lead to the provision carriage, which I knew was in this direction, for I had become excessively hungry.

"After walking a short distance, I entered a valley which might with truth be termed virgin; tremendous oaks had here died through age, and wild herbs and young plants had grown up in the cheering light of the sun out of their decayed trunks, while eternal twilight reigned beneath the wide-spreading branches of those which still bloomed in all the vigour and freshness of youth. Invited by their cooling shades, I sought repose for a few minutes; I had not long enjoyed it, when I was suddenly startled by a noise resembling that of a whole squadron of cavalry bearing down in full gallop upon me; when, behold, I saw the terrific coal-black monster, flying with the rapidity of lightning, at about two hundred paces distant; there was no possibility of getting a shot at him, but his size, strength, and prodigious swiftness, far exceeded any I had ever seen among the white Arctic bears, or the black Siberian. I pursued him in a westerly direction, guided by the loud barking of the dogs, who were upon his scent. I soon joined a bojar, the chief officer of Signor Florensko; the unfortunate man seemed much animated by the chase, for he said, 'I have a strong presentiment that I shall reach the bear, and I have ordered some of the best shots in the band of huntsmen to follow me.'

"We now entered a deep part of the forest, thickly overspread with wild fruit trees; here, among old trunks of trees, and rocky caverns, was, I presumed, the bear's favourite retreat: indeed, we soon discovered traces of him, and the earth was covered in several places with his excrements. In this strange and savage spot I determined to take up my position and await the chance of meeting the enemy. Signor Kostaki continued the

pursuit. Tired, and suffering from excessive heat, I lay down, together with my faithful dog, beneath the extensive foliage of an immense wild apple-tree, lighted up my tchoubouk, and commanded Amica, a most powerful wolf-dog, thoroughly trained against man or beast, to keep a strict watch. I might have dreamed for about half an hour, enveloped in the elysium of clouds of smoke, when I was suddenly aroused by the violent rushing of approaching animals. I cautiously arose and stepped behind the trunk of a large tree, when I observed about a dozen wild swine, preceded by an immense boar, who acted as leader; these were quickly followed by others, until I distinctly reckoned twenty-three. Holding my dog back, I crept like a serpent under the protection of a fallen oak, till I came within eighty paces of them; my object was to bring down the great boar, as I knew from long and dangerous experience in the Mongolei, that on such occasions, unless the chief falls, the continuance of the life of the hunter is doubtful; but, as if influenced by a presentiment of what was likely to happen, he continued moving onward, and as I feared that the whole band would soon be out of the reach of a bullet, I determined, cost what it would, to secure one of them; and as a full-grown one, armed with huge tusks, happened to present himself in the right position, I took a deadly aim and fired, when, after running a few paces, he fell; the others disappeared in an instant, and the former stillness again reigned in the forest.

"It appeared the hunters were scattered in different directions, each expecting that the dogs would drive the bear in his own immediate vicinity; for myself, feeling secure that I had ascertained his retreat, I waited in anxious expectation of surprising him.

"My shot in the meantime must have been heard, and I sounded several times on my horn, in order to collect a few of the peasants to carry off the boar I had killed. I was speedily joined by about thirty. Though mortally wounded, he gnashed frightfully with his teeth, until one of the huntsmen dispatched him with a short hunting sword: it was a noble animal, both in size and fatness, and I received the congratulations of the whole party. During this time I observed a peasant from the neighbourhood of Poenar attentively observing my booty. 'What dost thou seem to wonder at in the boar, friend?' said I.

" 'It is very singular, signor,' answered the peasant, 'but I could have sworn that this fellow is no stranger to me. About five or six years ago, one of my finest pigs formed a connexion with a flock of wild swine, and shortly after entirely disappeared in the woods; but, however, we can see if he has my mark—a slit in the left ear.' 'Donner und Wetter,' cried the peasant, in raptures, 'he is mine!' and without a doubt the mark was visible to us all. It may easily be supposed that my trophy, a noble boar of the free-forests, transformed into a household pig, the property of a Moldavian peasant, became the subject of the united laughter of my companions.

" I know not when the jokes of the hunters would have ceased, if they had not been interrupted by the distant tumultuous noise of the dogs, who seemed approaching, and we concluded, by the sound, they might be still about a league from us. The whole party left me, except Lazar, the same hunter who had first shot the bear. As the cry of the hounds died away, I seated myself by my inglorious game, and again commenced smoking my *tehoubouk*; but I was almost immediately aroused by the near approach of the dogs in full cry, succeeded by a frightful roar, which seemed to overwhelm every other sound. With my gun on the cock, I flew forward; a momentary silence ensued, which was almost instantly succeeded by a violent crash like a thunder-storm, for I observed the underwood before me bowing and crackling, and on the very same foot-path which I had taken, the long sought for hideous monster stood before me, completely filling the space between the trees with his enormous mass. I was no sooner observed by the ferocious brute than he flew at me with a powerful spring, sending forth a howl so loud and piercing that it nearly stunned me, and literally shook the air. Conscience, however, that there was now no other alternative but death or victory, I allowed my opponent to approach within six paces, took a deadly aim, and fired with the same lucky barrel that had already laid prostrate the fox and the boar. The ball struck the terrific animal exactly between the eyes; he seemed paralyzed for a moment, in which happy pause my faithful *Amico* gallantly sprung forward. Bewildered perhaps by the unexpected appearance of the large white dog, and its furious bellowing, he afforded me sufficient time to lodge a second

bullet precisely in the same spot, whilst Lazar, who had taken up a safe position behind a large oak, sent him a third, which however did him but little injury, as the bullet was afterward found buried in his fat.

" I distinctly saw, by the two streams of blood which issued from his forehead, his hopeless situation; this was also evinced by his breathing. I drew my hunting-knife and sought, aided by my dog, to stun him with the loudest shouting; upon which, perceiving us advance, he roared tremendously, and seemed disposed to escape into the thicket; his tottering walk proved that his strength was fast declining, and, when about thirty paces distant, he fell.

" As I could not follow him with perfect safety, I re-loaded my gun, and tried to irritate him, in order that he might turn round and give me an opportunity of sending him another bullet in the most vital part. He lay perfectly still, occasionally wiping the streaming blood from his face with his fore-paws, like a human being: assisted by my dog, we attacked him with great fury, and perceiving no chance of safety, he commenced breaking the branches of the trees which surrounded him, and hurled them at us with immense force; then raised himself up, and apparently, with all his pristine strength, attacked me with the force of desperation; but his last moment was approaching. I allowed him to advance, and when almost touching the barrel of my gun, he received the entire charge—my last deadly shot. The death-struggle was momentary, for he sunk forward, sprinkling my face with his blood, and almost burying me under his enormous mass. The last groan he uttered exceeded in horror all that I had ever heard—a tone so full and deep, so despairing and piercing, that the whole forest resounded, and the echoes of the rocks seemed to repeat it with a shudder!

" I was now surrounded by Signor Floresko and hundreds of men, each looking at the huge beast almost with affright. I was overwhelmed with congratulations by all present, at having slain the monster, which had been so long the terror of the whole country.

" I must confess that I had never before encountered a danger so imminent, so formidable in its aspect; neither did I ever obtain a victory that gave me greater pleasure.

" We were obliged to have the young wood cleared away before we could drag

the fallen monster out of the thicket into the nearest road, where he lay for some time.

"In the meantime, Floresko informed me that he feared his chief officer, Kotski, would be the victim of this day, for he had been found in a horrible situation. Shortly after, the unfortunate young man was conveyed to us on a bier in a most deplorable condition; his clothes and limbs rent and mangled, his entrails torn out, his spine broken; in short, it was impossible to save him. After lingering a few hours in dreadful agony, he died.

"Thus the death of the ferocious animal was avenged, and our victory dearly purchased!

"The bear was placed on a wagon, drawn by four horses, to be conveyed to Bucharest, but this plan we were obliged to abandon, as the body emitted such a noisome stench that the whole atmosphere was poisoned; it was therefore flayed on the spot. The fat was found to weigh 800 pounds, and the flesh and bones 963 pounds. From between the ears to the extremity of the back, he measured nineteen feet; and, according to a calculation based on Gall's system, must have been between 170 and 180 years of age. He was entirely black, and his teeth much worn, and was no doubt a Siberian bear, which at different times had been hunted to this wood, where he had found a secure asylum; in his left leg and back were two broken arrows. I presented the skin to my friend, Namack Pasha, a general in the service of the Ottoman empire. His skull I have retained for myself, and also part of his fat, which I have preserved in my ice-house at Bucharest.

"The female, with two young ones, which have already arrived at the size of large oxen, have been seen about Poenar and the neighbouring forests; she is said to be very little inferior to her consort, either in magnitude or ferocity. You may therefore, gentlemen," concluded Seigneur Alcibiades, laughing, "obtain laurels similar to those with which I am crowned; and, by performing such an exploit, you would eclipse old Hercules and his boar, because that animal can scarcely see two feet beyond his head, is very awkward at turning, and never climbs a tree; whereas no mortal foot can escape the pursuit of an enraged bear."—*Tutti Frutti, by a German Prince.*

## STANZAS.

(For the Parterre).

When fell Disease, with serpent fold,  
Involves this frame of mortal mould,  
And, spent and worn, our struggles cease,  
Death gives us, from the coil, release.

But no such happy lot is mine,  
When I the mental strife resign,  
The thought that tells me strife is vain,  
Gives immortality to Pain!

H. GUILFORD.

April 29, 1828.

## MISCELLANIES.

## FISHING NOT A CRUEL SPORT.

"Fishes (you know a whale is not a fish) have no natural affection. How can you expect it in spawn? Fry, half an inch long, issue from the gravel without parental eyes to look after them, so they are fortunately incapable of filial ingratitude. You do not reduce a whole family to starvation by clapping an odd old fish into your creel. Nor can you break the heart of an odd old fish by wheedling before his eyes all the youngers out of a pool who owe their existence to him, and to the old lady you captivated and seduced in early spring, by the lure of a march-brown, the most killing of Quakers."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## OTTO OF ROSES.

In a work published some time since, by Monsieur de Marlés, entitled "Histoire Generale des Inde Ancienne et moderne," etc.; we find the following account of the discovery of this very fragrant extract. "It is said to have been in Lahore that chance led to the discovery of the essence of rose. The Begum or favourite Sultana of the Emperor Shah-Ichaun, seeking to strengthen his passion by attaching him to herself by delightful sensations, conceived the idea of bathing in a pool of rose-water, and had the reservoir of her garden filled with it. The rays of the sun acting upon this water, the essence which it contained concentrated itself in little particles of oil which floated on the surface of the basin. At first it was thought that this matter was produced by fermentation, and that it was a sign of corruption or fetidity; but as they tried to gather it in order to clean the basin, they perceived that it exhaled a delicious smell. This it was that gave the idea of extracting in future the essence of roses, by a process corresponding with that which nature had employed."

## GINGER YILL.

A short time since, a Baillie of Glasgow invited some of his electioneering friends to dinner, during which the champagne circulated freely, and was much relished by the honest bodies; when one of them, more fond of it than the rest, bawled out to the servant who waited, "I say Jock, gie us some more o' that *ginger yill*, will ye!"—

B. Q. T.

## CONSEQUENCE OF POPULARITY.

"MY door," says Mrs. Siddons, "was soon beset by various persons quite unknown to me, whose curiosity was on the alert to see the new actress, some of whom actually forced their way into my drawing-room, in spite of remonstrance or opposition. This was as inconvenient as it was offensive; for, as I usually acted three times a week, and had, besides, to attend the rehearsals, I had but little time to spend unnecessarily. One morning, though I had previously given orders not to be interrupted, my servant entered the room in a great hurry, saying, 'Ma'am I am very sorry to tell you that there are some ladies below, who say they must see you, and it is impossible for me to prevent it. I have told them over and over again that you are particularly engaged, but all in vain; and now, ma'am, you may actually hear them on the stairs.' I felt extremely indignant at such unparalleled impertinence; and before the servant had done speaking to me, a tall, elegant, invalid-looking person presented herself (whom, I am afraid, I did not receive very graciously); and after her, four more, in slow succession. A very awkward silence took place; when presently the first lady began to accost me, with a most invertebrate Scotch twang, and in a dialect which was scarcely intelligible to me in those days. She was a person of very high rank: her curiosity, however, had been too powerful for her good breeding.

'You must think it strange,' said she, 'to see a person entirely unknown to you intrude in this manner upon your privacy; but, you must know, I am in a very delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am to look at you here.' She accordingly sat down to look, and I to be looked at, for a few painful moments, when she arose and apologised; but I was in no humour to overlook such insolence, and so let her depart in silence.

*Campbell's life of Siddons.*

## OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.

"It is pretty well known," says Campbell in his life of Mrs. Siddons, "that Otway founded his tragedy on St. Real's history of the Venetian conspiracy in 1618. Nearly the whole of the dramatis personæ are real persons. *Belvidera*, however, is fictitious. The real *Renault* was no villain, and the real *Pierre* was privately strangled on board his own ship, by order of the Venetian senate. The prose and true *Jaffier* was not melted in his faith to the conspiracy by a woman's tears, but was struck with compunction during a city jubilee, when he contrasted its gaiety with the horrors and massacres that would result from the plot. Otway's *Jaffier* is eventually more pathetic and dramatic, but St. Real's history is wonderfully impressive. Voltaire compares its author to Sallust, and not unworthily."

FASHION is a deformed little monster, with a chameleon skin, bestriding the shoulders of public opinion. Though weak in itself, like most other despots, it has gradually usurped a degree of power that is irresistible, and prevails in various forms over the whole habitable earth. It is the greatest tyrant in the world.

## A LITERARY SHOEMAKER.

"Hans Sachs, the old poet of Nuremberg," says Mrs. Jameson, "did as much for the Reformation, by his songs and satires, as Luther and the doctors by their preaching: besides being one of the worshipful company of meistersingers, he found time to make shoes, and even to enrich himself by his trade; he informs us himself, that he had composed and written with his own hand, "four thousand two hundred mastership songs; two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies, and farces; one thousand seven hundred fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs." It is said he excelled in humour, but it was such as might have been expected from the times—it was vigorous and coarse. "Hans," says the critic, "tells his tale like a convivial burgher, fond of his can, and still fonder of his drollery." If this be the case, his house has received a very appropriate designation: it is now an ale-house, from which as I looked up, the mixed odours of beer and tobacco, and the sound of voices singing in chorus streamed through the latticed windows. "Drollery and the can," were as rife in the dwelling of the immortal shoemaker, as they would have been in his own days, and in his own jovial presence.



P. 35.

## THE PHANTOM SKIRMISH.

(For the Parterre.)

"Fierce spirits of those stormy times  
When civil strife disturbed the land,  
Why at the clash of midnight chimes,  
Appears in arms your spectral band?"

"Your armour in the moonlight gleams,  
Your white plumes in the night breeze wave,  
Why thus disturb the silent night;  
Does hate extend beyond the grave?"

"Why in the pale moon's gentle light  
Do ye in arms again appear;  
Is not for ever hushed the strife  
Of Puritan and Cavalier?" MS.

My uncle was a warm-hearted and hospitable man, with a leaning towards superstition. A ghost story was his delight, and he would listen to a narrative of goblins and fairies with intense interest. Many a cunning fellow took advantage of this, and often invented tales of people "coming again" (the re-appearance of persons after death is thus termed in Berkshire) for his edification. One fine evening in the spring of the year 17—, my revered relative, and four friends, were sitting within the little bow-window of his house at C—, chatting on various subjects, when my uncle entered upon his favourite theme, and treated his guests with two or three narratives of *undoubted* authenticity.

First, how Jem, the gardener, had seen a blue light dancing in the chancel window of the old church on the very night that farmer R—'s eldest son got so drunk at market, that, on his road home, he fell from his horse and broke his neck, to the great grief of his father, but to the inexpressible joy of the whole village. Secondly, how the devil, in the time of his *grandfather* (!), was wont to dance every night round a huge thistle in the paddock; and, lastly, how the shepherd's son Dick had been almost terrified to death by the appearance of a strange animal, which, after changing itself successively into a calf, a hog, and a goat, finished the hellish pantomime by vanishing in a flame of fire! During these recitals there were plenty of ohs! and ahs! you may be sure; but one of the company, whose organ of credulity was not so fully developed, took the liberty of expressing his total unbelief in such "stuff," as he termed it, and rashly ventured to assert that these tales were invented by old women, who repeated them so often that they at length believed them to be true, and persuaded others to do the same. The unbeliever was a young man, named George N—, who had arrived the preceding day from Oxford, where he had been pursuing his studies. He was of a romantic turn,

and wrote poetry for the magazines; but, though he could have relished a bit of true German diablerie, these village tales only excited his laughter.

My uncle took several rapid whiffs at his pipe, and then attacked the scoffer in right earnest. He shewed that to believe in ghosts was a part of the christian creed; that from time immemorial these supernatural visitants were permitted to warn the good and terrify the wicked, and that, in fact, to be sceptical on such a subject argued a leaning towards Socinianism, and other heresies. The student saw that it was of no use to attempt to controvert the opinion which his host had maintained in such orthodox style, and, before long, was himself an attentive listener to the numerous ghost stories related by the company.

"Ay, ay," said mine uncle, as one of the guests concluded a narrative replete with hobgoblinry—"that's nothing to what we have in this village, on the anniversary of this very night. You must know, gentlemen, that in the time of the civil wars there was a sharp skirmish one night between a party of Royalists and the Parliamentarians, in which the former were great sufferers. It was a severe conflict, though of short duration, and many noble fellows were slain on both sides. The next day a large pit was dug in the church-yard, and about forty Englishmen were tumbled into this rude grave in the land of their fathers without the burial service, for the clergyman had fled from the village. The Royalists, wearing their shirts over their clothes, advanced upon the village in the hope of surprising their enemies, but their approach was discovered; yet so fiercely was the charge made, that the Roundheads were driven out, but not until the attacking party had nearly half their number killed or disabled. Well, gentlemen, this skirmish on every anniversary of that fatal night, is performed by phantoms, who go through the scene of strife with the same energy as the originals. I have heard say, that it is an awful sight, and dangerous to the beholder, to whom it is also a bad omen."

Here the student smiled incredulously. My uncle did not fail to observe it.

"Well, well," he continued, "smile and doubt: I question, though, whether you would have nerve enough to witness this shadowy spectacle, notwithstanding your incredulity."

The student made no reply, because he thought that if he expressed his willing-

ness to make the trial, some of the company might be upon the watch to play him a trick; but he inwardly determined to be near the spot at the particular hour; not that he anticipated any such a sight as a combat of spectres, but merely that he might have a good laugh against his host at breakfast the next morning. The church clock had struck eleven before the party broke up, and George N— was conducted to his chamber.

"Good night, George," said his host, smiling, "you will find your bed and a sound sleep, better than sitting on a stile watching the manœuvres of spectre visitants—good night."

George smiled, and closing his chamber door, threw himself on the bed without taking off his clothes, for he found that the ale he had drank had made his head somewhat lighter than his heels. He discovered also, as is the case with some persons, that it had not improved his spirits, and he began, as he afterwards confessed, to feel very old womanish. He lay for a considerable time ruminating on the strange stories he had heard, and had already planned "*an Essay on Superstition*," to be comprised in a small octavo volume, when the candle which had burnt down into the socket, flashed brightly for a moment and then suddenly went out, leaving the chamber but dimly lighted by the full moon.

Our student, in spite of himself, waxed each moment more nervous: he arose, and throwing up the window, looked into the garden below. It was a lovely night! the dew drops sparkled in the mild rays of the moon, and all nature seemed to slumber. George N— felt his nervousness departing as he looked on the tranquil scene, and he determined to have a stroll in the moonlight. To enjoy this without disturbing the family, he cautiously jumped from the window, which was but a little distance from the ground, into the garden, and alighted on one of the flower beds. Passing through the garden gate he entered the little paddock, in which was a colt and a pet lamb, who, startled at his appearance at that hour of the night, scampered to the farther side, and left the Student to gaze undisturbed upon the scene before him.

At the foot of the small hill on which the village stood, ran a trout stream, which, gleaming brightly in the moonlight, contrasted strongly with the long grass of the meadows through which it ran. On its summit were five venerable elms, of the same age perhaps as the rem-



nant of an ancient cross which they shadowed. It had suffered in the civil wars of Charles and his parliament, and its steps had been since defaced by the rustics, who were at one time in the habit of sharpening their knives upon them, a practice which was at length forbidden by my uncle under pain of his displeasure. Behind the elms, wrapped in deep shadow, stood the small church with its square ivy covered tower, and Norman arched door with its zig-zag ornaments. In front was the road, which turned abruptly where the cross stood, and descended with a gentle slope to the stream just mentioned.

George strode along the paddock, and leaning against a stile which fronted the church, fell into a reverie. Imagination conjured up the times when the travel-worn pilgrim knelt before that now ruined cross; when the sculptured doorway of the ancient church was fresh from the chisel of the workman, gladdening the heart and delighting the eye of the pious founder. He thought, too, on the violent scenes of the reformation, and then of the skirmish which in after-times had taken place on that very spot, and spite of himself, he felt a thrill through his frame which recalled the nervousness he had not long since contrived to dismiss. Our student was preparing to reason himself out of this fit, when lo! he beheld two dusky figures on horseback turn the corner of the road. The tramp of their horses' feet was lost in the hollow, rushing noise, which sounded in their rear. George felt that they were not of this world, and he would have fallen to the ground from terror, had it not been for the stile upon which he now leaned. The two horsemen were clad in cuirasses and barret caps of unpolished iron, and they held their carabines in their hands, resting the butt-end on their thighs. Another minute, and the troop which they preceded appeared in sight, their armour and accoutrements hidden by their white shirts, just as had been described to the terrified mortal who now beheld them. They halted, as if by concert, and the student heard the jangle of their accoutrements as each figure wriggled himself closer into his saddle. He looked in the opposite direction, and saw a body of pikemen and musketeers suddenly wheel into the road, from under the shadow of an old barn. Instantly the leader of the infantry cried out, with a voice like the blast of a trumpet,

“Pikes against cavalry!”

The command was obeyed with the

rapidity of lightning, and the long pikes bristled across the road, while each figure grasped in his right hand a stout cut-and-thrust sword.\* Then followed, in rapid succession,

“Musketeers, blow your matches! Open your pans! Give fire!”

Ere the echo had replied to this command, a broad sheet of flame flashed along the line of musketeers, reaching as far as the steel of the pikes, and the volley pealed like a thunderclap. It was answered by the two trumpeters of the cavaliers, who had moved to the road-side, and now sounded the charge, which was made with the fury of a whirlwind, amidst the smoke of the musketry, that for a moment half-concealed the combatants. The night breeze soon blew aside this veil, and the student could perceive that the ranks of the parliamentarians had been broken, and that, although they were fighting desperately in detached parties, they were falling fast under the heavy swords of the troopers. Several wounded horses were rolling in the dust, and the bodies of the fierce partisans were thickly strewed around. Our student would have fled, but his legs refused to do their office. On a sudden, several of the parliamentarians, who had thrown themselves into a ring and resisted the troopers for some time, made a rush to the stile, as if to escape from their enemies. George again attempted to move, as the fugitives advanced, with wild gestures, their eyes streaming with a supernatural light. He made an effort to speak, and the spell was at once broken; he found that he had been dreaming! He had fallen into a sound sleep immediately after he had thrown himself upon the bed, from which he now awoke trembling in every limb. The morning had dawned, and opening his chamber window, George looked out on the little garden, from which a thou-

\* For the information of the uninitiated, we give the *Sieur de Lostleau's* instructions to the pikemen, when charged by cavalry:—*Pour mettre la pique en defense contre la cavallerie, il faut appuyer le talon (the butt-end) de la pique contre le pied droit; avancer le pied gauche un grand pas en avant; prendre la pique de la main gauche environ au contrepoids; plier fort le genouil de devant; baisser le fer de la pique a la hauteur du poitrail d'un cheval, et mettre l'espée a la main par dessus le bras gauche. C'est en ceste posture qu'un peut mieux resister a la cavallerie.*

sand flowers sent up their grateful perfume. The purple-tinged clouds betokened a warm day; but at this early hour he felt himself refreshed, as the cool breeze fanned his pale cheek.

At breakfast our student was moody and thoughtful, which his host observed.

"Why, George," said he, "you look as pale and spiritless as if you had seen the tussle between the cavaliers and roundheads!"

"I have seen them, sir," replied George, "though in a *dream*; the sight might have *gladdened* an antiquary; there were the musketeers with their rests and lighted matches, and the pikemen in their corslets and 'aprons of mail,' as old Stow calls them, as plainly as —"

Here the piece of gammon of bacon which my honoured relative had just conveyed to his mouth was well nigh choking him, as he burst out into a laugh that my Lord Chesterfield would have anathemized.

"I thought as much!" said he, his fat sides shaking in an awful manner; "but if you look so scared after a *dream*, what might we expect if a ghost were really to cross your path? But come, I will tell you a story that was related to a friend of mine some years since."

My uncle hereupon began another awful narrative; but this must be recorded at some future time. A. A. A.

### TO A WITHERED FLOWER.

Sea vives couleurs s'effacent, elle languit elle se dessèche, et sa belle tête se penche ne pouvant plus se soutenir.—*Fenelon*.

LAST tenant of the lonely reef,

Thy bloom is gone—thy beauty wasted;  
Yet oft upon thy silken leaf

Ambrosial dew the bee has tasted.

How sweetly rose thy tender stem,  
Fanned by the fostering sighs of even;  
Till blew the breeze, and leaf and gem  
Lay mould'ring neath a wintry heaven.

Yet thou 'lt revive when genial Spring  
Begems the lawn with rosy finger;  
Again the bee with wearied wing  
Upon thy honeyed leaf shall linger.

But ah! when shall that *Spring* arrive,  
A deathless bloom around her throwing?

Ah, Laura! when wilt *thou* revive,  
In renovated beauty glowing?

Like that sweet floweret's was thy bloom,  
That bloom, alas! how short it lasted!  
The untimely cypress wreathes thy tomb;  
And hope and joy with thee are blasted.

HESPER.

### THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colours of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a more polished address, into the drawing-room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colours and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features as, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the more agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune; the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favoured lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honour, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belodged to them, were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to shew Albert, some dog for

him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rites of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly, and as ardent, as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed from her father, was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement: we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled

her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he shewed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with respect to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly, as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonour and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as with a last effort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with its rider into his station. A faint huza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down

slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he, tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—"read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded, too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply; but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer, by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded, at a farm-house on the continent, and that, in fact, he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honourable, how came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming-house in Brussels, on the eve of the battle; which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won

it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately re-purchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert; he is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, sir, do me the favour to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket-ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these raileries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave. The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost; whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in

which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and, in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered "the broken miniature," and supposed him to have been long, and ardently, attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was setting in glorious splendour. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What! fully, truly, and unreservedly?" said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence or no offence?" said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the last

word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every other faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:—

"I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer: but my actions, honour bade me control; and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and, impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a fac-simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion; and when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked round—to my fellow-soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued.—"Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected: the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty, for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life itself shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and protected a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low, distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognised her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud—"Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!"

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—"A father's heart-felt blessing!"

### LETTERS FROM THE LAKES. No. 3.

THE REV. H. WHITE TO MISS —.

*Thursday Morning, Oct. 15, 1795.*

FROM narrow-streeted Warrington, rendered more dark and Londonish from the rain now descending with a liberality proportionate to that total exemption which exhausted the million sources of cataracts and mountain torrents in the beloved country I have regretfully left, I now proceed to continue my journal, first thankfully acknowledging, dear —, your letter of Monday, Sept. 28.

Riding on the ever-varying shores of Windermere, and leaving White Rayrig, with its overshadowing groves, smiling "as in scorn" of every other situation, I passed the sublime head of this matchless lake, to pine-screened *Ambleside*, built apparently before the flood, for the *ark* still remains in its centre, but placed among an inimitable profusion of nature's grandest and most lovely scenes. Scorning the friendly Salutation, I rode through the town, and descended into a valley, which, with almost all its successors, baffles description. "The *longing pen* toils after them in vain." Upon a terrace smooth shaven, in the midst of an immense hill buried in timber, stands the superb seat (Rydal Hall) of Sir Michael Le Fleming, who beholds the graceful majesty of Windermere, floating above the groves below the house. Guided by a pretty golden-haired nymph, we scaled the mountain's brow, through a night of woods, animated by the constant dashing of angry waters, and arrived at the first and great cascade, which pours an unbroken sheet, for

many yards, into a basin of dark-green liquidness, and *clearer* than you can imagine; as, indeed, are all the lakes. Disdainful of this placidity, the checked waters then rush down a channel of huge stones, some of which they have worn through, resounding along the woods till they reach the second fall. And now for EFFECT of this latter: nothing was *seen*, though *heard*, till we reached through dark shrubberies, a mile below the former, a time-worn building, sunk in shades, whose door had the effect of Circe's wand, for it magically opened into a square room, from whose large and glassless window we beheld this unrivalled basin; while exactly opposite the door our sight was dazzled by the silver sheet of falling waters, over which a rustic bridge terminates and completes the scene; not exceeding, as Mason says, in size, one dropt from a *theatre*. We then passed the skirts of Rydal Water, whose bosom is overshadowed by immense superincumbent mountains, which, while they guard in sullen dignity the lake, contrast with shuddering awe its peaceful quietude. Our panting steeds now "wound their toilsome march" upon the side of one of those *giants*, and again descending it, upon our enraptured view, bosomed in her sequestered valley, peeped forth "*Grasmere's* sweet retreat." The rocks, softened by her bewitching graces, lose something of their majesty. The torrents bound adown their cliffs, telling the rapt beholder that they are jumping for joy that they are so near the embrace of their lovely *queen*. Nothing can disturb her serene reign, for it seems consecrated to peace and devotion by the white-towered chapel, with three houses around it, and a bridge of the same hue. From the village, this is the view: *Grasmere* sleeps between the long and cultivated reach of *Fairfield* on one side, and beyond some pastures, silver the other; at the upper end, stupendous *Lough-Rigg Fell* ascends to heaven, the stream from — Water pouring from its craggy side; behind the village, the cleft head of *Helm Cragg* rears its tremendous height; and immediately opposite, the immense *Seat-Sandal*, shews her hollowed bosom; between these protectors, the road is seen towards *Keswick*, with an angle of huge *Helvellin*. Beneath the roof of worthy *Robert Newton* I staid three days; and on *Wednesday*, the 30th, I passed *Dunmail-Raise*, a vast conglomeration of stones which divide *Cumberland* from *West-*

moreland, and came to a four-mile ride upon the borders of Leathes Water, called also Wythburn, a new and singular object; to the left, extensive and verdant pastures spotted with cattle, and at intervals sending forth green promontories in the lake, present a landscape of agricultural beauty, while to the right, the narrow road threads the base of a most horrid part of Helvellin, whose brow has cast forth fragments large as houses, and appears ready to hurl others at the terrified passenger; some lie on the very path; others have crossed it, and taken refuge in the water. About the middle of the lake, below a neat and excellent villa, two closing stripes of land rush from either side, and come so near, that three little bridges cross the narrowed stream, somewhat like an hour-glass, which again immediately expanding, resumes its wonted breadth. After turning aside to view the entrance of the exquisite vale of St. John (where hills of strange form and sky-ascending height almost close over a rapid stream, to guard the entrance, and when passed, open into lands of cultivated loveliness), we ascended the precipice that overlooks the vale of Keswick, serenely smiling beneath the dominion of majestic Skiddaw. He was the sole feature of the right hand; to the left, beneath mountains scarcely less sublime, swam Derwent Water, spotted with islets and *disgracing* summer-houses. In front, the large white church of Crossthwaite would not be overlooked, as it rises about a mile over the town, and is its only church; beyond it, Bassenthwaite Water looked dark from surrounding hills. In Keswick, both the museum, and the amiable, diffident, intelligent girl who *daughterizes* to its founder, merit a particular notice, that want of room could alone deny. Nor can I do the least justice to my ride on Thursday, October 1st, so abundant in before unbeheld sublimity and grace. *Lowdore*, the Migara of the Lakes, was, alas! only distinguishable by two silver threads; but this defect was somewhat compensated by the sublime cataract of Scale Force, which, not depending upon casual rains, poured in an unbroken perpendicular stream, equalling in height the largest spire of the cathedral. This stream has worn itself fifty yards within a solid rock; after forming a pool, it again rushes with thundering noise over its stony bed, terminating in the lake of Cromack.

The roads here are all but inaccessible, no Staffordshire horse could travel down

precipices covered with stones, to which our *rocks* are pebbles. We passed beneath Honister Craig, on whose brow, at the shout of my guide, two miners appeared; like unto birds he said, for though I strained my glass-aided eyes, I could not see them. The Craig is above six times higher than our spire, for honest Thomas Hutton, the clerk of Mr. Gisborne, had seen both—though nearly perpendicular, the miners climb up and down it with laden sledges every day. We dined by the side of Buttermere lake, totally out of all the world, and returned down *Neuland Vale*, which is almost literally "Beauty in the lap of Horror," skirted the opposite side of Derwent Water, and, after a circuit of thirty miles, I alighted at the parsonage, where Gray says, "Could I have fixed the view in my mirror, and transferred it to canvass, a thousand pounds would cheaply purchase it." Friday, Oct. 2, I attempted an ascent to Skiddaw (five miles), in opposition to the discouraging opinion of many, for the clouds enveloped all the top. When we had wound along the side of Latrigg (*Skiddaw's Cub*) rolls of vapour arose from St. John's Vale, and mantled us, the sun gilding the valley below. "Now, sir," saith Thomas, "it is all over, this obscurity will darken more and more." And so it was; though an instant before, breathless with heat and fatigue, I had opened every garment to the wind, *now*, dews descending, and the cold blast blew, I began to shiver. Sam tied my hat over my ears; but though we had now a mile and a half of ascent, I was determined to scale the top. When we reached it, the drops pearly my coat; so dense was the fog, that we could not see each other, but explored our way to a huge heap of stones, that marked the extreme summit. Here, as I leaned for some time, to recover breath and meditate upon sublunary disappointments—"Look, sir, look!" burst from my astonished companions. As if the Superior Power had said, "The preacher of my word shall not return ungratified by a sight of my chiefest work," the sun burst through the involving shades, and drove with unutterable majesty the whole host of clouds before him. As they went, the view unfolded the whole vale: below appeared the Irish Channel and Sea, the Scotch mountains, the Frith of Forth, Gretna Green; and to the right, the mountains of Durham and Northumberland. In ten minutes the darkness returned; no view has been since visible.

I descended awe-struck. It might be chance, but I cannot believe it was. Thomas Hutton has ascended almost every day for twenty-seven years, and never beheld the like. Saturday, Oct. 3d, we enjoyed an alpine ride; the left-hand barriered by huge *Saddle-back*, divided only by a brook from *Skiddaw*, and apparently as high. We entered *Gowbarrow Park* at *Matterdale*, and turned aside to view one of the loveliest sports of nature ever beheld—the *Fall of Airey-Force*; from thence we soon arrived at the *Borders of Ulswater*, near *Lylph's Tower*. No time to describe what I esteem the first water of the whole. Including its borders, to go to *Penrith* (O, sweet town!), the road is nine miles, within an arbour'd road, with the lake purling in mildness, and roaring in majesty at our feet. At *Patterdale*, *John Mounsey*, the quite uneducated *king* (a name whose sound he abhors), is the worthiest and most benevolent of men; the father, not of nine children (out of fifteen, and he but thirty-six), but of the whole country. On Sunday evening, the 4th of Oct., he, the parson and the clerk, attended me to the summit of huge *Helvelling*, forty-five yards higher than *Skiddaw*. *Mounsey* and I rode, but he was thrown from his horse in a morass, immediately before me, so that I had but just time to save myself. On my return, *Lodona* herself was not more dripping, though from a different liquid. Tuesday, Oct. 6th, ascended the long precipice of *Kirkstone*, saw the thrice lovely *Vale of Troutbeck*, obtained a new, and, if possible, more charming view of *Kimbermere*, and dined at *Kendal*; reached *Lancaster* the 7th, *Preston* the 8th, and, for the sake of *Mrs. Kemble's* benefit, *Yarico and the Pannel*, *Liverpool* the 9th; preached morning and evening at *Old Church*, 11th, after seeing all the walks, docks, &c. on the 10th, with *Sir Nigel*; came to the dear village of *Wavertree* on Monday; dined at *Hoyle Lake* Tuesday (13th), and came here last night. Enter *Sam*, with an account that the weather clears, so abruptly adieu! — Never mention me, but still less shew my epistolary libels to any one. Adieu!

H. W.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION OF  
JULY 1830.

THE last rays of the setting sun fell upon the gilded dome of the *Hotel des Invalides*; a thick smoke rose from the barriers of *Paris*;—the provocatons of the populace

were answered by the thundering cannon, and the *tocsin* rent in the air:—it was July 1830.\*

A young man, named *Pierre*, arrived at the gates of the metropolis at this awful moment. His parents were respectable inhabitants of *Paris*, who had been reduced to indigence by unfortunate speculations; and *Pierre* was now on his return from the south of *France*, whither he had gone in search of employment. His family had heard nothing of him since his departure;—he had not, however, forgotten either his widowed and high-spirited mother, his brother, the companion of his earlier years, his little sisters, or his aged grandmother:—often did he think of their destitute condition, yet he had never afforded them any assistance;—nevertheless, *Pierre* was not exactly a *mauvais sujet*, but his best intentions were, but too often, frustrated by the variability of his character. He was an odd compound of folly and intelligence,—being a frequenter of petty coffee-houses, a great billiard-player and news-devourer.

When the young traveller arrived at the barrier, he beheld a crowd of frantic beings who were singing—or rather howling—the *Marseillaise*; and there

\* The above is a sketch written by the *Viscount d'Arlicourt*, a zealous partisan of the fallen dynasty, and the facts detailed are stated by him to be actually true, although the names of the parties are concealed. It is written in the true *Tory* spirit, though we have seen nothing which the *Viscount* has yet produced to make us regret the change in *France* which he so unceasingly deplors. To prove the benevolence of the individual members of the exiled family by such means is unnecessary. No one is inclined to dispute it; but the *French* have lost nothing by the change even in this particular; whereas what they have gained is well appreciated. *The French are satisfied*: for nothing has proved the feebleness of faction more strongly than the late anarchical attempts at *Paris* and *Lyons*. We rejoice in the conviction that *the throne of Louis Philippe is secure*; and that amiable and talented gentlemen, such as the *Viscount d'Arlicourt*, may indulge their literary taste in penning sketches on whatever subject they please, assuring them, when the facts to which they pledge themselves are of a political nature, that a friendly allowance will be made for the imagination of the romantic and the prejudice of the partisan.



were some persons close at hand, distributing arms, ammunition, and brandy.

"Ho there! citizen," cried one of the group, "what business have you here unarmed? take this sabre, and musket, and *en avant*."

Another man gave him a brace of pistols and a poniard, and thus, in an instant, he was armed to the teeth.

"*Vive Napoleon II.*" vociferated the insurgents.

"Ah!" exclaimed Pierre, "they are fighting for the young King of Rome, then! Well then, here goes for Napoleon II."

"*Vive la Republique!*" roared another band of patriots.

"Napoleon II. and the Republic are two different things!" replied the young man, "I don't understand this."

"*Vive la Charte!*" was the rejoinder.

"Another change!" cried Pierre, "*la Charte* signifies the government of Charles X."

"No, no, *la Charte* is liberty."

"Yes," added a man in a smock-frock, "and liberty is the Republic."

"And the Republic is the son of Napoleon," said an old *ex-Garde Imperiale*.

A cry of "*Vive le duc d'Orleans!*" was now heard.

In the midst of this turmoil, Pierre entered the city, and was soon in the hottest of the fight. He was still in the dark as to the real cause of the horrid strife, but he drank—swore—loaded and fired again and again,—cut and slashed in every direction, shouting *Vive la Charte!*—to which the groans of the dying responded mournfully.

He thus reached the *boulevard*, and took his post behind a barricade, formed of magnificent trees which had been cut down in full leaf, blood-stained paving-stones, and broken carriages. A lad about twelve years old was amusing himself in the midst of this sanguinary drama, by playing the horn of an omnibus which had been overturned:—the child of disorder laughed at this strange music, which formed a warlike accompaniment to the rolling of the drums, and the shouts of the combatants. Pierre looked at him, and laughed also:—*both made a sport of the work of destruction!*

At length the shades of night overspread the horizon—the roaring of the cannon ceased, the tocsin's awful tones no longer vibrated on the ear: there were no more shouts—no more murders. The barricaded streets were deserted, and the silence of the grave had succeeded to the war-cry.

Pierre was not in a condition to avail himself of this favourable moment to repair to his mother's dwelling:—at dawn of day, he lay stretched upon the unpaved ground, in a state of complete intoxication. Suddenly a man shook him rudely—

"To arms, comrade, to arms!"

Pierre, thus violently aroused, started up, rubbed his eyes, and cast a heavy, stupid look around.

"Yes, yes, I understand, we must fight, eh!—very well, I am ready. What are we to fight for to-day?"

"For the same thing as yesterday—*Vive le Charte!*"

"And the Republic?"

"'Tis the same thing."

"And the King of Rome?"

"The same—the same; you have been told so twenty times over."

"I can't, for the life of me, comprehend them," muttered Pierre; "what do they want?—*c'est legal*—let us fight away."

An individual named Jacques had followed Pierre closely during the whole of the preceding day. This man was the very personification of a firebrand, for he kept up the flame of rebellion wherever he passed. He was one of those stubby, brawny men, whose frames denote great bodily strength, whilst their hard features announce doggedness of character. Jacques continued to excite his comrades, and Pierre admired his valour. The former now led the way to a large building, the abode of luxury and opulence.

"Let us go in here," said Jacques, in an under tone.

"What for?" demanded the astonished Pierre.

"To be paid for our day's work."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a blockhead if you suppose that all this uproar is the effect of mere chance. This scene has been a long time in preparation. Do you imagine that I would be such an idiot as to help to overthrow Charles X. without gaining something by his ruin? I am paid for it, man, by two rich houses."

The struggle continued. Pierre (again dragged on by the force of example) was at the taking of the *Hotel de Ville*; he afterwards entered the *Louvre* in triumph, and soon found himself in the *Tuileries*.

Having visited the cellars of the royal palace, he ascended to the grand apartments—traversed the splendid galleries (which a few minutes before had been the theatre of bloodshed), overturning,

breaking, and destroying every thing that presented itself to his view. His brain was in a ferment from the effect of the wine he had drunk, and he was seconded in the work of devastation by a horde of armed ruffians; he stopped short in front of the throne—a dead body, covered with black crape, was placed upon it!

"Have they, then, assassinated Charles the Tenth?"

"That is not the old king," replied one of his companions.

"Has there been a new one then; and have they killed him already?"

"Not at all,—what you see there was a young student."

"Why is the corpse placed on the throne?"

"He represents a dead king."

"Is all this a farce then?"

"Far from it."

"Is the youth really dead?"

"Certainly; and well did the brave lad deserve to be seated where he is. He was a noble little fellow—a thorough Buonaparte. He stood fire for all the world like a *vieille moustache*, and died for the salvation of the Charter."

"And have we saved it?" cried Pierre.

"Down with all kings," responded the crowd.

\* \* \* \* \*

The work of destruction went on. Pierre, completely beside himself, played his part in these scenes of carnage and confusion with savage delight. He was foremost in every attack, and his intemperance was boundless. He was a bold combatant—a bloody enthusiast—in short, Pierre was a hero of July!!!

Having been slightly wounded in the leg, he sat down under a parapet of one of the quays. Whilst he was stanching the blood, Jacques ran up to him with an air of triumph.

"All 's right—*Vive la revolte!*"

"*La revolte!*" cried Pierre, "and the Charter in the name of which we have conquered?"

Jacques burst into a fit of laughter.

"We have destroyed the old musty parchment," said he; "'t is only fit for wadding, and they are getting up a new one."

"But hundreds fell in defence of the other!"

"Very true, 't is the same thing, they will be buried with military honours."

"And young Napoleon?"

"None of us ever thought of him."

"*Bah!* for whom then have I been fighting?"

"For *Louis-Philippe d'Orleans*:—he

had possession of our hearts, though his name was never uttered by our lips."

"But we shouted—*Vive la Republique!*"

"Our thoughts," replied Jacques, "are better known to others than to ourselves:—the people are proclaimed sovereign."

"The people!—what becomes, then, of the sovereignty of the Duke of Orleans?"

"The people have decided in his favour."

"Already!—where?—when?—how?"

"No matter:—*Vive la liberte!*"

"The more I hear, the less I understand," said Pierre.

"Comrade, thou art a fool," replied Jacques.

We ought to have mentioned that Pierre had a small bag of money concealed in the red woollen sash that encircled his loins; and that the contents of this bag—the product of the savings he had made in the south of France—were destined for his mother. It was to see that afflicted parent, and to lay his little offering at her feet, that he had undertaken the weary journey, the termination of which was marked by such unlooked-for and such maddening events.—Just as Jacques pronounced the word *fool*, Pierre discovered that his precious sash was gone!—He uttered a piercing cry—then, turning abruptly away, he bent his steps towards the dark, narrow street where his family formerly resided:—disappointment and self-reproach sat on his brow.

He knocked loudly at the door—it flew open, and the *portier* thrust his head out of the window of his lodge. He was an old man and nearly blind; he did not recognize Pierre, but put the usual question to him:—

"*Qui demandez vous?*"

"My mother!"

"Ah! Pierre," cried the *portier*, recollecting the young man's voice, "when did you return?"

"Yesterday; does my mother still live on the fifth floor?"

"No; she occupies the *entresol*."

"Impossible! she was so poor, I left her in the garret without resource!"

"Her misery became known to good people, who lodged and fed her, and a small pension was granted to your grandmother."

"By whom?"

"By Charles the Tenth."

"Charles the Tenth!" exclaimed Pierre, and the blood forsook his cheeks.

"Certainly, and your mother's rent

was regularly paid by *Madame la Dauphine*; your brother (poor fellow!) was admitted into the *Garde Royale*, and your sisters were provided for by the Duchess of Berri."

Pierre staggered: the old *portier* seized his arm, and, dragging him across the obscure *porte cochère*, brought him into a small yard which was tolerably light, though surrounded by high buildings.

"Ha! friend Pierre, you are armed," said the *portier*; "what! a sabre, a musket, and, by heavens, the tri-coloured cockade!"

Pierre struck his forehead violently; for a few seconds he remained motionless—then, rushing up the stairs, he soon reached the door of his mother's apartment—it was open. A most awful scene met his gaze.

His aged grandmother was reclining in a large arm-chair, counting, mechanically, with her lean and withered fingers, the worn beads of a rosary. She was evidently praying, yet her lips moved not; big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, but her brow was unclouded; the grief which was visible in her countenance appeared to arise from sympathy, or instinct—thought or reflection had no share therein.

The mother of the hero of July was upon her knees, dressing the wounds of a royal guardsman, who seemed to be at the point of death. Two young girls stood, pale and trembling, by the side of their afflicted parent, whose sobs almost suffocated her. Despair was stamped upon her features, and her eye was constantly fixed upon the soldier, for whose last gasp she seemed to be wildly watching: all her faculties appeared to be concentrated in one immovable gaze! her eyelids were red and swollen.

"Give me your hand, my son—*your hand!* But, he no longer hears me! And he has been massacred by Frenchmen! the murderers are not far off; if they should enter our home perhaps they would tear my poor boy in pieces, even on the brink of the grave! Do not insult a mother's feelings, girls, by offering me consolation; I want none—leave me—leave me."

Pierre was still on the threshold, for he had not dared to enter this chamber of affliction and death; his hair stood on end—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—the musket fell from his hand!

Roused by the heavy ring of the gun, the wretched mother, turning her eyes towards the door, perceived her child.

"Pierre," she cried, in a tone of maternal joy, which even the horrible spectacle before her could not restrain, "my own Pierre!" and she was on the point of casting herself into his arms. But, a cry, very different from the former, now escaped her: *Pierre's clothing was stained with blood! his hands the same—a sword—a musket—the COCKADE had met her eye!*

"Oh! God," she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "Pierre! no—no—I mistake, this ruffian cannot be my son! Nay, it is not he. I ask, are you Pierre? Speak—answer. Oh! my brain turns."

Pierre's head fell upon his breast—he could not reply—he wept.

At this juncture the old woman rose—the name of Pierre had fallen on her ear; it seemed to awaken her torpid faculties. She tottered towards him—a strange, unearthly smile played upon her thin and trembling lips.

"Pierre!" she cried; "somebody said Pierre, I believe—the dear boy I loved so well; *where is he?*"

She now recognised her grandson, and her shrivelled arms were extended towards him; but the hero of July did not respond to the movement—he turned away his head—and shed bitter tears!

"My poor Pierre," said the old dame, "hast thou forgotten me? I am thy old grandmother—delighted to see thee! thou art come to protect us—yes, I knew thou wouldst be with us in the hour of danger!"

The mother of the royal guardsman led her aged parent back to her seat.

"Whether he be Pierre or not," she said, in a mysterious and agonized tone, "do not interrogate him—oh! let him be silent!—let him be silent!"

Then she thus addressed the *conqueror of July*:—

"You understand me—and yet you remain in my presence!—Pierre, *THE CURSE IS UPON MY LIPS*—it has not yet escaped them; but, do not remain—this is no place for you—begone, Pierre—begone!"

A deep groan now proceeded from the further end of the room; the royal guardsman gave signs of life; he opened his eyes for an instant—they appeared to seek his brother.

"Look! your brother is dying," continued the distracted mother; "and from whom did he receive his death-wound? From you, perhaps; yes, you or your companions—the guilt is the same; the blood with which you are stained is *French blood: Cain, thou hast slain thy brother!*"

"Daughter! he weeps," said the old grandmother.

"Weeps!" rejoined the mother, "were he to shed tears all his life, they would never wash out the remembrance of his crime. O! most unnatural child! you have turned your arms against the benefactors of your family: I will *not* curse you, for self-condemnation is already depicted on your countenance; *my* malediction would be superfluous."

"Pardon! pity him! he repents," exclaimed the poor sisters, both at once.

"Repents!" replied the distracted mother, "to what purpose? Can he recal the past?"

The guardsman raised himself upon his elbow: "Forgive him, mother,—forgive him!" he said, in a voice of agony; "Pierre, my poor brother, God bless you!"

The hero of July darted towards the soldier—caught him in his arms—looked on his face—but met only the glazed stare of a corpse! Weak was the living!—heavy the dead!—the brothers fell down upon the bed together!—*Monthly Mag.*

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN *Dr. Johnson* first conceived the design of compiling a Dictionary of the English language, he drew up a plan, in a letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very letter exhibits a beautiful proof to what a degree of grammatical perfection, and classical elegance, our language is capable of being brought. The execution of this plan cost him the labour of many years: but when it was published in 1755, the sanguine expectations of the public were amply justified, and several foreign academies, particularly *Della Crusca*, honoured the author with their approbation. "Such are its merits," says the learned Mr. Harris, "that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work." But the excellency of this great work, will rise in the estimation of all who are informed that it was written, as the author declares, "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and sorrow." Lord Chesterfield, at that time, was universally esteemed the *Mæcenas* of the age; and it was in that character, no doubt, that *Dr. Johnson* addressed to him the letter before mentioned. His Lordship endeavoured to

be grateful, by recommending the valuable work in two Essays, which, among others, he published in a paper entitled 'The World,' conducted by Edward Moore, and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the Doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield; a circumstance which had been imputed to the mistake of the porter. Just before the Dictionary was published, Moore expressed his surprise to the great Lexicographer, that he did not intend to dedicate the work to his Lordship. Dr. Johnson answered, "That he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore he should not make him his patron." "Pardon me sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his Lordship for two elegant papers, he has written in favour of your performance." "You quite mistake the thing, replied the other," I confess no obligation; I feel my own dignity, sir. I have made a Commodore Anson's voyage round the world of the English language, and while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fine sun-shining day, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a Lord amongst wits, and a wit amongst Lords." The severity of this remark seems never to have been forgotten by the Earl, who, in one of his Letters to his son, thus delineates the Doctor:—"There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position, which, according to the situation of his body they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the Graces. He throws anywhere but down his throat, whatever he means to carve. Inattentive to all regards of social life, he mis-times or misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; heedless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the social gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, and therefore by a necessary consequence, absurd to

two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No; the utmost I can do for him, is to consider him a respectable HOTTENTOT."

## ENRAGED CONTRIBUTOR.

SCENE.—EDITOR'S CHAMBERS.

[Enter an outrageous Author.

*Author.* (In a suppressed tone, and with an unnatural smile). Will you have the goodness, Mr. Editor, to inform me why (bursting into a fury)—Zounds! I can't be calm!—Why the *Devil* has dared to abuse the two very best lines (yes, the *very* best, sir!) of my poem? Tell me that, Sir, thou unhappiest of editors—tell me that!

*Editor.* (Evidently caught in the manner). Lines, sir! the best lines! I—I—I—allow me to look—

*Author.* Look?—ay!—and like the Princess Tourandocté, in the Persian Tales, that look ought to drive you mad. Look here! Look here! Read those two lines.

*Editor.* (With evident reluctance.) "Bids the bleak wind his healing watchbell"—

*Author.* "Healing" watchbell!! Why healing? Mister Editor, why healing? Thou—

*Editor.* Bless me, sir—really—why, it is a *sad* mistake!

*Author.* Mistake! it's murder! At least, unjustifiable homicide! I shouldn't have cared if it had been any other lines! but *those two!* the concluding two! those two that I used to repeat so fondly, long before I thought of dignifying your twopenny halfpenny—

*Editor.* (Firing in turn, glad to get on the defensive, and with much dignity,) *threepenny*, sir, if you please!

*Author.* (Not heeding.) Publication! it is enough to—

*Editor.* (With a soft, subacid smile). To make you turn editor *yourself!* Oh! my good sir, if you did but know those tiresome *Devils*—

*Author.* I know 'em well enough, thanks to *you!* You complain of 'em, and then, begging for a few of my poor offspring, protest you will protect them from all harm; and then, leaving them in the hands of those Molochs, if *they* do not make them pass through the *fire*, they come out of their hands in such a plight as leaves them fit for nothing *else*.

*Editor.* "Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ?"

*Author.* I answer in your own jargon,

"Flectere si nequeo superos, *Acheronta* movebo;" that is as much as to say, if I cannot get redress from you, I will take the very *Devils* themselves by the nose.

*Editor.* Oh! sir, you shall have ample redress.

*Author.* What redress? thou most un—

*Editor.* Why, the whole of this conversation shall be published in our *next*, and it shall be—"pealing watchbell."

*Author.* Well, then, I have no hesitation in saying, that PARTERRE, No. 1, is the prettiest, the very best written, best printed, best papered production in the world.

[Exit, much mollified.

[We insert the above at the request of our much abused, but much respected, correspondent. The blunder is provoking in the extreme; but we have very great doubt, notwithstanding what our friend says, whether he is aware of the care necessary to the production of a number of the PARTERRE. Upon the discovery of the error, we summoned the compositor before us, our editorial eye flashing fire on the caiff. He received the attack with the coolness of an experienced hand, and respectfully though firmly assured us, that the gentleman's *p* was very like an *h*; intimating, also, that there was something *soothing* in the distant sound of a bell, and that Dante himself had said so. We were obliged to dismiss the rogue, for fear we should laugh in his face; not, however, without resolving to be more careful ourself for the future. Occasional errors of the press are almost unavoidable in weekly publications; and it cannot be wondered at, since they have so often crept into works of much higher pretensions. Erasmus tells us, that he would have given a purse of gold crowns to have avoided a sad misprint in a work which he had dedicated to a princess. We shall some day write a chapter on these plagues to authors; and in the meantime beg our kind readers and correspondents, from whom we have received numerous assurances of support, to correct any typographical errors with their pens, assuring them that a list of *errata* shall be given at the end of the volume. To give this at the end of each number would be to deface the work.—ED.]

## MISCELLANIES.

## PEDIGREES OF OUR BISHOPS.

THE present Primate of all England is the son of a poor country clergyman. The Bishop of London derives his de-

scent from a schoolmaster in Norwich. The father of the Bishop of Durham was a shopkeeper in London. The Bishops of Winchester and Chester boast no nobler lineage than belongs to the sons of an under-master at Harrow. Bishop Burgess, as all the world knows, is the son of that illustrious citizen with whose excellent fish-sauce civilized men are generally well acquainted; while his Lordship of Exeter dates his parentage through a long line of hereditary innkeepers in the town of Gloucester. Besides these, we have the Bishop of Bristol, the son of a silversmith in London; the Bishop of Bangor, the son of a schoolmaster in Wallingford; the Bishop of Llandaff, whose father was a country clergyman; with many others, whom it were superfluous to enumerate. Lincoln, St. Asaph, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, all spring from the middling classes of society.

#### A BLOW AT FREEMASONRY.

THE New World appears to be determined not to adopt as matters of course either the habits or the institutions of the Old World. America established "temperance societies" to explode dram drinking: it has now its *anti-Masonic* convention, the object of which is to explode the mysteries of Masonry, as pretexts for convivialities that separate men from prudent habits and domestic duties.

#### RESTITUTION.

A celebrated advocate, being on the point of death, made his will, and bequeathed all his wealth to idiots and lunatics. On being asked the reason, he replied that he wished to return his riches to those from whom he had drawn them.

#### ECHOES.

THE best echoes are produced by parallel walls. At a villa near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces distant from each other, and the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. The repetitions, however, follow in such rapid succession that it is difficult to reckon them, unless early in the morning before the equal temperature of the atmosphere is disturbed, or in a calm still evening. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats twenty-one syllables.

There is also a remarkable echo in the venerable abbey church of St. Albans.

#### THE PRIESTS OUTWITTED.

KING Joam of Portugal, in one of his public edicts, with the view of recruiting his cavalry, ordered all his subjects to be in readiness to furnish excellent war-horses. The churchmen pleaded their immunities, and some of them went so far as to say that they were not his subjects, but those of the pope. Whereupon Joam loudly asserted that he had never regarded them as subjects; and by another ordinance he forbade all smiths and farriers to shoe their mules and horses, they being no subjects—a measure which soon compelled them to submit.

#### DIET OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.

THE reason for Byron's abstemiousness was a very different one from Shelley's. Shelley's frugality arose from a desire to render his intellect the more clear; but Byron, like George IV., was horrified at the idea of getting *fat*; and to counteract his tendency to corpulency, mortified his epicurean propensities. Hence he dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables; and had even stinted himself, when I last saw him, says Medwin in the *Athenæum*, to a pint of claret. He succeeded, it is true, in overmastering nature, and clipping his rotundity of its fair proportions; but with it shrunk his cheek and his calf. This the fair Guiccioli observed, and seemed by no means to admire.

#### "THE GIFT OF THE GAB."

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and of words; for whoever is master of a language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate on the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready, and at the tongue's end. So people come faster out of a public place when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

A Manufacturer from Scotland, when on a visit, a short time since, to one of his best customers, an alderman in London, could not conceal his surprise at the number of his host's servants. He wondered how a man of business could keep up such an establishment, and turning to his entertainer, inquired in an under tone—"I say, Mr. —, are a' those chaps in the plush breeks y'er ain?"

B. Q. T.



P. 50.

A TALE  
FOR THE DISCONTENTED.  
(For the Parterre).

POPE has beautifully said, that every man is happy while engaged in his favourite pursuit; that even the fool is happy because his stock of knowledge is limited to what it is; and yet, strange paradox! all men are grumblers. The merchant freights a vessel for a foreign country, and after months of anxiety to its owner, the noble craft returns from a prosperous voyage: then does the man of business shake his head, and regret the loss of the insurance he paid at Lloyd's. The married man who, two years since took to himself a young and beautiful wife without dower, utters a sigh of discontent as he sees the name of a schoolfellow among the list of marriages in the newspaper—"Married, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of —, G— S—, Esq. to Anne, only daughter of the late Sir Richard —," etc. etc. The news is gall and wormwood to the reader, and his envy only subsides a little upon hearing that the bride is "*very plain*." The young heir pants for the day that shall hail him twenty-one, and release him

from the trammels of his guardian; and the guardian himself sighs for the days that are gone, and growls his uneasiness at the approach of age and its infirmities. All men are grumblers; none seem to value the opinion of the Latin poet, who says, that contentment is the nearest approach which mortals can expect to make towards happiness.

Many years ago, Mr. B— was one of the most flourishing West India merchants in Broad-street, London. He married early in life, and in the course of five years his wife brought him three daughters. Just after the birth of his third child, the death of his wife's uncle, a rich old bachelor, so increased his means, that he at once gave up business and retired into Hertfordshire, where he purchased an estate, and might have lived happily—but, he was a *grumbler*. He wished for a son; and when a fourth daughter was presented to him by his affectionate wife, he complained bitterly that she had not brought him a boy to perpetuate the family name. Always restless and ambitious, Mr. B— began to feel tired of a country life, and occasionally visited London. He engaged in several speculations, which proved unsuccessful, and tended to sour

his temper; and when his wife again threatened to add to his family, he told her, with much asperity, that he would never acknowledge the infant unless it were a boy.

An incident shortly occurred, which, though it would have had its full effect upon vulgar minds, might, notwithstanding, have led the father to reflect on the absurdity as well as brutality of the determination he had expressed to his unoffending wife. A party of friends had arrived at Mr. B—'s mansion on a visit, and one day taking a walk before dinner, they strolled along a shady lane in the neighbourhood, and came upon an encampment of gipsies. Of course the ladies had their good or ill fortune predicted, and the sybil who thus read their destinies reaped a plentiful harvest. She was a wretched looking old hag, with scarcely a tooth in her head, and had been for many years totally blind. At the earnest entreaty of her friends, Mrs. B— was persuaded to hear the decree of fate from the lips of the gipsy. Drawing her wedding-ring from her finger, the lady tendered her hand to the beldame, while her husband looked on with a sneer. "Madam," mumbled the hag, as she received in her shriveled hand the long white fingers of the lady, "you are married, I find; you have not deceived me by taking off your ring." "We know that already, mother," said Mr. B—, pettishly; "be quick, and tell us something of the future." Then turning to his wife—"Ellen, I am ashamed of this foolery." "My dear George, it is only a frolic, you know," said his wife, endeavouring to mollify her husband's temper, which she perceived was beginning to manifest itself. "Be quick, then," muttered the husband; "I don't like these vagabonds." "Lady," said the gipsy, addressing Mrs. B—, "you will shortly bear a son." The words startled both husband and wife, but neither of them spoke. The beldame continued—"Ay, you will have a son, surely, and he will grow to be a fine lad, and clever, and the like; but he will love diving, and drinking, and—ah, madam! I had a son once"—

"He was *hung*," would probably have terminated the sentence; but Mr. B— interrupted the oracle, and threatening to put the whole pack of gipsies into the stocks, hurried his wife away, with many reproaches for her wickedness, as he termed it, in listening to the absurd mouthing of an old hag.

Mrs. B— a few weeks after gave birth

to a fourth child, and the joy of her husband was boundless, as he found himself the father of a beautiful boy; his ill-temper no longer manifested itself, he appeared a totally altered man. Numerous were the visits of congratulation which he received, and his house was a scene of gladness and hospitality for many days together.

Time rolled on, and the infant grew apace; but ere he had cast aside his petticoats, he began to shew symptoms of a perverse and untractable disposition, and by the time he had reached the age of twelve, he was cordially hated by every servant in the house, and every body in the neighbourhood. Mischief was his delight, and he would have his frolic, though it gave pain to others; a sufficient proof, if no other exists, of a depraved and insensible heart. This proneness to mischief at length led to a tragical occurrence. Master Edward had a favourite pony, which his father had presented to him on his birth-day, to the great alarm and chagrin of the cottagers in the neighbourhood, whose pigs and poultry he was continually hunting in all directions. He had been engaged in this amiable employment one morning, and was returning home on his pony, when he thought proper to enter a field, the long grass of which was just ready for the scythe of the mower. He galloped round the field, then to and fro, across and back again, until he had left scarcely a square yard of grass standing up-right. His freak was not unobserved; and ere he could escape from the scene of his exploit, the farmer confronted him with a good hazel rod, which he applied without ceremony to the back of the mischievous urchin.

Mr. B— saw with surprise the spoilt-boy return home weeping bitterly, and on inquiring the cause, vowed to be revenged upon the man who had presumed to chastise his child. Ordering his horse to be immediately saddled, he rode off to the farm-house. High words ensued, and might have terminated in blows, but for the entrance of the farmer's son, a young lieutenant in the Navy, who of course took part with his father. Mr. B—'s ire was now provoked to the highest pitch, and he applied an offensive epithet to the young sailor, who immediately resented it by a blow, which laid the complaining party prostrate. Farther hostilities were prevented by the servants, but the squabble did not terminate here. Mr. B— had scarcely reached home burning with



rage and mortification, when he received a challenge from the Lieutenant. Mr. B— now began to reflect, and although no coward, he shrunk from the meeting; but, like many others in a similar situation, he dreaded the sneers of his acquaintance if he refused to fight. He thought too of his son, whose wanton mischief had thus involved him in a serious quarrel; and the unhappy father, after penning a hasty answer, in which he named the place of meeting, immediately set about arranging his affairs in the event of his being the victim of the approaching duel.

The parties met by day-break the following morning, and Mr. B— returned to his house a homicide! The Lieutenant had fallen in the contest, and on the evening of the next day, the survivor was pounced upon by the officers of justice, and committed to gaol as a murderer. Here the affectionate attentions of his wife tended to soothe the anguish of his mind, but Mr. B— from that fatal morning was an altered man: he saw, when too late, that he had ruined his child by excessive indulgence, and that the worst had probably not arrived. His trial soon followed, and although acquitted of murder, Mr. B— felt as he left his prison, like another Cain: few pitied him; and some of his neighbours, who formerly sought his company, now always found a pretext for avoiding him.

He at length determined to travel; and after placing his son at a select school a few miles distant, Mr. B— set out for France and Italy. The letters which he received from home during his travels were anything but satisfactory; they were generally filled with accounts of the misconduct of his son, whose behaviour at school became at length so bad that he was threatened with dismissal. This disgrace however, the boy avoided by running away. Whither he went no one could tell, but it was generally supposed that he made his way to some sea-port, and entered on board an outward bound vessel, for when he presented himself at his father's house three years afterwards, he was dressed in the tattered garb of a sailor.

An attempt was made to reclaim him; and his mother, whose health had been declining, endeavoured by every gentle means to effect a reformation in her unfortunate son. But it was too late; the bottle, and low company had given a blacker tinge to a heart naturally dead to amiable feelings. Despising the counsel of his parents, and anxious to return to his old habits, the wretched

youth one day took advantage of his father's absence, and breaking open a writing desk in which was a considerable sum in gold, he decamped with the booty. The shock which this gave his mother hastened her dissolution, and she died a few months afterwards—her last words expressing anxiety for her abandoned child. Several years passed away, during which no tidings were heard of the lost Edward; but the amiable disposition of his daughters afforded Mr. B— some relief, and in their society he endeavoured to forget that he had a son.

It happened that news of the sudden illness of an uncle arrived one evening, and Mr. B— ordering his carriage to be got ready, set off for the metropolis an hour before dark. As he proceeded on his journey, his thoughts reverted to the various events of his life: his marriage—his son—his duel with the unfortunate Lieutenant, and the death of his amiable wife. He at length fell into a slumber, from which he was awoken by the stopping of the carriage.

Supposing that he had arrived at his journey's end, Mr. B— was about to let down the window, when a hoarse voice cried out to the footman—

“Get down you rascal, and let's see what your master's got about him—get down, and open the door, or I'll spoil your livery, my fine fellow.”

The door was immediately opened, and two highwaymen, uttering fierce oaths, made the usual demand.

Mr. B— never travelled without arms, and he replied by discharging a pistol at the foremost thief; but the flash scared the highwayman's horse, which threw up its head, and the bullet, lodging in the animal's neck, caused it to start off at full speed, in spite of the rider's endeavour to restrain it. The remaining highwayman, nothing daunted, fired without effect, and received Mr. B—'s second shot on the forehead. The ball glanced from the forehead of the villain without seriously wounding him, but he was completely stunned by the blow, and fell heavily from his horse.

As the prostrate ruffian recovered, he found himself in the hands of his intended prey, and the footman, detaching one of the carriage lamps, held it up to take a view of their prisoner's features. One glance was sufficient for his master, who uttered a groan of anguish as he beheld in the now pale and blood-stained countenance of the captive ruffian, the lineaments of his son!

\* \* \* \* \*

Notwithstanding the precautions of Mr. B— the adventure got wind, but not before his abandoned son had reached the West Indies, where, however (a few months after his arrival) he died of the yellow fever. Mr. B— lived to an old age, but the recollection of that dreadful night haunted him till his dying hour.

E. F.

### THE MAY-FLOWER.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre.)

Lo! where the green turf, by the hedge-row gate,  
Strewn with the pearly hawthorn blossom,  
shews

Where late the lovers loitered. What a tale  
Might this white token of the sabbath-tryste  
Unfold! Did maiden coyness cast it there,  
A thing less spotless than her trembling heart,  
While rosy blushes made the sidelong light  
Of her blue bashful eye more eloquent?  
Or was it the rude hand of cold disdain  
That cast the poor swain's offering to the earth,  
And let it die in dew-tears? Nay, perhaps,  
Two some-time lovers plucked it carelessly  
As their *first joys*, and, tired of it as soon,  
Flung it away as wantonly. Or else  
That pallid wreath did gem the verdant sod,  
Sliding unmissed from fingers pale and thin  
Of the betrayed one, when she heard *those lips*  
That *hers* had pressed so warmly, say "Fare-  
well!"

And saw no kindness in those altered eyes  
(That were her day-stars *once*) to rob that word  
Of its despicable bitterness.

### DICK DOLEFUL.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

IT was to the late Captain Chronic, R. N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being but very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absences on service, acted as his agent and factotum: receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son, his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visitor at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow. Now,

as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or burked a female, young beautiful, and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder, or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean—and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste—I mean only that he is a bore.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncured and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last-named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from *that*, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it. Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see *you*; it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look, and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful!—Here he comes Sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I hadn't nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well, how d'ye do *now* Captain?' with *such* a look, and in *such* a tone!—

it always sounds to my ears, 'What! ar'n't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker-countenance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but—"; and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer:—"I'm not a nervous man; but d—n me if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "*I know I shall.*"

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician; whilst, on the contrary, the——"

"Ay, ay; the bore of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to the grave. And, then, that face of his! I couldn't help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, *La Larmoyeuse*, I should have liked to have his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you. Why, then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but bores have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money-matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of window, do you think I could, eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Ay, and so he tells everybody, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and *that's* a bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this king of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation,

I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n me, but I will toss him out of window."

After a momentary pause the Captain resumed:—

"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it; it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that ever I heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his; and he will stand by whilst I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. *Ipecacuanha* and *Dick Doleful*! Faugh! two doses at once! Will you believe it, my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind that I never see physic without thinking of *Dick Doleful*, nor *Dick Doleful* without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before, bores have no feeling—they have no perceptions—they have no one faculty in nature but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Ay; there's Mr. Dick again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits? There's '*Reflections on Death*,' *Dodd's 'Prison Thoughts*,' the '*Death-bed Companion*,' '*Hell: a Vision*.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid; and, at the street-door, met Dr. Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashly Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of *Doleful*; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, Sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case; I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr. *Doleful* must be carried off at once— forbid the house, Sir."

"I am quite of Dr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashly; "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate am-

putation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured me with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of our poor dear friend," and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend" was no worse then than the day before, I interrupted his pathos, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood; and, rather unceremoniously, added that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well!—Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. I—! Me—! The son of his friend—his *best* friend! Why—though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[And here he burst into another tear]—I say, had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been—Well; no matter—but *Me!*—how very odd!—I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him, morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him—as he must perceive: he *must* observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he *must* notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me! What interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven, I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment, the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, excepting the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then had occupied a sofa, took to his bed: and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed-chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of

these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing "his poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bedroom. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bed-side, as usual, on tip-toe; as usual, he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker-look, and in the usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do *now*, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick, you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black, and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank heaven I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth—! so good, so kind, so honourable, so everything a man ought to be. Thank heaven, I did *my* duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I haven't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear Sir," said I; "recollect, your grief is unavailing; it will not recal to life the dear departed."

"The dear departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank heaven I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect—*You* know what I did for the old scoundrel, *you* know what time I sacrificed to him, *you* know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet—! I repeat it, I am not a legacy-hunter; but I put it to you, Sir, as a man of sense,

as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a perfect right to expect—What should you have thought, Sir? I merely ask how much should you have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course—to be sure—I am anything but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, *has* he left you?"

"Guess—I only say, do you guess."

"Well—five hundred?"

"Why, even *that* would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it: or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even *that*—or five pounds for a ring, even *that* would have been better than——But, sir, you won't believe it; you *can't* believe it: the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel!—If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, *exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq., in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of a later date, this bequest was reduced to five hundred; by a third, to three hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

*New Monthly Mag.*

### MAGNANIMITY.

A warlike prince of Etruria had taken the field against the Romans, and expected, before many days should pass, to come to an engagement. The camp orders respecting the sentries were consequently very strict.

One night, a soldier, stationed on a bridge, was found absent from his post. He had gone away for a few minutes, to see his father, who was just dying of wounds inflicted in a recent skirmish; and, having received his blessing, was hastening back, when he was detected by the patrol.

The following morning he was ordered out at day-break, for execution. He requested to be heard in extenuation; but the prince was so angry at the offence, that he refused to listen to him. Well remembering, however, that this man had signalized himself upon several occasions, and been hitherto of irreproachable conduct, he spared his life; at the same time (chiefly for the sake of example) ordering him to be beaten before the whole army, and then thrust out of the camp, as unworthy to remain among his fellow-soldiers.

Foaming with this disgrace, the soldier went forth into the woods, where he accidentally met with a little child, who was playing there. It was the only son of the prince, who most tenderly loved him. In the fever of the moment, the soldier gave way to a sense of revenge; and, catching the boy in his arms, bore him off.

He carried him away into the depths of the wood, many miles distant; and being of a great and generous spirit, he treated the child with extreme kindness; so that, in a short time, they grew mutually attached to each other. Meanwhile, the prince was inconsolable at the loss of his son.

As their food was supplied by the soldier's hunting, he was not unfrequently followed by some of the wild beast, almost to the mouth of his rude shed; and one evening, as he was lying asleep, a wolf, who had been watching round the environs all the day, suddenly sprang in and seized upon him! The child at first screamed with terror; but seeing the danger of his protector, snatched a brand out of the wood fire, and running up, as they were struggling on the ground, thrust it into the wolf's face!

The ferocious animal immediately loosed his prey, and springing upon the child, carried him swiftly out of the cave. The soldier instantly pursued, with his drawn sword, and killed the wolf; but the child was so mangled by its jaws, that it only survived a few minutes.

Upon this, the soldier was overcome with grief and remorse; and taking up the child in his arms, he folded it round with his mantle, and straitway set off for the camp.

On arriving there, he gave out, that he brought news of the prince's lost son; and was immediately taken into his presence.

"Prince," said he "I am the soldier who was absent from his post one night,

whose offence you punished without a hearing. My father was a veteran in your service; and you will remember that he was as faithful as brave. He was dying of his wounds, and I solicited my officer that I might be relieved from my sentry for a little while, in order to go and receive his last breath. This was denied me; so I privately removed the main supporters of the wooden bridge I was guarding, in case the enemy should arrive in my absence. On my way back I was discovered; and the punishment awarded me was worse than death—I was for ever disgraced before all those who knew me, and whose opinion I valued. In the high excitement of this sense of my life's irremediable blight, I met your child in the woods, and carried him away. But I have too great a pride to be revengeful, as I have too much humanity to be cruel; so I treated the boy with tenderness, and, after a while, would have returned him to you had I known how to do so, without danger to myself. Now, I am come to say that he is dead. He was killed by a wolf, in saving my life from its fangs. This life is therefore forfeited. I have a grieved disgust to it, both from my heart-stamped disgrace, and at this unintentional revenge upon you who disgraced me. It places me below your level, as I before felt above it; so being quite reconciled to die, I am now here only for that purpose."

Saying this, he unfolded his mantle, and laid the dead body of the child before the prince's feet.

The father caught up the child in his arms, and hurried away into his private tent.

Three days after this, the prince ordered the soldier to appear before him, in presence of all his chief officers and men; and he said thus:—"I pardon you for the unintentional death of my son; and, as my deep grief for his loss is without remedy, it may induce you to pardon me for the irremediable disgrace I have put upon you, not knowing the nobleness of your nature. Accept this purse of gold. Depart with honour. Go, and live happy in some foreign land."

The soldier stood with an overwhelmed heart. Confused—prostrate—absorbed, in sense, and spirit, and mind. He received the purse with an abstracted air; and, bowing low, departed, his knees almost failing under him as he went.

His comrades came thronging round him with congratulations and expressions of friendship and respect; but it was too much to bear, and he avoided them.

Taking one aside, however, he sent the purse to his aged mother, who was living at a considerable distance, with these words:—"Honoured parent,—The prince sends you this purse, in acknowledgment of the long and faithful services of your deceased husband."

He then hurried away into the woods. Some days after, the prince received the following:—"The soldier who was the means of the prince losing his only child, returns all grateful thanks for the undesired clemency so generously shewn him. This, added to the other circumstances, fills his bosom to bursting, and will continue so to do, until his last sigh."

A short time after this, the body of the soldier was found in the shed wherein he had protected the child, he having died there of a broken heart.

These two men were worthy of each other; for the actions of both were thoroughly consistent with the elevation of their moral characters.

R. H. H.

#### TO MARGARET.

Though, lady, round that heart of thine,  
The silken ties of friendship twine,

To bind thee to thy home;  
Some mightier passion still may reign,  
And rend those silken ties in twain,  
And teach that heart to roam.

For friendship knows a fonder name,  
As thousands daily prove,  
And home resigns its modest claim,  
To tyrannizing Love.

For Fashion  
And Passion  
Since Beauty's tresses curl'd,  
Of yore were  
And still are,  
The tyrants of the world.

But Love, that rules the willing mind,  
Is still to gentleness inclined,

And fain would make us free;  
For though a few may breathe complaints,  
The many say, its fond restraints

Are glorious liberty:—  
Such freedom, lady, be thy lot,  
To life's remotest day,  
And yet, let friends be ne'er forgot,  
Or near—or far away:—

For life is sweet,  
To friends that meet,  
Whom lingering years have parted,  
And blest for life,  
Are man and wife,  
When both are constant hearted.

M. N.

## THE DUTCH LOVERS.

SITTING one evening in a parlour next the street, at a window, in order to enjoy a beautiful moonlight night, I saw from behind the blind, without being seen myself, my next-door neighbour's daughter, a sweet, modest, and orderly young girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, stand on the steps before her door, with a stove under her apron—[a stove is a small wooden box, a hollow cube of ten inches, with holes in the top, containing an earthen pan with lighted turf, which the women in Holland place under their feet in winter], probably waiting for her mother, a worthy decent widow, who, assisted by this her only child, creditably gained her livelihood by needlework. While she was standing there, a carpenter's apprentice, a well-made young lad, apparently not much older than the girl, but somewhat clumsy, approached her with his hat in his hand, and with every symptom of bashfulness. She immediately retreated towards the door, a little surprised, when the young man accosted her thus:—"O! neighbour, I beg you will not be afraid of me; I would not hurt a child, much less you; I only request, my dear girl, that you will permit me to light my pipe at your stove." These words, spoken with a trembling voice, and which rather appeared to proceed from one who was himself afraid, than who wished to make others so, made Agnes easy. "O yes, friend," answered she, "'tis much at your service; but what ails you, you appear to be disordered." (She then handed him the stove). "That I am, my dear child," replied he, "and if you will allow me a few minutes, I will tell you the reason." In the mean time he was busy in attempting to light his pipe as slowly as possible, and every puff ended with a sigh. At last being a little recovered, "Do not you know me then, neighbour?" said the poor lad. "Well, I own I have some slight knowledge of your person," says she, "as I have seen you pass this way more than once." "No wonder, surely," replied the young man; "I have passed by this door above a hundred times, but I never dared to speak to you: 't was as if I had an ague-fit, when I only attempted to move a foot towards you. But now I have taken courage. Listen, I must break the ice, without which I cannot rest night or day, for your sake; and I hope, my dear girl, you will take it in good part, and not be angry with me, because I love you, which

cannot possibly do you any harm." . . . "Ah! do but hear this mad boy," interrupted Agnes, "how nicely he wheedles; one might think him in earnest. Come, come my lad, that pipe-lighting lasts too long, you have not met with the proper person I assure you; had I known you came here to make a fool of me, you should not have had the use of my fire, come, quickly friend, return the stove, and march off to other girls, who may believe such stories." "I make a fool of you! I make a fool of you! see, when I hear such words from you, 't is as if a knife was piercing my heart. Oh! my angel, my dear soul, do not believe that of me, there is not a bit of falsehood in my whole heart from top to bottom: every one who knows me will bear witness to that, my dearest girl." "Come, come," said she, "don't dally, give me my stove directly, I must go in doors, and moreover I am not called dearest nor angel, and I do not permit you to call me by those names any more. Agnes was I christened, and so you must call me, if you have any thing to say to me." "Well, now then, my dear Agnes," resumed the lad, apparently hurt by the spitefulness of the girl, "I did not know I thereby offended you: those words issued from my mouth of their own accord, I never sought for them, they were at my tongue's end. I am quite inexperienced in the world, and you are, as true as I live, the first young woman I ever spoke to. I shall take better care in future, my dear Agnes; here is your stove, but I beg you will grant me leave to say a few more words; what would you gain by my becoming ill through sorrow? you need not believe what I tell you of myself, but only hear me. My parents live just by, in the next street, and are esteemed as worthy honest people. I am their only son, and have one sister. They are in easy circumstances, and I am of a good profession, which I diligently follow: moreover, I have an old aunt, who lives warmly on her income, she loves me as if I were her own child, and my sister and I are her heirs: so that in time I may be master-carpenter, and make you a happy wife, my dearest Agnes. Nobody ever sees me in taverns or alehouses, I go to church every Sunday, and at Easter I hope to make my confession. You will, on inquiry, find all this to be exactly as I have stated, and if I have told you the smallest fib, I am content never more to see your pretty face, and that is all I can say."

The young woman had listened with too much attention to all this, to have heard it with indifference.

"Neighbour," says she, in a more friendly tone, all that you have now told me, may be true; I have not such a bad opinion of you, even to doubt it. But there is no occasion for me to inquire about the matter, I have nothing to do with it, it is none of my business. You have parents, and a rich aunt; so much the better for you; I wish you a good night, I must retire. I expect my mother every minute, and if she found me here so late in the evening talking with a man, she would make a fine uproar, and in which she would certainly not be to blame."

Upon this the young man took Agnes by the hand with a friendly force, and entreated her, sobbing (and I really believe the poor fellow shed tears), not to send him away so comfortless. "I beg of you, dearly as I love you, sweet Agnes, to remain here a little longer; how can you have the heart to part with me in this manner, good-natured as you are?" . . . "Do but see, now;" said Agnes, laughing, "this is too foolish to mind, how can you know whether I am good-natured or not, when this is the first time you ever spoke to me, or have you been inquiring about me, as you want me to do about you?"

"Inquire about you, my dear Agnes! about you! I had rather lose my life. I want no information; I am certain that you are good-natured, that you are virtuous, and that you are as deserving a young woman as any living. Do not ask me how I know it, I see it in your dear face, and I feel it in my heart: that cannot deceive me, and I would stake my life for its truth. But hearken, Agnes, I should be sorry your mother should scold you upon my account, and I also feel your little hands grow as cold as ice; only let me ask you one question: is there another lover who may have spoken to you first? if so, I would drop the affair, notwithstanding the hardship it would be to me, because I am too honest to endeavour to be another man's hinderance."

"As to this," said Agnes, "I will give you a direct answer. No, I have never had any lover, neither do I want any, be he whom he will. I can easily wait eight or ten years for that, and I love my mother too much to leave her so soon. Therefore, neighbour, do not give yourself any fruitless trouble about me. In the situation you have represented

yourself, you will soon find a handsomer girl than I am, and perhaps a pretty penny into the bargain, which you will not get with me, for my mother and I have enough to do, with economy, to get through the world creditably."

"So much the better, my dear Agnes," said the young man; "so much the more pleasure I shall have, if I may be so happy as to enable you to live more comfortably. Oh! if I might obtain from you, my dear Agnes, leave to visit you now and then: if you would only grant me this favour, I would not wish to change with the richest burgomaster's son in the whole city." "At any rate," said Agnes, "you cannot ask that of me, but of my mother. But you need not trouble yourself about that, because she would not listen to it, and if she did, I should not allow it. Once is as good as a thousand times, and I tell you I will have nothing to do with lovers." "But, my dear Agnes, may not I now and then pass by your door?"

"Well, silly boy," says she, laughing, "can I hinder that? Is not the street as free for you as for another?" "Yes, but you know, cunning Agnes, what I want, which is to see you at the door." "That might possibly happen," said she, but if it did, you are not to speak to me, or I should take it very ill."

"No, you won't, my dearest Agnes." "You shall find it so—only venture." This she said with a kind of peevishness which appeared to me affected; and with this, after the good-tempered youth had in vain begged for a kiss, which however he did not dare to press much for, from the respect peculiar to honest and heart-felt tenderness, the courtship of the evening ended. But what I thought a good omen in favour of the young man, was, that Agnes, having shut the door after her, opened it again as softly as possible in order to have a peep at him, and afterwards as softly shut it.

"Ah! sweetest maid, my flame approve, And pardon an impatient love."

*Ovid.*

After this first attack of our apprentice on the heart of the good Agnes, I thought he would not fail to take his chance of renewing it on the following Sunday. In this I did not mistake; and in the afternoon as soon as service was ended, I beheld him slowly approaching, neatly dressed and his hair powdered, which greatly mended his appearance. But the poor lad's trouble was fruitless. Agnes's door and windows still remained shut, which, when he strolled past the



house for the third time, made him dejectedly cast his eyes up to heaven, as if in reproach for Agnes's cruelty and want of feeling. I am sure if the lass had seen him in that condition, she would have pitied him. However it was not her fault, as she was just gone out with her mother, a prayer-book under her arm, probably to attend evening service. My compassion was excited for the poor hopeless youngster, who, as all real and tender lovers always fear the worst, certainly fancied that Agnes disliked, and would never have a favourable opinion of him.

During the rest of the week I was either from home, or engaged, so that I learnt no more of the matter till the Sunday following; when, on returning from church, I saw the young man walk before me towards our street; but was surprised to find he accompanied a young woman, with whom he was earnestly discoursing. She appeared to be about the age of Agnes, and as pretty, but although not more fashionably, she was more expensively dressed, and wore various golden trinkets. I doubted not but his view was to outbrave Agnes, and to revenge himself for her crossness, by shewing her that he needed not be so much concerned for her, and although she slighted him, he could be well received by other girls, her equals at least. I followed them gently, and to my great astonishment saw this young couple knock at Agnes's door: this astonishment however subsided, when I heard him call the young woman sister. I then immediately understood the matter, and perceived that James must have acquainted his sister with his distress, and that love had inspired him with sense enough to discover that there could be no means more certain of obtaining access to his sweetheart, than by making the two girls acquainted with each other. Whether this visit was under pretence of bespeaking some linen, or that the coast was already clear, I know not; but I perceived that the door was opened by the mother herself, and brother and sister entered, the latter a little startled, the former as pale as death, and doubtless with a palpitating heart. After they had stayed about an hour, I could hear that they rose to depart, and I went immediately to my window. When the door opened I heard the mother say, "Well then, Agnes, 't is charming weather, I have no objection, child; but do not stay out long." "No, mother," was the answer, "as Kitty desires me, we

shall only take a turn, and be back in half an hour." On this they marched off, and really returned within the time.

Agnes was going to knock, but was prevented by her gallant, who, in the most moving tone, begged to take leave with a single kiss. Notwithstanding he appeared to have greatly forwarded his suit, I doubt whether he would have succeeded, if sister Kitty had not interfered. "Well, my dear Agnes," said the friendly girl, "that is no such great matter, any young lass will readily grant so slight a favour, even to a stranger who has seen her safe home: besides a kiss is nothing, if you don't like it, wipe it off." Upon this Agnes submitted, and I counted distinctly by the smacking, that it cost her three kisses, the first, as I firmly believe, she had ever granted to a man, and which I do not think the enraptured James would have missed for three thousand florins. Since that day Kitty visits her new friend at least three times a week; her brother never fails coming to fetch her home, and when the weather permits, takes a walk with his sweetheart: pleading the cause of his honest love, even in presence of his sister. Not only my maid-servants, but also all the women in the neighbourhood have discovered the whole affair, and knowing James to be a sober young man, and in circumstances that the girls would be glad of him for themselves, as well as the mothers for their daughters, speak spitefully of the imprudence of my neighbour who suffers such an intercourse. One of my maids even told me that some of them, under pretence of friendship, had been trying to persuade Agnes's mother that James could not mean honourably, and that, if he did, his father, who is proprietor of several houses, and master of a lucrative profession, would never permit his only son to marry a girl without any fortune: but our dame, who does not want sense, coolly thanked them for their advice, begging that they would not trouble themselves about her affairs, which she was very able to manage without their interference.

It is hardly to be imagined how much our young man is altered, since his suit goes on so swimmingly. He is as close as a rose-bud, and though he was formerly a mere milk-sop, with his head hanging, his arms and legs used for no other purpose than to work, and change his place, he now marches as erect, and with as easy an air as most young men: his hair is neatly and fashionably cut,

his hat cocked, and although he wears the same clothes, they appear to fit him very differently. His method of speaking is no longer the same, and his tongue is loosened and voluble.

It is exactly the same with Agnes: all her features, however beautiful, were dull and unmeaning, from her innocence and insensibility; at present they are animated and expressive, and her bright eyes begin to learn their proper language, and at times shoot forth glances, unexpected, and heretofore unknown to them. Perhaps I may be asked how I became acquainted with this total change in the manners of these young people, which I shall shortly answer. I soon learned that James's father was a man with whom I was well acquainted, having served him in my character of counsellor many times with success, which caused him frequently to solicit my advice and assistance in other affairs not relative to my profession.

One day I received an unexpected visit from the good old man, purposely to know my opinion about his son's courtship. "You have so frequently successfully assisted me, Mr. Counsellor," said he, "that I trust you will not refuse hearing me now, about a matter of importance to me. You certainly know, as the whole neighbourhood talks of it, that my son courts your neighbour Agnes. He is crazy after her, which is no wonder; we have been in the same situation—and I must say, that he is so careful, so orderly, that he pleases me and his mother so well, that we should be sorry to cross his inclinations, which would certainly render him miserable, and perhaps lead him to the grave.

"You probably are acquainted with your neighbours, and may be able to inform me what they are."—I now thought the good man wished to know if the girl had any money, so that I answered him "that I did not think they possessed much; that, as far as I could see, the young woman had plenty of clothes, but that I did not suppose that the mother could give her daughter any marriage-portion." "I did not ask you that," replied my honest client; "the daughter herself told the very same thing to James at the first outset, and that is a matter of indifference to us; the sweetest money is what one earns one's self. My son understands his profession and is industrious: I shall shortly let him exhibit his masterpiece, and undergo his examination; and between you and me, I have with care and economy accu-

mulated much more than people think for; I only want you to tell me whether Agnes conducts herself with propriety, and especially if she is good-tempered, for my James is a sheepish boy, and if he married a vixen it would break his heart. This, however, I cannot believe of the girl, pleasing as she is: our Kitty is almost as much in love with her, as her brother is, and my dame is already as fond of her, as if she were her own daughter." I answered him, "that his and his family's friendship could not be better bestowed than on Agnes; that I durst venture to be answerable for her good temper, that she was well-educated, and that, although I could in my house hear almost every thing that was going forward next door, I had not, during six years, heard the least noisy word between mother and daughter; that she was as dutiful as possible to the old lady; and as to neatness and economy, my neighbour was well grounded in both, and that her daughter, sensible as she was, must have learnt the same from her. In a word, that I did not doubt but James had made an excellent choice, and would with Agnes be a happy man."

"Well, I am heartily glad you give the girl such a good character," said the worthy man, "but do not you think it better the young folks should wait a year or two before they marry? at present I fear it would only be children's play."

"No, my dear neighbour," said I, "that is not by any means my opinion. These matters must not be kept drawling, or we risk their non-completion through envy and slander. I would immediately bring every thing to a conclusion, and the sooner the better."

"Well, then, Mr. Counsellor, it will be best to conclude the wedding directly: but I have one request to make you, which I hope you will not refuse: I have invited Agnes and her mother to dine with us to-morrow. Our aunt will likewise be of the party; one of these days, the children will inherit a pretty sum from her, but it is better to wait, than to fast for it, for she may, as you know, bequeath it from them. So much for this. My request is, therefore, that you partake of our meal, and then we may come to some resolution on the subject. You will not be sumptuously entertained, we know nothing of such things; we shall send some ribs of beef to the oven, and my dame will prepare a dish of gray pease, and some other trifles; at any rate there will be enough."

I was much pleased with this invita-

tion, and promised that I would certainly attend at the hour appointed.

"We found to make a happy party, A cheerful face, and welcome hearty."

As I endeavour to avoid the repetition of unnecessary compliments, when I visit my friends, I never am the first comer of the guests, so that I suited myself to the precise dinner-hour of my worthy client, and made my appearance with the first dishes. I was the only person waited for, and I do not remember to have been received any where with more natural tokens of unfeigned regard. The company consisted of Agnes and her mother, and the family, which, with myself and the old aunt (whose presence I thought a good sign), made the number eight. The old man took my hand, which, from mere frank-heartedness he squeezed roughly. His dame came and offered me her lips, which I kissed with a loud smack, as well as those of our aunt, who mumbled ten times that I was heartily welcome.

For this slightly disagreeable job, I was amply made amends, by three kisses without guile, which each of the young girls exchanged for as many of mine, and which I enjoyed with less noise and more leisure than the former. Agnes, who doubtless knew I had used my best endeavours to forward the match, seeing me approach her, turned as red as scarlet, although her beautiful brown eyes appeared very friendly. But I cannot express the hearty kindness with which James received me, for the same reason: I could hardly loosen my hands from his. Had he not bethought himself, I really believe he would have kissed them, and his gratitude was plainly legible in every feature.

The father and mother in their Sunday clothes, looked neat, though only as common tradespeople. The aunt wore brownish tresses under her cap, which, like the rest of her dress, appeared to be at least half as old as herself. Agnes, sister Kitty, and the younger suitor, were in new clothes, a degree smarter than they had ever before worn; and the mother was dressed like a respectable citizen's widow, without any ornaments, but perfectly nice.

As she appeared to have been brought up rather better than the people of the house, I dare say she had given them both her advice and assistance towards arranging the table. Every thing was in exact order. The table-cloth was fine and large, and the napkins curiously

folded, with a roll of bread in each. On the side of every pewter plate lay a new-fashioned knife, with a silver fork and spoon, which looked as if just come from the shop.—Whilst I was making these observations, the first course was brought in, which consisted merely of a very large basin of broth, containing a knuckle of veal, with a dish of forced-meat-balls and sausages.

"Come friends," says the old man, "don't let the victuals cool, but take your places, if you please."

"Let me manage this," says the mother, "I shall soon settle the matter as it should be: Mr. Counsellor is a bachelor, he shall sit between the girls; James next to Agnes, then the widow, and aunt, and we shall find our places." So said, so done; and in a minute this skein was unravelled and wound up. Agnes, her mother, and I, immediately took something on our plates, in which James, who, like the others, had begun to sip the broth from the basin, imitated us, instigated by Agnes, who softly said to him, "fie, James!"

After the soup was removed, a large sirloin of beef was set on the table, between two dishes of gray pease, a salad, and stewed apples. "There, my friends, you see the whole," said the father; "there is a venison-pasty in the middle, and the more you eat, the more pleasure you will give me." After this hearty compliment, as I found nobody ventured to attack the beef, I, although an indifferent carver, undertook to help the company, which I did to their satisfaction. James, who saw his beloved, her mother, and me, eat with a fork, being upon his guard, after his mistake with the spoon, likewise tried to do so, and, considering it was his first essay, succeeded tolerably; indeed, what cannot love teach! The father took notice of his son's dexterity, "well, my lad," says he, "where have you learnt to eat with a fork? and you do it well too! well, keep to that new fashion. I would do so likewise, were I not too old to alter my habit; I have not been accustomed to it. Your mother and I, my boy, (never forget it, in whatever station you may hereafter be), were brought up here in the orphan's hospital, and we have raised ourselves from the ground, without ever having, thank God! wronged our consciences, or any person; and, as we have saved a pretty penny for our children, we are very willing they should fare better than we did: 'Tell me what I am, and not what I was,' says the old

Dutch proverb; what say you, mother?" "Honour be to your heart, father," said the good woman, "we will not give ourselves out for what we are not, as many do who come floating on a straw: nobody has any claims on us, not even for a farthing."

In the mean time James hardly ate or drank any thing, he satiated and intoxicated himself with gazing at his beloved. He eyed her incessantly, as if he beheld her for the first time in his life, or rather as if he should never see her again. One would have sworn he was deaf and dumb, except towards what related to Agnes. Although he certainly did not grudge her her dinner, he continually took hold of her hand, and looked at it as if he were going to eat it, but let go his hold ten times in a quarter of an hour, after one or other of the following reprimands:—"Are you not ashamed, James? be quiet, let me loose, what will people think?" upon which James immediately begged pardon, and the next minute was at it again. When the dishes, which were all good of the kind, were removed, the whole family, except Agnes and James, retired into the next room for a few minutes; and, as I only remained with the lovers, James, who had, instead of one, drank five or six glasses of wine to Agnes's health, transported with love, and overpowered with wine, took hold of his angel's arm and attempted to ravish a few kisses. But the sweet girl was much displeased, and pushed him gently aside.

"Is that well done, my dear Mr. Counsellor, now we have got so far?" said James with a distressed look. "Well, James," answered I, "the lass is not so much in the wrong, remember the old saying, 'Wise before people, and mad in a corner.'"—"In a corner," interrupted he, "that is worse; but, Sir, you are such a worthy man that I appeal to you, whether, as the bargain is now almost concluded, can there be any harm in her granting me a trifling favour now and then by way of earnest?" "Hark, James," was my answer, "Agnes behaves extremely well, for in general in these kind of bargains, the more earnest is given, the less they are stood to." I had no sooner said this, to the great surprise of James, who thought it impossible for his patron to give it against him in a thing which appeared to him so very reasonable, than the company returned, and I, after having privately exchanged a few words with the father and mother, took my leave, as I had some pressing busi-

ness to transact, but on condition of supping with them.

When I returned, I found my friends in another apartment, playing a round game at cards, and was told that James had been continually making mistakes, as his thoughts were otherwise engaged. Soon after, we returned to the dining-room, where we found the table covered with the cold beef, a small ham, a salad, pickled herrings, smoked beef, butter and cheese, almonds and raisins, neatly placed. We seated ourselves as at dinner; our aunt, who seemed to relish the wine much, after declaring that the sight of the young people's courtship renewed her youth, began to sing: I took the opportunity, as much for my own sake as that of James, of asking the good old soul, if she did not remember any song of old times where kissing was mentioned.

She was immediately ready, and chaunted one in her best manner, wherein kisses were stuck as thick as hailstones. The girls, especially Agnes, were at first extremely shy, but I had no sooner assured them that such was the usual custom among the most virtuous girls, when the men did not behave too grossly, than James added, "see now, my dear Agnes, the gentleman himself says so, and every thing went on as smoothly as rain slides from a slated pent-house." This game pleased me wonderfully well, but no tongue can tell how James fed in clover; his happiness was so great that it might be said he was hardly able to bear it.

When this had continued a little while the father knocked on the table with the haft of a knife; "Hark, my friends," said he, "there is a time for all things. . . . Here the mother interrupted him, "come husband, let me speak. You see, Mr. Counsellor, the young people are not averse to each other, my master and I do not object to their marriage, neither does Agnes's mother. Moreover our aunt is very fond of Agnes, and loves James so much that she thinks, and so do we, matters should be concluded, the sooner the better: but mention is made of marriage-conditions; with these we are unacquainted, and beg, as you have always been our friend, you will lend us your assistance."

"Hearken mother," said I, "I shall give you my sentiments candidly: what need we trouble ourselves about marriage-settlements? the young people love each other, and where heart and body are in common, money ought likewise to be so." "You express yourself well," said

the father; "an angel speaks out of your mouth," echoed James: but requesting their attention a little longer, I thus continued. "Although I do not certainly know, yet I have reason to suspect that Agnes's mother is not in such affluent circumstances as my client, and that probably the young woman, besides her economy and knowledge of house-keeping possesses little or nothing, but... The aunt here burst out, "How, little or nothing? no, no, that shall not go thus: I do not understand it so, and shall never permit it if it was ever so: not at all."

Not a little astonished at such an unexpected interruption, and thinking no otherwise than that she wanted to put a clog to the wheel; "How," said I, "what do you mean by this? I always thought the match was to your liking, from whence then arises this sudden and unaccountable change?"

"Who says I have altered my mind?" says aunt, "but I again repeat that I will not suffer the girl to bring nothing for her portion: if her mother cannot give her any thing, I shall. I know James is to have a thousand rix-dollars, and she shall have the like, and this will be no hinderance to you, niece Kitty, for if you meet with a worthy young man, although he has not a doit in the world, you shall have the same." Upon this, the whole company recovered their spirits, especially James, who, on hearing his aunt's first words grew as pale as a criminal who had just heard his sentence of death pronounced.

A general silence still continuing, she resumed, "Well, what do ye stare at me for? I hope you do not think I am become so suddenly generous because I have drank a glass too much: what I say, I mean, send for a notary to write it down: what I am now doing I always intended, for I am old and not accustomed to live expensively, so that I cannot spend all my money, and 'tis all the same to me whether you have it now, or after my death." No sooner had she said this, than James, overjoyed with such unexpected good fortune, flung himself, crying, about his aunt's neck! I made a sign to Agnes to do the same, and notwithstanding she was disordered, she acquitted herself of that duty with tokens of unaffected and tender gratitude, in which we all followed her. I could not help shedding tears as the others did. Aunt cried too, through joy that she had accomplished such a good deed. She persisted in her desire of having a no-

tary sent for, and although I thought it might appear dishonourable, as if mistrusting her word, we were obliged to comply, especially as she added that having no other near friends than those present, the wedding might as well be concluded that same evening. Every thing she wished was done in a very short time, which raised James's rapture to the highest pitch. He caught Agnes in his arms, crying, "Now, however, you are mine." She fell into his, so agitated as hardly to know what she did, and she appeared to be just on the point of fainting, had not her lover restored her spirits with a thousand loving kisses. It may be easily imagined, that the rest of the evening passed with redoubled pleasure.

*Twiss Miscellanies.*

## THE CRIES OF LONDON.

*(For the Parterre.)*

THESE are some cries in London, which strike the ear of the dullest, whether countryman or cockney. I mean those which intimate even to the busy and bustling the revolution of the seasons. The cry of the knife-grinder, the tinker, or the mender of old chairs, is *not periodical*; neither is that of "old clothes;" it resounds from one end of the metropolis, to the other, every morning throughout the year. But there are many cries which come with the season, like the cuckoo and the swallow. That of *primroses* is as pleasant as any; it tells of the approach of spring; and the unfortunates who are doomed to be penned up in town, dream o' nights of the country, and fancy they are watching the trees put on their green liveries, while the primroses look meekly up to the pattering of the light showers among the almost leaf-less branches above them. We would rather have a tuft of primroses than the finest geranium that ever graced the button hole of a linen draper's apprentice's sunday coat.

Another cry is, "marrow-fat peas;" and a June sun is blazing above you; the streets are hot and close in spite of the water-carts, and the people are glad to get on the shady side of the way; but they can only do this in the morning and evening: while the sun is in the meridian there is no shelter, except within doors, and there you have no air, so you must make up your mind either to be suffocated, or broiled to death. Steam boats swell the noble current of the Thames, and endanger the lives of the lieges, while thousands of the Londoners

hasten to gulp the air at Margate, Ramsgate, or Gravesend. Mrs. Wiggins the fat butcher's wife, thinks Margate "so vulgar" and Gravesend intolerably dull, and therefore goes to Brighton and stares at its Chinese monstrosities, and spends her husband's six months' profits. Wagon loads of cabbages and other esculents, come groaning into town to the different markets, which teem with fruit, flowers, and vegetables.

July arrives, and the cries of almost every kind of fruit are heard; but there is one, which even at this period sounds to our ear like the approach of winter: it is that of "walnuts to pickle!" when walnuts are fit for the table, the glory of autumn is departed, and we reckon on the short time that will elapse before they will be denuded of their green hides and rattling in the china plate, after dinner.

There is another cry, which we had almost forgotten. It is—water-cresses. Listen to that call—"water-cresses!" It is not that of some

"—wretched matron forced in age for bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;"

(For water-cresses in this age of improvement are regularly cultivated like other plants), but the note of a poor sickly girl, who, though it is Sunday morning, is thus compelled to earn a miserable subsistence. See, she is called by yon sleek-faced hypocrite opposite, who is rating her soundly for vending her cresses on the Lord's day. She leaves the house without a penny; and her monitor's carriage drives up to the door to take him to the top of the street, where he has a *chapel*, in which he plays the mountebank, and talks familiarly of holy things, and rails against pride and ostentation! Reader, *this is no fable!*

Watworth, July 1834.

A.

## MISCELLANIES.

### UNCONSCIOUS IRONY.

SOME time ago the clerk of one of the chapels at Birmingham, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hand with putting some coals on the fire, and unconsciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a son of Vulcan. He turned into the reading-desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line

of the hymn, "Behold the brightness of my face." The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

### HINT TO AUTHORS.

It is the business of an author to employ himself perpetually in observing and reflecting. He must be careful also, to set down his observations and reflections, or they will pass away from his mind, so as to be never recovered. If the most ordinary individual were to arrest all his thoughts, much would be found both amusing and instructive. He should consider that walk as almost wasted time, from which he returned with no new thought or discovery.

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD BANKRUPT.

THE term Bank is derived from the Italian word Banco, (bench). The Lombard Jews in Italy kept benches in the market-places, where they exchanged money and bills. When a banker failed, his bench was broken by the populace, hence the term *Bank-rupt*.

### A FASHIONABLE PAIR.

Lady Anne never failed to be agreeable. Vanity was with her the one great moving principle of thought and action. She sought admiration from all, and obtained it from many; for she possessed, in a remarkable degree, that quick discrimination of character, which taught her to select with judgment the weakness she assailed. Coquetry became to her an art; and, like the skilful chess-player, she laid her plan upon a sagacious application of rules founded on experience. But though the charm of conquest was great, the plan of defeat was greater; and her life was one of triumph without happiness, and mortification without humility.—Mr. Preston was a good-looking young man, about twenty-seven years of age, of serious pursuits, and a frivolous mind. Not fond of study, and very fond of display, he affected deep researches and acquired shallow knowledge. An early propensity for collecting shells and stuffing birds had been construed into a love of science, and a memory for technicalities into the fruits of labour. The decorations of his library confirmed him a scholar, whilst the imagination of an upholsterer, and the judgment of a jeweller, gave pretensions to taste. Thus disguising the soul of a dandy in the garb of a pedant, he deceived himself, if not others, into the belief that his objects were elevated and his abilities universal.—*Dacre, by the Countess of Morley.*



P. 66.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 1.

(For the Parterre).

### THE SURPRISE OF THE CASTLE OF GUISNES.

THE reign of Edward the Third is distinguished for martial splendour beyond that of any other English sovereign. During the sway of this sagacious and warlike prince, our ancestors performed many feats which would be considered as improbable, if related by the novelist. Events took place which exceed in interest the wildest creations of romance; and they have been chronicled by one who was in every respect worthy to record them—the concise, energetic, and chivalrous Froissart. Where is the Englishman who does not feel a glow of pride, as his eye loiters over the pages of that veracious old chronicler? Nearly five centuries have passed since our mail-clad heroes earned deathless fame on the plains of Crecy and Poitiers; yet the names of those brave knights are familiar to our ears “as household words.”

But it was not always in pitched battles that the courage and prowess of our ancestors were tried. The hosts that opposed them at Crecy, at Poitiers,

and at Agincourt, were disordered by their very numbers: in petty battles and skirmishes the French chivalry performed deeds of valour, of which their descendants may proudly boast: of this we have innumerable proofs, and it would be detracting from the glory of our countrymen to deny to their rivals the possession of courage, enterprise, and fortitude, worthy of the age in which they lived.

In the year 1351, the twenty-fifth of the reign of Edward the Third, the castle of Guisnes, then held by the French, was surprised and taken possession of by the English. The historians are not unanimous in their account of this capture; but the following appears to bear the stamp of authenticity, and is, besides, more circumstantial than the others.

The town of Guisnes, situated about five miles from Calais, was, at the time referred to, merely surrounded by a deep ditch; but the castle, which commanded it, was a place of great strength, and always contained a good garrison, much to the annoyance of the English. The French well knew the importance of the place as a check to the foragers of Calais, and in this year were busily em-

ployed in repairing and adding to the fortifications.

It chanced that among the English prisoners detained at Guisnes was one John Lancaster, an archer, who had not been able to obtain a sum sufficient for his ransom. The Englishman had been released from confinement, upon condition of his assisting the workmen employed in the repair of the castle. This afforded him an opportunity of engaging the affections of a young laundress, who informed him that a wall two feet broad crossed the ditch a little below the water, which entirely concealed it. The archer took especial notice of the place, and watching his opportunity, obtained, by means of a line, the height of the castle walls, then letting himself down from the ramparts, crossed the hidden wall of brick, and concealed himself in the marshes until night-fall. As the night advanced he entered within the English pale, and proceeded towards Calais. He waited without the town until day-break, for the gates were closed against all comers during the night, and being admitted hastened to his companions, to whom he related the particulars of his escape. A council was held, the surprise of the castle contemplated, and about thirty daring spirits prepared themselves for the hazardous attempt. Scaling ladders of the proper height were got ready according to the archer's instructions, and at night the Englishmen advanced cautiously towards the fortress. Silently crossing the ditch, they planted their scaling ladders, and mounting the walls, seized and dispatched the sentinels, and threw their bodies into the moat below. Totally unconscious of their danger, the knights and their ladies, in the chambers and turrets, were buried in sound sleep, but several of the chief officers were still sitting in the great hall playing at chess. Suddenly the archer and his friends burst in upon them, and the scene was changed into one of wild uproar. The astonished Frenchmen flew to their arms, and stoutly defended themselves; but victory declared in favour of the intruders, and the survivors were disarmed and bound. The Englishmen then broke open the chambers, seized on the sleeping inmates, whom they also bound, and having secured them in a strong room, they released the English prisoners that had been taken the preceding year, and set them as a guard over their former masters.

The castle was now reduced, and the

Englishmen shewed themselves not unworthy of the victory, by allowing the ladies to depart on horseback whither they pleased, with their furniture, apparel and jewels. With the morning came the French workmen engaged in the repair of the castle, but their consternation was great as they beheld the walls manned by strangers; and flying in haste from the spot, they communicated the sad tidings to the townspeople, who were totally unconscious of what had happened. Additional force soon arrived from Calais, and the castle was properly garrisoned by the English.

Loud were the complaints of the Frenchmen, which reached the ears of King Edward, who rejoicing at the possession of this important fortress, returned for answer, "that what was done, was without his knowledge and consent, and that he would send his command to the new possessors, to deliver it up to the rightful owner." The Earl of Guisnes appearing before the castle; demanded in whose name and by whose authority they held the place.

"We hold it in the name and on behalf of John Lancaster," was the reply.

The Earl then inquired if the archer considered himself as the liegeman of King Edward, upon which Lancaster himself replied, that he knew not what messengers had been in England, and that he had resolved to keep himself secure where he was. An offer of forty thousand crowns, with an indemnity from the king of France, proved of no avail; the archer was inexorable.

"Before the taking of this castle," said he, "we were all good subjects of England, but by this offence during the time of truce, we are no better than banished men. The place which we now hold, we would willingly exchange or sell, but to none sooner than to our natural lord, King Edward, by which we may obtain a pardon; but if he should refuse the offer, we will then sell it to the French King, or to any one who may offer most."

This bantering stung the earl to the quick; and he quitted the place, which remained in the hands of the English.

In answer to the renewed complaints of the French monarch, King Edward reminded him that, "there was no article in the truce which prohibited *buying and selling.*"

B.



## CHESS.

SOME pique themselves on the discernment of character by physiognomy, some look to configuration of brain, while others augur from hand-writing; this species of divination, however, being mainly monopolized by the feminine gender. As to ourselves, we hold to chess-playing. We calculate upon prognosticating more of character, intellect, and predominating passions by playing with a man at chess, than by all the instructions of Lavater, Spurzheim, and Deville, put together. It is the "speaking grammar" of the human heart. It approaches nearest to what a fanciful man is said have once desired, that men's hearts were cased in glass, so that each might peer into the innermost recesses of his neighbour's soul. It is an illustration of the celebrated *Novum Organum*; you deduce causes from their effects after the manner of the Baconian philosophy, and a knowledge of those causes, is a knowledge of the man; and whereas success in generalization depends on the accuracy of individual experiments, so a correct knowledge of individual character is essential to true knowledge of the world.

This new system of notation is to the moral world what the discovery of fluxions, in their facilitation of calculation, was to the mathematical. From the incalculable advantages derivable from chess as a test of character, we may not unreasonably surmise that a certain proficiency in this science will form, ere long, an indispensable qualification for all ambassadors to foreign courts, law officers, post-masters and police superintendents; while we confidently anticipate the happiest results from the application of the same test in naval and military promotions. Domestic life might at the same time participate in the general benefits. Preliminary matrimonial calculations or courtships might on this plan be conducted, if not with greater satisfaction, at least with more certainty of a desirable finale, and many a heart might flutter on unbroken.

For the present we attempt only a general outline, reserving our more elaborate treatise for a neat little pocket 12mo, —having been prevented accepting an offer made us to concentrate our remarks in a review of Mr. Lewis's two last admirable octavos in the Quarterly, by the annexation to the offer of a condition our indomitable spirit (unlike some others, we opine) utterly abhors, that of

intersprinkling our literary and philosophical lucubrations with political allusions.—*Respondet superior.*

Attend then to the following rules:—

In sitting down to play, take notice how far your adversary troubles himself about arranging the board and men, or whether he obtrudes all the preliminary settlement upon yourself. If the latter, and if he makes you set a good part of his own men for him, you may be sure he reckons himself something too good for you, and stands high in his own esteem. At Cambridge we called such a man *bumptious*. It attends him in all his actions through life.—*L'âme n'a pas de secret que la conduite ne revèle. L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.*"

Some players move very quick, not only at the commencement of the game, but all through it. They sometimes make good moves, but always many blunders. The most critical situations, alike with the easiest, command only a momentary regard, and pass half-examined. Such men are clever, and get on in the world by pure luck—rash in enterprise, uncertain in execution. Avoid much dealing with them. Of high mettle, impatient of control, and reckless of consequences, they will bring you into trouble. The quickest player we ever met with was a Spanish refugee. All Spaniards play quick. Their national character is impetuosity. "*Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.*"

If an adversary, to whom you know yourself to be greatly superior, refuses to take odds in playing with you, and yet does not scruple to be perpetually taking back moves when he leaves a piece "*en prise*," set him down for a good-for-nothing, shuffling fellow. He has a mean heart. He will retail wise men's sayings as his own: he will be a downright plagiarist, cut a dash on borrowed finances, or exemplify what is termed the shabby genteel. Have no concern with him. *L'orgueil ne veut pas devoir et l'amour propre ne veut pas payer*—Rochefoucault.

A chess-player always opening his game when he has the attack, on the queen's side, may be generally set down as a stupid fellow, of paucity of ideas, and small inventive resources,—a bad companion,—his temperament nervous, and political creed conservative. Many old bachelors adopt this opening, but by no means exclusively. *Il n'a pas inventé la poudre.*—Old proverb.

If your antagonist on being checkmated, or receiving unawares any decisive blow, takes the liberty of giving the chess-table a somerset, and inflicts a general dispersion on the men; discuss not with such a man politics, religion, or the fair sex, lest you die by the hand of a duellist. *Genus irritabile.*

An artful chess-player, ever and anon tempting you by exposure of pieces to gain his end, perpetually endeavouring to blockade your pieces, and aiming at double checks and checks by discovery, will not be unmindful of the stratagems of chess in the game of life. *Bon avocat, mauvais voisin.*

If your adversary plays well, in the attack, the king's *gambit*; is nothing disconcerted, though skillfully opposed; deep in his plans, decisive in execution, and keeping you from first to last in unbroken turmoil by the dexterity of his manoeuvres, he will usually make his way in the world, or he will be a rich man without a shilling in his pocket. He will be a good military tactician and an acute advocate. He will expose fallacies, detect hypocrisy and fraud, and make himself master of any subject he applies himself to investigate. He will sift deeply and ponder with patience. He might form an ingenious mechanic, and succeed in scientific inventions.

An indecisive character may be detected in a few moves. Indecision and caution must not be confounded: the latter is essential to a fine chess-player as to success in all the undertakings in life, and is an act of the judgment;—the former is an evidence of deficiency in the reasoning powers, and adverse to their free exercise. It arises from want of concentration of our ideas; from a weakness, or (if we may apply to intellectual the same term as to physical faculties), from a relaxed condition of the mental energies. To have any dealings with such men, especially to co-operate with them, is a positive nuisance; and to place our interests in their hands, may be emphatically called, placing them at their disposal! *Deliberat Roma, perit Sargentum.*

Those players who are exceedingly fidgety and fretful under defeat, though often tolerable players, are invariably impatient of contradiction, and positive on all subjects on which they conceive themselves well informed. This class will usually be found amongst elderly persons; and they will sometimes soon-

er refuse to encounter a youthful antagonist whose superiority they have experienced, than subject themselves to the annoyance of yielding to the greater merits of one they are conscious of surpassing in general acquirements. Such men lie sleepless all night after a beating, and rise feverish with a head

A good player husbands well all his resources, never gives up an advantage he can possibly maintain, or thinks the smallest advantage too mean an acquisition. Such men die rich. A player careless in his good fortune, and prodigal of his advantages, will experience reverses in his passage through life, and complain of the decrees of Providence. No chess-player who attempts to succeed through unfair means, or by snappish play, can be a man of integrity. An honourable-minded man will rather lose a trifling advantage than leave an impression on his antagonist that he has been deficient in courtesy and liberality. The object in playing at chess is to win the game, but the end only satisfies the means *under the ordinary honourable limitations*. He who would violate this generally received rule,—founded on the best feelings of virtue and justice, will sell not his birthright only, but his conscience for a mess of pottage: if a monarch, he will rule by torture and terror and venality; if a subject, he will compromise his principles with a bribe, hesitate at nothing in securing a favourite object, and set consistency and moral honesty at defiance. Such a character must Mrs. Trollope's reviewer in the Quarterly have been, who could hymn the praises of a book in which every principle of decency, morality, and religion is thrown to the winds, to get a fling at republican institutions; and we cannot but suspect the communication must have emanated from that gentleman by whom the appearance of our review, before alluded to, was interdicted, unless we illustrated the evils of power being lodged in the middle classes, by an exemplification of the weakness of pawns sustained by the superior combatants. Let the reader mark well the foregoing illustrations, and, adding to them the results of his own experience, we shall leave him in possession of a chess-table answering some of the most valuable purposes of Fortunatus's wishing-cap. "*Has vaticinationes eventus comprobavit.*"

*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE TOWER OF THE PLAGUE. For whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
BY HORACE GUILFORD. Silent still is that strange Tower.

(For the Parterre).

1.

No legend decked its gray, gray wall;  
Nor guilt nor glory's startling dye  
Gave it prerogative to call

The wanderer's foot, the seeker's eye:  
But still with ramparts all a-row,  
The lone bleak Tower stood in the snow.

2.

No grace, no grandeur had its form;  
'T was not majestically tall;

Nor broad as to defy the storm,  
Nor circled with protecting wall;—  
But, whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
Impressive still is that gray Tower!

3.

No smoke-wreath o'er its rampart hangs,  
No voice is in its ancient hall;

Yet 't is not like a ruined house,—  
Or one that's likely soon to fall!

But still, with ramparts all a-row,  
That strange bleak Tower stands in the  
snow.

4.

There's not a stone from its peaked roof,  
Though lichen's coloured gems are  
there;

And that one midmost weathercock,  
Rustling, sleeping, mocks the air.  
And whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
Reverend still is that gray Tower.

5.

The lattice, shaped in diamonds,  
Blazons the transomed windows wide,  
(Like golden braids on solemn robe),  
Framed up the sad Tower's gloomy  
side.

For still, with ramparts all a-row  
The strange old Tower o'er shades the  
snow.

6.

A sun-dial once gilt the wall,  
With flourished legend pictured fair;  
But gilding, now, nor colouring,  
Nor Roman-figured brass is there.

For, whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
Dismal still is that strange Tower.

7.

Centring the roof, the Lovery stands  
Aloft; the dove-cote's dome was there;  
But now, no silvery purple wings  
Flash with wild flutter through the air.

But still with ramparts all a-row,  
The strange gray Tower o'erlooks the  
snow.

8.

The little corner belfry tower  
Still holds its solitary bell,  
But so moss-mantled,—to the wind  
Most times 't will neither swing nor  
swell.

\* \* \* \* \*

9.

"My taper, from each windowed room,  
Hath nightly cast a ruddy glow  
Upon those blackening lattices,  
Whose frames are garlanded with snow.  
But now, if Seasons laugh or lower,  
Wrapt up in gloom is that strange Tower.

10.

"That taper's light, whose long long ray  
Shot down the shadowy avenue,  
The chimney blaze o'erpowered within,  
Gleaming on tapestries red and blue.  
But now, with ramparts all a-row,  
The Tower stands cold and black in  
snow.

11.

"And I remember sire and son,  
And dame and daughter, well,  
Grand-dame and grand-sire holding  
there  
Their family festival.

But now though Seasons laugh and low'r,  
Vacant still is that gray Tower.

12.

"The Plague came there—

\* \* \* \* \*

13.

"The old man's Bible, on its desk  
Of walnut-wood and ebony,  
Lies open at the very page  
Where lingered last his failing eye.  
For still, with ramparts all a-row,  
That Tower o'er shadoweth the snow.

14.

"The dame's embroidery, on its frame,  
With idle dust is mantled o'er,  
Where once, in gaudiest colours, glowed  
Deeds of traditional lore.  
For, whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
Untrodden still is that Plague Tower.

15.

"In yon dim oriel,—wandering winds  
The maiden's ghittorn now salute;  
For since her witching hand grew cold,  
To every other touch 't is mute.  
But still, with ramparts all a-row,  
That Tower of Plague broods o'er the  
snow.

16.

"The young man's hawk-bells hang  
beside  
The scabbard worn in Worcester's field:  
No other voice his falcons hear,  
His sword no other arm shall wield.  
For whether Seasons laugh or lower,  
No foot invades the dread Plague Tower."

AMERICAN SOCIETY.  
SKETCHES FROM "THE SPRINGS."

Congress-hall, Saratoga, July, 1834.

DEAR W.— The tides of fashion, like those of the sea, are constantly in motion: no sooner does one wave recede than another takes its place; and so, at the Springs, as one carriage passes away with its light-hearted occupants, another arrives at the gate; and there stands mine host of the Congress, with his ever-pleasant smile and courteous bow, ready to

"Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest."

The hasty farewell is scarcely spoken, before the "new arrival" engrosses all the attention; and your mineral-water companion of yesterday vanishes from your memory, to make room for some new acquaintance of to-day, who, in his turn, is also doomed to mingle with the misty recollections of the past, and, in a brief period, to be forgotten for ever. Friendships formed here, are fleeting and evanescent. Excitement is the grand object of pursuit; and how can people be so unreasonable as to expect those to *feel* who never have leisure to *think*?

Nearly every house in the village is overflowing, and visitors are still coming. I shall not attempt to give you a particular description of all the individuals I have encountered here; and for ten thousand reasons, three of which, however, will suffice at the present time. In the first place, I have no idea of manufacturing a book of travels during this hot weather. In the second, (mark what an eye I have for business), most of the people here will be subscribers to the *Parterre*, and I cannot take any liberties with them, of course. And "lastly, and to conclude," those who will not become subscribers cannot be supposed worthy of either the time or the trouble. Yet, dear —, if you will take a chair with me in this spacious drawing-room, (you shall have a glimpse of the piazza in my next), I will point out a few characters from among the company there assembled, and tell you all I know about them. This may amuse you till the bell rings for tea. Oh, come along; we will say nothing to wound the feelings of anybody; for scandal, I am aware, is your utter abhorrence, yet it is a very fashionable accomplishment at most watering-places, although, I am happy to say, I have heard little of it here.

You observe that mild, matronly-looking lady, near the window yonder? Is she not a pattern of neatness and propriety? Her story must be an interesting one, and not destitute of a moral. I wish I knew it. I remember her from my boyhood, and shall never forget her looks one fine Sunday morning, as she entered Trinity church, leaning on the arm of poor —. I never saw any thing more beautiful than she, at that moment, appeared to my inexperienced eyes; all my after dreams of female loveliness were associated with her. I could not imagine a being more perfect; but I was very young then, and she was engaged to be married. I saw her again, after I had arrived at man's estate; but oh, how altered! She was still single. J. and she had some misunderstanding, and he had gone to England, and died there, I think they told me. I never heard any further particulars. Still she was much admired for her beauty, and beloved for her goodness of heart: and, as she was immensely rich, must have had opportunities enough of forming what is generally understood, a "convenient alliance," for men, or I am much mistaken, were as worldly-wise formerly as now. I never saw her afterward, until we met the other day at these Springs. There are more old maids in the world than remain so from necessity.

That "no American should wish to trace his ancestry further back than the revolutionary war," is a good sentiment. I admire and will stand by it. Yet, while I disapprove, most heartily, of the conceited airs and flimsy pretensions which certain little people arrogate to themselves on account of their birth-right, I cannot subscribe to one particle of the cant I am in the habit of hearing expressed on these subjects. It is *not* "the same thing," to *me* at least, whether my father was a count or a coal-heaver, a prince or a pickpocket. I would have all my relations, past, present and to come, good and respectable people, and should prefer the blood of the Howards to that of the convicts of Botany-Bay—nor do I believe I am at all singular in these particulars. It is nothing more than a natural feeling. Still I would not think ill of a man on account of any misfortune that may have attended his birth, nor well of a man simply because he happened to be cradled in the lap of affluence and power. The first may be one of nature's noblemen, and the other a poor dog notwithstanding all his splen-

dour ; and that this frequently happens, every day's experience affords us abundant testimony. That the claims of all to distinction should rest upon one's own individual talents, deportment and character, is also sound doctrine, and cannot be disputed ; yet this is no reason why we should not feel an honest and becoming pride in the genius, integrity or gallant bearing of those from whom we sprung. Now, yonder stands a gentleman, who, in my humble judgment, cannot but indulge a secret glow of satisfaction, while contemplating the roots of his family tree. He came from a good stock—the old Dutch settlers of New-Amsterdam—than which no blood that flows in the human veins is either purer, better or braver. His forefathers were eminently conspicuous as christians, soldiers and sages ; they occupied the high-places of honour and authority—were the ornaments of their day and generation, and, notwithstanding the shade of ridicule which a popular writer has cast around and interwoven with their history, their memories will ever be cherished until virtue ceases to be an attribute of the human mind. The public spirit of this gentleman and his liberal views have long been the theme of universal praise ; and, although I do not enjoy the privilege of his personal acquaintance, I know he *must* be a gentleman ; the mild and benignant expression of his face—his unassuming habits—his bland and courteous demeanour, all bespeak it ; and, to use the language of Queen Elizabeth, are unto him “ letters of recommendation throughout the world.”

That gentleman is one of the few Americans who combine a fine literary taste with indefatigable business-habits. Had he devoted his life to letters instead of merchandise, he would have been conspicuous among the most gifted of his countrymen. I heard him deliver an address once, that surprised me for its elegance of style, and literary discrimination. But this is a money-making land ; and Mr. —, (like Halleck, Wetmore, Sprague, and others), has found the counting-house more profitable than the Muses' temple—his account-book more certain than all the books besides—and bank notes the very best notes in the universe.

Young — is famous for his flute, his dog, and the number of his servants. He never travels without half a dozen.

One he dresses in livery, and has him always within calling distance. He plays the German flute with great unction, and with a most determined air, and keeps an enormous dog, of a very peculiar breed, constantly at his heels. He lodges at — hotel, near the top of the house—that apartment having been assigned him on account of his musical propensities—he not wishing to be interrupted in his studies, and the landlord desiring to have the neighbourhood disturbed as little as possible by his eternal noise. He is the horror of the surrounding country, and complaints have frequently been lodged against him for annoying quiet, well-disposed citizens throughout the day, and keeping them awake during most of the night. Wherever he goes he pays double board, as all *fluting* gentlemen undoubtedly ought to do, and he therefore enjoys a kind of privilege to blow away as long and as often as he thinks proper. His man in livery answers his bell, which is everlastingly going. At the first stroke of the hammer away runs John, and away runs the dog close behind him. It is curious to see these two worthies hurrying up-stairs, and the exhibition never fails to create a laugh throughout the building, which, however amusing to the spectators, is a source of the deepest mortification and chagrin to poor John, who is the butt of all his associates in the kitchen on this account. John has long looked upon himself as an injured and most unfortunate man, and once summoned sufficient resolution to remonstrate with his master upon his grievances—telling him, with tears in his eyes, and in a heart-rending manner, that if the dog was not discharged he should be compelled, however reluctantly, and notwithstanding the high wages, to look out for another situation, as it was quite impossible to say, when the bell rung, which was wanted, the dog or himself. It is entirely out of the question to describe the indignation of Monsieur Flute, on hearing this complaint. At first he turned all the colours of the rainbow—then arose from his seat, eyed his rebellious subject from head to foot, and tried to give vent to his passion in a stream of words ; but, finding the effort vain, he promptly kicked him out of the room, and commanded him from his presence for ever ! John, however, is a prudent fellow, and knows the value of a good place and high wages, or, to use his own phrase, “ which side his bread and butter is buttered”—so he

concluded to retain his place, in defiance of the laugh and the kicking, and still remains in his former service, and is still followed by that everlasting dog. Now, young — is a nuisance, and so is his dog, and so are his servants, and so are all *private* servants at public hotels. During meals, they are always in the way. You are liable to mistake them for the regular waiters of the house, and issue your orders accordingly. These they refuse to obey, of course. This is provoking. Then they seize upon all the choice dishes on the table, to convey them to their masters, who sit gormandizing while your plate is empty, and the dinner is getting cold. This is monstrous. Then the man with a servant sometimes gives himself airs towards the men without servants. This is intolerable. I have heard of two duels on account of private servants, and therefore I repeat, they are a nuisance in a moral point of view, and ought to be abated.

There is a knot of politicians—the “great hereafter” and his distinguished colleagues, whom I must not mention, for fear of entering the dreaded arena of party politics—near them are the descendants of Carroll, Clinton, and other renowned men, “Whose names are with their country’s woven;”

and the room is filling with beauties, belles and beaux of all descriptions. The gentleman in a drab coat, is quite a famous fellow here—a member of the temperance societies—temperate in every thing but water, of which he drinks twenty tumblers every morning before breakfast at Congress Spring, and has done so for the last six summers. He is a firm believer in its efficacy—delivers long orations on the subject to any person who will listen to him—pulls every new comer by the button, as soon as he enters the premises, and is known and avoided by the name of the “Water King.” That little girl in black, who snaps her fingers at the slender buck in whiskers, has refused six offers of marriage within the last twelve days. She is certainly a bewitching creature, and often puts me in mind of Clara Fisher in the Country Girl.

Ah, ha! my little Frenchman! that fellow is a character. I will tell you a story about him. I stopped at West Point, not long since, and found the hotel crowded with visitors. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and being almost worn out with the fatigue

of my journey, for I had been the inmate of stage-coaches, railroad-cars and canal-boats, without closing my eyes for the last two days, I repaired, with all convenient haste, to the solitary couch that had been assigned me in the basement story, in the fond hope of passing a few comfortable hours in the “arms of Morpheus;” but one glance at the “blue chamber below,” convinced me of the utter folly of any such expectation. I found it nearly crammed with my fellow-lodgers, who, if I might judge from the melancholy display of hats, boots, socks, and other articles of wearing apparel, scattered over the floor, in most “admired disorder,” had evidently retired with unbecoming eagerness to secure their places to themselves, and thereby guard them against the possibility of intrusion from others, doubtless believing, that in this, as well as similar cases, possession is nine points of the law. As the apartment was very confined, and all the inhabitants wide awake, I thought I might as well spend an hour or two in the open air before going to-bed, and was about to retire for that purpose, when a voice called out—“If you do not wish to lose your berth, you had better turn in.” Observing that nearly all the cots, sofas, settees, chairs, etc., were occupied, and hearing that several of my fellow-passengers were sleeping on the house-top and in the halls, I deemed it prudent to follow the advice just given to me, so at once commenced disrobing, and was soon stowed away in a snug corner, and it was not long before I found myself gradually and imperceptibly sinking under the influence of the gentle god. I began to congratulate myself—to commiserate the unhappy condition of my less fortunate companions, and to bid good-night to all my cares, when that short, thin, merry little Frenchman came dancing into the room, and, after cutting a pigeon-wing or two, humming a passage from a favourite opera, and skipping once or twice around the vacant beds, sat himself upon the foot of the most commodious, with the exclamation—“Ah, ha! I find him—this is him—number ten, magnifique! Now I shall get some little sleep at last.” Again humming part of a tune, he proceeded to prepare himself for bed. After divesting himself of his apparel, and carefully depositing his trinkets and watch under his pillow, he fastened a red Bandana handkerchief around his head, and slid beneath the counterpane, as gay and lively as a

cricket. "It is superb," he once more exclaimed aloud, "I have not had some rest for six dozen days, *certainement*—and now I shall have some little sleeps. But, waiter," bawled he, suddenly recollecting himself. John came at the call. "What is it o'clock, eh?"

"Nearly ten, sir."

"What time de boat arrive?"

"About two."

"When he do come, you shall wake me, some little minute before?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you shall get some of de champagne and oysters all ready for my sup-pare?"

"Very well, sir."

"Remember, Jean, I would not be pass oware for ten thousand dollare."

"You may depend upon me, sir," said John, as he shut the door, and made his exit.

"Ah, *tres bien*, and now for de little sleeps." Uttering which, he threw himself upon the pillow, and in a few seconds was in a delightful dose.

The foregoing manœuvres and conversation had attracted the attention of all, and aroused me completely.

"D—that Frenchman," growled a bluff old fellow next him, as he turned on the other side, and again went to sleep.

Most of the other gentlemen, however, raised their heads for a moment, to see what was going on, and then deposited them as before, in silent resignation. But one individual, with more nerves than fortitude, bounded out of bed, dressed himself in a passion, swore there was no such thing as sleeping there, and went out of the room in a huff. This exploit had an electric effect upon the melancholy spectators, and a general laugh, which awoke all the basement story, was the result. For some minutes afterward the merriment was truly appalling. Jokes, mingled with execrations, were heard in every direction, and the uproar soon became universal. Silence, however, was at length restored; but all symptoms of repose had vanished with the incident that gave them birth. The poor Frenchman, however, whose slumbers had been sadly broken by the nervous man, had turned himself upside down, and had actually gone to sleep once more! He began to breathe hard, and, finally, to snore—and such a snore!—it was enough to have awakened the dead! There was no such thing as standing it. The equanimity of his immediate neighbour—a drowsy fellow,

who, on first lying down, said he was resolved to "sleep in spite of thunder"—was the first to give way. He sprang bolt upright, hastily clapt both hands over his ears, and called out, at the top of his compass, for the Frenchman to discontinue "that diabolical and dreadful noise." Up jumped the red nightcap, rubbing its eyes in mute astonishment. After hearing the heavy charge against it, with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," and making every apology in its power for the unintentional outrage it had committed, down it sunk once more upon the pillow, and glided away into the land of Nod. But new annoyances awaited my poor Frenchman; for scarcely had this event happened, when the door was flung open, and in came a gentleman from Cahawba, with a fierce-looking broad-brimmed hat upon his pericranium, that attracted general attention, and struck awe and consternation to the hearts of all beholders. He straddled himself into the middle of the floor, thrust both hands into his breeches pockets, pressed his lips slowly together, and cast his eyes deliberately around the apartment, with the expression of one who intended to insist upon his rights. "Which is number ten?" he demanded, in a tone which started all the tenants of the basement story. "Ah, I perceive!" continued he, approaching the Frenchman, and laying violent hands upon him. "There's some mistake here. A man in my bed, hey? Well, let us see what he's made of. Look here, stranger, you're in the wrong box! You've tumbled into my bed—so you must shift your quarters." Who shall depict the Frenchman's countenance, as he slowly raised his head, half opened his drooping organs of vision, and took an oblique squint at the gentleman from Cahawba. "You are in the wrong bed," repeated he of the hat—"number ten is my property; yonder is yours, so have the politeness just to hop out." The Frenchman was resigned to his fate, and gathering himself together, transposed his mortal remains to the vacant bed, without the slightest resistance, and in eloquent silence. It was very evident to him, as well as the rest of us, that there was no withstanding the persuasions of his new acquaintance, who had a fist like a mallet, and who swore that he always carried loaded pistols in his pockets, to be ready for any emergency. The inhabitants of the basement would have screamed outright this time, but for prudent considera-

tions, for the gentleman from Cahawba realized the description of the "determined dog," mentioned in the comedy, who "lived next door to a churchyard, killed a man a day, and buried his own dead." Was this, then, a man to be trifled with? Certainly not. Better to cram the sheets down the throat, and run the risk of suffocation from suppressed laughter, than to encounter the displeasure of a person who wears *such* a hat. They are always to be avoided.

But to return to the Frenchman. He was no sooner in his new resting-place, than John came to inform him that his champaign and oysters were ready. Like one in a dream he arose, sat upon the side of the bed, and slowly dressed himself, without a single murmur at his great disappointment. He had hardly finished, when the steamboat bell sounded among the highlands, and he received the gratifying intelligence, that in consequence of the time he had lost in dressing, he had none left to eat his supper—and that, if he did not hurry, he would be too late for the boat! At this, he arose—yawned—stretched his person out at full length, and, with the ejaculation—"I shall get some sleeps nevere"—bid us good-night, and slowly took his leave. M. N.

### THE DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER D'ASSAS.

"Aux armes! Anvergne! l'ennemi!"  
*Dying words of Chevalier D'Assas.*

LOVELY art thou, O Rhine! with thy castle-crowned precipices—and lovely, surpassing lovely, thy vintage-rejoicing slopes.

But iron-fronted war has led his exulting slaves over thy paradise, and the rude tramp of his myriads has crushed thy springing harvests, ever since the first Cæsar pursued thy blue-eyed children into thy reluctant waves, till the last fled in baffled rage across thy rejoicing tide, and thy unfettered sons hailed again their long-lost "Father Rhine."

Exult! for, thy hour of bondage hath passed—from the hated, fickle Gaul thy deliverance shall come—the spear that inflicted the wound, shall prove the sovereign balm—and from the abodes of despotism shall Liberty proceed, with stride of power, till her beneficent smiles gladden the toiling serf of the Ural, and loose the frozen current in the soul of the ice-bound Siberian.

Yet hath it not been always thus; and

thy daughters have oft trembled with affright, as the plumed troop swept by their lordly abodes in gorgeous circumstance of war, and the peasant far a-field has listened to the shrill cry in the distance, and thought it the greedy-fish-hawk that rose laded from thy eddying circles; when it was the shriek of the partner of his bosom, whose home was invaded by a licentious soldiery, while her beloved leans unconscious upon his spade, and eyes with curious speculation the misty column rising in wild grandeur against the dark blue sky. How shall he curse that day, as over the glowing ruins he calls those names he loved! Echo alone shall repeat the sounds, and the distant rushing wind mock him with delusive wailings. The fiend of the war has passed with scathing desolation, and domestic quiet and connubial felicity have vanished like dreams beneath his frown.

On the eve of that revolution which, for a quarter of a century, convulsed Europe, a French army lay encamped about Gueldres, in the province of the same name. They had passed the Meus, and, by a series of successful manœuvres, forced the Austrians to retreat to the Rhine, leaving Flanders entirely defenceless. Accordingly the left wing of the army was detached for the purpose of occupation, and the main body lay entrenched in line, awaiting the movements of the enemy, who had assembled in force upon the Rhine, and it was foreseen would shortly advance to retrieve their reputation, and repossess the invaded province. As yet, however, no demonstration had been made beyond a simple reconnoissance. The French awaited, with impatience, the expected attack. As the campaign wore away, they grew less and less ardent, as the chances of a conflict diminished. No symptoms of a movement were detected among the enemy, though light parties of observation were pushed even to the river side. And finally, when October had half elapsed, and winter quarters were nearly prepared for the reception of the troops, the eager desire of combat had entirely subsided, and the soldiers looked forward with joyful anticipations to the delights and revels of the winter quarters of the old military school.

"Bravo! Pierrot, and you even crossed the river," said the Chevalier D'Assas to a sous-lieutenant, who stood cap in hand before a table loaded with papers and military sketches.



"Nicolai and I found a skiff close under the bank, and in the dark managed to escape the river sentinels. We landed at the lower point, and stumbled upon one fellow lying asleep across his musket. Nicolai would have got rid of him by a short method; but I interposed—'Let the poor devil alone,' said I; 'if he dies hard, he'll raise the videttes, and then the whole outposts will come tumbling in upon us.' So, although it went against the grain, Nicolai left him to snoose, unconscious of the interesting discussion we had been holding over his body."

"And what then?" interrupted D'Assas, smiling internally at the subaltern's vivacity.

"We then followed the river bank until the dark line of an entrenchment appeared distinct in the star-light; and we heard the hail of the sentinels, passing far along in the distance, which led us to believe we had come upon their extreme left; then, with great caution, approaching near the outworks, we put our ears to the ground, to distinguish any sounds that might proceed from the encampment. But nothing could be heard—all was as silent as death; and finally we resolved to return."

"Thank heaven, now is Eloise safe," murmured D'Assas. "They will not fight this campaign."

"You may well say that," continued Pierrot, "for the general himself said the same, after I had reported my return to him. But, sir, I must tell you further about that same sentinel. We fell in with him on our retreat, and Nicolai again argued the point of despatching him; but I determined, if possible, to carry him off alive, so we each seized an arm and leg, and Nicolai swore a Gascon oath at him that sealed his mouth, and before he was well awake, half the Rhine flowed between him and his comrades. These Austrians are a patient set, when they are in a scrape, and see no chance of getting out of it."

"Was the sentinel questioned by the general?"

"Yes, and his story confirms thy supposition of the enemy's inactivity."

"Then am I blessed indeed," said D'Assas, rising and walking around, with a springing step of exultation.

The honest Pierrot looked at his colonel in astonishment.

"Here, my friend, is a louis d'or to reward thy sagacity and humanity, and here another for Nicolai. Nay, bow not so, I am still your debtor."

The flattered sous-lieutenant, with a low obeisance of profound respect, retired from the apartment.

D'Assas sank into his chair, and seemed immersed in melancholy reflections—then he rose, and unlocking an escritoire, drew from it a miniature. It was of a young lady, lovely beyond compare. As he gazed on it, he grew wildly excited—the tears trickled in large drops down his cheeks, and his whole frame seemed moved with convulsive agitation. Then, with a violent effort he controlled the ebullition of feeling—replaced the miniature, turned the key on the precious deposit, seized his hat and hurried out into the open space just as the gun announced the evening parade.

The Chevalier D'Assas was one of those who, in the midst of the degeneracy and corruption of France before the revolution, recalled the memory of her Bayard and Condé. Inflexible in principle, undaunted in resolution, he mingled with the sterner qualities of a hero the most winning affability and gentleness of disposition, that contrasted strongly with the hauteur of the nobles of the old "regime," and secured the enthusiastic attachment of all who knew him. He had, by untiring exertions and the resistless force of merit, opened the road to military preferment, at that time accessible only through court influence, and monopolized by a privileged few, and with eager hopes looked forward to that distinction of which his conscious sense of worth assured him the attainment.

Another cause operated powerfully upon his sensitive mind, and doubly inflamed his ardour in his military career—and this was love. Before the commencement of the war between France and Austria, while on a mission to Munster, he met Eloise Von Steinheim, the daughter of a Westphalian count, at the court of the elector. His stay at the capital was prolonged some weeks, in expectation of private despatches, and his leisure so well improved, that casual admiration deepened into ardent love, and mutual pledges of constancy were interchanged, while, with the father's consent, the winter ensuing was appointed for their nuptials. But a sudden blight threatened these plans of happiness—returning to his hotel, on the evening of the same day that seemed to complete his felicity, D'Assas found a courier, whose disordered apparel indicated the greatest haste,

and who bore orders for him to rejoin his regiment without delay, as war had been declared, and the frontier line of the army had commenced its march on Flanders.

What an annunciation to a lover!—to find himself torn from his beloved by the imperative duties of a military command—exposed to all its hazards and privations—and, more dreadful than all, to be forced to contend in arms against those in whose safety and happiness his heart was bound!

But his principles of honour came to his aid, and, awakening the dormant desire of military fame, restored, in some degree, the balance of his mind. He repaired instantly to the house of the count, explained the cruel necessity of his departure, and after a thousand protestations of eternal attachment, broke from her arms, returned to his hotel, where, after a few hurried arrangements, he mounted his horse, and followed by the courier, passed swiftly form the western gate, in the direction of the Rhine, just as the full moon arose, blood red, in the night dews, and seemed to rest like a lurid mass of fire on the tops of the distant forest.

He met his regiment on the advance, and resumed his command. The French army were successful—at least as success was estimated in that day, before the torrent of the revolution swept away all the trophies of preceding wars, and made crowns and nations the stakes of victory. The Austrians retreated into Westphalia, and concentrated their forces around the capital and upon the further bank of the Rhine, apparently upon the defensive. The object of the French was attained by opening Flanders, and the season was passed away in those unimportant reconnoissances and demonstrations which the fiery energy of the new school has held up to merited ridicule.

“They will not fight, D’Assas, this campaign,” said the general. “It can hardly happen,” replied he; “at least, if at all, they must be speedy—the season will not allow us to keep the field much longer.”

“Your lieutenant’s report confirms me in my opinion. However, colonel, as every mischance should be guarded against, I have resolved to strengthen the outposts opposite the river-line, and will place your regiment in advance of the rest, on the skirts of the forest. Auvergne needs no incitement when danger and honour unite. An army might

sleep securely under its guardian eye.” And he touched his hat in graceful compliment.

“Ah, general,” exclaimed D’Assas, delighted, “you may command my life. I go instantly to arrange the orders of the corps.”

“Yet more,” said the general archly, at parting, “you should be pleased with the change, since it brings you a full mile nearer your enamorata.”

An ingenuous blush of modest sensibility told what was indeed passing in the heart of D’Assas.

“Well, as I thought, a pleasant bivouac to you, my *preux chevalier*, I shall expect an orderly at ten, with the night report.”

Thus was D’Assas placed in the most dangerous post in the army. It was a Thermopylæ, since it commanded the only practicable road to the French lines, and in the event of an attack, would expose its defenders to the whole weight of the enemy’s force. But these were circumstances which to D’Assas, burning with a morbid desire of fame, enhanced the pleasure of the appointment. He saw himself placed in that critical spot, where honour was to be surely won; he felt that the safety of the army depended upon his vigilance; and his heart swelled with pride and joyful emulation as he accepted the trust.

The general touched his hat, and they separated.

His regiment, in an hour, were on their march to the pass before mentioned, and as the evening closed in, arrived upon the ground. Before them lay the forest, and in the obscurity of night presenting the appearance of a black wall, seemingly impervious to human footsteps. On each side shelving ledges of rock rose abruptly at the distance of a hundred paces, and opposed an effectual barrier to hostile attacks, since the precipitous descent precluded the possibility of an assault in flank, and in attempting to turn his position, the enemy must inevitably encounter the main body in his rear.

The colonel inspected the ground with a penetrating eye, perceived at once the points of defence, and having stationed a line of videttes along the skirts of the forest, and a second body half-way between them and the regiment, retired to his quarters, and having ordered the sentinel to apprise him of the slightest interruption, threw himself wearied in body, and sated in mind, upon his simple military cot.

"*Qui vive?*" cried the tent-guard, in a low, distinct tone, bringing forward his musket at the word.

"*La France,*" was the reply.

"The word?"

"*Amitie.*"

"The countersign?"

"*Leonidas.* I would see the commandant."

"Pass on," said the sentinel, recovering his arms.

As they entered the tent, D'Assas started to his feet.

It was Pierrot and a woman muffled in a long cloak.

"We encountered this female on the borders of the forest; on being seized and questioned, she said she was the bearer of important news, and demanded to be conducted to head-quarters."

"This is well, Pierrot," said D'Assas, then looked inquiringly at the closely enveloped form before him.

The disguised lady shook her head, and was silent.

"I comprehend," said D'Assas, "you would be private. Pierrot, I would speak alone with your charge; leave the tent, but remain within call."

The moment the honest lieutenant departed, the female threw aside her mantle, and burst into a flood of tears,

"Ha! Lottchen!"

It was the trusted and faithful attendant of his Eloise—the well known confidant and messenger of his love, whom he had left at his last parting supporting the fainting form of his mistress, when her grief proved too strong for physical endurance, and she sank into the arms of her servant, losing the remembrance of her sufferings in insensibility. D'Assas much agitated, led the new-comer to a seat.

"What means this, my good Lottchen, hath aught befallen Eloise? Are you the bearer of any commands from her? Speak, and save me from this torturing suspense."

The servant of Eloise, after the violence of her grief had somewhat abated, began as follows:

"Ah sir, you can hardly imagine what my poor mistress has had to contend with since this cruel war called you away. Her father, you know, prides himself upon his loyalty to his emperor, and when the Austrians were forced to retreat, he felt the disgrace so deeply, that he spared not even you in his denunciations. Your Eloise timidly ventured to become your advocate, when her father, with a terrific frown, turned the torrent

of his reproaches upon her, till she fainted with the shock. Since that time, his very nature seemed changed; he treated his once-loved daughter with repulsive coldness, and completed her misery, by introducing at the castle Baron Von Oppenheim, as a suitor, ordering her to dismiss you from her thoughts, and in your stead take this brutal, ungainly baron from the border forests."

"How bore she this?" said D'Assas, in a low tone, through his set teeth.

"Poor lady! at first she was like one distracted, but, by degrees, she settled down into a dumb melancholy, which to the baron seemed acquiescence in his suit."

"Cursed idiot!"

"But, sir, the end is yet to come. Under this passive appearance she concealed the resolution of flying from Munster, and upon the eve of the day appointed for the wedding with the baron, we made our escape in disguise, and had nearly reached the Rhine, when we encountered the Austrian posts. The rough soldiers took us for peasant girls, and insulted us with coarse jests, and compelled us to wait the orders of the commanding officer, in the guard-house. By this time, my mistress was totally overpowered with the fatigue of the journey and this new embarrassment, and when the commandant went the rounds, she felt the approach of a violent fever. The officer, commiserating our condition, dismissed us without any close interrogatories, and my mistress had hardly left the outposts, before her sickness overcame her entirely, and she was forced to take refuge at a farm-house about half-way between the armies."

"Good heavens! and what next?" gasped D'Assas.

"She immediately became delirious, calling upon your name in her ravings, and then upon her father's, and for a week I have hardly stirred from her bedside; but, poor lady, her strength has yielded to the disorder, and when she came to her senses, she said feebly, 'I must die, Lottchen, but, before I quit this world, I would see him for whose sake I have undergone this weight of trouble; let me but see him, and I die content.'"

"Oh! that this should be, and I not know it."

"I have come accordingly, to lead you to her—the farm-house is but a mile hence—hasten, or she may be a lifeless corpse before we reach it;" and the tears of Lottchen flowed fast.

The calls of duty and military discipline vanished beneath the overpowering force of love. He hastily muffled himself in his cloak, passed the cordon of sentinels, giving the word and countersign, and plunged, with his guide, into the forest.

In an old ruinous farm-house, midway between the two armies, on a rude and humble bed, lay Eloise Von Steinheim, as pale and corpse-like as though life had indeed deserted her wan and emaciated frame. Still her eyes gleamed with an intense ardour, and seemed to shew the fear that the mission of Lottchen was fruitless, and a last look of him for whom she had endured such pangs would be denied her. A step is heard—the door opens—it is he! She utters a faint cry—raises herself in her bed—and falls back senseless into his supporting arms.

What were the feelings of D'Assas, as he looked upon that shrunken, livid face, and endeavoured to trace in it the lineaments of his beloved! How he writhed inwardly in spirit, and felt his love for her mingled with the gall of bitterness, as he thought of her misfortunes and their author! Was she, who now lay like an inanimate weight upon his arm, the same beautiful one whom he had watched in silent ecstasy threading the mazy dance, like a form of air; and enchanting his seemingly inattentive ear with the sweet music of her voice, rendered more fascinating by the attractions of wit and sense, till his heart was gone far away out of his keeping, ere he dreamed of love? These and a thousand thoughts rushed at once upon his mind.

She moved—opened her eyes—murmured his name—and was again a heavy weight in his arms. She had expired.

He gazed with fixed and glassy eye upon her stiffening form—uttered a few words—cut off a ringlet of auburn hair that hung curling over her snowy forehead—placed it in his bosom—and strode from the apartment into the open fields. The faithful Lottchen flung herself upon the body of her mistress in a paroxysm of grief.

The east began to brighten with the gray of the morning, and D'Assas swiftly measured the intervening space that separated him from his post. Distracted with the overwhelming loss of his loved one, he moved rapidly on over the dewy herbage, unconscious alike to every object around him, and meditating plans

of revenge upon those who had so inhumanly sacrificed her. He came to the forest which masked his station, and, passing through it, already beheld the white tents glimmering in the morning light, when both his arms were seized with an iron gripe. He looked and beheld two Austrian grenadiers—at the same time he saw the woods alive with the enemy, passing quickly and noiselessly among the trees, and preparing to overwhelm the post.

“Silence, or death!”—and they presented their bayonets to his bosom.

D'Assas took his resolution—he cared nought for life—the safety of the French army depended upon his efforts, and drawing in his breath to add to the power of his voice, he cried in a tone of thunder—

“To arms! Auvergne! the enemy!”

He fell, pierced with bayonets. But the French were roused, and before the Austrians could extricate themselves from the wood, and form in the open ground beyond, they poured in from the encampment, and after a sharp and short skirmish, drove back the assailants with great slaughter. The Austrians retreated precipitately from the wood, were pursued by the infuriated French to the river side, and would have been annihilated but for a *corps de reserve* that crossed the river in time to succour their comrades. This was the last action of the campaign.

But D'Assas—he was found by the French advance, lying at the foot of a tree, while his life-blood dyed red the herbage around him. Pierrot, the *sous* lieutenant, first perceived his commanding officer, and running up to him, loosened his vest, to find the wound and attempt to stanch the flow of blood. D'Assas pressed his hand convulsively to his bosom—looked with a sign of recognition at Pierrot, and expired.

On removing his hand and examining the wound, a long lock of hair was found in it, soaked in blood so that the colour could not be distinguished. It seemed as if the bayonets had forced it into his breast, in their deadly passage to his heart.

Thus did D'Assas satisfy the call of love and honour. Of Eloise Von Steinheim and her obdurate father nothing more is known, or whether her remains lie near the lonely farm-house, or in the gorgeous tomb of her fathers in the capital of Westphalia; but in the subsequent flight of the nobles of that country, after the retreat of the army of the prince of

Condé and the emigrés, before the victorious generals Hoche and Dumouriez, he is supposed to have fled to England, and passed in dependent exile, the end of that life, whose prime he had disgraced by the death of his daughter.

Louis XVI. granted a perpetual pension to the eldest male branch of the family of D'Assas, in commemoration of his heroism. But the mighty revolution succeeding with the destruction of the king, involved the ruin of all his courtiers and dependents, and the pension was discontinued. But when Napoleon assumed the reins of government, he, with that magnanimity for which the world at this late hour have just begun to extol him, revived the pension to the heirs of D'Assas, and remitted it punctually through good and evil fortune, till his star was blotted out from among the lights of the earth, and the ruler became a captive. Since then, to the reign of Louis Philip, it has been regularly paid; and it is an honest boast of the enthusiastic Frenchman, that with such a reward, merit knows not age, and waits not for posterity.

With these remarks, I close this hurried sketch, and add, that if we consider the situation of D'Assas, when silence would have purchased life, and death was the certain doom of breaking it, but where honour triumphed over the love of life, and impelled him to self sacrifice—when we consider this, we must confess it to be as strongly marked an example of voluntary heroism, as ancient or modern times can produce. In the mind of the writer, the stand of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, the plunge of Curtius into the yawning gulf, or the constancy of the martyrs in the early ages of christianity, do not surpass the celebrated act of the Chevalier D'Assas. N.Y.M.

### HABITS OF SAILORS.

“SAILORS have a passion for their vessel. They weep with regret on quitting it, and with tenderness on returning to it. They cannot remain with their families. After having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from the arms of a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth it is not rare to find sailors born on board ship; from their infancy to their old age they have never been on shore, and have never seen the land but from the deck of their floating cradle: spectators of the

world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animated for the mariner: an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affections, and have each their history.—‘That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador; the master sailmaker mended it with the piece you see—That anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Isles—That mast was broken by a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope; it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—The cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismounted at the battle of the Chesapeake.’ Then the most interesting news a board—‘The log has just been thrown—the vessel is going ten knots an hour—the sky is clear at noon—an observation has been taken—they are at such a latitude—so many leagues have been made in the right direction—the needle declines, it is at such a degree—the sand of the sand-glass passes badly, it threatens rain—flying-fish have been seen towards the south, the weather will become calm;—the water has changed its colour—pieces of wood have been seen floating by—sea-gulls and wild-ducks have been seen—a little bird has perched upon the yards—it is necessary to stand out to sea, for they are nearing the land, and it is dangerous to approach it during the night. Among the poultry is a favourite sacred cock which has survived all the others; it is famous for having crowed during a battle, as if in a farm yard in the midst of its hens. Under the decks lives a cat of tortoise-coloured skin, bushy tail, long stiff mustaches, firm on its feet, and caring not for the rolling of the vessel: it has twice made the voyage round the world, and saved itself from a wreck on a cask. The cabin boys give to the cock biscuits soaked in wine; and the cat has the privilege of sleeping, when it likes, in the hammock of the first lieutenant.’

“The aged sailor resembles the aged labourer. Their harvests are different, it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the labourer has never left his field, but they both consult the stars, and predict the future in ploughing their furrows; to the one the lark, the redbreast, and nightingale—to the other, the albatross, the curlew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one to his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenements, but where

the hurricane which shakes them, does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

' In the wind tempestuous blowing,

Still no danger they descry ;

The guiltless heart, its boon bestowing,

Soothes them with its lullaby,

Lullaby,' &c. &c.

"The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he may leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage ; perhaps he will be interred on a desert island, which one may never light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the middle of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, an hippogriff or winged courser, it obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse the hand of its rider. The elegance of the masts and cordages, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, —whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favourable breeze,—make this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man. Sometimes the waves break against its sides, and dash up their spray ; sometimes the tranquil water divides without resistance before its prow. The flags, the lights, the sails, complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The main-sails, unfurled in all their breadth, belly out like vast cylinders ; the top-sails, reefed in the midst, resemble the breasts of a mermaid. Animated by impetuous wind, the vessel with its keel, as with the share of the plough, furrows with a mighty noise the fields of the ocean.

"On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towers, nor spires, nor tombs—on this causeway without columns, without mile-stones, which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no lights but the stars—the most delightful of adventures, when one is not in quest of lands and seas unknown, is the meeting of two vessels. The mutual discovery takes place along the horizon by the help of a telescope ; then they make sail towards each other. The crews and the passengers hurry upon the deck. The two ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half up their sails, and lay themselves alongside of each other. All is silence ; the two captains, from the poop, hail each other with speaking trumpets—'The name of the vessel—from what

port—the name of the captain—where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage has lasted, and what are his observations on the longitude and latitude.' These are the questions—'Good voyage.' The sails are unbraild, and belly to the wind. The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word ; these going to seek the sun of Asia, those the sun of Europe, which will equally see them die. Time carries away and separates travellers upon the earth more promptly still than the wind separates those upon the ocean. They also make signs of adieu from afar—good voyage—the common port is Eternity.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

## MISCELLANIES.

### SENTIMENT.

It is very easy to cherish, like Sterne, the sensibilities that lead to no sacrifice, and to no inconvenience. Most of those that are so vain of their fine feelings are persons loving themselves very dearly, and having a violent regard for their fellow-creatures in general, though caring little or nothing for the individuals about them. Of sighs and tears they are profuse, but niggardly of their money and their time.—*Sharp's Essays.*

### EXPORTATION OF WOMEN TO VIRGINIA IN THE YEAR 1620.

"THE enterprising colonists," says Holmes, "being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia Company to send over a freight of young women to become wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded ; and ninety girls, 'young and uncorrupt,' were sent over in the ships that arrived this year, and the year following sixty more, handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanour. The price of a wife, at the first, was *one hundred pounds of tobacco* ; but as the number became scarce the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which, in money, was three shillings per pound. This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedency of all other debts, and be first recoverable." Another writer says, "that it would have done a man's heart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side, when a ship arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and each taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous young wife." C.



P. 83.

### A MIDNIGHT INVITATION. (For the Parterre.)

“Lunnnn is the devil.”—*Old Song.*

DURING my noviciate in the office of Mr. Latitat, in King’s Bench Walk, Temple, I became acquainted with a young man, who was managing clerk to an attorney in the neighbourhood. Our acquaintance commenced at a tavern in Fleet-street, where I was in the habit of taking my quotidian chop or steak, and though he was my senior by several years I contracted a friendship for him which, luckily, I had never cause to regret. I say luckily, because I have now grown older and more cautious, and should certainly not look for chums in a tavern.

Philip Harvey (for such was his name) was a very intelligent fellow, a good scholar, and possessed of considerable learning; but he was, to use the words of Chaucer, “as modest as a young maiden,” and these qualities were never perceived by the superficial observer. One thing, however, which I had always looked upon as a drawback, must be told of my friend: he was,—ah me! how much I dread to tell it—an obdurate bachelor, one whom the celibacy-loving

Anthony Wood might have idolized; and though at the time of our first acquaintance he was in his twenty-sixth year, an age at which most young men begin at least to *talk* of that blissful state, he always heard of matrimony, not with abhorrence but with absolute terror.

Poor Harvey had been left an orphan at a tender age, and he and his brother, who was three years younger than himself, were, after being sent to school by a distant relation, turned out in the world to seek their fortunes; the eldest having been articed to an attorney, while his brother, with some difficulty, procured a situation as clerk in the counting-house of a merchant in Mincing-lane, from whose employment he was, however, soon discharged for dishonesty.

This was a dreadful shock to Philip; and he who had at one time consoled himself with the reflection that he was not left alone in the world, now almost wished that he had no brother. With some difficulty he procured a situation as captain’s clerk for the unfortunate boy, and then steadily applied himself to the duties of his profession. His assiduity and attention obtained for him the esteem and confidence of his employers, and he would have been happy

but for the thought of his brother, who turned out a thorough scoundrel, and caused him a world of uneasiness.

Not to tire the reader with a relation of all the pranks of this graceless fellow, it will be sufficient to say, that he rapidly sunk lower and lower in vice, and became a finished vagabond. No one, says Juvenal, ever became suddenly very base; but the rapidity with which men pass from bad to worse has often been remarked. All at once he disappeared, and his brother's purse, which had been so constantly drained, was no longer exposed to his repeated attacks. Philip knew not what had become of him, but though he would have been relieved by the news of his death, he was uneasy while in ignorance of his fate.

Philip Harvey kept a good library of books at his lodgings, and spent his evenings in study; and although the good people with whom he lodged smiled at his sedate habits, his old-fashioned way as they termed it, they admired his quiet and unobtrusive manner. Those hours which many young men in large cities generally spend in the taverns and theatres, were devoted to the perusal of the best authors in the ancient and modern languages; but his thoughts often wandered from them to his abandoned brother.

But let it not be supposed that Philip Harvey was a sour and taciturn fellow. He loved a joke, and his wit was brilliant: he might have "set the table in a roar," but he was not fond of feasting; he was not unsocial, but he abhorred "company."

One cold winter's night, when the snow was on the ground, our bachelor lay snugly in his warm bed awake and thoughtful. During the day I had joked him on his anti-matrimonial notions, which he parried with his usual dexterity. He was now ruminating on that conversation.

"Ah!" said he, mentally, "'t is a fine dream to be sure, and it has entailed much misery on better and wiser men than myself; but are not these things a warning to those who come after them? Comfort, indeed! it's impossible. No time for study or reflection."

At this moment a hasty step sounded in the street under his window, and the watchman bawled "half-past one!"

"Ah!" said Harvey, "there's some unhappy wight disturbed out of a sound sleep by the cries of his wife, who threatens him with an addition to his

already numerous family—celibacy for ever!"

His soliloquy was cut short by a violent ring at the street door bell, to which, at that hour, as might be supposed, the servant did not pay prompt attention. It was repeated again and again, when a window was thrown up, and the ringer was asked who he wanted.

"I want to see Mr. Harvey immediately," replied the disturber; "pray wake him at once—every minute is of consequence."

"My rascal of a brother!" exclaimed Philip, as he reluctantly turned out of bed, having distinctly heard the conversation below—"What the devil can he want at this hour? Could not he wait till the morning?" And then he began to utter sundry anti-fraternal threats between his teeth, which chattered like a pair of castanets.

At length he descended, and beheld in the hall, which the servant had taken care not to leave after she had acquainted him with the message, a very suspicious looking personage, wrapped up to the chin in an old white great coat.

"Is your name Harvey, sir?" inquired the messenger, keeping his broad brimmed hat on, from under which a pair of large black eyes, luminous as an owl's, gleamed with a most sinister expression.

"Yes," replied our bachelor, yawning; "what, in the name of all that's abominable, do you want with me at this unseasonable hour?"

"Your brother's at the point of death!" said the man in a serious tone; "and he has sent me to beg that you will come and forgive him before he die!"

Poor Harvey was thunderstruck. His brother's wicked courses were forgotten, and he mechanically hurried on his great coat without asking another question. In less than five minutes he was in the street with his sinister looking guide.

The cold was intense, and the pavement was slippery with the frozen snow, but Harvey thought only of his brother, though there blew a piercing wind which made him shiver. His guide walked fast, and was soon in the purlieus of the great theatres, a neighbourhood replete with every abomination to be found in this overgrown metropolis. But the fellow did not stop here, and Harvey was too much agitated to make any inquiries; his mind was occupied only



by the fear that he might arrive too late to receive his brother's last breath, and some token of his repentance.

The streets were almost deserted; but a few drunken wretches, who had been ejected from the taverns with which that execrable neighbourhood abounds, were reeling along, or supporting themselves by the posts, while they heaped their foul abuse on the watchman or the casual passenger. They passed through it all, and Harvey soon found himself in the dingy, squalid, and gloomy region of St. Giles's, the very name of which is synonymous with beggary and crime.

The street in which they now stood was very dark, for gas light was not then adopted; and Harvey began to hesitate, eyed his conductor, slackened his pace, and at length stood still.

"Oh! you need n't be afraid, sir," said the man, divining the reason of his halt, "they are very poor people where your brother is, but they're as honest as the day."

Harvey thought it *might* be otherwise; but he had gone too far to turn back, so he determined to put a bold face upon the matter. "Go on, my friend," said he, and they again proceeded onward. Suddenly his guide entered a dark alley, and our bachelor, shuddering, heard him give a low whistle.

A door was opened by an old hag, grimy and ugly, and Harvey and his guide entered. The house was a large one, and perhaps had been tenanted by some person of fortune in earlier days, when the neighbourhood had not become *celebrated*. It appeared to be occupied by several families, but the kitchen into which they now descended was filled with a strange company. The worst fears shook the frame of the unwelcome visitant, who would have retreated, but his guide took him rudely by the shoulders, and thrust him into the room. Then the truth flashed upon the mind of our bachelor, and he wished himself in any place except that in which he now stood.

Round a great table, upon which, stuck up in their own grease, flared three or four large candles, sat about two dozen male and female wretches, of the most forbidding aspect, singing, talking, swearing, quarrelling, playing at cards, smoking, eating, and drinking. As an accompaniment to these sounds, a Scotch bagpiper was squeezing out his diabolical music; above which sounded the screaming of a cracked flute. The fume of bread and cheese and onions,

and tobacco smoke, was overpowering, and an old woman at a large fire was frying some apocryphal compound resembling forced-meat balls, which added to the horrible din.

As soon as these worthies espied Harvey, the bagpipe and the flute were hushed, and a loud laugh of derision greeted the poor fellow, who was horribly alarmed.

"Well, I'm blowed if we hav'n't done the lawyer's clerk," cried a rascal with a wooden leg,—"shove him this way, Tim, and let's look at his leg."

Whereupon an athletic Irishman, with a short pipe in his mouth, advanced and made their victim approach the table—"It's a nice *gintale* young man ye are," said he, giving him a slap on the back which shook his hat from his head, upon which a greasy tattered woman's bonnet was immediately placed by another of the company. This caused another yell of laughter, in which Harvey did *not* join.

"Gentlemen," said he, (and here he could not help smiling), "what have I done to be treated in this manner? Is there one of ye whom I have ever offended? If you want money, you shall have all I have got about me," and he accordingly emptied his pockets on the table.

Sundry pairs of dirty hands were stretched out to grasp the coin, when the fellow with the wooden leg seized a large knife.

"Let the blunt alone!" cried he, fiercely: "I'll spoil the first mawly that's laid upon it—You, Tim Donovan, sit down—Here, young man, take a sip:" and he proffered a quart pot to Harvey, to whom, however, the *smell* was enough.

"What! won't you drink with us?" said the ruffian, perceiving his grimace at the abominable compound of gin and beer.

"I am not thirsty," was the reply.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the gang, "peel him, peel him!" and they accordingly began to strip the poor fellow of his clothes.

Harvey still held the quart pot, and finding his case desperate in the hands of such wretches, he was about to commence an assault and battery upon the sinister features around him, when one of the gang, a fellow who swept the crossing at the Temple-gate in Fleet-street, and to whom Harvey had often given a penny, whispered in his ear—

"Give way to 'em, master," said he;

"and let 'em have your toggery, or they'll cut your throat as sure as Newgate."

"You be d—d," said a she-devil, who overheard this advice; "get out of the way, Bill Ivans—there's no call to hurt the lad, but I vant a good vipe."

And she thrust her hand into our bachelor's pocket, and extracted his handkerchief in a trice.

"I'll have his upper benjamin," cried the fellow with the wooden leg; and in a few minutes Harvey was deprived of every thing except his pantaloons, stockings, and boots.

They would have had the pantaloons, after taking his boots and stockings, but they were much the worse for wear.

"The *kickseys* are too seedy!" roared a one-eyed rogue, as he felt the napless inexpressibles—"I vont have 'em!"

Just at that moment the old woman, who acted as portress, popped her head in at the door, and called out in a shrill voice—"The traps! the traps!"

The effect was magical. The lights were instantly extinguished, and the whole group were in dismay: a dirty ragged great coat was thrown over the shoulders of our bachelor by the street-sweeper, who took the opportunity of hurrying him out of the place.

As they reached the street the sweeper said, "This wouldn't have happened, if it hadn't been for *your brother*, sir."

He disappeared in a twinkling, and Harvey fled from the spot with the speed of the wind. As he passed through several dark courts and alleys, the cause of the confusion was explained; the Bow-street officers were in search of a denounced burglar, and the whole neighbourhood was in commotion.

"The *beuks* have offered a reward of a hundred pounds," said an old woman at a window, to her neighbour opposite, who replied—

"Ay, ay, he'll be scragged for it, I dare say."

"The devil *scrag* the whole neighbourhood, if scragging means hanging or burning," exclaimed Harvey between his chattering teeth.

He reached home half dead with fatigue and terror, and succeeded, with some difficulty, in establishing his identity. When I heard his story I could not refrain from laughing heartily, in which the good-natured fellow joined. He would, no doubt, have consulted the magistrates on the subject of his St.

Giles's friends, but the words of the street-sweeper restrained him—he could not criminate *his brother*.

Poor Harvey is now under the broiling sun of India, beyond the reach of his unnatural relative, who has probably by this time visited the colonies.

E. F.

## A POET'S MUSINGS.

(For the Parterre).

"Look within

This dark enchanted mirror, thou shalt see  
What the green laurel hides."

My heart has poured its treasures forth  
Too wild and free;  
The broken urn is all that now  
Is left to me;  
And wither'd leaves, and ashes dark  
As my despair,  
Are all that shew there *has* been light  
And perfume there.  
My soul's bright hopes! how glorious  
*once*

Did ye not seem?

Alas! how fearful 'tis to *wake*  
From such a dream:  
The bitterness of death is there—  
Oh, idol fame!  
Thy martyrs perish in the hope  
To win a name.  
Renowned in future ages, far  
Above their lot—  
They mingle with the unnumber'd dead,  
And are—*forgot!*  
Or, if some wild and thrilling lay  
Survives their fate,  
Men wonder who has framed a song  
So passionate,  
And offer (what he sought in vain)  
A POET'S FAME,  
But where is he?—*unknown* he *died*,  
Without a name!—  
They have no record of his fate:  
Perchance he bore  
Scorn—hunger—madness: all is past—  
He is NO MORE!

And I, what have I won, for all  
The sacrifice  
Of feelings, pure as the first spring  
In Paradise?  
A shadowy name, untimely traced  
In Passion's page—  
A heart grown old in youth, and cold  
As frozen age:  
Oh wild, ambitious heart! thy hopes  
Have perished long,  
What hast thou more to dedicate  
To fame or song?

E. S. CRAVEN.

THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.  
A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

My regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent, from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly-incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest: in fact, for a long time we were sedulously *cut* by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighbourhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to *shew their teeth* at least, if they dared not *bite*.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, *assist* at a *soirée* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at a mansion within a mile or two of the town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our *cloth*—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather *staggering* youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *élite* of his Bavarian Majesty's — regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblée*, we pursued our route, and reaching the château, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had time to announce us, into the principal *salon*, which to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-dressed and well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversazioni* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage; and many eyes were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit.

We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand, to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure: it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and their male friends; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humoured terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for I found she was so called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling, sunny aspect of Dorothea. It was indeed difficult to imagine that anything could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite; but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him, and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighbourhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of fellow, if you continue to *flirt* with his betrothed." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious, agitated manner bore rather the semblance

of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it, under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning however toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course I lost no time in profiting by this alteration; and having summoned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now near home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*," (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke), "are obnoxious to many around us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters: do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervour. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the château, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence, but Dorothea having knocked at a window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and slouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me, "*disguise* may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and your cap."

"What dread you then?" I inquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people: we are not at war with each other, and even

the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issue of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she, smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, "You are obeyed; but ere I go, dear Dorothea, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking *Rusen*?"

"Yes—no!" replied she, and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For awhile my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure, apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forwards with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice *behind* me murmured softly, "*Is it time?*" Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied, "Time to be snug in bed, friend;" on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance, coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognized, in the voice I had just heard, that of *Rusen*. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *détour*, might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins,

and I resolved, on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, "Is it time?" The voice was certainly Rusen's, and his interlocutor answered with the word, "Salurn!"

"Has he passed you?" inquired Rusen.

"No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved," rejoined the watchful sentinel, "much less an accursed Bavarian."

"Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better."

"The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Dorothea, who however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with Dorothea. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little

further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall-door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen. "To-morrow night, then!" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, "to-morrow night, in the *Salurn Castle!*"

"Agreed!—but stay—hear me!" and I recognized the tones of Dorothea.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over-head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favourable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation. From this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—"Tis time!"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Salurn Castle; but these words were vague cir-

cumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent, and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I recognized Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could hear, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. "Hear me," at length exclaimed Rusen in a rough and angered voice, "and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, not a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquillity is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that *to-morrow* you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, *here*, will I be trifled with."

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea

answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. "She has consented," exclaimed the other female; "up then, if you be a man!"

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tiger-like feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, "*Is it not time?*"

"Yes!" I rejoined, "*it is time!*" and as the gleam of the lantern shewed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. "In the name of the king," I pursued, "I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never!" shouted he.

"Then down with you!" and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having reco-

vered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking: "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I. "You, at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosened the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!"

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you have said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and ——" she paused a moment, and then resumed—"In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"You, captain!"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that is my fear," she replied lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without

looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honour of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from which the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding-stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—*completely blank!*

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below: but it was too late!—the SIGNAL was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and

cannon which echoed from valley to valley!

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the outstretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—"It is time!"—On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet, I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

#### MY FIRST DUEL.

"THIS is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "*it is* an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have every thing ready, and to call me betimes; will you, Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—their——"

"Their exit I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow; nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present——"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

"Oh Lord!" said I, "is that the mouse your mountain laboured with? My property! God forgive you, Frank! Well, as Tom Moore says—

'I give thee all; I can no more;' I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don't pay interest; but seriously, I'll think of what you say; and now, good night; and for heaven's sake be punctual in the morning!"

"Never fear that. Good night," said Frank; "and do you hear, Ephraim? You may take a pint of Madeira, if you have an inclination to it, to-night; but not a drop of port, sherry, or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist."

"Very well," said I, "I promise you to be observant of your orders;" and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, when I found myself alone, "this is a delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I do n't care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there is no more to be said on that head. By-the-by, Frank hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my movables. *Allons donc*, let me see. First, there is my linen and my clothes; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning; the chances are, she'll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank, deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end; Tell her I fell by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine; but tell her not I fell at a task



my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from!—tell her not I fell as a duelist—Down, down my heart! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between — and — and —, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel's and Bachaumont's and La Chapelle's and Langle's Journeys, and my Bigarrures; reserve them, with my Meerscham, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindnesses. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to *her*! Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her —”

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

“Is it time then already?” said I.

“Yes,” said he. “I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose.”

“The hours have flown with strange rapidity,” I said; “but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will; doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes; here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task.”

“God forbid,” said Frank, taking my hand, “that I should; but God forbid there should be occasion for my offices.”

“I also hope, my dear friend,” I replied, “that there may be no such necessity; but I have a presentiment (and my presentiments have seldom boded me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last.”

“Don't say that, Ephraim,” said Frank, “if I thought that—but, good God! how can I get you out of it?”

“Out of it!” I exclaimed, you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction; but if I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am ready;” and taking him by the arm, I drew him from

the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us; he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustachios, and having altogether very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries; their conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to despatch me.

At last he addressed them. “Gentlemen,” he said, “I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged. First, then,” he said speaking to Frank, “do you choose fifteen or twenty paces?”

Frank unhesitatingly named the latter, out of regard to my safety.

“Bon,” said the fellow, as he made a scratch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs; in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as mincingly as a lady in pattens.

“And now,” when he had finished that part of the business, “and now,” said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, “whose weapons are we to use? Your's? They are only a common holster pair; mine are rifle-barrelled and hair-triggerred, and in every way superior to those machines; what say you to using mine? they'll make shorter work of the business.”

“No doubt,” thought I.

“What say you, Ephraim?” said Frank.

“O, by all means; what is good for the goose is good for the gander,” I answered, with an attempt at a smile; Frank therefore assented.

“Bon,” said the fellow again; “and now for the first fire; has anybody a piece of money about them? Oh, here, I have one;” and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favour.

Frank then came up to me, and, seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me, in a tone of agitation, “Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good

cheer; that hulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer; let me place you; you are but a lath, give him your side; you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side, but let me govern you here; you are but a lath, give him your side, and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you!" And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it, I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and steady it; I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of a master; it was but the fair half-second, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice stealing along the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you faint, Ephraim?"

"Not at all," I said; "but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt?" inquired my adversary, with a half-stifled sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I; and he bowed.

"Can you give him his charge?" inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered; "let me have the pistol." He handed it to me; I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it; my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be; it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary, and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistopholic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage. "Hell and the devil!" I exclaimed, "is there no having a slap at the long-legged rascal?"

"I fear not," said Frank; "but," he added with affectionate warmth, "stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied: "let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was

more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The first fire won at his own call on the toss of a florin from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same intention on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim, and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out: "It shall not go thus!" And as I neared him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "upon such a murderous villain as this!" But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withhold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking me violently. I looked up; it was Frank. "Up, up, man," he cried.

"Up," I said, "for what?"

"For what," he replied, "to save my character and your own, if you have care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter to six, and at six we must be on the ground."

"What, have not I been shot, then?" I said.

"Shot!" he exclaimed, "who the devil has been here to shoot you? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true; I had drawn my table to my bed-side to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

"Then I suppose I must be shot again?"

"There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, "for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

"Indeed," said I, as coolly as I could;

but inwardly thanking God heartily for my deliverance from jeopardy.

"Yes," continued Frank, "so it is; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

"With all my heart," said I; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult he had offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second:—

"Captain M.," he said, "you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and an honorable man?"

"Most certainly," said the Captain: and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant; after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended "the first duel" of a half-bearded boy.

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

*New Monthly Mag.*

### NASH, KING OF BATH.

(For the Parterre).

OF the many instances of humanity recorded of this celebrated individual, the *Spectator* takes notice of one, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his account to the Master of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, "For making one man happy, 10*l*." Being questioned about the meaning of this strange *item*, he frankly declared, that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife, and a large family of children, that 10*l*. would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Master, struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired the sum might be doubled, as a proof of his satisfaction.

The above circumstance probably took its rise from the following story—A gentleman told Mr. Nash one day that he had just come from seeing the most

pitiful sight his eyes ever beheld; a poor man and his wife, surrounded with seven helpless infants, almost all perishing for want of food, raiment, and lodging, and their apartment was as dreary as the street itself, from the weather beating in upon them from all quarters; that, upon inquiry, he found the parents were honest and sober, and wished to be industrious, if they had employment, and that he had calculated the expense of making the whole family comfortable and happy.

"How much money," exclaimed Nash, "would relieve and make them happy?"

"About ten guineas," replied the friend, "would be sufficient for that purpose."

Nash instantly went to his bureau, and gave him the cash, at the same time pressing him to make all possible haste, for fear of the sudden dissolution of the miserable family.

"I need not go far," said the friend, smiling and putting the money into his pocket: "you know you have owed me this money a long while, and that I have dunned you for it, for years, to no manner of purpose: excuse me, therefore, for having thus imposed on your *feelings*, not being able to move your justice, for there are no such objects as I have described, to my knowledge: the story is a fiction from beginning to end, you are a dupe, not of *justice*, but of your humanity."

W. G.

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

"FAINT heart," says the adage, "never won fair ladye." I know not who it was that gave birth to this "wise saw"—whether it is to be found in Homer, as some say all things may, (it is a long time since we read Homer)—or whether some gallant son of Mars introduced it to the world by way of forwarding the views of himself and comrades. But this I know, that whoever the person may be, he has much to answer for: much to answer for to the ladies for subjecting them to the affectations and impertinences of our sex—much to answer for to us, for encouraging the belief that such a behaviour is pleasing to the fair.

Perhaps it may be urged that a misapprehension and misapplication of the adage have caused the grievance I complain of. It may be so: but it is not enough that a law is made with a view to encourage merit; it should be so framed as to defy a perversion to the purposes of evil. In the blessed days of

chivalry, no doubt, the bravest knights were—as they deserved to be—the most successful pleaders in the bower of beauty. But let it be remembered that, in those days, the gallants were bold as lions in battle, but in a lady's boudoir, (if such an anachronism may be allowed,) meek as so many lambs. Now, I much fear, the high bearing of our gallants is chiefly displayed in the chambers of their mistresses, while craven hearts are found to tremble in the tent. Alas, for the days of chivalry! In a word—though I speak it with the most perfect good humour, and without a particle of jealousy—I consider the young men of the present day a saucy, empty, assuming, ill-bred set of fellows, and altogether unworthy the favours of the belles of the nineteenth century.

I am not a nineteenth-century man myself, and I thank the gods (particularly the god of love) for that consolation in the midst of all my sorrows. Forty years ago things were very different: the young folks of that age were men of another calibre, men who paid some regard to *decency*, and were not ashamed to wear the blush of modesty upon all proper occasions. I was a lover then; and I confess, (though at the risk of getting laughed at for my pains,) felt as much alarm at the idea of "popping the red-hot question," as facing a fifteen-pounder. An offer of marriage at that time of day was matter of deliberation for weeks, months—nay, frequently for years: not as now, an affair of three interviews—a ball, a morning call, and an evening at the opera. No, no: Gretna Green was a *terra incognita* in those days; and except in plays and romances, no man ever dreamt of stealing a heiress *burglariously*, (for I can find no softer term for it,) or running away with a beauty, and asking her consent afterwards.

The manner of popping the question, certainly, must always vary considerably with the varying dispositions and habits of men. The young lawyer, for instance, would put it in a precise, parchment sort of way,—I, A. B., do hereby ask and solicit, &c.—while the poet, no doubt would whip in a scrap of Ovid, and make it up into a sonnet, or moonlight impromptu. I remember the opinion of a young beau of Gray's Inn, (macaronies we used to call them in those days) who, on its being suggested that the best way of putting the query was by writing, replied, "No, that would never do; for then the lady would have it to shew against you."

But to my tale. About twenty years ago, (I was not then so bald as I am now,) I was spending the Midsummer with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's wit and mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humour, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes. She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance—Narcissa, in Roderick Random, for instance—or Sophia, in Tom Jones—or Fanny, in Joseph Andrews—not the modern, lackadaisical damsels of Colburn and Bentley. If she had met the eye of Marc Antony, Cleopatra might have exerted her blandishments in vain: if Paris had but seen Mary Rose Merton, Troy might have been standing to this day. Such was the presiding divinity of the house where I was visiting. My heart was susceptible, and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection I believed would not fail to secure a return. One cannot explain the secret, but those who have felt the influence, will know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection sneak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and, having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and to bear the result, pro or con, with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner-table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my especial amusement.

At length the favourable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was churchwarden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became im-

perative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services, and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "Pop the Question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes, when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in a bower of jasmine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *tete-a-tete* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful, pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favoured lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine *never* come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and recollecting the gossip's tale, I fondly believed it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremor. "Yes," I cried, "I *will* pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" and I shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the breakfast-parlour just as the servant maid had begun to dust the chairs and tables.

Poor servant maid! I exclaimed to myself—for I felt very Sterne-ish—was it ever thy lot to have the question popped in thy unsophisticated ear? Mayhap, even now, as thou dustest the mahogany chairs, and rubbest down the legs of the rosewood tables, pangs of unrequited affection agitate thy tender bosom, or doubts of a lover's faith are preying upon thy maiden heart! I can fancy thee, fair domestic, standing in that neat dress thou wearest now—a gown of dark blue with a little white sprig, apron of criss-cross, (housemaids were not above checked aprons in those days), and black cotton stockings—that identical *duster*, perhaps, waving in thy ruby hand—I can fancy thee, thus standing, sweet help, with thy lover at thy feet—he all hope and protestation, thou all fear and hesi-

tation—his face glowing with affection, thine suffused with blushes—his eyes beaming with smiles, thine gushing with tears—love-tears, that fall, drop—drop—slowly at first, like the first drops of a thunder storm, increasing in their flow, even as that storm increaseth, till finding it no longer possible to disseminate thy weeping, thou raisest the duster to thy cheeks, and smearest them with its pulverized impurities. But Love knows best how to bring about his desires: that little incident, simple—nay, silly as it may seem, has more quickly matured the project than hours of sentiment could have done; for the begrimed countenance of the maiden sets both the lovers a laughing—*she* is anxious to run away, to wash "the filthy witness" from her face—*he* will not suffer her to depart without a promise, a word of hope—*she* falters forth the soft syllables of consent—and the terrible task of "popping the question" is over.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress; how I salted Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar basin, and took a bite at the teapot lid. "Pop the question" haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop! every thing seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Merton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to *pop* on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally: vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me, and when Mary observed that I was "very nervous this morning," I felt as if I could have throttled the lad; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. "Look," cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, "what a beautiful child!"

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, "POP." I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I am very fond of children: but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door; and if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered me—"My dear Mr. —, won't you take off your hat?" This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the congregation.

The sermon at length commenced; and the quietness that ensued, broken only by the perambulations of the beadle and sub-schoolmaster, and the collision ever and anon of their official wands with the heads of refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or of twirling their thumbs, gave me an opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy prelate had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment, too, a thought struck me, as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to matrimony, marked the passage, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" with two emphatic dashes, and pointing significantly and confidently to myself handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O how my heart beat in my bosom at that instant—so loud, that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitations; and looked at them to see if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil, which

I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage. O ye gods and demigods! what were my sensations at that moment! not Jove himself, when he went swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto, when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine, could have experienced a greater turmoil of passions than I that moment. I felt the score—felt it, as if it had been made across my very heart: and I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and, opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes, (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be), I read—O Mary Rose! O Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it!—"A woman may not marry her grandfather."

*Metropolitan Magazine.*

## MISCELLANIES.

### MORAL FORTITUDE DEPENDENT ON HABIT.

WHEN life is in danger either in a storm or a battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or the pilot, and even by the private soldier actively engaged, or the common sailor laboriously occupied, than by those who are exposed to the peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is, not that the one class believe the danger to be less. They are likely in many instances to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear.—Mental fortitude depends entirely upon this habit. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a fall. The bold and skilful thinks only about the best means of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the by-stander, he still owes it to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength that the faculties, instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend upon difference of opinion about the reality or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders it more or less accessible to fear.

*Sir James Mackintosh.*



P. 99.

### A PAGE FROM A BLUE JACKET'S LOG BOOK.

(For the Parterre.)

— It may be of his wish to roam  
Repented he; but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
One word of wail.—*Byron.*

THE *Elliotts of Swingdale*, till towards the beginning of the last century, had been for time immemorial, a family of no mean note amongst the border aristocracy of Scotland. But from this period, owing to the improvidence of two or three successive proprietors, it became gradually reduced; and the last of the lairds, still more profuse and hospitable than his predecessors, with greatly diminished means, was, after a fruitless struggle, compelled to part with the last rood of his paternal lands, and seek refuge with his faithful, uncomplaining partner and their boys, in a small mountain dwelling, provided for them by the humanity of his relations.

Mr. Elliott, as he was designated from courtesy, passed his time in alternate grumbings at his fallen fortunes, which he imputed to every cause except the true one—his own improvidence, and

in instilling into the minds of his boys high ideas of the antiquity of their race. The armorial shield of the *Elliotts*, cut from the panel of his old-fashioned chair before it was sold, did not certainly serve, like the clay of *Cæsar*, "to stop a hole to keep the wind away;" but it occupied a conspicuous station on the bare wall of the cottage, which sheltered the last laird of the once proud race. To this monument of the rank of his family, he would often point with pride, when recounting to his sons the "tales of other days," and the part taken by their ancestors in the border feuds; and in such reminiscences the old man contrived to soften the mortification of his fallen condition.

Not such were the instructions of Mrs. Elliott; she performed towards them a far better part, by impressing on their ductile minds the necessity for self-exertion as the only sure path to honour and happiness.

But she did more: she relinquished, though not without a severe struggle, her two eldest boys, when they had scarcely attained the age of adolescence, to the care of a relative, a man of wealth and importance in the East, who kindly promised to forward their for-

tunes—and solemnly was that promise fulfilled.

For three years subsequent to their arrival at Madras, this affectionate mother was annually cheered by news of their welfare under their own hands, and by accounts of their well doing in letters from her relative, who seemed to have contracted for the youths a regard truly paternal.

As the fourth season approached a letter arrived from their protector; but it contained not the usual enclosure from her sons. For this disappointment she was, however, more than consoled, by learning that the eldest had been appointed master of one of his cousin's country ships, in which his brother sailed as clerk, and that, having considerable venture of their own on board, they would most probably realize a considerable profit.

Time wore away; the dreary season of winter came and disappeared, and May, with its sunshine and its flowers, again gladdened the face of nature, when the aged pastor of Bedrule, rode up one morning to the door of Mr. Elliott's humble dwelling. His presence, which had hitherto always diffused a gleam of gladness over the desolate heart of its mistress, now failed of its usual effect, and she felt as if it would prove the forerunner of more heavy misfortune. After the usual greetings, the divine led to the subject of the trials and crosses of life, and the instability of all sublunary blessings; when Mrs. Elliott, unable longer to repress her terrors, clasped her hands together, exclaiming, "You have heard bad news from India!"

It was but too true. The Nabob, after a prosperous voyage, sunk when almost in sight of Madras Roads, and every soul on board perished!

The sorrow of the bereaved mother was silent, but deep; and she clung with increased affection to her only remaining treasure, her last-born son.

This boy went daily to a school, about two miles distant from the cottage; and being too young at the time to retain any distant recollection of the more prosperous fortunes of his family, was joyous and gay as youth, health, and innocence, could render him. With the master he had the reputation of being an apt scholar, but somewhat inclined to neglect his book; whilst his schoolfellows regarded him as a kind of leader, wherever fun, frolic, or rare mischief was going forward. It was one of young Andrew Elliott's duties to go every Saturday to the neighbouring market-town, and bring

back the few luxuries which habit had rendered necessary to his father's comfort. On an inclement December morning, Andrew received the half-crown, which, as usual, had been saved at the expense of many privations to his mother, from the small sum settled on his parents by a few opulent relations, and had reached the threshold of the cottage, when he was stopped by Mrs. Elliott, who declared it would be madness to proceed.

The fall of snow had been incessant throughout the night, and lay many feet deep on the moor-land tract he had to traverse; but the adventurous youth, nothing daunted, kissed her affectionately, saying, "Never fear, mother," and bounded off, whistling a merry tune, ere she had time to utter another word.

Anxiously she gazed after her sole earthly treasure, till recalled by the querulous voice of her husband, who was incommoded by the inrush of cold air from the open door.

"John Elliott," said the meek wife, roused to resentment at his selfishness by fears for his son, "you have periled the life of Andrew for the gratification of a pampered appetite; and should aught that is evil befall him, miserable will be your latter end! Unfeeling man! surely the brown bread, which nourishes your wife and boy, might have sufficed you one day at least;" and covering her agonized features with her apron, she burst into tears.

It was the first reproachful word that had ever passed her lips, and it sounded in the ears of the astonished husband as prophetic of evil. Gladly, had it been possible, would he have recalled the boy; for, if he loved any thing on earth beyond his own ease, it was little Andrew; and the hours of this weary day were passed in torturing anxiety by the mother, and in fitful gloom and unkind fretfulness by the laird. In the meanwhile, Andrew, struggling with the bitter blast, at length reached the house of a lady nearly related to his father, half frozen with cold, and covered with snow. Here he received the utmost attention and kindness, and after dinner went out, as she thought, to purchase the few articles he wanted.

"Dinna idle away y'ere time, Andrew," said the old domestic of his relative, "or ye'll na see home this night."

"That's true, Janet," replied the boy, as he passed through the door he was never again fated to enter.

The idea of pushing his fortune abroad



had first occurred to Andrew, on the suggestion of apprenticing him to a wealthy tobacconist at Glasgow. He had often felt the Saturday marketing galling to his feelings; but it was for his father's comfort, or rather, to save a beloved mother from his repinings. But to become the drudge of a low trader! the proud spirit of his ancient race revolted at the anticipated degradation. "Rather, far rather, will I be a soldier," soliloquized the youth, as he buffeted the wintry blast on the Dunion-side. "Ah, no! not a soldier, but a sailor." At this moment the sound of cart-wheels, dragging heavily along the deep road, attracted his notice, and he halted till the vehicle came in sight.

It was the minister's man of Bedrule, going to Ital for coals; the temptation was too powerful to be resisted. "As I am resolved to embrace a seafaring life, this day is as good as another," cogitated Andrew. "But, my mother—well, never could I take leave of my poor mother."

This last idea was conclusive. Symie agreed to take him to Ital for a shilling; and, on leaving the house of his relative, the runaway found the man ready to start from the toll-house, where he had stopped to bait his horses. Many were the misgivings of the wanderer, as mile after mile intervened between him and the cottage of his parents, and sad became his heart as the image of his deserted mother rose to his mental vision.

But who can paint the anxiety of the bereaved mother through this wearisome day, or the agony she suffered during the lagging hours of the long dark night which succeeded? The image of her boy perishing with cold on the black Dunion's-side, or entombed beneath the deep wreaths of snow accumulated in the hollows of the road, was ever present to her imagination. Ere day-dawn she rose and made her way to the house of a neighbour, whom she entreated to accompany her to the town in search of her son. The track was nearly impassable by an additional fall of snow in the night; but the tears of the distracted parent prevailed, and they set out on one of Mr. Dickson's stoutest horses, slowly picking their way along the road.

On alighting at the house of the lady already mentioned, suspense was at an end. The runaway had intrusted a line to one of the Berwick carriers whom they met at a hedge ale-house, and

which, though it allayed the terrors of Mrs. Elliott for the life of her son, overwhelmed her with affliction for the step he had taken.

She returned heart-stricken to her now solitary cottage, dreading to encounter alone the expected repinings of her husband; but John Elliott expressed an exultation at the spirit of his son, that sounded still more discordant in the ears of the surviving mother than would have done the most unseasonable complainings.

On reaching Berwick, the half-crown was nearly exhausted, and Andrew Elliott, perhaps, in the interior of his bosom, repented of the precipitancy of his flight. But he wandered to the shore; and gazing on the bay, the most extensive sheet of water that had yet met his eye, he forgot his destitute plight, and stood transfixed with delight, unheeding the approach of footsteps, till a rough hand was placed on his shoulder, and a man in a sailor's jacket exclaimed—

"Hast got out of soundings, youngster? Would'st like to be a sailor?"

"That I would, above all things," answered the wanderer; and he looked wistfully towards the *smacks* in the offing.

"Jerry Ward's your man, then, my lad, if you're neither a runaway 'prentice nor a deserter."

The frankness of the skipper opened the heart of Andrew, and in a few minutes he was master of his history. The old seaman pondered a little; it was a moment of intense anxiety to the young adventurer.

The ponderings of Jerry ended, however, favourably to his wishes.

"Thou can'st not do better, boy; the sea will make a man of thee;" and bawling, "Boat, a-hoy!" the skipper and his protégé in a few minutes stood on the deck of the *Tweed*.

For the next two years the runaway accompanied the skipper in various trips to and from London, and once as far as the Baltic; first, as cabin-boy, and afterwards in various capacities as occasion required.

His scholarship and knowledge of arithmetic occasionally stood the skipper in good stead; in short, Andrew Elliott had grown a personage of no mean importance on board the *smack*; and Jerry Ward even contemplated promoting him to the dignity of mate, when a circumstance occurred that materially changed the colour of his destiny, and separated

him from his rough, though kind-hearted master.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolutionary war in North America, the runaway encountered a press-gang at Wapping, and was taken on board the *Tender* moored opposite the Tower. Jerry Ward conjectured, from the unusual length of Andrew's absence, what had occurred; and though he could not claim him as an apprentice, still, if money could have redeemed him, it would not have been wanting; but the spirit of adventure being still strong in the mind of the youth, he unhesitatingly accepted the bounty, and was transferred to a frigate lying in the Downs.

After a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean, the vessel put into Gibraltar, where lay several vessels, one of which bore a commodore's flag.

Inquiring the name of this officer, the runaway heard with a feeling of unbounded rapture, the name of the gallant conqueror of Thurot. Obtaining leave to go on board the flag-ship, he sought and obtained an interview with Commodore Elliott, told his name, his lineage, and the motives that led him to leave his home and embrace the life of a sailor.

The gallant seaman was not unacquainted with the fallen fortunes of his former neighbour and namesake; and delighted with the bold, adventurous spirit of the youth, obtained his discharge from the frigate, and got him rated as a midshipman on board his own vessel.

Andrew Elliott was now in that rank of society he had for years panted to attain; and well worthy did he shew himself of his advancement. By the most rigid economy, he not only contrived to maintain the appearance of a gentleman, but to transmit to his parents a small token of his continued remembrance, whenever an opportunity offered.

Indefatigable in his endeavours to attain a knowledge of his profession—brave, even to rashness, in battle—he passed the period of his noviciate with much credit to himself, and greatly to the satisfaction of his superiors in command.

For about ten months he had been acting-lieutenant on board the B—, when peace was concluded with the United States of America, and he was once more set adrift in the world, without being entitled to even the small pittance of lieutenant's half-pay.

But the spirit of adventure was not extinguished in his breast: he did not even gratify himself by a visit to his

home, but understanding that the Empress of Russia offered great encouragement to British officers to enter her navy, he hurried to London, tendered his services to the Russian ambassador, which were accepted; and carrying with him letters of introduction to the late Admiral Grieg, was appointed to the same rank in the Russian navy which he had held in that of Britain.

In the meantime a knowledge of the virtues and prosperity of her boy consoled his affectionate mother for his absence, while his more selfish father dwelt with delight on the hope that he would one day return to re-purchase the lands of his ancestors, and restore the fallen fortunes of his race. But this day the aged laird was never fated to behold; a few months after the death of his faithful partner, he also was consigned to the last resting-place of his fathers, their latter days having been spent in ease and comfort by the liberal bounty of their son.

Years sped on, and, at the death of the Empress, the runaway was high in command in the Russian navy. He had no ties in his native land, and had besides married a lady of rank in his adopted country. He never returned to Scotland—never re-purchased his ancestral lands; and the once ancient race of the lairds of Swingdale is unknown, except in the tradition of the Scottish border.

AN OLD TRUE BLUE.

Edinburgh.

## THE SPIRIT OF NAPOLEON, AT THE BIER OF HIS SON.

(For the Parterre).

Hush'd were the watchers of the dead, and in that silent room,  
The funeral lights shone dim and faint on the  
scutcheons of the tomb.  
A fair hair'd boy lay calm in death with royal  
blazons round,  
Oh! who could think that pallid brow was in  
its cradle crown'd?  
The cold, the still, the passionless, could never  
sure have known  
The martyr wreath of thorns that wait the  
winner of a throne.  
Calm as a peasant child he lay in that unbroken  
rest,  
And the *tri-colour* as peacefully was folded on  
his breast.  
Through the regal chamber of the dead a low  
and moaning sigh,  
And a wailing wind that shook the plumes  
swept cold and rustling by.  
The silent watchers' hearts grew faint with a  
strange and fearful thrill,  
As the floating plumes waved wildly up—then  
sank—and all was still!  
But *another form* stood by that bier, dim,  
shadowy, and pale,  
A shape half hid and half disclosed as through  
a cloudy veil;

The folded arms—the eagle eye—all knew the mighty one;  
 The *slumberer* in the *island grave* look'd on his silent son!  
 The *imperial conqueror*, whose brows had borne the *iron crown*,  
 The *eagle of a hundred fights*, look'd there in sadness down.  
 A shadow by the early dead! both sire and son a name—  
 Glory, is such thy heritage?—is such thy *guedon*, Fame?—  
 "Welcome, my son! our shadowy land has room enough for thee,  
 The sceptre and the laurel wreath are idle pageantry;  
 Thy father's course (a whirlwind's sweep) has past from earth away—  
 What has he now?—a little grave, where the willow branches play;  
 Earth, and an almost nameless stone; and flowers, a woman's hand  
 Bear'd in her true and simple grief, are his in that wild land!  
 Long look'd he o'er his prison waves—the uncrown'd and banish'd one—  
 With a heart whose blighted energies still trusted to his son.  
*Rome's King*, and France's hope thou wert—  
 Napoleon's earliest born!—  
 The purple and the diadem from kneeling monarchs torn—  
 The golden eagles masterless on many a glorious plain—  
 The war-sword of Marengo's field, were left to thee—in vain!  
 Ashes and dust thou art, my son!—but welcome to the grave,  
 Whose dark oblivion hides alike the conqueror and slave!  
 Both sire and son are with the past!—let future ages tell  
 What the young *Avenger* might have been, who has bid the world farewell!"

E. S. CRAVEN.

### ON THE ART OF DRESSING THE HUMAN BODY.

WE are surprised that people do not follow our example in other things, and adapt their appearance and costume of body, at least, to the different seasons of the year, if they cannot, like us, change the shape and fashion of their thoughts. We beheld a man, the other day, fluttering along Prince's-street, with light jean trowsers, and a white straw hat. Has the animal no perception of changes in the atmosphere; or, as we rather suspect, has he only one pair of nether habiliments in the world? However it may be, he ought to be kept in solitary confinement; for the man who would outrage public decorum in this way, would have little scruple in murdering his nearest relation. We are offended every time we walk the streets, with a thousand instances of similar insanity. A person, in the heats of June or July, comes sweltering up to us buckled in a prodigious great-coat; which he probably terms a surtout; and carries his head

tight on his shoulders by the aid of two or three neckcloths, which would smother an ordinary mortal in December. Another fellow hobbles past us in a pair of immense Wellington boots, or, at least, with his ankles thickly enveloped in prodigious gaiters—an article of wearing apparel which is at once the most snobbish and disagreeable. We ourselves are of a peculiarly delicate constitution, and, above all, are liable to sore throats from the easterly winds. But what is the use of all the precautions we can use, if fellows will wriggle past us dressed so thinly that their own miserable bloodless bodies chill the air more completely than Eurus himself could, with Leslie's freezing machine in his hand, and an iceberg in each pocket? We are convinced that our last cough, from which, indeed, we are scarcely yet recovered, was inflicted on us by a man in Nankeen trowsers, who stood beside us several minutes as we waited for a friend by the Glasgow mail. These things ought to be looked to a little more closely; and if people would only have the sense to dress by a thermometer, it would shew more wisdom than we are at present disposed to allow them. There might, by a very slight change of the present style, be a graduated scale of dress. In summer, instead of having the thermometer at eighty in the shade, the mercury might be made to rise to the words silk stockings and nankeens—as it gradually descended, it might point to cotton stockings, boots, cloth trowsers, drawers, and jackets, till at last it sunk fairly down to great-coats, worsted gloves, and Belcher fogles. As to the colour of the habiliments, that, of course, ought to be left to the taste of the individual; but all men should not wrap themselves in windings of exactly the same tints and shades. No sooner does some colour come down strongly recommended from some London candidate for the Fleet, than universal Edinburgh appears in the same hue. Say the colour fixed upon is green—forth stalks a writer's clerk, fresh from the Orkneys, with a back as broad as his desk, and whiskers as red as his sealing-wax, and struts about for a few days in the livery of Oberon and the Fairies. People with faces more lugubrious than if their aunts had recovered from a fever, make up, by the gaiety of their dress, for the funereal expression of their features. White hats are cocked up with a ludicrous jauntiness over grizzled locks, on which a nightcap would be more becoming; and, in short, with-

out reference to age, size, character, or profession, every man struts forth as nearly in the fashion as he can. But "what have we with men to do?" Let us advert to the ladies—Not unto thee, O thin-lipped and narrow-shouldered virgin, blooming on, like the other evergreens, in thy fifty-second winter, with a nose thin and blue as a darning-needle, and a countenance with the amiable expression of a bowl of skim milk, are these observations directed; useless were any care upon thy toilet, unnoticed the elegance of thy head-dress, unremarked the beauty of thy gown. For thee the plainest and least distinguished garments are the most appropriate, and those,

"Like thine own planet in the west,

When half conceal'd, are loveliest."

So, beware of low-necks, short sleeves, or petticoats one inch above thy shoe. But to you, ye maids and matrons, from sixteen up to sixty, would an old man offer gentle and friendly advice; and, we beseech you, lay it seriously to your hearts, whether they beat in the gaiety and gladness of youth and beauty, behind the folds of a snowy muslin kerchief, or rest quiet and contented in married and matronly sedateness, beneath the warm Chinchilla tippit, and comfortable and close-pinned India shawl.

In the first place, let no one look, unless with loathing and contempt, at the fashions for the month. Let every one be her own pattern, and dress according to her figure, size, and complexion, and not according to the caprice or whim of another. If a great leviathan, who happens to set the mode, chooses to envelope her acres of back and bosom in drapery so wide as to make it impossible to discover where the apparel ends, and where the natural contour begins; why, oh why, our own dear Jane, should you hide the fall of your shoulders, or the symmetry of your waist, in the same overwhelming and fantastic habiliments? Why change the rounded elegance of your own white and beautiful arm for the puffed-out, pudding-shaped sleeves which the sapient in millinery call *gigot de mouton*? Consult your mirror only for one single moment, and ask yourself, if a stiff, frump-up Queen-Mary frill suit with the laughing playfulness of your eyes, or the gay and thoughtless expression of your mouth. By no means. Leave that and all other stiff articles of apparel to the large hazel-eyed imperial sort of beauties; but let one simple string of pearls hang on your blue-veined neck, and a thin gauze handker-

chief rest carelessly on your shoulders. Hast thou dark waving ringlets? O maid, whose eyes now cast a halo of their own light over our pages, let red roses and pale honeysuckle nestle amid their tresses! Do thy blue eyes shine, like stars of joy, beneath the fleecy clouds of thy light-falling hair? Twine a green wreath to encircle thy brow, of the leaves of the lemon-plant, holly, or even the cypress-tree. But why should a gentle young maiden wear any ornaments in her hair at all? Far better, and far lovelier, are her simple tresses. The days of diamond combs and pearl circlets have luckily gone by; and pure is the delight to behold a face, radiant with smiles and beauty, half hid, in its playfulness and mirth, beneath a veil of falling curls, loose, wandering, and unconfined. There are some figures which dress cannot spoil, but there are none which dress may not improve. We have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink-coloured kerchief in vain endeavours to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that? A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrist, and aigrettes in her locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-coloured silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed Spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.

And yet, since truth must be spoken, the style of dress in the present day is

certainly more beaming than the monstrosities we remember some years ago. The short waists were our utter abomination. Men's buttons took post exactly on the tip of their shoulder-bones, while their swallow-tails dangled their immensity of length till they tapered off below the knees like the tail of an orang-outang. The ladies were equally ridiculous. The bend of their figures was entirely destroyed; and as to the waist of a very sylph of twenty years of age, it was in no respect, unless by its superior breadth, to be distinguished from any other part of her form. At that time the backs of all the ladies in his Majesty's dominions were so precisely the same in appearance, that few men could recognize even their wives and daughters, unless they were gifted by nature with lameness or a hump. All distinctions of age were lost in the universal destitution of shape. Matrons of forty-five were by no means to be detected; even the mature ages of sixty and sixty-three, as long as the faces were concealed, reaped all the admiration due to twenty and twenty-five. Life and admiration were a complete puzzle to the most attentive observers. Impossible was it for Ædipus himself to discover whether the object of his praise, who so gracefully walked the whole length of Prince's Street before him, was old enough for his grandmother or young enough for his child. We remember an odd adventure happening to ourself. We were at that time poor, and then, as at all other times, handsome, good-natured, and obliging, and, of course, very much admired. This admiration, however, we are bound in candour to allow, was much more warm among the maids than the matrons of our acquaintance, and between us and one of them, who, besides a beautiful face, had an estate in Ayrshire, and expectations from her uncle, we confess the admiration was mutual. The mother, who was as watchful as mothers of rich daughters always are, did not seem quite to approve of our approaches; of which we had a gentle hint one day, when she requested our absence from her house, and begged to have the pleasure of a discontinuance of our acquaintance. Water thrown on flame makes it only burn the stronger, and a little opposition is the soul of love. We corresponded—blessings on the black-eyed waiting-maid! and agreed one day to meet. We went, and walking before us, we saw a figure which set our blood dancing in

our veins. We followed—"Who," we exclaimed, "can gaze on that dear green silk gown, nor guess what a lovely form is enshrouded below it? Who can see that nodding umbrella-looking bonnet, nor guess what sparkling eyes and snowy teeth and rosy cheeks it maliciously conceals beneath it?" We saw her step into Montgomery's, she stood at the counter—"Now, now we shall hear her voice, and see her beloved countenance again." In an instant we were beside her, and, with beating heart and quivering lips, whispered in her ear—"Have you come at last? have you escaped the old dragon, your mother?" Our tongue clove to our mouth, our eyes glared like Roman candles, our lips trembled, and the last thing we remember, was the voice of the servant-maid crying, "John, John, bring some water here, a gentleman's in a fit!" It was her mother! When we recovered, the vision had disappeared; but woful were the consequences to us. We had fallen half across the counter; and after with our dexter arm demolishing two dozen tumblers, six glasses of jelly, and a marriage cake, we had subsided with our left arm among seven-and-thirty cranberry tarts, and finally got half choked as we sunk with our head totally immersed in an enormously wide-mouthed jar of pickled cabbages. This, in more senses than one, was the demolition of our suit; and fervently have we hated short waists, and watchful mothers, since that memorable day. More particularly, as before our cheek was healed, which we cut among the tumblers, or our three teeth became firm, which we loosened upon the counter, our love was married to an English dragoon, who, we understand, is going to stand for a rotten borough on the strength of her Ayrshire estate. Hundreds of similar mistakes, we have no hesitation in believing, rose from the doubtful waists, the medium ancess of maid, wife, and widow. Now, however, these things are somewhat better managed. Now that nature is left comparatively to herself, it is impossible for any one to walk *towards* you, creating wonder and fear from the ghastliness and wrinkles of her face, and, as you turn round to wonder who has passed, to walk away *from* you, creating love and admiration from the beauty and gracefulness of her back. For the sameness of the colours in general use, we are still, no doubt, much to blame. But greatly as we approve of an independent exertion of each indivi-

dual's taste in the selection and combining of her hues and shades, horrible and truly abominable is the search after singularity which actuates some of the ladies whom we have lately seen. Low-bosomed gowns are happily not in vogue; but wherefore, because every thing is not revealed, should every thing be totally covered up and hidden? Have we not seen ladies with their necks entirely and closely buckled round in a thick stuff stomacher, and looking as starched and stiff as a half-pay lieutenant, whose military surtout is always (except on Mondays, when his shirt is clean) buttoned tightly over his black leather stock, for the double purpose of shewing his chest, and saving the necessity of a waistcoat? Haven't we known some of them, because ornaments which were useless were voted ungentle, get quit even of their watches, sell them for the benefit of Bible Societies, and enrol themselves members of clubs for the making of shirts and flannel drawers for the poor and destitute? "Oh, save," as Mr. Bowles says in his beautiful, and in many places sublime poem of Banwell Hill—

"Oh, save us from the tract-mad Miss,  
Who trots to every Bible club and prates  
Of this awakening minister and that,  
She 'sat under!'"

A slavish adherence to custom is very bad, but an absolute running counter to it is equally so. A dress which is in accordance with the age, complexion, and situation of any one, can never be wondered at as out of the way, nor laughed at as not being in the fashion. If people go to condole with an acquaintance on the death of her husband, which happened the last week, it would perhaps not be quite correct to do so on their way to a ball, with spangles glistening over their gowns, and silver laurel leaves shining on their foreheads. But perhaps as bad as this would it be, to go to an assembly dressed "in the sable suits of woe," to waltz with a widow's veil upon their heads, or jump through a reel with weepers on their sleeves. Dresses ought to be adapted also to the occupation the wearer intends to pursue. How ridiculous a gentleman would appear if he dug in his garden with white kid gloves on his hands, and dancing shoes on his feet! How absurd a lady would seem, mending her husband's worsted stockings, dressed all the time in her ball-room finery! But enough of this. Fathers have odd fancies, and dress their family more in accordance

with their own taste than their daughters' appearances. We called, when we were last in Suffolk, on an old friend of ours, whom we had not seen for many years. He was an humorist in his way, and was blessed with the most complete credulity, mixed with the least quantity of shrewdness, of any matter-of-fact individual we ever knew. Old Simon's reception of us was kind, his invitation to stay with him was pressing, and we stayed. The room in which we saw him was remarkably well furnished; but the sun was shining bright—it was the middle of summer—and the whole apartment was one blaze of light. The curtains of the windows were of the most dazzling yellow—the carpet was yellow, with here and there a blue spot on it—the walls were yellow—the grate was yellow—the chairs and sofas all of the same hue—and all the pictures round the room were enshrined in bright yellow frames. Our old friend himself, from the reflection of the colour, was as yellow in the face as a jaundiced man, or a new brass button; and our eyes began to be affected by gazing on the same changeless, unmitigated tint. We asked him for a snuff, and a yellow box containing Lundyfoot was immediately put into our hands. We drew from our pocket a handkerchief, which unfortunately was of the fated hue.

"Beautiful handkerchief!" exclaimed our friend; "such a very lovely colour. Pray, sir, let me see. Ay, real Bandana; and such a bright glowing yellow!"

"Yes," we replied, resolving to play a little on the simplicity of our friend; "it is a good handkerchief; and it is sometimes right to run a little risk, though a silk of any other shade would do just as well, and not be at all dangerous."

"Dangerous! risk!" exclaimed our yellow friend, with a slight tinge of blue spreading over his features—"What can you be talking of? Yellow is the very best colour of them all. My gig is yellow—my carriage is yellow—I keep no birds but canaries—and what do you talk about risks and dangers?"

"Then you haven't heard the discovery made by the German metaphysicians, that our thoughts take the colour of what is presented to the senses?—Yellow is a most dangerous colour—yellow thoughts make people misers, pickpockets, and murderers."

"God have mercy upon us all! if that's the case; for I'm sure my thoughts must be yellow, beyond the power of

man to change them. My wife's thoughts must be as yellow as this sofa. And, Mary, poor dear yellow-thoughted Mary! what shall I do to dye them?"

"Give them a slight infusion," we said, as solemnly as possible, "of blue damask furniture; and let Mary be feasted on a green silk pelisse."

"Ah now," said our friend, "I know you're only joking.—Curse metaphysics! I never could understand a word of them in my life. Feast on a green-silk pelisse! Ha, ha! I'll tell Mary what a supper you propose."

"No, sir—serious as a judge—even in the time we have been here, we feel as if ill with the yellow fever."

"Fever!" cried Simon, wofully alarmed; "is it infectious? How pale you look! Shall I ring the bell, sir? Mary, Mary, do leave the room; the yellow fever is raging here already; and all from these confounded yellow curtains! The gentleman has swallowed a sofa-cover!—How do you feel now, sir?"

"A few yards, properly applied, of a dark green crumb-cloth would be very advantageous. A black coal-scuttle would also be a great relief."

We looked at Mary as we said this, and saw a very pretty little girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed all in the everlasting colour—yellow from top to toe, her very hair being slightly golden, and her sandals of yellow silk. Her mother also came in, and was closely followed by servant in yellow livery. All seemed fixed in the utmost astonishment. We ourself sat quietly on the sofa, after having bowed to the ladies; while Simon went on with a string of questions and exclamations, which were totally unintelligible to them; and ended at last with a denunciation of his favourite furniture, which seemed to give great satisfaction to his wife and daughter.

"We were remarking to Mr. Yellowly, when you came in, madam," we said to the lady, in our usual bland and insinuating manner, "that we thought this room would be somewhat improved by the addition of some furniture of a different colour, and he seems now to agree with us in opinion."—"God bless me!" cried Simon, stopping short in his walk—"I understood you to say you had been infected by the furniture with the yellow fever; that the fever had made you mad, and you wished to swallow a crumb-cloth, and sup on the coal-scuttle. Mary was to eat a green pelisse, and you, my dear, were to be treated with an infusion of a chest of drawers." We im-

mediately explained; and the ladies, who seemed accustomed to Simon's absurdities, were easily satisfied of his mistake; more especially as he promised them dresses of the colours they themselves should prefer; and we saw the pretty Mary, before our departure, in a gown of the purest white, a deep blue ribbon round the waist, with white silk stockings and black shoes; which, to the young, the simple, and the unaffected, is the handsomest and most interesting dress they can possibly put on.

*Blackwood's Magazine, December.*

## LOVE AND GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM," ETC.

HOWEVER the moral passions are above the animal, as those which exalt human nature are above those which lower it by meanness or depravity, both, when urged to their utmost, are, nevertheless, equal in the uncompromising violence of their results.

A young Flemish gentleman, having lived in voluntary seclusion the greater part of his life, in company with his father, who had been banished for some political quarrel in which he had engaged, returned, on the death of this father, to his native town, which was in——.

Shortly after his arrival, he fell in love with the daughter of a merchant in very reduced circumstances. He, being a youth of strong feeling and honorable sentiments and conduct, soon won upon the sensibility of the young girl, and their affection became mutual and intense. The father, however, refused his consent to their marriage, because of their mediocrity of means, since the youth had but little property, and he himself had not wherewith to give his daughter the least fortune. "But go," said he to the young gentleman, "employ what money you have in business, and, if you follow my directions and experience, you may, with assiduity, possess, in a few years, sufficient for an affluent support; and I shall then no longer deny my daughter."

This advice was as good as it was unwise. It was the most proper thing to recommend, and the least likely to be done. The youth was of an ardent temperament, and had passed his life in solitude, with his sensibilities and passions yearning for an object. This he had now found, and, having means to live, did not care to wait tedious years for the chance of doing so affluently. He

had found his long desired object of entire sympathy, and this he was determined not to forego for a question of worldly possessions, wherein no man living is happy, or justified, we had almost added; for "there are *secrets* in all trades," which is only a conventional palliative for chicaneries.

Lest, however, he should lose the young lady's society, the youth agreed to her father's propositions. He considered the old gentleman's postponement of the ceremony as involving a responsibility for the consequences. Meantime, they were much together, and their affection being excessive, the young man frequently besought her, in the tenderest manner, and with the most earnest entreaties, to grant him a private meeting in the garden after night-fall. But she, fearing detection, could never be prevailed upon; till one day, walking pensively through a remote bower, she accidentally discovered the entrance to a cave, the existence of which she had never before suspected; and, having communicated the circumstance to her lover, he so redoubled his entreaties, that she would meet him there alone the next night, that, overcome by his ardour and her own feelings, she at length gave her consent.

It so happened, that a labourer, who had been for some time at work in the adjacent fields, came into the garden to get some fruit, on the morning of the day on which the lovers were to hold their appointment. The trap-door of the cave having been opened by the young girl the preceding day, it had disturbed the earth surrounding it, so that the man presently discovered the entrance, and descended. In groping about he stumbled over something, and, upon examination, he found it to be a large earthenware jar, full of gold, which the father of the merchant had placed there in his last illness, and, being a *perfect* specimen of the miser, he had died without breathing a syllable of the matter.

At this moment a sound of voices alarmed the labourer, and quickly ascending and replacing the trap-door, he escaped out of the garden.

Now this man, who had been bred in obscurity, and surrounded with indigence all his life, was by nature of an ambitious disposition. He was sensual, envious, and dissatisfied accordingly. He longed for power, that he might abuse it; and for money, as the means of depraved indulgence. He now saw a

prospect of quickly gaining all his desires, and revelling in his low appetites; and after wandering about the fields a whole day, in a state of feverish absorption, now mounting a hill, then climbing a tree, so as continually to take a view of the merchant's garden, he repaired at night-fall to the spot that contained his heartfelt gold, determined to possess himself of it at any risk.

The labourer had scarcely descended into the cave when the young man came to keep his appointment. Finding the trap-door open, he descended also. It was quite dark, but hearing something move, he demanded who was there? Receiving no answer, he repeated the question in an authoritative voice.

"One who will defend his cause," said the labourer, setting his teeth, "be you man or devil:" for he thought that either the one or the other had come to seize the gold.

"For what purpose do you come here?" demanded the youth.

"The same that *you* come for," replied the other with a sardonic laugh.

At this the youth's jealousy took fire, and he asked fiercely, "By what right?"

"By right of previous conquest," said the labourer, "by my own will—by good luck—or any other right you please."

At these insulting words the youth closed with him, and endeavoured to thrust him out of the cave; but the labourer was the stronger, and could not be moved.

Panting for breath, the young man went to the entrance of the cave, followed by the labourer, who watched every movement. Seeing by the rising stars that it was the exact time of appointment with his love, whom he momentarily expected, he addressed the other in these words: "Infamous and rude defamer, think not thy gross falsities obtain the least credence from me; but since you will not come out from the cave, so neither will I go forth without you, but will drag down the trap-door, and enclose both for ever!"

The labourer's will was too much involved to give up the point; but seeing the youth in such a state of excitement, he now began to think that this might be the rightful owner of the gold, and he brought himself to concede so far as to say, "I will not give up the hope, ay, and *opportunity*, of possessing what my soul holds too dear to relinquish except with life: na'theless, if you will consent to *share* the treasure—"



At this monstrous insult, as he understood it, to the delicacy and sincerity of his love, the youth seized the trap-door, crying out furiously, "Wilt thou come forth?"

The labourer paused. "What!" muttered he to himself, "to be a beggar again, or work in the field?" Then, raising his voice, he answered sternly, "No, I will *not* come forth—so let death put us to what use he thinks fit, for I'll sweat i' the sun no more!"

He had not concluded, when the youth dragged down the trap-door, and tearing out the handle of the spring, they were both buried alive.

The young lady was unable to keep her appointment with her lover, being intercepted on her way by her father, who, in part, guessed her intention. After secluding her for a few days, he sent her to a convent in France, to "get over" her girlish attachment, where she fell into a consumption, and died in less than a twelvemonth.

It is always wrong to thwart a sincere and intense affection from any worldly or secondary causes whatever. The result is always tragic or miserable: and what father or mother will admit that this is their intention? But it ever turns out so.

Many years afterwards, the cave was broken into by accident when the mouldered remains of two men were found lying at the remote extremity, with their bones grappled together in decay.

It is thus shewn how a low passion may equal a fine one in its *last* results, provided it have equal concentration of purpose, and strength of animal will to support it. And thus do all men of strong passions, however unworthy, feel equal with the highest; the object in such case, being secondary to the sensation of identity. It is this which prevents those who are mean of soul from railing at the meanness of their creation: and herein is supreme wisdom shewn in men's varied characters, that require not monotonous similarity, as necessary to their individual satisfaction.

R.H.H.

### COLERIDGE.

[We snatch the following sketch from the *Athenæum*, believing that, slight as it is, it cannot fail to interest our readers.]

We have this week to record the departure of another mighty spirit from among us—the quenching in the dark-

ness of the grave of another of the few bright stars which yet remained to us.

We have it not in our power to offer any detailed biographical notice of Mr. Coleridge. That he was born at Bristol, educated at Christ's Hospital, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, and accompanied the late Sir Alexander Ball to Malta as secretary, are facts which are already public. His tour to Germany, (accomplished through the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgewoods,)—his residence at Nether Stowey and at the Lakes—his marriage, and the birth of his children—his labours in the *Friend*, the *Watchman*, and the *Morning Post*—his residence, during the latter years of his life at Highgate—are things so well known to the greater number of our readers, that they call for no particular mention on this occasion. His life was one of precarious fortunes—the consequences of those singularities of character, temperament, and habits, which grew out of his original and peculiar genius. Those who have read his 'Biographia Literaria,' will not forget his account of his journey to solicit subscriptions for his *Watchman*—nor his extraordinary harangue *against periodical literature*, in the house of one for whose patronage he was then soliciting. It was a type of the man—a sure token that, in the hard business of life, its strivings, and its amassings, he *could not* be successful. Another anecdote of him, no less characteristic, may not be so generally known. We have reason to believe, that during the earlier period of his life he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons; of course he did not remain long in the service; perhaps his then democratical principles made his officers willing to get rid of him—perhaps (which is a fact) because he could not be taught to ride.

The news of his death came upon us at the very moment when a complete edition of his poems (on which his fame will rest) was calling for some few remarks on our part, which we had purposely delayed, in the earnestness of our desire to do justice to the subject. These last tidings have invested them with a sacredness which would make any critical anatomy of their beauties and defects unseemly and irreverent at the present moment. Yet it may not be amiss to point out their three-fold nature—as works of passionate and exalted meditation (witness his 'Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni,' his 'Lines on an Autumnal Evening,' his 'Religious Musings,' his 'Ode to

the Departing Year,' and many other of his earlier poems)—as out-pourings of the wild inspiration of old romance (is it needful to refer to his 'Ancient Mariner,' and his 'Genevieve,' and his 'Christabel?')—and his latest verses, as treasuring in a few lines, matured philosophy—mingling wisdom with retrospect, and intimations of holy truths with pleasant and simple images. Nor must we forget to allude to his version of 'Wallenstein,' a master-translation of a master-work—or his original dramatic compositions, too full of deep thought and delicate imagery for a stage, on which, to ensure success, an author (to borrow the words of the most accomplished actress of these later days) should write "as they paint the scenes, in great splashes of black and white."

To all these several merits the world has done, and is doing, slow but sure justice. We cannot but remember the hooting of derision with which 'Christabel' was received, on its first appearance; nor how, a year or two afterwards, when Lord Byron, in transplanting one of its images into his more popular 'Parisina,' took occasion to call it "that singularly wild and beautiful poem," many, and those educated persons, regarded the praise as affectation, or, at best, as a condescending kindness. Since then, however, that fragment has crept up in public opinion, and been more quoted than perhaps any other poem of its length. Such has been the progress of the author's fame. It may not have spread so widely as the reputation of other writers—one half of which is, after all, but a refined species of mob-popularity; but it has risen to a dignity and an elevation, surpassing that gained by most men, in the estimation of those, in whose hearts it is the poet's highest distinction and glory to have his name embalmed.

Many have grieved over the smallness of the number of Coleridge's works—they would have had much gold and silver, instead of the few diamonds of perfect water he has bequeathed to them. Many have regretted that his powers were expended on conversation instead of being turned to less perishable uses. But such expenditure is not waste—discourse must have listeners; and the eloquence of such a man fulfils a purpose of no mean importance, if it encourage the timid—if it reach the apprehensions of the slow, and excite the indolent to think. The philosophers of old thus conversed in their porticos and groves, and their works were to be

found in the minds of their followers.

And now, while we record that this tongue of wisdom is mute for ever—this hand of the minstrel is cold and dead, we feel it our duty to utter a warning voice to our rising poets, and earnestly to impress on them that they are undertaking no holiday task—that if they would take up the prostrate sceptres of those who have been kings and rulers among us, it is not by a careless and affected dedication of their powers that they may hope to wield them. Like the champions of old, they must purify themselves for such high service by devotional vigils—they must bind themselves by vows of good faith as well as of daring and of diligence—and each, as much as in him lies, regard it as a sacred duty to keep the true fire upon the temple of the altar from expiring—even though the prouder lot of rekindling it to its olden brightness be reserved for others mightier than himself.

We add the following extract from a work recently published.\*

"*Saturday, April 27, 1832.* Walked to Highgate to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlour while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; 'Not at all,' said he, 'my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' After some further conversation, and some inquiries respecting Dr. Chalmers, he remarked, 'The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother labourer in Christ, Rev. Mr. Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid develop-

\* Journal of a Residence in Scotland, &c. &c.

ment of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallicisms, and Scotisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethan age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners.' Of the mind of the celebrated Puffendorf he said, 'his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully.' Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked, 'we are in a dreadful state; care like a foul hag sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you, who hold your birth-right in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us, we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have; things must alter, the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, *things*; the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also.'

"He spoke of Mr. Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and colour almost unrivaled.

"Of all men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spend much time. I wish I had room for some of his conversation. When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with great mental vigour, and feeling a humble resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. As I sat by his side I thought he looked very much like my dear grandfather, and I almost felt as if one spoke to me from the dead. Before I left him he said, 'I wish before you go, to give you some little memento to call up the hours we have passed together.' He requested me to hand him a book from his book-case, with pen and ink, then sitting up in bed he wrote a few lines and his name, kindly and most undeservedly expressing the pleasure he had had in my company. He will not live long I fear; but his name and memory will be dearer to the ages to come than to the present."

## DALECARLIAN MARRIAGE.

It was Saturday at even (says Daumont in his *Voyage en Suède*), and the following day had been fixed for the nuptials. The guests arrived in groups, their number exceeding two hundred persons. They were received at the house of the betrothed, where they deposited reindeer and bacon hams, butter, cheese, game, beer, and brandy, which they had brought in their cars to contribute to the festivity. After having conversed a few moments with the master of the house, and taken refreshments, they were successively conducted to the neighbours, amongst whom their lodging had been prepared. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the betrothed, accompanied by her father and friends, set out for the house of the vicar, where she was to sleep, in order that she might be the earlier ready next morning. Her intended, surrounded by his family and a group of guests, repaired thither at an early hour, and the order of procession was there formed. First marched the beadle, with a whip in his hand, to clear the way; he was followed by three musicians, who played the Dalecarlian violin—a rude three-stringed instrument of their own manufacture; next came the bridegroom in his gayest attire, supported on either side by one of his nearest relatives, and the *rudiman* or soldier of the district; and after these eight or ten horsemen, followed by an equal number of bridesmaids clad in green petticoats, with a long jacket or vest; many rows of glass beads encircled their necks, and their fingers were adorned with a profusion of gilt rings, enriched with stones; their long tresses were fastened on the summit of their heads, whence hung an innumerable quantity of ribands of all colours, the inferior extremities of which were fringed with gold or silver. Last came the bride, conducted by her aunt, a young and beautiful woman; her robe was of black silk; her head surmounted by a coronet of gilt metal, adorned with trinkets; her hair in ringlets intermixed with ribands, floated on a neck of faultless symmetry, surrounded, as in the rest, with strings of glass beads, and other ornaments; gloves embroidered with extreme care, and a neckkerchief worked in the most fanciful manner, completed this singular but graceful costume. On arriving at the church, the priest gave them his benediction; and as soon as the ceremony was over, the whole cortège set out for

the house of the bride's father, where the wedding was to be kept. They were received at the door by the mother and the cook,—the first of whom introduced the guests into the rooms prepared for their reception; while the second, laying hold of the bride, led her to the kitchen, where she made her taste all the dishes she had prepared. The bride was then placed at table between her husband and the parson, the *rudiman* being at one side opposite to the father. The table was covered with linen of remarkable fineness and whiteness; the knives and forks were of polished steel. Bunches of the most beautiful flowers covered the table; the floor was strewed with green branches of pine, birch, and wild flowers. The repast was abundant, though not elegant; and every one seemed happy and hungry. Just as the cloth was about being removed, the bride arose, and with her the *rudiman*. The musicians, who had played during the whole meal, placed themselves before them; and in this order the little procession moved round the table. The bride held a silver cup, which a domestic filled with brandy; this she presented to each guest in succession, who emptied it; whereupon the *rudiman* presented a plate, on which each person deposited his offering, or mentioned what he would give to assist the young people in commencing house-keeping. All these presents, according as they were made, were proclaimed by the *rudiman*, and followed by a flourish of music.

After this was all over, the tables were removed, and dancing commenced,—the bride leading off a sort of slow waltz with the parson. The festivities generally lasted several days; on the last of which the kitchen-boy made his appearance with a sad air, holding in one hand an empty stew-pan, in the other the spigot drawn from the cask. At this very intelligible hint all the guests took their departure, and the wedding was at an end.

*Athenæum.*

### PIRATES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

ABOUT the end of the 9th century, one of the sons of Rognwald, count of the Orcades, named Horolf, or Rolla, having infested the coasts of Norway with piratical descents, was at length defeated and banished by Harold, king of Denmark. He fled for safety to the Scandinavian island of Soderoe, where, finding many outlaws and discontented fugitives,

he addressed their passions, and succeeded in placing himself at their head. Instead of measuring his sword with his sovereign again, he adopted the wiser policy of imitating his countrymen, in making his fortune by plundering the more opulent places of southern Europe. The first attempt of this powerful gang was upon England, where, finding Alfred too powerful to be coped with, he stood over to the mouth of the Seine, and availed himself of the state to which France was reduced. Horolf, however, did not limit his ambition to the acquisition of booty; he wished permanently to enjoy some of the fine countries he was ravaging, and after many treaties made and broken, he received the duchy of Normandy from the hands of Charles the Simple, as a fief, together with Gisla, the daughter of the French monarch, in marriage. Thus did a mere pirate found the family which in a few years gave sovereigns to England, Naples, and Sicily, and spread the fame of their talents and prowess throughout the world.

Nor was Europe open to the depredations of the northern pirates only. Some Asiatic moosems, having seized on Syria, immediately invaded Africa, and their subsequent conquests in Spain facilitated their irruption into France, where they pillaged the devoted country, with but few substantial checks. Masters of all the islands in the Mediterranean, their corsairs insulted the coasts of Italy, and even threatened the destruction of the Eastern empire. While Alexis was occupied in a war with Patzinaces, on the banks of the Danube, Zachas, a Saracen pirate, scoured the Archipelago, having, with the assistance of an able Smyrniote, constructed a flotilla of forty brigantines, and some light fast-rowing boats, manned by adventurers like himself. After taking several of the surrounding islands, he established himself sovereign of Smyrna, that place being about the centre of his newly-acquired dominions. Here his fortunes prospered for a time, and Soliman, sultan of Nicea, son of the great Soliman, sought his alliance, and married his daughter, about A. D. 1098. But in the following year, young Soliman being persuaded that his father-in-law had an eye to his possessions, with his own hand stabbed Zachas to the heart. The success of this freebooter shews that the Eastern emperors could no longer protect, or even assist, their islands.

Maritime pursuits had now revived, the improvement of nautical science was progressing rapidly, and the advantages

of predatory expeditions, especially when assisted and masked by commerce, led people of family and acquirements to embrace the profession. The foremost of these were the Venetians and Genoese, among whom the private adventurers, stimulated by an enterprising spirit, fitted out armaments, and volunteered themselves into the service of those nations who thought proper to retain them; or they engaged in such schemes of plunder as were likely to repay their pains and expense. About the same time, the Roxolani or Russians became known in history, making their début in the character of pirates, ravenous for booty, and hungry for the pillage of Constantinople—a longing which 900 years have not yet satisfied. Pouring hundreds of boats down the Borysthènes, the Russian marauders made four desperate attempts to plunder the city of the Cæsars, in less than two centuries, and appear only to have been repulsed by the dreadful effects of the celebrated Greek fire.

England, in the mean time, had little to do with piracy, nor had she any thing worthy the name of a navy; yet Cœur de Lion had given maritime laws to Europe; her seamen, in point of skill, were esteemed superior to their contemporaries; and King John enacted, that those foreign ships which refused to lower their flags to that of Britain should, if taken, be deemed lawful prizes. Under Henry III., though Hugh de Burgh, the governor of Dover Castle, had defeated a French fleet, by casting lime into the eyes of his antagonists, the naval force was impaired to such a degree, that the Normans and Bretons were too powerful for the Cinque Ports, and compelled them to seek relief from the other ports of the kingdom. The taste for depredation had become so general and contagious, that privateers were now allowed to be fitted out, which equipments quickly degenerated to the most cruel of pirates. Nay more; on the disputes which took place between Henry and his Barons, in 1244, the Cinque Ports, who had shewn much indifference to the royal requisitions, openly espoused the cause of the revolted nobles; and, under the orders of Simon de Montfort, burnt Portsmouth. From this, forgetful of their motives for arming, they proceeded to commit various acts of piracy, and considering nothing but their private interests, extended their violence not only against the shipping of all countries unfortunate enough to fall in their way, but even to perpetrate the

most unwarrantable ravages on the property of their own countrymen. Nor was this confined to the Cinque Port vessels only; the example and the profits were too stimulating to the restless; and one daring association on the coast of Lincolnshire seized the Isle of Ely and made it their receptacle for the plunder of all the adjacent countries. One William Marshall fortified the little island of Lundy, in the mouth of the Severn, and did so much mischief by his piracies, that at length it became necessary to fit out a squadron to reduce him, which was accordingly done, and he was executed in London; yet the example did not deter other persons from similar practices. The sovereign, however, did not possess sufficient naval means to suppress the enormities of the great predatory squadrons, and their ravages continued to disgrace the English name for upwards of twenty years, when the valour and conciliation of the gallant Prince Edward brought them to that submission which his royal parent had failed in procuring.

*United Service Journal.*

#### MISCELLANIES.

##### MOSES OUTWITTED.

Two or three years ago some young men, in a public office, were conversing on the cunning of the tribe of Israel, when one of them made a bet that he would succeed in cheating an old clothesman. The possibility of this was denied, and the bet was taken. A pair of small clothes, worn quite threadbare, were exhibited to Moses, and two shillings and sixpence were demanded for them. The Israelite turned them over and over, and, as is usual with his caste, began to find fault with their condition, which was deplorable. But the seller had inserted a child's leaden toy watch into the fob, and the Jew, as he turned over the inexpressibles, clutched this lure two or three times, as if to make sure of the prize; he had probably sometimes found articles of value in the pockets of left-off garments which had come into his hands.

After much haggling, sixpence was abated from the sum at first demanded, and Moses walked off with his prize, rejoicing at his good luck. Scarcely had he turned the corner of the street, when he determined to see if fortune had favoured him with a gold or silver watch, and lo! he drew forth the leaden lure. The Israelite ran back to the clerks to demand restitution of his money,

forgetting in his rage that he had been the victim of his own duplicity, but was saluted with roars of laughter. B. Q. T.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN COMPANY.

"WERE you never in the company of fine ladies?" asked Chevillere.

"Yes! and flummock me if ever I want to be so fixed again; for there I sat with my feet drawn straight under my knees, heads up, and hands laid close along my legs, like a new recruit on drill, or a horse in the stocks; and, twist me, if I didn't feel as if I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite; and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn't get my hands in no sort of a comfortable fix—first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like goin to prayers, or as if I was tied in that way; then I slung 'em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock; and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my leg stuck out like a pump handle; then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt-collar, like a pig in a yoke; then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine, that I would as soon have thought of spittin' on the window; and then to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger came to me first with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm; so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, stranger, what do you think was in it!"

"Punch, I suppose," said Lamar, laughing; "or perhaps apple toddy."

"So I thought, and so would anybody, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the fainty stuffs I had been layin in! but no! it was warm water! Yes! you may laugh! but it was clean warm water. The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for gigglin; but it was all the fault of that pampered nigger, in bringin it to me first. As soon as I caught his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know that if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel."—*Kentuckian in New York.*

THEBAN MONUMENT.

THERE has been lately discovered, on the ground where the battle of Cheronæa was fought, the colossal lion, which the

Thebans erected on the spot in memory of their fellow-citizens who died in defence of their country. This monument will, it is said, be restored. Several other relics of antiquity have been found at Zea, Kydnos, and Denos, and deposited in the museum in Greece. Among the objects found at Zea, is a bust with this inscription:—"Epithalamium of Sophocles the Heraclian."

ROME.

MODERN Rome is itself almost as much a ruin and a desert as the Old. Scarce a palace remains inhabited, except by some such miser as Barberini, who lives on the fees which his servants extract from foreigners, and who, to my own knowledge, derives a pretty annuity from the emissary of the Alban lake, which the curiosity and liberality of visitors enable him to let at a rent not inferior to what he receives from some palaces not rendered thus lucrative:—what would Burke say to association considered as a source of gain, as well as of the sublime? The Borghese villa so lately fitted up, is already a ruin; the walls are bare, the pedestals whence the Gladiator and the Hermaphrodite were torn, are still there, but empty: the pictures have vanished from the walls, save those which our countryman Gawan Hamilton executed in fresco; and except some sleek statues of Bernini, more remarkable for the beauty of their polish than of their sculpture, the arts have no offerings left in so famed a temple. Buonaparte, unwilling to rob his brother-in-law without at least some pretence of purchase, made the offer to Borghese. The prince ordered Canova to value the collection. Canova, more artist than broker, said the Gladiator was inestimable, that he himself considered it the first statue in the world; but at a round estimate he thought the statues worth two millions of francs. Buonaparte, with the politeness that sometimes characterized him, put his imperial tongue in his imperial cheek, ordered the Gladiator and suite to the *Musée Royale*, and gave an order on his archi-tresorier for two thousand francs. The Bourbons, however, have, since the restoration, kept the collection, by satisfying the very moderate demands of the needy Borghese. At the same time the pictures paid a visit to Paris, and were hung up in the Borghese Hotel, Rue Faub. St. Honoré, now the mansion of our ambassador; but they have all long since returned to their more classical home on the Ripetta.



P. 115.

## THE REGICIDE.

*(For the Parterre).*

"Oh, my afflicted soul! I cannot pray;  
And the least child that has but goodness in him  
May smite my head off."—

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

THE meridian sun poured down a flood of light upon the blue waters of the English Channel, across which the gentle breeze urged a small vessel, which a few hours before had quitted a French port. Other craft, of various forms and sizes, from the deeply laden argosie to the light skiff of the fisherman, dotted the vast expanse of water, while ever and anon, the whistle, the rude song, or the halloo bespoke the light heart that floated on its bosom.

But no sound of mirth or cheerfulness rose from the small vessel in question, which moved sluggishly through the waters. A short, stout, hard-featured man stood at the helm, and three others were carelessly looking out forward. Close by the mast, engaged in earnest conversation, stood two figures, whose costume shewed at once that they were not mariners. One of them wore the

habit of a priest; while the rich vest of the other, his gold chain and gilt spurs, declared him a knight. An expression of cunning and dissimulation pervaded the fine features of the ecclesiastic, but those of the knight indicated repugnance and disgust.

"I seek not the blood of this wretched man," said the priest; "but should he land in England, the peace of our country will again be threatened. Alas! Sir Henry, your brother's broad acres—perhaps his life, may be at the disposal of the outlaw Gournay."

"Peace, peace, father," replied the knight; "my brother warred not against the captive; his sword was never drawn but for his country's weal. When he heard of the cruel butchery of Edward, he wept like a weak woman."

"It may be so," rejoined the priest; "but idle tongues have been wagging—even my lord bishop hath shared of the scandal. Will the knightly crest escape the keen eye of those who boldly check at the mitre?"

"Our blessed Lady grant that the guilty may be dragged into light," exclaimed the knight: "let the axe descend on the necks of all who rejoiced at the

death of the unhappy prince: my soul sickens at the thought that one of his butchers sails with us. Holy Mother, fill our sails, and cast the wretch again upon the land he has polluted! Gournay, a thousand fiends wait to—

"Who calls on the wretched Gournay?" cried a voice from beneath the deck, which made the monk and the soldier start. "Is there no hope of mercy? Where is my Lord of Hereford—where Lord Mortimer? 'T was at their bidding. Had I not their seals?"

"Peace, peace," said the knight, stamping impatiently, and the voice subsided into a low murmur, broken by deep sobs of anguish.

"His grief will make him desperate, and he will impeach the innocent with the guilty," remarked the priest.

"What have the innocent to fear from the ravings of this wretched man, father?"

"Alas, Sir Henry, there is much to fear. Should this wretch be laid on the rack, I tremble for those whom he may denounce. The king hath sworn to do justice on all who were privy to his father's death. More than one tongue hath mentioned the name of Pennington."

"Ha! mass!" exclaimed the knight, grinding his teeth with rage. "Where is the villain? Let me know his name, and the lap of the Virgin shall be no sanctuary to the foul slanderer!"

"Be calm," said the monk, "and reject not my counsel. I say again the lives of many are in danger while Gournay lives."

The knight folded his arms, and strode up and down the deck for some minutes. At length he stopped, and looking his companion in the face, he said—

"And what would you do with this man?"

He of the cowl read what was passing in the mind of the querist. He perceived that he had not preached to a deaf ear. The knight had taken the alarm, and he again inquired—

"What should be done?"

"Justice, speedy justice," replied the priest; "justice, tempered with mercy—'t will be merciful to dispatch him at once—hideous tortures await him in England."

"William Delaval!" shouted the knight, after a pause; and a man appeared from the cabin.

"Bring up the prisoner."

Groans were heard below, and a tram-

pling of feet, and presently a man ascended the ladder, and came upon the deck, followed by the knight's attendant. The follower appeared to have no relish for his employment. He stood behind the prisoner with a dogged, surly countenance, while he muttered to himself—

"My stomach loathes this gaolership, and I care not how soon our man may be delivered into other hands! fah! he is a whining rogue, and fears death like a woman, though he is as cruel as the Paynim!"

It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that the man whom he thus characterised was one of the three ruffians who had destroyed their sovereign in his prison, at Berkeley Castle, a few years before.

Wretched, indeed, was the appearance of the prisoner: pale and emaciated, he could scarcely totter towards the monk. His apparel was tattered, and his untrimmed beard and hair bespoke the indifference of one who had long been a stranger to repose and comfort.

"Mercy, father! mercy, Sir Henry!" groaned the miserable man, addressing the priest and the soldier by turns. "Give me not up to torture! Why should the great ones escape, and I their poor slave be hunted down? My Lord of Hereford can tell ye that I acted in—"

"Silence, man!" cried the priest sternly: then turning to the knight, he whispered, "You see the danger! Many a noble head will be laid low, if the ravings of this wretch find willing ears. He must die!"

"Mercy, mercy!" again cried the prisoner, kneeling and clasping his hands in agony, for he guessed that his death hour was nigh. "Why should your wrath descend on me alone?—Even my Lord Berkeley left the castle with his company."

"Whist! whist!" said the knight fiercely, "and prepare thyself for death—thou hast but a few moments to live!"

"Alas! alas!" cried the wretch, as he wrung his hands in despair, "why am I to die thus? Why am I not tried by my countrymen? I may deserve to die, but I am the lesser villain!"

He was again interrupted, and the monk bid him prepare to make his shrift; but so completely had the fear of death bewildered the unhappy man that he turned a deaf ear to the ecclesiastic, and continued to supplicate for mercy.

But nought, save a miracle, could



have averted his fate. Several of those who held high offices in the court of the English king, had rejoiced at the untimely end of his predecessor, and some of them had taken parts in the earlier scenes of that hideous drama; they therefore dreaded the return of one of the regicides. Gournay had been seized at Marseilles, and was now on his way to meet the reward of his fiendish cruelty.

To accomplish the death of this wretch, as he crossed the sea, was the object of the guilty ones, and they had chosen a proper agent in the monk, who was now intreating Gournay to proceed with his confession.

But he might as well have lectured the winds. Fear and suspicion fettered the tongue of the prisoner, who would neither pray nor confess, and remained kneeling on the deck, wringing his hands, grinding his teeth, and rocking his body to and fro, while he uttered a low moaning sound, like a wild beast when held in the toils of the hunter.

William Delaval looked on, his rough but honest features distorted into an odd expression of disgust and contempt.

"Mass!" thought he, "how the blood-guilty villain writhes at the approach of death; and yet the shrieks of the poor king could bring no tear in his fierce eye, or stay his murderous hand."

The knight and the monk were also regarding the prisoner, and conversing with each other in whispers.

"Bring up my great cutting falchion," said Sir Henry; and terror froze the vitals of the kneeling wretch, who seemed at these words to have been struck motionless.

The follower descended into the cabin, and presently returned with the weapon. The arms of Gournay were now bound tightly behind his back, and he was dragged to the ship's side, and fastened to an iron ring in the bulwarks, without his making any attempt at resistance.

Again the monk approached the prisoner to receive his shrift, but Gournay looked at him with a vacant stare, and maintained a dogged-silence—fear seemed to have rendered the wretched man incapable of utterance.

The white cliffs of England now appeared stretching right and left along the coast until lost in the distance.

"Time flies," said the monk, addressing the knight: "let your man smite off his head at once—his soul is lost—he will not confess."

"Gramercy, father!" cried William

Delaval, who overheard this advice, "I am no headsman!"

"But you shall perform his office," said the knight sternly. "Why do'st tremble man? Thou hast showered hard blows on *helmed* heads. I once saw thee chine a Picard archer with a stroke that would not have shamed Guy of Warwick."

"But that was in fair fight," remarked William Delaval sulkily, "my foe was before me, with his sallet on his head, and his mell in his hand."

"Tut," said the knight, "the man thou see'st before thee is a murderer—our lives are in his power."

The follower grasped the weapon which he still held in his hand, and reluctantly approached the prisoner.

"Strike!" cried the knight, "he is *my* enemy!"

The bright sword was raised aloft, flashed in the sun beams, and then descended upon the neck of the culprit. But the blow was awkwardly struck, though dealt by no feeble hand. A convulsive tremor shook the frame of Gournay, and William Delaval averted his face and flung down his weapon with horror.

"Holy Mother!" cried he, "I cannot strike an unarmed man!"

"Varlet!" shouted the knight, laying his hand on his dagger, "proceed with your work!"

The crew of the vessel were looking on the scene with amazement and dread. Again the sword was raised, again it descended, and the head of the regicide fell with a heavy splash into the sea, while jets of blood spouted from the severed arteries.

"Cast the body overboard," said the knight, descending with his companion into the cabin; and in a few minutes the headless trunk was hurled into the sea, while the crew were busied in washing from the deck of their vessel the traces of the execution. A. A. A.

## JERICHO BELEAGURED.

BY H. GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre.)

Now, 'mid the graceful palm, and cypress bowers,  
Th' escaped of Egypt view those mighty towers;  
Tow'rs built to heaven, and ramparts that defy,  
In impious strength, the wrath of Deity.

See! on each brow distrustful Wonder sits;  
 See! o'er each cheek degenerate Terror flits.  
 "How shall our arms against such walls avail?  
 What ropes, what engines shall those turrets scale?"  
 "Oh, faint and faithless," thus their God replies,  
 "Though to my throne th' audacious castles rise,  
 Ay, though their spires had baffled human sight,  
 Foiled the bold eagle in his sunward flight,  
 And cleaving fathoms deep as their ascent,  
 To earth's mid womb, in vast temptations, went,  
 What should ye fear, when Israel's mateless lord,  
 In Israel's battle bares the burning sword?"  
 Enough that *I* have destined to the fall,  
 Each towery portal and gigantic wall;  
 Enough that Jericho, at *my* command,  
 Grove, street, and palace, waits your conquering hand."  
 Whose was the earth when from its wealthy tomb  
 Those ramparts sprang, those gardens burst in bloom?  
 Whose gracious rain, along the green arcade,  
 Bade the proud palm aspire in stately shade?  
 Whence had they *wealth* to build; or whence the *time*,  
 Or *skill* to plan those monuments sublime?  
 From *me alone!* and I, who gave them all,  
 Can, at my pleasure, all I *gave*, recall.  
 And had my heavenly ministers, in aid  
 Of Jericho, their bannered hosts displayed,  
 Then, on her towers, in vain had Joshua warr'd,  
 Those towers that owned Jehovah's sleepless guard:  
 Heedless were then the giant bulwark's length,  
 When God's protection formed their hope and strength,  
 The open portals then had mocked the foe,  
 And baffled Israel sunk like Jericho!"

#### THE INNKEEPER OF TREVES AND HIS WIFE.

BY H. D. INGLIS, ESQ.

ONE day, at a little inn in the kingdom of Bohemia, on the road betwixt Prague and Doserdorf, after I had dined, I ex-

tinguished my light, and sat down before a wooden fire, which blazed cheerily, and listened to the strange sounds which it emitted. Sometimes it began a low song, upon one key, and then changed to another; sometimes it gave out a creaking sound, like the working of machinery; now it was like the sound of Eolian harps, and now like distant horns, and the cracking of whips. At last, it seemed to take the inflections of the human voice; and I heard this dialogue begin, which fancy in sleep formed into a sort of tale. Said the innkeeper's wife to her husband, "These are not mortal men."

"I know not," replied the innkeeper, "whether they be mortal men or not, but I know that they are eating a supper like mortal men; and since I cannot charge them for eating and drinking, they shall at least pay well for the room."

"Hush, husband," said the innkeeper's wife—"speak less boldly; you know not what we may have in the house: for my part I wish they were out of it, though I should never see the glitter of their coin. I would give a silver florin that the good Curé were here." Just at that moment the fire cracked, so as might represent the rap of a Curé; and at the same time a new sing-song tone came from it. "Welcome, Mr. Curé," said the innkeeper's wife; "the presence of a holy man does good in an extremity. A pretty business we have got here, such as never before happened in the city of Trèves, which is as holy a city as any in the king's dominions. We have got three strangers up stairs, who are not mortal men."

"Jesus Maria," said the Curé, and he naturally crossed himself, as any other holy man would do upon a like occasion.

"Sit down, Mr. Curé," said the innkeeper's wife, "and you shall hear the history of the business."

The Curé seated himself, and the innkeeper's wife went on.

"It might be about seven o'clock, Mr. Curé, and we had just begun to sup, when a man, upon a large black horse, rode up to the door, dismounted, and walked in, and asked if he could have a chamber. You know, Mr. Curé, we are not in the habit of refusing lodging to any respectable-looking traveller; (God forgive me for calling him so!) and for aught that we could know, he might call for his supper; and indeed the supper we were just beginning to eat was savoury enough to give an appetite to a man who felt none before. But the

stranger asked for nothing, but desired to be shewn to his room; so the girl lighted him up stairs, and my husband went to look after his horse, which is no more a real horse, Mr. Curé, than he is a man; for it had found its way into the stable although the door was shut. But no sooner had we begun to supper again, than suddenly we heard the sound of laughing and talking in the stranger's room, and the noise of people eating and drinking; and my husband, who is a bold man, crept softly up stairs, and looked through the key-hole, and sure enough he saw the stranger, and two others, seated at the table, which was covered with dishes and bottles, and they were eating and drinking heartily, and laughing and talking betwixt every mouthful: only hear!" said the innkeeper's wife; "and the smell of the victuals fills the whole house, and never did victuals smell so strangely to my nose: it was no mortal cook that made ready their supper."

So they all snuffed and listened. The noise of the feast, indeed, was loud; but as for the scent of the viands, the Curé found nothing extraordinary in it, unless that it was somewhat richer than he was accustomed to.

"Truly (said the Curé) this is a wonderful relation;—these indeed cannot be mortal men. But in the church there are some relics which have performed many wonderful miracles, and I doubt not at all that they may have the power of dispersing this unholy meeting: I shall go and fetch them."

"Do so," said the innkeeper's wife, "and God speed you!"

"I shall be back in a twinkling," said the Curé.

While the Curé was absent, the innkeeper's wife read her prayers, and the innkeeper continued his supper.

"Now said the Curé (as he re-entered, with the box in his hand) I am ready to go and dissolve the assembly." So the Curé walked up stairs with the innkeeper behind him, and the innkeeper's wife remained at the foot, to await the issue of the enterprise, of whose success she doubted nothing. As the Curé and the innkeeper ascended the stair, the clatter of plates, and the sound of merriment, were as loud as ever; and it is natural to think, that before entering the room they would apply their eyes to the key-hole. The feast was going on merrily—the three were carousing joyously, and tossing over huge bumpers of wine.

The Curé next applied his ear to the door, to try if he could catch any of their conversation; but they were talking in an unknown tongue, of which he could comprehend nothing. At last he pushed open the door, and boldly entered, with his relics in his hand, and the innkeeper at his back. The moment the door was opened, the steam of rich meats came floating to the Curé's nose, and the first stranger rose, and politely bowing, invited him to "partake of their cheer." The Curé wisely reasoned that the relics would be as efficacious after as before supper; and he placed himself at table. Never had he tasted of better meats, or drank more delicious wine; but as his appetite yielded, he bethought himself of what the innkeeper's wife had said of the cook that had dressed the supper; and he began to feel himself somewhat uncomfortable in such company. He looked wistfully at his relics, and hardly less so at the door, uncertain of which he should avail himself; for he began to feel some slight doubts of the efficacy of the former, after having partaken of the unholy supper. Every time he looked up, he saw all the six eyes fixed upon him, and there was something in their expression not calculated to put him much at his ease; and every moment he began to wish more and more that his relics were in the church, and he in his bed.

From the moment the Curé had taken his place at table there had been total silence; but at last it was broken by one of the strangers laying his hand upon the box of relics, and asking what it contained.

"This," said the Curé, opening it, and not without hopes that the mere exhibition of the relics would of itself disperse the meeting, "this is a fragment of the stone that killed Saint Stephen; and this in the small box is a drop of his blood."

The two others stretched their necks across the table to look at it, and the Curé perceived, for the first time, that all their faces were alike.

"I cannot see the drop of blood," said the first stranger.

"It is somewhat difficult," replied the Curé; "but by long habit, I can see, it perfectly well myself." Only figure a Catholic Curé shewing holy relics to three devils!!

"Your relic," rejoined the stranger, "reminds me of a story which I will tell you: A man stood upon a certain bridge, and exhibited a hair of the Virgin Mary."

"A hair of the blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the Curé.

"So said the man," continued the stranger; "but one of the crowd, more curious than the rest, approached nearer, and said to the exhibitor what I have just now said to you, that he was not able to see it. 'That is not surprising,' replied the man, 'for it is now three years since I have shewn it, and I have never yet been able to see it myself.' But," continued the stranger, "I have in my possession a relic much more remarkable than yours, and I will make you a present of it; it is the bill of the cock which crew to Peter; and it yet possesses the valuable property of admonishing its possessor, by crowing every time he tells a falsehood. I shall go and fetch it."

Instantly there was darkness. The Curé grasped his relics, and groped his way down stairs, and the relics were deposited in their sacred niche, with new claims upon the devotion of the good people of Trèves. — *Tales of Ardennes.*

#### THE SORROWS OF SAUNDERS SKELP.

POOR Dominie Skelp! his sorrows were amusing enough, here and there. His father, a respectable tradesman in a small country town, had cramped himself in every way to give his son a good education, and he had actually attained the barren dignity of a licentiate in the Scotch kirk. After this he became schoolmaster in a landward parish of a certain county,—I forget its name,—in the south-east of Scotland, and was in the habit of occasionally preaching for Mr. Bland, the parish clergyman. There were some scenes at the manse at which the young probationer was present, between this gentleman and "auld Mr. Clour, the minister of Thistledoup," and the famous highflying Doctor Soorock, a celebrated evangelical clergyman of his day, that tickled me a good deal; but they are too long to extract. At length he fell in love with a beautiful and innocent girl; after which it was all the old story,—

"The course of true love never did run smooth;"

and the loves of Saunders Skelp and Jessy Miller were no exception to the rule: in fine, the young laird, Mr. Adderfang, seduced the girl, and contrived, by a very mean and cruel ruse, to cast the blame of the transaction for a season on the poor Dominie, in the

following manner:—Saunders had been for some time "sair fashed with an *in-come*" in his knee (what this was I could not divine, until he explained that it was a tumour, of which, however, he soon perfectly recovered), that rendered it necessary to strap on a kind of wooden leg or support, the sinews of the limb having contracted. The young laird, finding that his amour could not long be concealed, had a similar instrument privately made, and used it in his night visits to the girl, in order that if he were seen, the foot-prints might be taken for the Dominie's, thus actually *forging the poor fellow's wooden leg*. To shorten a long and very melancholy story, Jessy Miller, the flower of the whole strath, sank under the blight of the scoundrel, and died in childbirth, and the poor Dominie's heart was nearly broken; indeed, the blow was heavy enough to "drive his wits a wee bit aje," as he phrased it, ever after. In this half crazy, half desperate condition, he suddenly left friends, and house, and home, and wandered about the country, until, his means of subsistence failing, he enlisted into the militia; and afterwards, as related by Segeant Lorimer, into the marines, on the reduction of the former. His subsequent history we know.

It is a broiling day on deck, so you had as well stay below, and I will give you an extract or two of his Sorrows. Take the following:

"About this time, old Durie Squake, the preceptor, met with an accident which gave me temporary promotion in the kirk; for, coming into it one dark forenoon in the winter-time, after having oiled his canter with a drap drink, he did not notice that the door of his wee poopit had been altered, so as to swing the contrary way to what it did before; and as it stood wide open, fronting him edge-ways, it was as clean and invisible as if it had been the blade of a knife, so that although the blind body had as usual his twa paws extended, and stuck out before him, one holding his Bible and the other his pitchpipe, he ran smack up against the edge, clipping the leaf of the door with an outspread arm on each side of it, and thereby received such a *level*, that his nose was bashed, and the sneck sank into his forehead, as if he had been struck with a butcher's hatchet, and down he fell with a grunt and a squelch, on his back. 'Losh preserve me! I aye kenned I had a lang nose, but surely it's langer this blessed Sabbath than common!'

"He was helped up and hame by two

o' the elders, and being a thick-skulled creature, he was soon repaired by the farrier in the village, so as to be maist as gude as new, no being muckle worth at his best, and he was at his wark again in no time, but although his skull was sound, his voice was a wee cracked for ever after; and now the question came, what was to be done for a precentor that blessed day? A neighbouring minister, the excellent Mr. Clour, was to preach, and by this time in the poopit, and he could sing none, I kenned; as for auld Mr. Bland, our ain pastor, he was as empty of music as a toom bagpipe; so baith the ministers and their hearers sat glowering at each other for a guid space, until the uproar was over, and the bum had subsided, and I was just wondering what was to be done, when I found something kittle-kittling the crown of my head. I sat, it must be known, in a wee bit back jam of a pew, just before the minister's seat, and my father aside me. I looked round—it was the auld minister—'Saunders,' says he, 'your father tells me ye can sing fine—gae awa wi' ye, my bonny man, into the precentor's seat.' I was in an awful taking; the blood rushed to my face, and the sweat dropped from the point of my nose; nevertheless, I screwed up my courage, and like a callant louping into the water to bathe in a cauld day, I dashed into the psalm with great bir and success; but the speed I came, puffed up my vanity until it burst, and I had a sair downcome that day. For finding that the precentor line was no sae difficult as I expected, I thought I would shine a bit, and at a solemn pause in the music aff I went, up and away, until some fine tirlie-wirlies, which I could not cannily get out of again. By and by, the congregation dropped off one by one, as I ascended, until I was left alone in my glory. I startled 'even at the sound myself had made,' and looked up to the roof, at the auld carved wark, above what had been the altar-piece when the Catholics had the kirk, singing all the while—but a nervous thought came over me, and suddenly I felt as if I had got screwed in amongst the roses and ornaments of the auld cornice, without the power of extricating myself; and how to get home again into the *Bangor*, that I had left so recklessly, I could not divine. At length, as my variations were nearly exhausted, Willie Johnston's auld colley, Snap, deliberately walked up the aisle, and cocking himself on end, raised his voice and joined in chorus.

This speedily brought me to a stand-still, for Baalam could not have been more amazed when his ass spoke than I was; beside I saw the folk were all laughing, until some of them took advantage of the pause to skirl up the original tune once more, and faith but I was glad to join them.

It was the fashion in our parish, at this time of the year, to give two sermons at one sitting, but auld Mr. Clour had only brought one, and our ain minister being as hoarse as a raven, there was nothing for it but that Mr. Clour should split his in two. Indeed, I heard him say to our minister, as they walked into the kirk-yard together—'Well, friend Bland, if I maun preach twa sermons, while I hae only yin in my pouch, and nane in my head, they must just be of the shortest, for I can manage no other way than by halving it; however, I'll gie them a gude bit screed of a psalm to sough awa at after the first half, and that will help us "ayont the twall," as Burns says, before we begin to the second.'

"The first sermon passed over, and when he gave out the psalm that was to be the resting-place, the half-way house between the wings of his discourse, what was my dismay, to find that he, with all the coolness in life, read out six long verses! My mouth was dry enough, and my throat husky enough with my previous discomfiture, heaven knows: but I whistled away, until I got to the line, 'a dry parched land, wherein no waters be,' when my voice fairly failed, and I lost the fang a'thegither. I made a desperate struggle, but there was nae mair sound in me than in a bagpipe with a hole in it, or a clarinet without the reed, or a child's bawbee whistle blawn dumb on the first day of the fair. So I waited for a while, and again set to, but my screech was this time a mixture of the cry of the corncraik and the hissing of a goose; besides I had lost the tune, and nane of the congregation could find it, so I squeeled and sweltered about, until the hail kirk and pews, and the folk in them, danced before my eyes, and I could not tell whether I was on my head or my heels. At length I croaked out '*Vox faucibus hæsit, domine—Vox faucibus hæsit.*' As sure 's death, I can sing nane until somebody gives me a drink of water." At this moment I felt a slap on the cheek, which made me start and turn round, and there was the auld minister leaning ower the front of his pulpit, and girning at me like the de'il. 'I say, freen, if ye weary skirling up the

psalm for yae half hour, hoo will ye carry on through a' eternity?' This drove me demented altogether, and making a rush from the precentor's desk, I stumbled down into my father's seat, who was lying with his head on his blue bonnet, peching and perspiring with utter shame and vexation. *I never tried the precentor line again.*

At another time, he was equally unfortunate in his preaching;—we shall call this

**"THE EPISODE OF THE STICK LEG."**

On the day in question, Lord M——, the principal heritor or landowner in the parish, was present; and, in his desire to shine before the grandee, he waxed warm in his sermon, until he fairly broke away from the thread of his written discourse, which was holding down his imagination, he said, like "a string round the leg of a tame pyet."

Listen :

"Seeing his lordship in his pew—for he didna come to the kirk every Sabbath—one fine summer day, when I was to preach, I thought I would astonish him a wee bit; but as it turned out, I was mysel the maist astonished of the twa. For a quarter of an hour I was delighted to spy his looks of approval with the corner of my ee, the joy whereof drave me off my guard; for at a well-turned period, when I intended to bring my right hand down thump on the open Bible, I missed it, and smote the new elastic pulpit cushion instead, with such vehemence, that the old brazen-clasped Psalm-book sponged up, and out over into the air. 'Kep,' cried I; whereupon auld Durie Squake, the precentor, upturned his face, and thereby caught such a bash on the nose, that baith the lozens were dang out of his barnacles. 'Oh Lord, my sair nose!' (it had not recovered the blow against the door, as already related), 'oh Lord! my sair nose is clean demolished now—I maun get legs to my specks—for the brig's brak, and flattened in on my face like a pancake!' I tried to get back into my discourse, but I was awfully flurried; and as I let fly another whack on the desk, the auld Earl, who, I could observe, even in the swelter of my confusion, was laughing to himsel, turned up his gaisened pheeisognomy, 'By G—, lad, if ye break it, ye'll pay for 't.' This put me daft—clean wud altogether—and I drave along at a furious rate, and stamped with my stick-leg on the stool that I stood on, until, in my confusion, down I slipped off it, and the bottom of the pulpit being

auld and frush, the wooden tram flew crash through, and I vanished, the iron shod end striking Durie Squake, the devoted precentor, such a crack on the tap of the head, that I thought I had felled him clean. 'Oh dear! oh dear!' roared Squake; 'the callant has first bashed my neb as saft as pap' (he was a wabster to his trade), 'and broken my spectacles, and noo he has fractured my skull with his d—d stick-leg.' I struggled to extricate the tram, but it stuck fast until Tam Clink the blacksmith gave the end of it, as it protruded into Durie Squake's desk, such a bang with his great heavy hand, as if it had been his forehammer, that he shot me up with a jerk like a 'Jack in the box,' into the sight of the astonished congregation again.

"I sat down utterly discomfited, and covering my face with my hands, wept bitterly.

"A murmur ran through the kirk, and I could hear whispers of 'Puir callant, gie him time to collect his thochts—gie him time—he's a clever lad Saunders—he'll be a' richt presently.'" I took heart of grace at this demonstration of good and kindly feeling amongst my fellow-parishioners, and making a strong effort, yet with a face like crimson—my lugs were burning like red-hot iron—I finished my discourse, and dismissed the congregation. As I passed out of the churchyard gate, I found the old lord there; it was a warm day, and he was sitting on a tombstone under the shade of the auld elm-tree, with his hat off, and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, apparently waiting for his carriage to drive up.

"'Ca' canny, man,' said he as I approached—'Ca' canny, Saunders,—dinna rive folk along the road to heaven at that rate, man.'"

But the humour of the following extract, which explains itself, surpasses either of the former, in my estimation:—

"Next morning was the annual examination of my school, at which the three ministers were to be present, and the same passed over creditably to myself and scholars; and the doctor was very kind and condescending to the whole of us. In fact, we had seen the most repulsive side of his character, and he was the means of my being again invited this day to dinner by Mr. Bland. After the examination, we had walked a mile into the country together, enjoying the delight of the schoolboys, who had gotten a half holiday after the ex-

amination, and were now rampaging about, like young colts broke loose, some jumping, some playing at football, others at shinty, while several were fishing in the burn, that twinkled past as clear as crystal; and we were returning home to the manse, when Earl M——'s equipage appeared, coming along the small bridge that crossed a bend of the stream beyond the village. Presently it was hid by the trees round the manse, and then glanced on this side of them, until the houses concealed it. In another moment it rattled sharply round the corner, when the old Earl desired his postillions to walk until he met us. The moment Dr. Soorock saw the carriage go slow, he accelerated *his* motion, and stepped out and away before Mr. Bland and Mr. Clour, salaaming with his hat in one hand, and his gold-headed cane in the other, in rather too abject a style for one who had a kirk already. His lordship was still at pistol-shot distance, but nevertheless the doctor strode on uncovered, with his eyes riveted on the carriage, until his foot caught on the projecting steps of the school-house door, and away he went, his stick flying through the school-house window, smashing the glass down in a tinkling shower—his hat into the neighbouring pigsty, and his wig into the burn that ran by the roadside.

“‘Run, boys, run,’ said I, as I helped him up, ‘run and catch the Doctor’s wig,’ as it floated away down the stream, like a hedgehog covered with meal.

“‘Geordie,’ cried one little fellow, ‘hook the wig with your fly, man—hook the wig with your fly.’

“‘Allan is fishing with bait, his hooks are bigger,’ quoth Geordie.

“‘Fling, Allan, man, fling—one gude cast, and you have it.’

“They both missed, and the wig continued floating down until it swam amongst a flock of village ducks, who instantly squattered away from it, as if it had been an otter.

“‘Cast a stane intil’t, or it will soom to Berwick before nicht,’ said wee Tam.

“‘Cast a stane intil’t, Allan, man; you mark weel,’ roared Geordie again.

“Flash one stone pitched into the water, close to it, add half filled the wig with water. It was pretty well saturated before, so that when another flew with better aim, right into it, it instantly sank, and disappeared in the Dominie’s Hole, as the pool was called. What was to be done? There was a spate had suddenly come down the water, and

there was no seeing into the bottom of the pool, and there was not a creppy in the village, so the Doctor gave his wig up for lost, as well he might, and he had to cover the nakedness of the land for that day with one of Mr. Bland’s Kilmarnock nightcaps. He bore his misfortune, I will say, with great equanimity; and in the evening we all once more resorted to the school-house, to hear the boys sing, led by auld Durie Squake.

“We had taken our seats, a number of the villagers in their best; auld Durie had sounded his pitch-pipe, and the bits of callants were watching him with open mouth, all ready to open in full cry, like a pack of young hounds waiting for old Jowler’s deep tongue, when the candle at his desk was suddenly blown out, and I called out in Latin, seeing that some of the bigger boys were close to it, ‘*Quid hoc rei?*’ Wee Tam Stump at this louped off his seat with great energy, fearing he was about to be blamed. ‘Ventus played pluff, Dominie, ex that broken window, et extinxit the candle.’ We had all a good laugh at this, and nothing more happened to disturb the harmony of the evening, until Allan Harden came running up the stairs, with a salmon lister in one hand, and a great dripping divot-looking thing on the top of it.

“‘What kept ye so late? said I; ‘you are seldom late, Allan.’

“‘I hae been dabbing with the lister the haill evening for Doctor Soorock’s wig, sir, and I have speared it at last—*ecce signum!* Dominie.’

“A tiny buzz ran amongst the boys, auld Clour keckled audibly, and Mr. Bland could scarcely keep his gravity, as Dr. Soorock stirred the soaked mass, that Allan had cast on the floor, with the end of his cane, exclaiming—

“‘My wig—my wig, did the callant say? It canna be my wig.’

“‘Indeed it is yours, sir,’ said the handsome boy, blushing deeply; ‘if you but try it on, sir, ye’ll find it sae.’

“The wig was finally turned over to the auld barber at the village, who dried it, but the Doctor had to go home in the Kilmarnock on the following day, as the scratch was ruined for ever.”

Now, a small touch at the Dominie in the “melting mood,” and we bear up again on our cruise. He had returned to the parish, after having completed his education, such as it was.

“And, oh! there was one that welcomed me back, with a smile and a tear, and a trembling of the tongue, and a

heaving of her beautiful bosom, that was dearer, far dearer to my heart than father or friends, although I had a warm heart for them too. It was *Jessy Miller*, the only daughter of *Rob Miller* the carrier's widow, a tall fair-skinned lassie, with raven locks, and dark hazel eyes, and a face and figure with which none of the village girls could compare.

"Ye are welcome home again, *Saunders*—heartily welcome; and you'll be glad to hear that the young leddies at the *Hall*—the laird's sisters, ye ken—have been very kind to me and my mother baith, and that I go up there every day to work for them; and they have made me many a handsome present, as you see, *Saunders*, and many a good book have they sent me; and the young laird, *Mr Adderfang*, has come hame, ye will have heard.'—I started, for I had not heard it,—'and he is really very civil to us also.' We were speaking in a little bit green, at the westernmost end of the village. There was a clump of horse-chestnuts behind us, through which the breeze was rushing with a rustling sough, but it was neither strong enough nor loud enough to drown the buzzing, or rather moaning noise of the numberless bees that were gathering honey from its blossoms, for it was in June, or the rushing murmur of the clear sparkling burnie, that wimpled past at our feet, with a bit crazy wooden brig across it, beyond which a field of hay, ready for the scythe, was waving in the breeze, with the shadows of the shreds of summer clouds sailing along its green undulations, as they racked across the face of the sun.

"At the moment when the mention of the young laird's name by *Jessy Miller*, for he was known to be a wild graceless slip, had sent the blood back to my heart with a chill, a larger cloud than any that had gone before threw its black shadow over where we sat, while all around was blithe breeze and merry sunshine. It appeared to linger—I took *Jessy's* hand, and pointed upwards. I thought she shrank, and that her fingers were cold and clammy. She tried to smile, but it ended in a faint hysterical laugh, as she said,—'*Saunders*, man, ye're again at your vagaries, and omens, and nonsense; what for do ye look that gate at me, man?'

"I canna help it, *Jessy*—no, for the soul of me, I cannot—why does the heaven frown on you and me only, when it smiles on all things beside?'

"Hoot, it's but a summer cloud, and ye're a fule; and there—there it's

gane, ye see—there, see if it hasna sailed away over the breezy hay field, beyond the dyke there—come and help me ower it, man—come'—and once more I looked in her bright eyes undoubtingly, and as I lifted her over the grey stones, I pressed her to my heart, in the blessed belief and consciousness that she was my ain *Jessy Miller* still.

"But I had my ain misgivings that *Jessy* would flee aff frae me, now that I was a lameter, and I watched my opportunity to ask her frankly and fairly, 'whether we were to hold to our plighted troth, that we should be man and wife whenever I had laid by a hundred pounds from the school, (I had already fifty), or that the calamity which had come over me'—I could scarcely speak here, for something rose up in my full breast, like a cork in a bottle that you are filling with water, and stuck in my thrapple like to choke me—'or that the calamity that had come over me, was to snap our vows in twain—and, *Jessy Miller*, I here declare in the presence of our Maker, if it has wrought such change in you, I release you freely—freely—although it should break my heart, I release you.'

"The poor girl's hand, as I spoke, grew colder and colder, and her cheek paler and paler, until she fairly sank on her knees on the auld grey moss-grown stone that covered the muirland grave of the *Covenanters*, situated about a mile from *Lincomdodie*. It was the gloamin', and the setting sun was flaming up in the red west. His last ray fell on the beautifully rounded form of the fair lassie, and sparkled on the tear that stole down her cheek, as she held up one hand to heaven, and grasped mine with the other.

"*Saunders Skelp*, wi' ae leg or twa, or without a leg of ony kind—if ever I prove faithless to you—may'—

"Hillo, *Dominie*—*Dominie Skelp*—you're a nice young man I don't know.'

"I started—*Jessy* shrieked, and rising, threw herself into my arms—and as I turned round, who should be ascending the hill, and now within a few yards of us, but the young laird himself, as handsome and burdly a chiel as you would see in ten thousand?

"Did that cloud come ower us at the side of the hay field that day for naething, *Jessy*?' She could not answer me. The sun set, and one or two heavy drops of rain fell, and the lift darkened—ay, and something darker and drearier



stole across my brain, than the shadows which now began to settle down on the fair face of external nature. My heart fluttered for a moment, then made long irregular throbs, and finally I became dizzy and faint, and almost fell to the ground with Jessy in my arms.

“‘Was I in the presence of an evil spirit?’ said I to myself.

“‘Why,’ said the young gentleman, ‘what has come over you, Saunders? I won’t tell, man—so keep your own secret, and nobody will be a whit the wiser.’

“‘Secret, sir!’ said I, deeply stung; ‘secret I have none, sir—none—that I love the lassie, the hail parish kens, and I am not ashamed of it; but if you—ay, you, sir, or *any* man, dares!’—

“‘Heyday—dares! What do you mean by that, Master Skelp?—Dares!’—

“My recollection and self possession returned at this moment.

“‘I beg pardon, sir; I have been taken by surprise, and in my anxiety to vindicate Jessy from all suspicion I have been very uncivil to you; I am sorry for it.’

“The abjectness of this apology caused me to blush to the eyes, but it was made, as I thought, to serve my heart-dear girl, and gulping down my chagrin and wounded pride, I turned to go away.

“‘Well, well, Dominie, I forgive you, man, and I *believe* there is nothing wrong between you two after all. I only spoke in jest, man, and am in turn sorry to have given you pain; so gie’s your hand—there—and I must have a kiss from Miss Miller, the darling, or I never shall believe that you both really and truly forgive me.’

“We returned together to the village; I would willingly have shaken off the youngster, but he insisted on seeing Jessy home, and as I had no plea to prevent him, I submitted in great bitterness of spirit.”—*Cruise of the Midge.*

### THE NIGHT COACH.

HE who has travelled by night, need not be told of the *comforts* of the mail-coach from the setting to the rising sun; and even somewhere after this grand event, the jaded way-farer does not acknowledge much benefit from the return of his beams.

There is a wonderful display of cheerfulness among the passengers *on taking place*; such a bustle with *comforters* for the neck; such a perking up of unstatuary-looking heads, while they are

adjusted, and such sagacity of remark when the affair is accomplished; and the jerking his noddle backwards and forwards to find how it works within its woollen trenches, seems at length to say, “All’s well.” “Devilish sharp evening,” is likely enough to be the first observation, if it comes from one under thirty years of age; but the senators of the coach, the plump round-bellied sexagenarians, hint the chances of a severe winter, with laconic sagacity, which would imply that they are in the secret, but above all, because it is so much cleverer to predict things to come, than dilate on things present.—Anybody could do the latter; but, excepting Joanna Southcote, and Price Hohenlohe, who, in these days, have we had worth speaking of in the trade of prophesying? To talk of cold in a coach, operates as certainly on the inmates in producing a general chilling, as if a chemist had begun to mingle the ingredients of a freezing mixture. Such a stir in the ant-hill, such puffing and blowing to collect the *caloric*, a new arrangement of the neckcloth, and an additional button to the body-coat; the upper benjamin, which had perhaps strayed across the limbs of a more thinly clad neighbour, is instantly recalled, and tightly fastened above and under, to prevent any more desertions; the window glasses are sharply examined, and some unquestioned truisms discharged against the negligence of the proprietors. Each one dovetails his knees between those of his opposite fellow-traveller, and carefully arranges his well-stuffed pockets on his lap, to save his sandwiches from the percussion of his neighbour, which he dreads as much as Captain Parry would an iceberg; and having thus arranged everything, and *provided* against accidents, ten to one but they throw themselves back, and burying their head up to the nose in their trot-cosey, like red-breasts under their wing, put on a resigned look, and wait for what may next betide them.

I have alluded to the general complaisance of fellow-travellers on first setting out;—every man is brim-full of observation; such a running over of acuteness and facility of remark, that you suspect that if you had not Geoffrey Crayon himself at your side, you had certainly the rare fortune, at least, of having some portion of his family. It is the kind of exhilaration which a mask produces, where, the real character being unknown, every one may assume what he chooses—when the little wit a man may have,

he may safely bring forth, because he calculates that the party will be broken up before his stock is exhausted. Old arguments, like stale dishes, are garnished and served up as new ones; illustrations worn thread bare, till, from frequent use, they darken, rather than illustrate, the subject to which they are applied, now come forth like giants refreshed, or like antique jewels in a new setting. Your merry fellows, and your ready fellows, are now in their right place—they have no fear of meeting an officious friend to hold up his finger at their best story, as if he would say, "The joke is familiar to me;" a man cursed with such a companion, reminds me of a chamber candlestick with an extinguisher hanging by its side. In compliance with the kind of *incognito* to which the coach is so favourable, most people wish to assume every character but their own—no wonder; ourselves are to ourselves like an every-day suit, which, however good, becomes confoundingly tiresome, and we put aside both, and gladly at times take the use of another, not that it can fit us better, but because it shews us in a new light. There is some shyness also about profession, in a coach, chiefly because our exact rank in it may not always be known, and which may be necessary to secure our respectability in it. By courtesy, every one who buys and sells is called a merchant, but the claim to it is felt to be doubtful, so long as the *claimant* stands behind a counter; and till that is abandoned, therefore, little is said about the matter. Military folks, under the rank of captain, are shy enough about their calling. Who would be thought an ensign or a lieutenant? In so heroic a profession, what is the use of these beggarly gradations, except to break the spirit? Cornet Battier's affair has given a death-blow to standard-bearers. A captain is well enough—the name may at least be uttered with safety; majors are pot-bellied and brimful of pride; colonels, conceited and regimental; generals—but they are for the most part old, and ought therefore to be treated reverentially. These three last classes are much too consequential for a coach, and therefore not a word of the army-list while they are between its doors. Lawyers are afraid of being mistaken for attorneys, who, they know, are constantly pecked at by a company, like a hawk among singing-birds—and attorneys are so little sure of themselves, that they are jealous lest they be supposed something even worse. The clergy

would all be bishops; the bishops would faint if they were suspected to be of the *saints*; both classes abhor the idea of a curacy, and no one dislikes the reality of it so much as he who possesses it; for all these reasons, and to avoid misconstruction, not a word of the pulpit, and no pretence to a *Divine Legation* while among the ribalds of a mail-coach. A farmer is prudent on the subject of crops, unless the receipt for his last rent is in his pocket; and the grain pedlars at Mark-Lane might be guessed at, by their shyness about the late averages.

Generally speaking, no one lets himself out so freely as the sailor. He looks always as if he was brimful—everything is a matter of novelty to him; he is as easily excited as a kitten with a straw or a dangling thread. You may discover him (if he does not make the disclosure himself) by his ill-brushed coat, and his hat turned up on all sides like a polygon. He is restless and watchful to learn the *trim of the vessel*, and if he has reached the rank of master, betrays some anxiety to take the management. I travelled once from Chatham with one of this class; not a word broke from him, though he was as eager and busy, now looking to this side, and now to that, as if it was a dark and gusty night in the Chops of the Channel. We were more than once interrupted by one of those huge wagons which shew with Majesty the privilege of eight horses. He seemed to shrink under its huge bulk, and, as it passed us, and threw a deep cloud around, to crouch into his corner, to keep his frail bark from foundering; but all his animation revived with a long line of carts, which nearly blocked up the road, and maintained a running fire with the coachman. Here he was again himself, amid this flotilla of cock-boats; Gulliver himself never looked more manfully when dragging the navy of Lilliput after him. Broadside after broadside did he pour among them, in all the variety of objurgation and execration familiar to the gun-room; and, as we passed these *land-pirates*, as he called them, threw himself back on his seat, and wound up his notions of discipline and legislation, by growling through his teeth,—“By the Lord, there should be a law to shoot these fellows!” By and by conversation slackens in the coach,—observations are seldom made, and answers less frequently, and less fully given; and if one, more adventurous than the rest, will, in spite of all these indications, continue to prate, he

is at length rewarded with the chilling monosyllables, Yes, and No, to all his inquiries, uttered in a tone which needs no commentary on its meaning. I could never learn why people are so jealous of their appearance when sleeping; but you may always notice that a drowsy man, before he finally drops into the arms of Morpheus, peeps every now and then about him to watch the effect of it on the company; and if he discovers sly winks, or the remains of a smile lurking about the mouth of his fellow-travellers, adieu to a nap for that evening. He sits as much on the alert against such frailty of his nature, as if a cask of gunpowder was beneath him, and tasks his ingenuity to ascertain, from the shreds and patches of the remarks of those about him, whether he had any share of the subject. I never heard one acknowledge that they snored in sleep; it is as stoutly denied as any of the deadly sins. A man might own it to his confessor, or admit it on the rack, but nothing short of either predicament could force the odious charge upon him, and yet the practice rests on good authority. I have heard a grave judge charged with it, who warmly rebutted the allegation, but pled guilty to the minor offence of sleeping; "but then," he added, "I always waken at the most interesting part of the evidence." And, if to sleep be a proof of a good conscience, how delightful must it be to a pious divine to hear low gruntings, like the jerkings of a bassoon, breaking from some corner of his church, which much satisfy him that he has at least one saint within its walls.

At length, as night advances, all is hushed within the coach, and not a word to interrupt that silence, but a proposition "to shift legs" with your opposite neighbour, made with as little waste of speech as possible; or, if it is your misfortune to be so plighted, you may be on one side importuned for more air from the window, on the other for less, without any regard to your own asthma or lumbago. In this situation, I have sat and watched the appearances of things around me; the harsh accents of the driver occasionally fall heavy on the ear, when unbroken by other sounds. You hear an outside passenger ask the hour, which marks their slow progress, "to him that watcheth," or impatiently thumping with his feet, which speaks as plainly as a thermometer, of the coldness of the night wind. I have strained my eyes through the dim glasses, to catch the mile-stones as we passed, and have

tasked my imagination still harder, to ascertain the realities of objects to which darkness and drowsiness had lent unreal forms and fantastic resemblances. I have been delighted to yield myself up to these "thick coming fancies," which transform the hedges into walls, flanked with towers, and bristling with artillery; while the same romance of feeling converts, with equal facility, the post-house into the castle, with its gates and portcullis. If, after the witching hour of night, any reasonable person can doubt that a bed is the fit and proper place to wait the coming of daylight, he is cured of such heresies by seeing the reluctance of the jaded horses who "go the next stage," to leave their resting-places, their heads bent down, their eyes half-closed, and their ears drooping—in short, a quadruped image of despair. The impatience and alacrity of the last driver to quit his charge, is contrasted by the tardiness with which the new one assumes it—his cautious examination of the harnessing, and peevishness of manner, I have sometimes thought was but a *touch of the sulks*, on leaving his bed. John has nothing of the knight-errant about him, and has no particular relish for nocturnal adventures. In the meanwhile, the officious hostler bustling about, now fastens a buckle, or undoes a strap, and pours his ready tale into the ear of the dismounted coachman, who listens to this oracle of the manger, while he gives, like a Sunday paper, a summary of the news since his last departure. By this time all the *outsides* are snug *insides* of the bar, where a light yet glimmers; and their angry call may be heard, while they fret their short minutes, till supplied with cigars, or the less ambiguous refreshment of a glass of hot brandy. I could paint the appearance of the night-waiter, even though I had a pencil of less pretension than Hogarth's—the strange expression of a countenance, in which, strictly speaking, there is no expression—his eyes half-closed, as if the other portion of his optics was enough for the duty—and his breeches unbuttoned at the knees, leaving it a matter of doubt whether this economy of labour had most to do with his quitting bed, or dropping back into it again. I always wonder what can make people sleep, when I am not inclined to indulge that weakness myself; in other words, when it is not in my power, I sit with cat-like patience watching the dormice who slumber round me—the morning rays seem more than usually slow, one might

think some accident had befallen them, that they were so long of coming forward. At first there is scarcely enough to illuminate the whole of our neighbours' visages; perhaps a nose and an eye, probably neither very good of their kind, come into view, and these are served up in strong perspective. It must be a good face indeed, that can stand this piecemeal display of its parts. Chins that had been smoothed with more than wonted rigour, to anticipate the toilette of a second day, spite of all this care, are now rough, and perhaps grisly; neck-cloths deranged and crumpled; and if a female traveller has had the misfortune to pass the night with you, the very *squalor carceris* seems to sit on her haggard cheek. The events of yesterday appear as if they had been pushed back a week in your recollections. A land-journey to the Pole could not have been more tedious than your progress from first setting out; you are not very sure if you are really in good earnest awake, or ingeniously suspect that the birds, while they prune their wings, and trill their feeble notes on the first blush of morning, are but chirping through their sleep. But if the country seems dreary at these unwonted hours, when night and morning struggle for ascendancy, it falls far short of the feeling of desolation which a sleeping town exhibits, when, in broad daylight, not a soul is stirring, and every sound is hushed, as if it was the "*City of the Plague*"—when not an animal is seen to move, the honest mastiff still watching at his post, and pug and poodle still slumbering on the hearth-rug, dreaming of their loves and quarrels. The cat alone is seen to rush across the street, like a midnight brawler seeking to regain his home before his absence be noticed.

But I have now reached the end of my journey, as wearied of it as my readers probably with its description. The coach-door is opened, but for a moment not one rises; they are so closely fixed into each other, that it looks as if they could only be raised in a mass, like raisins out of a jar. In short, as Dr. Johnson would perhaps express himself, there is more alacrity than facility of loco-motion. When fairly disentangled from the coach, they creep about as tenderly on their feet as if they were their neighbours, and that they had not found out their right trim. They are tedious moments till the bed is ready—

"Long as to him who works for debt the day;  
Long as the night to her whose love's away;  
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,  
When the bright minor pants for twenty-one."

As long, or longer than any of these alternatives, does it seem till the chamber-maid announces all is ready.—What can the hussey have been about all this while? she has had her own sleep, and does not think of others who want it; but I shall speak to her pretty sharply about this at breakfast. Good-night, good reader; my cap is already on my head, and, though half asleep, I do not forget that I ought not to remain in good company when *en dishabille*. L.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## A DAY BY THE DANUBE.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

AND this is the Danube! I know not how it is, but almost every one has a desire, from his early youth, to see some objects in preference to others, without being able to assign any reason why; and of all rivers the Danube had long been that which I had desired the most to look upon. Perhaps it was the name that impressed me, for there is certainly something sonorous in it. Or it may be that, when a child, I used to stop in the evening, and listen to a blind woman who sang, "Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube." Her voice was sweet, and there is something imposing in the image, "dark rolling Danube." The day I came in sight of it, however, it was not applicable; the sun was bright, the water flowed pure and rapid, and the gay fields of Hungary waved yellow in the summer's breeze. I was disappointed. It was not in accordance with the ideas I had formed of it. I would rather have seen a flood of dark waters flowing through gloomy forests; and I felt somewhat mortified that I should so long have cherished a false image. I shut my eyes, and thought of the Danube; and it rolled before me dark and mighty. I opened them, and beheld it as it is. I had breakfasted at Seid, about twelve miles distant; and I now sat down under a walnut-tree, close by the river, to refresh myself with the contents of my haversack. There is something soothing in the flowing of a river; and my disagreeable feelings soon gave way to the beauty of the prospect around me. I had not yet determined the future course of my journey; whether I should follow the river down to the Black Sea, or up to its Alpine source; and I determined now to settle the point. When one sits by a river's side, and sees it flowing past, the mind naturally flows with it: it requires some-

thing of an effort to mount with it; so I speedily found myself passing through Belgrade, Turkey, and launched into the Black Sea. For a moment, fancy was arrested at Belgrade. Belgrade had been besieged; when, or by whom, I knew not, but it was the same thing, Belgrade had been besieged. But I left Belgrade, and entered Turkey; and then imagination filled up its picture: Constantinople floated before my eyes; and its seraglio of dark-haired beauties; and the Hellespont, and its tale of love and disaster; and then I passed into Asia, and wandered among the ruins of mighty cities, and ancient temples, where Arabs and their camels were reposing; and I saw the city of the prophet, and its hundred mosques; and I heard the voice of him who calls the Musselmen to prayers; and the scenery of the Arabian Nights rose before me, and its wonders and enchantments; and I beheld Bagdat in its ancient magnificence, and the Caliph and his Vizier walking through it in disguise. I shall certainly follow the river down to the Black Sea. There is perhaps no one to whom that name does not convey somewhat of a dismal image; not, perhaps, that any one imagines its colour to be black; but there is always an idea of darkness and gloominess connected with it. If there be any one who is insensible to this association, let the metaphysicians bottle him up as an exception to their theories of suggestion. Whether this idea be inviting or no, depends upon the state of the mind; to me it was revolting, after the brightness of my Asiatic visions. I then looked up the river, and thought of ascending to its source. I should pass through Vienna, the proud residence of the court of Austria, that inconceivable mixture of kindness and oppression, paternal with regard to Austria, and despotic to all the world besides. I should then traverse Germany: but here I was again obliged to leave the field to fancy. My ignorance, and not my will, consented; but she travelled not the less blithely on her way, that there was no finger-post to direct her wanderings: but a sad journey she led me, through gay fields, and gloomy forests, across plains, and round green hills, up rugged steepes, 'mong toppling rocks, and foaming cataracts, and at last left me in a desolate place, by the side of a clear fountain, where an eagle and a chamois goat were quenching their thirst. And this is the source of the Danube! I could get no farther up, so I was obliged to follow the stream down

again; and I determined, the moment light-feathered fancy borne on its bosom should reach me, to arrest it. I was yet ignorant where I should pass the night: the sun was getting low: so I finished my flask of Hungarian wine, and made for a small eminence close at hand, to see if I could discover in which direction lay the nearest village. I perceived a church tower, at about an hour's walk down the river. It is all one, said I to myself, where I rest to-night,—I can change my direction in the morning; and I had just turned my back upon the Holy Alliance, when I perceived a young girl coming towards me, along the path I had struck into, carrying in her arms one of the prettiest little dogs I had ever seen. Whether it was that the dog was alarmed at the approach of a stranger, or that its mistress was for the moment more occupied with that event than by the care of her favourite, I cannot pretend to determine; but, when within a few paces of me, the dog leapt from her arms, and fell into the river. The damsel screamed, and ran to the edge, but the bank was too high for her to reach the water. I immediately determined to save the dog at all hazards. It may be that I was less incited to the action by the danger of the dog than by the grief of its mistress; and when I call to remembrance her look of affection and agony, I know not which of the two I would prefer, to have it recorded as my motive, in my little catalogue of good actions. The dog was carried out from the bank a little way, and was rapidly descending the stream. At a short distance lower down, and only a few yards from the bank, were some rocks, and not more than two or three feet of water betwixt them and the shore. I instantly broke off a branch of a tree, and in a moment gained the rocks. I lay down upon my face, and extended the branch, in hopes that the little animal would lay hold of it. A moment later, and he was lost; but my efforts were crowned with success: he seemed to exhaust his little remaining strength in fixing his teeth in it, I drew him to me, and instantly gained the shore. From the moment that the maiden saw me interest myself in her favour she had remained silent and motionless, the image of fear and anxiety; but when I presented her favourite to her, joy and gratitude glistened in her eyes; she clasped it to her bosom, dripping as it was, kissed it over and over again, held out her hand to me, smiled, caressed her dog again, and again gave

me her hand, as much as to say that she could not thank me sufficiently in words. I told her I was well repaid by having saved her favourite; and I was sure that, if he could speak, he would thank me for having restored him to so kind a mistress. She told me she lived with her mother, in a cottage, about half an hour's walk up the river; and that, having wet myself in her service, if I would walk along with her, her mother would be glad to receive me as a stranger, and still more as the preserver of their favourite. It was not an offer to refuse: she gave me the little dog to carry, and we walked on together. She told me that she had been to see her sister, who was married, and who resided in the village whose tower I had seen; that she had taken the dog with her as a companion, and thinking it might be tired, had carried it all the way from the village. Innocent, tender-hearted creature! What are ye, ye refinements of civilization, in comparison with the confiding innocence and simplicity of the Hungarian girl, who extends her hand to the stranger who has saved her dog, and invites him to her maternal roof, to refreshment and repose! She said the dog had belonged to her brother Theodore, but that when he went to the wars he had made her a present of it, to keep for her sake, and that she and her mother loved it much, both because Theodore loved it, and because it had loved Theodore. As we walked for a few moments in silence, I had leisure to contemplate the form which enshrined so pure a soul. She was above the middle height, slender, but possessed that beautiful roundness of form, which is so captivating in woman; her eyes were blue and mild, but expressive; her mouth was not perhaps quite so small and symmetrical as a limner would die of envy to paint, but two rows of pearly teeth were seen betwixt two parted lips of roses. She held her bonnet in her hand; and abundance of beautiful tresses, gently agitated by the air, shewed a forehead of purity, and shaded a neck no less white; her age might be eighteen, but whatever it was, she seemed yet to preserve the recent impress of the hand of divinity. I asked her if she was not afraid to walk so far alone.

"No," said she; "all the country people know me."

"And love you too," I added.

"At least," said she, "no one would harm me."

Harm thee! I could have pressed her to my heart, and sworn to protect her for ever, and I would have kept my word. I asked her if she had never been tempted to follow the example of her sister.

"No," said she, "my mother is old and infirm; I shall never leave her."

"Heaven will bless thy resolution," said I. But I could not help thinking, as I beheld her charms, and reflected upon her goodness, that destiny would hardly be just, if it should refuse to reward her filial piety by the holy joys of wedded love.

"We live yonder," said she, as we came in sight of a beautiful little cottage with an orchard sloping down the river. "I was received as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their corruptions into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. Never shall I forget our evening meal. We talked of the danger of their favourite."

"Take care of him, Constance," said the kind old woman, "it is all we have of Theodore;" as she named her son, a tear trickled down her cheek; Constance kissed it off, but her own trickled in its place. I talked to them of distant climes and foreign manners. They had heard of England, but had never before seen one of its natives; they said that henceforth they would love it next to Hungary. They keep early hours in Hungary. After supper I strolled into the orchard with Constance, and we silently gazed upon the river. She gave me some ripe pears.

"These will perhaps refresh you to-morrow," said she.

"Ah, Constance," I replied, "they may be sweet to-day but to-morrow they will be bitter."

The bell tolled from the neighbouring village where I was to sleep, and I knew it was time to part. I trembled every inch of me; "Absurd," said I to myself, "I have known her but three hours; true, but I could live with her for ever." We returned to the cottage. The custom of the country permitted me to embrace at parting,—and never did I press the cheek of youth and beauty with so large an alloy of pain. Fair Constance, where art thou now? still in thy little cottage, on the banks of the Danube! I see thee strolling among the walnut trees, and I think that, when gazing on the river, thou wilt perhaps remember that a stranger once gazed upon it with thee Hungarian girl, farewell!



P. 130.

## EVIL MAY DAY.

## CHAPTER I.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

ON the evening of the 29th of April, in the year 1517, and consequently in the eighth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, a tall, portly, broad-shouldered and comely visaged man, in the garb of a respectable citizen, emerged from one of the dark lanes which led into Thames-street, near Dowgate, and proceeded at a sturdy pace in a westerly direction. It was growing dark, the shops and stalls were closed, and the good citizens were at their suppers. The lusty stranger seemed to be conscious of this, and strode along with a firm and erect gait, more resembling that of a man-at-arms than a simple burgess. He had scarcely walked forty paces when two men, squalid and ill-looking, darted from under a gateway, and while they both confronted him, one of them with a grisly oath made a snatch at the purse which hung at his girdle.

"Ha! St. George!" cried the stout man, eluding the fellow's grasp, "take that, knave," and flourishing a stout oaken staff, he stretched the fellow on the

ground with a well-directed blow, which had it alighted on his head instead of his shoulder, would infallibly have knocked out his brains.

Though somewhat daunted at this resistance, the other thief drew forth a long knife, while his companion scrambled on his legs again, and blood would no doubt have flowed but for the sudden arrival of a young man armed with a broad-sword and a buckler, who shouting as he whirled his weapon round his head, "Have at ye, ye cut-purse villains!" instantly placed himself by the side of the citizen.

Alarmed at this unexpected succour, the thieves fled precipitately down the street, and were soon lost among the numerous dark alleys which led to the water side.

"Thanks, my young master," said the portly figure who had been so promptly assisted, "a friend at such a time is worth a thousand fair speeches."

"You are heartily welcome, sir," replied the youth, sheathing his broad-sword, "and if your road lies westward, I will bear you company a part of the way. The gentlemen of the Whitefriars are always stirring with the owl

and the bat, and you may meet others of the same family before you reach home."

"A boat waits for me at Queenhithe," said the stranger, "but as the night is coming on, I will accept your offer, young man;" and he proceeded on his way with his sturdy step, humming one of the songs of that period: at length he spoke again.

"By what name shall I know my champion?"

"Nicholas Fortescue, an't please you, fair sir," replied the youth, in a respectful tone, for he thought there was something in the air and manner of his interrogator above the stamp of an ordinary citizen.

"Of what craft or profession?" was the next inquiry.

"'Prentice to master George Elliott, stationer, in St. Paul's Churchyard," replied the youth.

"Ha! St. George! a 'prentice, and abroad at this hour! does master Elliott give you such license young man?"

The 'prentice hung his head, and was mute for some seconds. At length he muttered in a tone which shewed that he did not relish the remark:

"My back will doubtless taste of the stirrup leather, sir; but I shall not grieve at that since my playing truant brought me to your rescue. There was some good sword play at the bank-side this evening, and Mahoud the great black bear was baited. Ecod, sir! he nipped asunder Ralph, the butcher's dog, of the High-street, and played the devil among the other curs."

"And you could not flee from the temptation?" interrupted the stranger. "But come, you are a brave youth, and though I cannot save your back from master Elliott's discipline, I can find an unguent that hath cured many wounds."

As he said this they arrived at Queenhithe stairs, off which lay a boat with a party-coloured tilt, and the stranger, unfastening the pouch which hung at his girdle, placed it in the hand of the apprentice.

"Take this," he continued, "you will find it stuffed with proper metal; but have a care of the purse; it is a sovereign charm against sorcery and danger of all kinds—George Willoughby is your debtor, young man."

The apprentice doffed his leathern cap, and bowed low as he received the pouch; but as he did so he took care to steal a glance at the features of the donor.

The keel of the boat now grated on

the stairs, and the stranger having entered and taken his seat, it darted out into the stream, and was soon lost in the gloom.

"George Willoughby! he must be a noble!" ejaculated Fortescue, thrusting the well filled purse into his bosom; "I have surely seen that broad fair face and well trimmed beard before to-night; but now for my master's uncomely visage." And saying this he bent his way homeward. He had just reached Thames-street, when the trampling of feet was heard on his right.

"Ha! by the mass!" muttered the 'prentice as he quickened his pace, "here's the city watch going their rounds—I'd rather face master Elliott than sleep in the Compter tonight."

Disappearing stealthily from the spot, Nicholas Fortescue was in a few minutes afterwards knocking at his master's door, on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, now wrapped in total darkness.

## CHAP. II.

### THE CITY WATCH.

OUR 'prentice had knocked three or four times, each knock being louder than the preceding one, when a window was opened above, and the gaunt visage of master Elliott, illumined by the light of the lamp which he held in his hand, looked out ominously upon him.

"Who knocks?" inquired the stationer, in a loud and angry voice.

"'Tis I, master," replied the 'prentice, in a soft, subdued, penitential tone.

"Rascal!" cried the man of business, "get thee gone! go and sleep in St. Nicholas' shambles—I will not let thee into my house to night!" and he shut to the window in a furious passion.

"Hum!" said Fortescue, as he seated himself on the stone steps; "then I'm likely to get a lodging at the expense o' the city; for if I stay here I shall soon be marched off to the Compter—I'll e'en try him again."

He accordingly renewed his knocking with increased vehemence: but master Elliott was inexorable; the door remained closed against him, and our 'prentice resumed his seat on the steps, whistling a tune and beating time with his heel.

The sound smote the ear of his master, who was praying for the arrival of the watch. He did not pray in vain; the watch soon arrived, and the whole party halted, as soon as they espied the 'prentice, whose solo was hushed in a moment.



"Ho! friend!" cried the sergeant, "what art doing there?"

The 'prentice made no reply, indeed he knew not what reply to make.

"Kick him up, Will Lathbury," said the sergeant; and one of the men advanced to do his bidding, but this was not an easy performance. Fortescue started up, and swearing a fierce oath, placed himself in a threatening attitude, his unsheathed sword in his hand, and his buckler covering his head. Dark as it was, the man perceived his danger and recoiled. "'Ods, daggers and devils!" cried the sergeant, "May double-beer be my poison, if thou'rt not afraid!"

"I am not afraid," said the man in a surly tone, "and now my fine fellow put up your broadsword, or I'll cleave your pate for you in a trice."

Daring and obstinate, Nicholas Fortescue heeded not this menace, but remained on the defensive, when the sergeant of the watch again addressed him.

"Harkee, young coistrel!" cried he, "this may be very pretty play in Moor Fields on a summer's evening, but it won't do here—throw down your weapon at once, or you'll be cut to the chine in a paternoster."

The 'prentice did not stir.

"Nay then, down with him," continued the sergeant, perceiving that his remonstrance produced no effect; and Fortescue was instantly stretched on the ground with the stroke of a brown bill. His buckler saved his head, but he sunk under the furious blow, and was instantly seized by two of the watch.

Suddenly there was a stir in the house of the stationer, whose head appeared at the window, while the pretty round face of his daughter looked out with alarm over his shoulder upon the scene below.

"My dearest father, forgive him," murmured the damsel, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Go to your chamber, girl," said her father angrily, "I'll teach the rascal to be malapert."

"Be not wrath with him, dear father," and the tears stood in her blue eyes.

"Away with thee," cried the stationer, in a tone which shewed that he would not be trifled with. Jane Elliott instantly left the room in tears, and her father leaning out of the window, desired the watch to lodge his unprofitable apprentice in the Poultry Compter.

"Nay nay, master stationer," said the sergeant, "'tis a pity to take the boy away, your pretty daughter will grieve."

Master Elliott turned pale with rage,

at this bantering, and he uttered an execration, which for the ladies' sakes must not be recorded.

"Go to the devil with you, sirrah!" cried he, "and have a care of your prisoner!"

While this was passing, Nicholas Fortescue uttered not a word, much to the surprise of his master, who naturally expected to hear him supplicate for pardon; but the man of business was disappointed, and shutting to his window, he left the watch to conduct their prisoner to the compter.

Master Elliott threw himself into his arm chair, and took a long pull at his horn of sack posset.

"A murrian take the girl!" cried he, "she will plague me more than half a score of boys! I'll take a course with her, spite of her tears, which every woman can shed at will. Who but a beardless gallant would be moved by such? I should as soon grieve at seeing a duck walk barefoot!"

The concluding part of Master Elliott's soliloquy was strictly true; but the fair reader should be informed that our widower had counted sixty summers, and that he had been plagued for many years by his wife, who was a *shrew*.

### CHAP. III.

#### THE ALSATIAN BLACKSMITH.

*Shamwell.*—"They are up in the Friars."  
*The Squire of Alsatia.*

THE boat which conveyed Master Willoughby, glided rapidly up the stream in almost total darkness. Here and there a feeble light glimmered in some dwelling which encroached upon and overhung the city wall, and on the other side of the river, the faint gleam of a taper might be seen at intervals in the houses on the bankside. Lower down, but dimly seen through the gloom, London Bridge, with its towers and dwellings, spanned the noble river, whose dark stream poured through its arches with a sullen and unbroken roar. But these were soon lost to the ear and the eye as the boat ascended the river. It soon approached the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars, when the noise of smiths' hammers aroused master Willoughby from the reverie in which he had been indulging.

"Ha!" cried he, "what can this mean? no *citizen* can be working at this late hour!"

The boat continued to advance, and the sound became more and more audible. They were now off the far famed

Whitefriars, and the cause of the noise became obvious.

In one of the wretched hovels which descended to the water's edge, was a smith's forge, the fire from which threw its red glare upon the river. Two men were hard at work, and several others were conversing in boisterous tones. *Mischief was brewing in Alsatia!*

"Pull towards that smithy and lie to under the shadow of yon great barge," said master Willoughbye to the rowers.

This command was promptly obeyed, and the boat was soon within half a stone's throw of the Alsatians. The smiths continued at their work for some time, and the noise they made prevented the conversation of the others who had assembled in the shed, from being distinctly heard by him who was now playing the eaves-dropper. Merrily rung the hammers, as they dashed the bright sparks among the company, whose features were lit up by the vivid glow of the fire—it was a scene worthy the pencil of Schalcken.

A lengthened description of the region of Whitefriars, which, under the cant name of Alsatia, was for a long period the hiding-place of the most desperate wretches that infested the metropolis, will not here be necessary. Shadwell has left us a play, in which he has given a picture of the doings in this classic land, and Sir Walter Scott, with consummate skill, has, in "The Fortunes of Nigel" wrought a beautiful and stirring scene from the slender materials. Whitefriars was, at the period of which we are writing, and for a long while after, a sanctuary for all whom debt or crime had thrust from decent society: the lurking-hole of thieves, beggars and bullies, where warrant and capias were powerless, unless supported by a file of musketeers; the head quarters of

"— angry spirits,  
And turbulent mutters of stifled treason,  
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out  
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;  
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,  
And desperate libertines."—*Marino Faliero.*

Woe to the unlucky tipstaff who ventured within the precincts of Alsatia; a fortunate man was he if he could compound for his life by quietly allowing himself to be tarred and feathered.

It is long since this human den existed, but he who visits the spot at the present day, will find that, although Whitefriars is no longer a sanctuary for felons and debtors, it has not been entirely purged of its abominations.

But to return to master Willoughbye. The hammering in the Alsatian smithy at length ceased, and the fire sunk down, so that the boat could approach nearer without being observed.

"The jail-birds of the Friars are hatching treason," observed one of the boatmen in a whisper to his fellow.

"Ay," replied the other, "and the cockneys are going to bed, little dreaming, good souls! that a thousand knives are sharpening for their throats! The mayor is a fool, or he'd give these rascals a camisado."

Master Willoughbye was listening to the conversation in the smithy, which now rung with other music than that of the anvil.

"There's good stuff at the steel-yard" remarked a burly shaped and sinister featured man, with a ragged jerkin and a greasy thrum cap—"Ay, capital stuff! That old Flemish rascal Philip Van Rynk has many a bale of Brabant linen in his bestowing rooms."

"Ay, ay!" cried another, "and not a few ells of cloth of gold, and budge, and tapestry, and other fineries which have been denied to the poor man."

"And a pretty daughter too," said a tall slim young man with a gilt chain round his neck, a sword and dagger, and a neatly trimmed beard, all of which tended to shew his threadbare apparel to still greater disadvantage. He had been one of the most cutting gallants that strutted in St. Paul's for an appetite.

"Thou mayest take the wench, master Lorymer, and leave me the cloth, for I lack linen," stammered another in a voice that shewed him to be about three parts drunk.

"You shall have enough to make you a comfortable winding sheet, my boy," replied the young man, who had also been drinking. Have you got your brown-bill well ground? These foreigners can fight, and they'll shew their teeth, my valiant Hector!"

"Havock's the word," said a fellow with a ferocious countenance and the frame of a Hercules, "I'm for having a turn at the Frenchmen in St. Martins-le-grand first, and then we can visit one Monsieur Meutas in Leadenhall street, whose throat I'll cut if we should catch him at home."

This ruffian had been a butcher, and had been thrice exposed in the pillory.

"And there's another frog-eater near the Conduit in the West Cheap: his name's Pierre Beauvarlet: he deals in Naples-fustians, Normandy canvass and

Genoa vellet!" said a spindle-shanked fellow who squinted horribly.

"I have shod and sharpened three score of morrice pikes, and a dozen bills to-day, and received but a groat," said one of the smiths; "Peter Beale, you have not paid me for taking the notches out of your broadsword."

"Go to, Sir Vulcan," muttered the man whose memory had been thus refreshed—"I'll pay thee *to-morrow*."

"I have heard nothing else to day" thought the smith, "*to-morrow* will see many of 'em food for the crows!"

"There's no chance for the honest English workman! these d—d foreigners are devouring locusts!" said a little round punchy man, the very personification of idleness.

"Try the country, measter Andrew," growled a tall gaunt figure with a West-country draw!—"they'll find 'ee work, I warrant ye."

The last speaker had fled from his native village in Somersetshire, to avoid the punishment which threatened him for deer-stealing.

Not a word of this conversation was lost to master Willoughby: he was near enough to hear all that was said, but entirely shrouded from observation by the darkness without, while the fire in the smithy enabled him to scrutinize the features of the Alsatian assembly. He determined to wait until this precious council had broken up.

"We must force the Poultry Compter, boys!" cried the Butcher—"and then we shall be strong enough to venture upon Newgate."

"What the d—I have we to do with the prisons, my valiant slaughterman?" said the tall young man with the gilt chain—"I thought we were to visit the foreigners only."

"Then you reckoned without your counters, master Lorymer," remarked the butcher—"we have something to do besides *that*."

Just at that moment a human head was thrust in at the window of the hovel, and a voice cried out:—

"Oh, ye precious plotters of treason! the hemp's already round your throats! Master Dennis, the Sergeant-at-arms has just entered the Friars with a file of hackbut men!"

"The devil!" muttered master Lorymer.

The butcher swore a horrible oath, which he had probably learned in St. Nicholas' shambles.

"Body o' St. Bennet, we are lost!" cried the squinting fellow.

A begging friar, who had seated himself on a bench, and been sleeping soundly all the time, now started up, and swore *per sanguinem dei!*

"Cross of St. Andrew!" cried the little punchy man, "it's uncivil to visit us at this time o' night. Let's cry *arrest!* and face the rascals."

He made towards the door for that purpose, and in another moment the whole neighbourhood would have been in an uproar, but the alarm was stopped by the entrance of the person who had put his head in at the window.

The new comer was a youth of short stature, and dull heavy features, with a profusion of black hair that grew completely over his forehead, beneath which his unintellectual grey eyes twinkled with a sort of stupid satisfaction at the fright he had occasioned. He advanced into the midst of the company, and greeted them with a wild idiot laugh, at which they were any thing but pleased.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! how I scared ye my men of wax!" cried he.

"Curse your frolicking," growled the butcher. "I'll slit your weasand, you skritch owl!"

"Let him alone, my Soldan of the shambles," said Lorymer to the ruffian, "you wouldn't harm a poor idiot, surely? A blow on your sponce to-morrow may make you as witless." Then addressing the youth—"Edwin, you deserve to be scourged for this wanton frolic."

"Scourged!" echoed the idiot, grinning a laugh. "Ay, yes, I remember, there was a king of Morocco once scourged by the monks at Becket's shrine. They don't flourish the whip to-night, though—no, there's brandishing of pike and halberd, and handling of caliver! Whew! I heard the vane creak on St. Bride's tower, and I said, ha! there's a storm coming from the west. The devil has set his foot in the Friars!"

Here he tweaked the friar's nose, and made his eyes water; but the ecclesiastic seemed too sleepy to resent it; so wiping his rubicund proboscis with his ample sleeve, he muttered—

"Would that I could drive thee and thy familiar into the Thames, as our Lord dealt with the herd of swine;" and resigned himself again to sleep.

"Get home to bed, Edwin," said Lorymer, "get home, or I'll take thee in hand."

The idiot looked vaguely in the face of the young man, then shook his head, and sung:—

"And the blazoned shield will be broken,  
And the tall crest cleft in twain ;  
Little reck they of knightly gear,  
Gilt spurs and golden chain !"

"Get away with this mummerly !" said Lorymer angrily ; "you will cause a brawl anon. Go home, sirrah !"

The idiot hung down his head at this reproof, and quitted the smithy without saying another word. He had often been protected from insult by Lorymer, and the poor wretch feared the anger of one of the few persons who had treated him with kindness.

"That bull-calf," said the butcher, "will work us mischief. Let us go over to the Bankside, and see limping Harry and the boys of the Clink."

"Come on, then," cried several voices at once; and immediately the hovel was almost empty. The Alsatians were preparing to cross the water, and master Willoughby having sufficiently gratified his curiosity, and given a nod to his men, the boat shot out noiselessly into the stream, and proceeded up the river.

(To be concluded at p. 145.)

#### STANZAS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre).

When widowed Salem's captive band,  
Beneath Nebassar's conquering banner,  
Were dragged to Shinar's sultry strand,  
And changed to groans the high Hosanna ;  
Assyria, 'mid the banquet's pride,  
Insulted Judah's fettered lion ;  
"Sing, bards of Palestine !" she cried,  
"Sing us the melodies of Sion !"

But songless, hopeless, heartless—they  
Sate weeping by Euphrates' billow ;  
Their harps, through many a weary day,  
Hung silent on Euphrates' willow.  
Thus I ;—around me all is gay ;  
Each eye in heedless pleasure gleaming ;  
Or gazing (how unfeelingly !)  
On mine in untold sorrow streaming.

Yes ! we have breathed the dread *farewell* !

And *thou* art gone, perchance for ever ;  
Yet in Grief's pang, or Pleasure's swell,  
Think 'st thou my heart forgets thee ?  
Never !

Whate'er of joy may o'er me steal,  
I only think *with thee* 't were dearer ;  
However deep the woe I feel,  
I deem the *loss of thee* severer !

1834.

#### THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

"I cannot paint it !" exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you would have given to Itys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moonbeam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip like colour in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes were all perfect ; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till, at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment ! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of ! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip and the glory of the brow you worship ! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it ! To call up, like a rash enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium !—Make me a painter, Pythagoras !

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognised. He would make little of features and complexion. No—no—he has not been an idolater for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervour ;

and when she comes up in his imagination it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and development. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing colour of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eye was good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still, the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all, if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was, as yet, baffled, and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favorite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied now and then, by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung 'The Mute Reply, by Duncan Weir.' A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and, as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was indeed most beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace, and freedom; but the eye shewed the genius of the master. It was

a large, lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

"Do you believe in dreams, Helen?" said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

#### THE WITCH, AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

It is a very common observation, but not the less true on that account, that no advantage is fully prized except by the want of it. Our fair countrywomen, who are now instructed in every branch of education, can with difficulty realize the ignorance of their female ancestors, with whom to read and write was considered learning enough to have made a modern blue-stocking. It must be confessed, that, even now, a woman gifted with any uncommon literary acquirements, falls under the displeasure of the well dressed illiterate dandies of the day; but their jurisdiction is a harmless one, and seldom extends beyond a shrug or the opprobrious epithet of *blue*. But this was not the case in 1669. Then, female literature excited serious suspicion, and was taken under the cognizance of that memorable and never to be forgotten synod of pious, enlightened worthies, who would fain have condemned all the ugly old women and all the intelligent young ones, to be hanged or drowned as witches.

It was the misfortune of Ann Jones to be born at this period. She lived at New Haven, and, when a child, discovered a remarkable faculty of learning. She could string rhymes together, as children of quick and playful imaginations are wont to do. Ann's father died before her genius had developed itself beyond any other indication of great powers than imitating the language of every animal she heard. This early

habit gave her, no doubt, a flexibility of organs. In the present day a young lady may have the gift of half a dozen tongues, and a more accurate knowledge of all than her own, without exciting wonder; but it must be remembered that Ann flourished nearly two centuries ago. Her mother was a good hearted, honest, respectable woman, and early discovered that she had brought a prodigy into the world. This discovery mothers are daily making now, and prodigies have so much multiplied, that nobody is surprised to find the youngest or the oldest child a complete wonder. The mother was constantly relating instances of the extraordinary talents of her child, and, among other things, affirmed, before a number of people who were afterwards summoned as witnesses against the girl, that she could say her letters before she could speak; which, if the woman had not explained her meaning by stating that she could pick them out of the alphabet before she could articulate, was certainly enough to have hung her for a witch in any court of justice.

A Dutch family removed from New Amsterdam to New Haven. Formerly the people of New Amsterdam had designated the inhabitants of New Haven as 'squatters,' and now the term was thrown back on the respectable and ancient family of Von Poffenburghs, who, though they purchased every inch of land they occupied, were, most unjustly, by way of contempt, called squatters. Some say that nothing serious was meant by this appellation, and that it was only in derision of the superabundance of petticoats that were worn by Vrowe Von Poffenburgh, which, when she seated herself, gave her an appearance to which the above injurious term might be applied. They built a low house with slanting roof and gable ends, and though it might shew meanly by the side of our city houses, was then considered one of 'exceeding costliness.'

It must be confessed that the goede vrowe discovered a little more pride in dress than was congenial to the simplicity of the times. It was said she never walked out with less than ten petticoats, and as confidently asserted she could bring ten more to cover them. And then her jewelry was of the most extravagant kind. She wore her pin-ball and scissors dangling at her side by a massy silver chain, and her square buckles contained more silver than any other lady's in the colony. The shortness of her petticoats excited much indignation

among the New England dames. They said there would have been some excuse had economy been the object, but it was evident what was taken from the length was put on to the breadth. They therefore very candidly concluded that their brevity was contrived to shew off a pair of red stockings with gold clocks, well fitted to ancles that did not discredit the epithet of Dutch built.

Unfortunately for poor Ann, the vrowe took a great fancy to her, and said she was the very image of her little Dirk Von Poffenburgh, who died when he was a baby. Nothing would do but Ann must have a set of petticoats, and she actually rigged out the poor girl with buckles as big as her own. Some said they were silver, and others that they were only pewter, and scoured every week with the plates and porringers. At any rate she did enough to draw the hatred and envy of the whole village upon her.

It is no wonder that Ann, who could imitate the language of dumb beasts, should catch the vrowe's. It was surely pleasanter to make human sounds than to *baa-a* like sheep, or *moo-o* like cows. In a very short time she could speak Dutch as well as mynheer himself. All this at first had no other consequence than exciting envy and ill-will; but, not content with two tongues, Ann contrived to exercise a third. She spoke strange, unknown words, that even the Dutch people confessed they could not understand themselves. About this time the witches began their gambols in New England, and one of the strongest evidences against them was speaking in an unknown tongue. Ann began to be looked upon with an evil eye. It was not, however, till a young man of the name of Hall became strangely affected, that the whole village grew alarmed. It was said that she had so bewitched him by her arts and infernal charms that he could do nothing but follow her about like a Jack-o'-lantern. It was generally agreed that he used to be a steady, business-like young man, but since he had known her he had neglected all work, and would saunter whole nights under her window. This was bad enough, but when other young men began to shew symptoms of the same kind, it was time to look into the matter. There were some strong arguments used by the more intelligent and candid against her being an actual witch. It was said by every one who had deeply studied the subject, that the 'abominable and damnable sin,

of witchcraft was wholly confined to ugly old women, whose faces were wrinkled by time, whose joints were distorted by rheumatism, and whose steps were tottering from debility. Now it could not be denied that Ann was fair to look upon, her complexion as smooth as marble, and her step as firm and elastic as that of a mountain deer. Possibly these favorable circumstances might have acquitted her in the eyes of the venerable magistrates and divines of Salem; but they did not at all meliorate the feelings of the mothers and daughters at New Haven, who sat in judgment upon poor Ann. They unanimously pronounced that she was a sorceress, and that her beauty was nothing but a mask, and if it were stripped off, she would be ugly and old enough to excite the indignation of any magistrate in New England, or even Cotton Mather himself. At any rate the effect she produced began to excite serious alarm.

At this time there lived at New Haven a very excellent, good hearted woman, by the name of Eyers. She had heard all these stories of Ann, and not being a full believer in witches, had a laudable curiosity to behold one. Accordingly she sent for her to come and see her; when, strange to say, after a few hours' conversation, she became apparently under the influence of her spells, and used to invite her to make long visits at her house.

It could not be expected that things would be suffered to go on in this way, and, accordingly, a warrant was issued for apprehending Ann Jones accused of the 'abominable and damnable sin of witchcraft.' She was arrested and thrown into prison. But as the judges were not so expert and so much practised in finding out witches as in Salem, and as nobody appeared against her but a few girls of her own age, and half a dozen children who said she had come to them under the shape of a black cat, the magistrates were unwise enough to dismiss her. This acquittal, however, did not release Ann from suspicion. It grew stronger than ever. She had always from her childhood loved to wander over hills and valleys. She was healthy and robust, and never hesitated to take her walks because the wind blew, or the sky lowered. With her little red cloak wrapped round her, and her gay and happy face peeping from the hood, she braved every element. As she grew older she still preserved her taste for rambling, and, as she could now go nowhere with-

out observation, her favorite haunts were soon discovered. It was said she was often seen vibrating on a broomstick in the air between East and West Rocks, and alighting alternately on each; and that, though the latter was a perpendicular cliff, rising three hundred feet, she would run up that, or the side of a house with the greatest ease. It was also said that she was once seen standing on the top of this tremendous rock, and that somebody fired at her and she sunk down into the earth. It was supposed she was *laid* for one while, when, to their horror, they saw her a few hours afterwards looking as bright and as happy as ever. Wherever she walked she found her path impeded by broomsticks and horseshoes, and, though she skipped over them good humoredly, it was confidently asserted that she was always stopped by their infallible power.

About this time, new accounts arrived of the 'wonder-working providence of God in detecting the witches in various parts of New England.' It was thought by many people a disgrace to New Haven that it had not signalized itself in this business, and Ann was more closely inspected than ever. At length it was actually discovered, that she was often met by a mysterious looking personage, who shuffled along as if he had a cloven foot, and some averred that they had positively seen it. It was easy now to account for her strange languages. There could be no doubt but this mysterious being was Beelzebub himself, and there were various conjectures upon the nature of their connexion. Some supposed she had made a league with him and signed the bond with her blood; that he had supplied her with her buckles, and was finally to be rewarded with her immortal soul. Others supposed she was his wife and coadjutor with him. It was not however till some months after she had been seen with this mysterious personage that the worst suspicions were realized. Mrs. Eyers' kitchen was situated on the street. The windows were low and it was an edifying sight to look into them. The dressers and shelves were garnished with bright pewter plates, standing on their edges, and peeping through rows of tin saucepans, dippers, and skimmers, that hung suspended from the shelves, while a shining brass warming pan and chaffing dish garnished the wainscot. A woman happening to pass by, cast her eye with a little maidenly curiosity into the kitchen, and beheld Ann Jones sitting there and conversing

with her demon! The alarm was immediately given, and Mrs. Eyers, who happened to be visiting in the neighbourhood, was one of the first to hear the horrible story. It may well be supposed that she was in great agitation and immediately hastened home, but, before she arrived, people had collected and surrounded the house. Mrs. Eyers immediately proposed that all the outside shutters should be closed, the door fastened and the key holes stopped, lest Ann and her familiar should escape. This was done with the greatest expedition by some, while others went for a warrant to apprehend the girl. It was said that some were absurd enough to suppose that even Beelzebub might be laid fast hold of and brought to trial. Strict watch was kept upon the roof and the chimneys, for it was thought an easy thing for them to escape in this clandestine manner. At length the warrant arrived. Expectation and curiosity were wound up to their highest pitch, the door was carefully opened, when to the horror and astonishment of everybody present not a living soul was to be seen! The strictest investigation was made; they searched in every corner and every closet; up chimney and down cellar; no traces could be found, and, it was clear, Beelzebub had claimed his wife!

Months and years passed away, and nothing was heard of Ann Jones. Her mother could not endure the disgrace of having such a son-in-law, and very soon after this discovery disappeared from New Haven. Mrs. Eyers never could be prevailed on to mention her name; and young Hall, who had been Ann's fast friend, removed to a distant part of the country.

It was not till many years after, that a worthy clergyman was travelling in Vermont, and made inquiries for a Mrs. Hall, for whom he had a letter. When he was introduced to her, he was struck by former recollections.

'You don't know me?' said she, smiling,

'Not exactly,' he replied, 'and yet I think I have seen you before.'

'You don't remember the little witch, Ann Jones?' said she.

'Indeed I do,' he exclaimed, starting up and taking her hand, 'and I have now a letter for you from our worthy friend Mrs. Eyers.'

'I had a hard time of it,' replied Ann, 'at New Haven. You know how long I was accused as a sorceress, because my husband there chose to fall in love with

me and conduct himself as if he was bewitched; and then, too, because an excellent friend taught me Latin, and I had the wit to catch a little smattering of Dutch, I was supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. But the good people were not so much to blame as they might appear,' continued she, 'and I freely forgive them their persecution, for it must be confessed there were some suspicious appearances.'

'So I have understood,' said the clergyman, gravely.

'You did not know, then,' said she, 'that I was employed as an agent by Mrs. Eyers, and our good minister, Mr. Davenport, to carry food to a poor man who lived in a cave on West Rock?'

'No,' replied the gentleman, 'nor how you escaped from your persecutors.'

'It is a simple story,' said she, 'marvellous as it seems. Mrs. Eyers had a closet made behind one of the panels of her kitchen, so exactly fitted and covered with kitchen utensils that no one ever suspected it was there. With this secure retreat in case of danger, the poor gentleman could sometimes quit his cave and live like a Christian, and, in return for my services, he taught me many useful branches of knowledge. When the alarm was given and the shutters closed, we retreated to the closet and escaped discovery. But my friends began to think it was best for me to quit New Haven before I was hung or drowned, and so, added she, 'I came to this spot with my husband. My mother joined me, and here we have lived for fifteen years. I have a healthy family of children, and keep up a constant correspondence with Mrs. Eyers, who has never ceased to shew me kindness for the little service I did her friend.'

'May I ask,' said the clergyman, 'who was the gentleman you so essentially served?'

'You may,' said she, 'for he has now gone to his account. He is beyond the reach of friends or enemies. He sleeps under the clod of the valley. It was *GOFFE, the regicide judge.*'

#### NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

The Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher, by Horace Guilford. Birmingham: Wrightson and Webb; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

"ANOTHER batch of beauties!" exclaims some sour-featured critic, "there is no end to these mutilations of our best



authors!" True, there have been many attempts to cull for the use of the indolent, or those who cannot read much for want of leisure, the beauties which abound in the works of our poets and dramatists. But by whom has this been performed? Generally by persons whose reason and judgment are far below the standard of those for whom they presume to select. It is not so with the compiler of this little tome: his writings shew him to be a gentleman of much good taste and sound judgment; and in this selection he has given additional evidence of the possession of both these qualities; but hear what he says for himself, and the motives which induced him to turn compiler.

"It was in the depth of the last winter night, when November and December were sailing by in all their paraphernalia of gloom, and rain, and wind,—when the fire-place surpasses the sun in warmth, and the clean hearth the meadows in beauty,—that I took up Beaumont and Fletcher in the evenings, deeming their volumes no incongruous accompaniments to the roaring of the storm, and the chuckling flame that went merrily up the old chimney.

"At first I contented myself with noting in pencil lines the parts that struck me by their grandeur, their pathos, and their wit, or by the fidelity and force with which they illustrated the tone and colouring of that gorgeous pageant of society, the *Elizabethan* and *Stuart* periods.

"These and similar passages, however, grew so rapidly on my hands, that I had recourse to a common-place book, and began right earnestly to transcribe each passage as it pleased me.

"Then it was, and while kindling with the splendid and endless procession of fine things which appeared and passed by, that I began to notice with disgust the foul unsightly creatures that mingled with them, and, in many places, almost obscured them.

"The most deliberate outrages upon delicacy, the most wanton exuberance of obscenity, unutterable abominations of language and conception, and an absolute wallowing in the sty of impurity, are all so interwoven with the several Plays, as to defy even the skill of a Bowdler himself, and must ever render the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher a sealed book, such as no father of a family could conscientiously put into the hands of his children.

"Such it might have remained for me,

had I not been irresistibly impressed by the conviction, that there was by far too vast a preponderance of good to be overcome of evil.

"That conviction was the sole origin of this little publication; whether the cause was adequate or not, those who read must decide. There were rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds thick sown upon a cloth of frieze; I have ventured to pluck them away, with little care for their uncomely ground-work, and to wreath them into a carcanet, which may sparkle before the purest eyes that ever shone in kindred rays."

Our readers will not hesitate to acknowledge, that he who could write thus was well qualified for the task he has so ably performed. "Horace Guilford" has, indeed—to borrow the motto from his title-page—heaped together

"Infinite riches in a little room."\*

## THE NUPTIALS OF COUNT RIZZARI OF SICILY.

A FACT.

AT La Bruca, a romantic village situated between the cities of Syracuse and Catania, stands the baronial residence of the Dukes of La Bruca, a magnificent old edifice, which about fifty years since was the scene of the tragic event I am about to relate. The duke, its proprietor at the time, had an only daughter, of about eighteen years of age, possessed of unusual beauty and accomplishments; these, and the large property to which she was heiress, made her hand eagerly sought after by almost all the young men of family whose birth and fortune could entitle them to the honour of so high an alliance. From amongst these her father would gladly have permitted her to select a suitable companion. But her affections were inalienably engaged by the second son of Count Rizzari, of Catania, an intimate friend of the duke. The favoured lover was about the same age as the young lady, and had, ever since her recollection, been the companion of her childhood. A cadet with little or no fortune, was a match to which, if there had been no other obstacle, the pride of the duke would never have consented; there was, moreover, the further impediment, that the young man was intended for the church, and consequently destined to celibacy. The cause of the lady's aversion to her other suitors was soon evident to both families, who were equally

\* Marlowe's Jew of Malta.

anxious to put a period to inclinations, likely, if unchecked, to terminate in the misery of both parties. The count resolved to remove his son from a spot where, enchain'd by early associations, and excited by the continual presence of the beloved object, there seemed but little probability of his overcoming his misplaced passion.

Young Rizzari was accordingly sent to Rome, in order at once to finish his studies, and obtain the advantage of an introduction to individuals of rank and influence in the church. An ecclesiastical life was not Rizzari's natural vocation, and he resolved internally not to embrace it, trusting to chance and time for the birth of some event favourable to his hopes and passion. Indeed, it soon proved so, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had led him to anticipate. His elder brother, who had married subsequently to his departure, died, unexpectedly, without issue, a few months after. Though really attached to his brother, the vast change in his circumstances and prospects prevented his feeling the loss so acutely as would otherwise have been natural. On receiving a summons to attend his afflicted parents, he lost not a moment, as may be imagined, in returning to Sicily. The heirs of families of distinction are never permitted to enter either the military or ecclesiastical professions, and in event of the younger brother's succeeding to the prospect of the paternal inheritance, the vows, if taken, are usually dispensed with by the court of Rome. The young count thus saw in an instant both impediments to his marriage unexpectedly removed. His father, at his solicitation, soon proposed to his friend the duke, the union of the two families, in the persons of their respective heirs; an offer which was accepted with pleasure by the duke, and with delight by his daughter.

An early day was appointed for the nuptial ceremony, which the duke determined should be celebrated at his feudal residence at La Bruca. Invitations were issued to all the nobility of the neighbourhood for many miles round. Of such extent were the preparations, that a fête so magnificent as that intended had not been heard of for many years. The whole country was in motion. Congratulations poured in from every quarter, and all seemed interested in the happiness of the young couple. But there was one person, the Cavaliere — [at the request of the friend who favoured me

with the anecdote, I suppress his name, that of a noble family at present existing in splendour in Catania] who did not participate in the joy and satisfaction manifested by others. This individual, who was remarkable for his wealth, his accomplishments, and his handsome person, though still in the flower of life, was of an age which doubled that of the intended bride of the young count. One of her most impassioned admirers, he had, during the residence of Rizzari at Rome, made proposals to her father. His family and wealth sufficiently recommended him to the duke, but having prevented his daughter from choosing the object of her affections, he resolved at least not to force on her a match disagreeable to herself; and, therefore, whilst he testified his own readiness to accept the offer, referred the cavaliere to his daughter for a final answer. She at once gave him a negative so decided, as to have extinguished hope in any bosom smitten by a passion less consuming and uncontrollable than that of the cavaliere. Undeterred by refusal, he continued to press his suit with an importunity, and even violence, which instead of removing difficulties, soon heightened indifference into aversion; yet, calculating on the apparent impossibility of her being united to the object of her early flame, he relied on time and absence for obliterating from her heart the impression made on it by young Rizzari, and assiduously persevered in his unwelcome attentions. Great then was his rage and disappointment at the death of the elder Rizzari; and the arrival, proposal, and acceptance of the younger as the husband of the lady, whom self-love had persuaded him was sooner or later destined to be his own. Tortured at once by all the pangs of an unrequited passion, and by a devouring jealousy, proud and vindictive by nature, even beyond the wont of Sicilians of rank, the favoured lover became the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language, and the cavaliere was heard to threaten a vengeance as terrible as were the bad passions which raged with such irresistible sway in his own guilty breast.

Soon after the acceptance of Rizzari the cavaliere disappeared from Catania; some said he had retired to one of his villas in the neighbourhood, others that he had gone abroad; in fact, no one knew whither he had betaken himself. The happiness of the lovers left them little time to think of the cavaliere, and their fancied security did not permit

them, for a moment, to fear, or even dream of, the effects of his disappointment or resentment.

The happy day at length came: the marriage was celebrated in the village chapel, which was thronged to excess by rich and poor, noble and peasant. At the very moment when the enraptured bridegroom placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of his lovely bride, a contemptuous and discordant laugh, so loud, so long, and so strange in its expression, that it resembled rather that of a fiend than that of a human being, was heard far above the hum and murmur of the assemblage in the chapel. Such extraordinary rudeness instantly drew the attention of all present; but to their astonishment, although the ominous peal still continued, it was impossible to ascertain the individual from whom it proceeded. When it at length ceased, the ceremony continued, and the affront, if it was meant for one, was soon forgotten in the succession of circumstances of a more agreeable nature.

Every room in the superb old mansion, the bridal chamber excepted, was thrown open to the assembled hundreds: neither expense nor labour had been spared, that could in any way add to the luxury and magnificence of the occasion. The tables groaned beneath the innumerable delicacies placed before the noble company, who were entertained in the vast hall of the chateau; and ample supplies gladdened the peasants and dependants of both houses, who were feasted on the lawns and gardens before the palace. The banqueting at length ceased. The villa and the grounds were alike splendidly illuminated, and soon after nightfall dancing commenced both within and without the building.

The bride, whose present felicity was so greatly in contrast with her late expectations, was observed to be in remarkably high spirits, making no affectation of concealing the happiness which pervaded her. After the ball had continued for some time, and all breathed satisfaction and pleasure, two persons, masked and dressed in the costume of peasants of the country, entered the principal saloon and instantly began dancing, throwing themselves, with garlands which they held in their hands, into a variety of attitudes: it was observed that they both acquitted themselves surprisingly well, but one, from the contour of figure and lightness of movement, was suspected, though both were dressed in male attire, to be a woman. It is requisite

to remark that the ball was not in mask, and that it is customary in Italy and Sicily for masks, when they join a company, to make themselves known to the master of the house, as a security against the introduction of improper or unwelcomed persons. This etiquette was not observed on the present occasion, but the masks entering with gestures expressive of a request for admission, they were received without difficulty, it being probably looked upon as some device for adding to the amusement of the party. Their performance exciting the admiration of the company, the grace and ease of their movements became the subject of conversation. It then appearing that they were unknown, some of the guests, curious to discover them, hinted that it was time that they should unmask in order to take some refreshment: this, they, with signs—for they spoke not—at first declined, but being pressed, signified in the same manner that they would only discover themselves to the master of the house. The bridegroom was accordingly called from the side of his bride for the purpose: good humouredly joining his friends in soliciting the strangers to make themselves known, they gave him to understand, always in pantomime, that since such was his desire, they were willing to gratify him, and that if he would retire with them for a moment, they would unmask to him, but to him alone, as they wished to preserve their incognito from the rest of the company.

The count and the masks withdrew together. In the meantime, the music, the dancing, and all the pleasures of the joyous scene went on. The absence of the bridegroom was scarcely noticed by any one except the bride, who, with eyes wandering in search of him, more than once testified her surprise at his stay. In about twenty minutes, the same two persons, as was evident from their figure, lately masked as peasants, re-entered the ball-room, but their dress was changed; they were now in complete mourning. Between them, one supporting the head, the other the feet, they carried a third so carefully and entirely enveloped in a large black vest, that neither his form nor features were distinguishable. As they moved slowly on with measured pace, they pretended by signs to express their grief for the death of the person they carried. An appearance so ominous on a nuptial night, excited sensations of an unpleasing nature; but no one thought proper to interfere in a pantomime which,

strange and ill-chosen as it was, they conceived permitted by the master of the house. The masks having reached the middle of the room, deposited their burthen there, and began to dance round it in a variety of grotesque attitudes, caricaturing sorrow. At this ill-boding and unaccountable scene, the high spirits of the bride instantaneously forsook her, and were succeeded by an almost preternatural sensation of dejection and horror. Looking anxiously round, she again, in a faltering voice, inquired for her husband. The sister of Rizzari, one of the bridesmaids, struck by her sudden paleness and ill-suppressed agitation, asked if she was indisposed. She replied, that she felt oppressed by a sense of anxiety and alarm, of which she could not conceive the origin. Her sister-in-law told her, that it was nothing but the evaporation of her late unusual high spirits, which, as is often the case, were succeeded by a causeless depression. Just then, the masks having finished their feigned funeral dance, advanced to the bride; and one of them, the male, drawing her by the sleeve, spoke for the first time loud enough to be heard by those around, "*Venite a piangere le nostre e le vostre miserie*"—"Come and weep for your own misery and ours."

A chill went to the heart of the bride at these ill-omened words. She drew shudderingly back, and fell almost insensible in the arms of her sister-in-law. A murmur ran round; it was manifest the cause of the bride's alarm was owing to the extraordinary proceeding of the persons in mask, who, perceiving the impression they had excited, hastily withdrew. In an instant they had disappeared; but whither they went, or what became of them afterwards, was known to no one.

In the meantime, the bystanders remarked in surprise how well the person lying on the floor performed his part of a dead man: not a limb stirred, not a muscle moved, nor was he perceived to breathe. Curiosity prompted them to touch him, and lift his arms; they fell heavy and motionless by his side; his hand too was cold to the touch—cold as that of a corpse. Surprise led them farther—they uncovered his face—O God! it was that of a corpse, and that corpse was the bridegroom!

Who shall paint the dreadful scene that ensued? Exclamations of surprise, shrieks of horror, cries for the masks—here females swooning in terror—there men running to and fro with drawn

swords—this inquiring the cause of the sudden disturbance—that denouncing vengeance on the murderers;—all was distraction and confusion! Her terrified friends instantly hurried away the trembling bride, anticipating some horrible event, as yet unconscious of the whole extent of her misfortune. As they bore her off, the name of her husband, dead, murdered, strangled, fell on her ears; insensibility for a few moments relieved her from the exquisite agony of her situation. They carried her to the bridal chamber—in that chamber had the accused deed been perpetrated; the disordered furniture shewed signs of a struggle; the instruments of death lay on the floor, and on the nuptial couch the infernal assassins had cast a branch of funeral cypress, the token of their premeditated and accomplished vengeance.

The duke, in whose bosom rage and anguish predominated by turns, stationed himself with a party of friends, with drawn swords, at the doors of the palace, whilst a strict but ineffectual search was carried on within. In a few minutes, the party, late so joyous, broke up in consternation; hundreds instantly went off by different roads in search of the murderers, but all pursuit was unavailing. The police subsequently lent its aid: every angle of the country, for leagues round, was explored in vain. The perpetrators of the atrocious crime had escaped; nor, indeed, were they ever satisfactorily discovered.

Suspicion fell on the cavaliere; but though the most rigid search was made, he was not to be found. Some time after, it was discovered that he had left Sicily, to which he never returned, and was residing at Vienna.

It was rumoured, but the truth was never clearly ascertained, that he subsequently confessed himself the author and actor of this horrid tragedy, and gloried in the daring and fiend-like stratagem by which he had so signally accomplished it.

The widowed bride never recovered the shock. Her life was for a time despaired of. As soon as her strength enabled her, she retired into a convent, where death, the best friend of the wretched, ere long put an end to her sufferings.\*

\* In the year 1832, Don Luigi Nani, a Catanese priest, was imprisoned by the orders of government on a complaint of one of the families concerned, for having related this event to the public from the pulpit.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

## MEMORABILIA,

BY A DESCENDANT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

*(For the Parterre).*

I have seen and heard much through a long life. I have written my autobiography, which I intended should be published on the day a grave-stone was erected over my tomb. *Too impatient,* however, to await the period of my ghost flitting around my executors whilst employed correcting the proof sheets of my literary post obits, I have come to the resolution of giving the world some fragments of my memorabilia whilst I am yet alive.

I was in company with the celebrated Dr. Parr. He was then young and engaged in courtship. He related facetiously a dispute he had had with his lady-love. "If I marry," said Parr, "I shall not approve of Jewish names for my expected children. I will not have a little tribe of Christian perfectly Jewish in nomenclature. If I had eleven daughters, I would name the first, "Amo;" the second, "Amas;" the third, "Amavi;" the fourth, "Amari;" the fifth, "Amandi;" the sixth, "Amando;" the seventh, "Amandum;" the eighth, "Amatum;" the ninth, "Amatu;" the tenth, "Amans;" the eleventh, "Amaturus." The translation of these latter words," continued Parr, "would probably denote my love towards my wife, and my wife's love towards me, during the ten years necessary to give birth to the daughters to be named."

Another time, I was with Dr. Parr at Will's coffee-house, Serle-street, London. Two Warwick attorneys were dining in the coffee-room. They did not like the port wine, and asked the waiter to change it for a tawny wine. "The wine you have got is what master calls 'attorney wine,'" said the waiter.

The poet Coleridge was particularly fond of quaint poetry, similar to the description of a ball:

"Thin dandies in tights, weighing each one an ounce,  
Young ladies befurbeled, founce upon founce."

I once went with Coleridge to visit a young lady whose father and mother were for years martyrs to the gout; when he in his eccentricity expressed

their helpless situation by a parody of Byron, thus—

"They lazily mumbled their meals in bed,  
Unable to crawl from the spot where they fed."

Walking with Coleridge in the country, we saw washed linen hanging in a village church-yard. He said, "The inhabitants dry their clothes on the graves of their ancestors." After a pause, he added, "the scene appears as if the ghosts had hung up their shrouds."

Talking of the lunacy of poor ———, Coleridge said, "I intend writing some lines on one curious aberration of poor ———'s mind." He declared that "kneeling was not the proper position in which a Christian ought to pray. He always prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms in figure of a cross."

I remember Coleridge laughing immoderately at a stage coachman boasting he had realized more than 50*l.* by the retail sale of one small barrel of ale. The boaster drove a stage-coach on one of the western roads, and kept, in his wife's name, on the same road a public-house. He invariably stopped here under pretence of "washing his horses' mouths." The passengers would call for "glasses or pints of ale." It was speedily brought, and paid for; but no sooner did it touch the lips of a passenger, than its acidity caused him to forbear drinking; no one ever drank more than half his order. The coach again rolled forward with its four prancing steeds: the liquor which was left in the pints and glasses was carefully poured through the bung-hole of the barrel, to be re-sold to other sets of passengers of to-morrow and to-morrow.

Coleridge described singing without music as "singing without accompaniment of any sort, except the most wonderful distortion of face."

The crime of murdering persons by pressing on their bodies and suffocating them, is, from its first discovered offender, Burke, called "Burking." Coleridge, when any passage of his writings on re-reading did not please him, would write a new passage on a slip of paper, and paste it over the disliked passage. This he called "Burking it."

## MISCELLANIES.

ASTLEY AND DUCROW.

EQUESTRIANS are of ancient date; classic lore gives many instances of these "Centaur's." The performances of Ducrow, however, certainly outstrip competition, and exceed all I remember. All these persons are exceedingly ignorant. Poor old Astley used to talk of a "*Krocker-dile* wat stopp'd Halexander's harmy, and, when cut hopen, had a man in harmer in its *hintellecks*." He (Astley) had two or three hard words that he invariably misapplied: "pestiferous" he always substituted for "pusillanimous;" and he was wont to observe that he should be a ruined man, for his horses ate most *vociferously*. The present race of gymnastic professors have not cultivated an acquaintance with the schoolmaster. Monsieur Gouffée, the man-monkey (who was born in the Borough) received a letter from a poor Frenchman begging for relief. Whether in French or English, Gouffée was equally incapable of perusing it; the stage-manager, however, explained to him the nature of its contents, on which he advanced to the Parisian and gave him half-a-crown. "Monsieur, vous avez bien de la bonté," exclaimed the receiver. Gouffée, thinking that his supposed countryman was asking for more, said, "It's no use, dang it, for I an't no more silver about me."—Of Ducrow it is told that, when teaching a lady of rank and title, and being intent on preserving or acquiring a character for gentility, he at last said, "Why, Marm, if you want him (the horse) to jump, you must hold on behind, and *insinuate* the *persuaders* into his sides." Of this man's extraordinary courage take one example:—Herr Cline, at rehearsal, declined ascending on the tight rope from the stage to the gallery as a dangerous experiment. Ducrow said, "What, Sir, afraid of hurting yourself, I suppose. I'm not pretty, and have nothing to hurt: give me the pole." And, in his duffel dressing-gown and *slippers*, he ascended and descended,—an attempt amounting almost to madness, and at which even the practised performers of that theatre shuddered.

*Records of a Stage Veteran.*

PROFESSIONAL ENVY.

Bartolomeo Bandinelli, an eminent sculptor and painter, was born at Florence in the year 1487. He is distinguished for his implacable hatred of Michael Angelo, whom, however, he considered his inferior. Upon one occasion he entered the apartments of his

rival by means of a false key, and destroyed the cartoons designed by that great master, by order of Pietro Soderine, for the grand council-room.

LITERARY DISPATCH.

Dr. Johnson wrote the celebrated tale of "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week. Sir Walter Scott began and finished "*Guy Mannerling*" in a month; Dryden's immortal poem of "*Alexander's Feast*" was the work of two days; and it is related of Shakspeare that he completed the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" in a fortnight.

SINGLE COMBAT AT WATERLOO.

THE third hussars next advanced, in order to avenge the fate of their countrymen. The French soon formed up to receive these new adversaries, and both parties stood observing each other for a moment as hardly liking to engage. At last the hussars charged; the French, with their brilliant idea of cavalry tactics, awaiting the onset *de pied ferme*; a short *mélée* at sword's point followed, without being attended with any material result. One of the many hand-to-hand combats that took place during the day occurred here in full view of the British line, immediately after the main parties separated. A hussar on one side, and a cuirassier on the other, had been entangled among retiring enemies. On attempting to regain their respective corps they met in the plain. The hussar had lost his cap, and was bleeding from a wound in the head; but he did not on that account hesitate to attack his steel clad adversary; and it was soon proved, if proof were necessary, that the strength of cavalry consists in good horsemanship, and in the skilful use of the sword, and not in heavy defensive armour. The superiority of the hussar was visible the moment the swords crossed; after a few wheels, a tremendous facer made the Frenchman reel in his saddle; all attempts to escape from his more active foe were impossible, and a second blow stretched him on the ground, amid the cheers of the Germans who, in anxious suspense, had remained quiet spectators of the fight.

*U. S. Journal.*

GOOD ADVICE.

BE reserved, says William Penn. but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and upon good grounds.

M. N.



P. 152.

## EVIL MAY DAY.

[Concluded from p. 134.]

*(For the Parterre).*

## CHAPTER IV.

THE POULTRY COMPTER.—THE ALDERMAN.

WE must now return to Nicholas Fortescue, whom we left in the custody of the city watch. Like all rash and impetuous spirits, he began to reflect when it was too late; and when he heard the doors of the cell into which he was thrust, close with a hollow grating sound, his heart sunk within him, and flinging himself on a heap of straw in one corner, he wept like an infant. The thunder had passed away, and the heat drops were falling fast. Nicholas Fortescue saw plainly that he had got himself into a scrape, and not without cause, trembled for the consequences: the law was severe against refractory apprentices, and Master Elliott was not a man to be trifled with. Then, again, he had resisted the watch; an offence which would not be overlooked by the alderman. Our 'Prentice had, indeed, much to fear; and as he lay in his cell in darkness and solitude, he bitterly repented him of his folly.

Not to weary the reader with all that passed in the mind of the prisoner, we are obliged to confess that Nicholas Fortescue fairly cried himself to sleep. Many an ugly dream haunted his slumbers. Jane Elliott discarded him, and her father refused to take back his 'Prentice after he had been set in the stocks, and flogged at a cart's tail up the Chepe! These and other visions tormented him till day-break, when the light which streamed through the bars of a small window in the cell fell on his face and shewed him that he was still in custody. He now recollected that he had not examined the purse which Master Willoughby had presented to him, and drawing it from his bosom he emptied the contents into his cap, and then began to count his treasure.

"Ha!" cried he, joyfully, forgetting where he was, "Five-and-twenty Harry shillings, three nobles and a ryal! beside smaller coin—'t is the gift of a prince!—how generous!"

Then he suddenly recollected that all this might be taken from him, and fell to cudgeling his brains how he should prevent such a catastrophe. After due deliberation he determined to make a

confidant of the turnkey. As the morning wore away this man entered the cell, and Fortescue at once unfolded his secret.

"Master jailor," said he "if you will do me a piece of service I can put a ryal in your pouch."

"And what is the service?" inquired the man eyeing him significantly.

"Simply this," answered the prisoner. "I am master of a sum of money, and I may stand in need of it if my sentence should be a severe one—Master Elliot may not receive me again.—Swear to me, that if I tell thee where it is hidden, thou wilt be keeper of it till I am released, and then return it to me untouched."

The turnkey took the oath, and Fortescue drew forth the purse which he had thrust under the straw.

"Here," said he, "go put it into thy strong box."

The turnkey quitted the cell with his charge, and an hour afterwards our 'prentice was in the justice-room at the Guildhall, before Master Joel Bokerell, alderman of the ward of Chepe.

The civic Rhadamanthus was a short, corpulent man, with a large, sleek, red face, a small bald forehead, snub nose, and gray eyes, with more of sensuality than severity in their expression. The charge was made by the sergeant of the watch.

"A-hem!" said the alderman, addressing the shame-stricken apprentice; "you are charged, on the oath of one of the sergeants of the night-watch of the king's good city of London, with obstructing, threatening, and foining at with deadly weapons, contrary to the statute, divers persons of the said watch, to the great scandal of the city."

Having uttered this elegant sample of magisterial eloquence, Master Bokerell paused for breath, and played with his gold chain.

The 'prentice let his head fall on his chest, and thought of Jane Elliott: he feared he had lost her for ever! Grief and shame prevented his uttering a word in reply to the magistrate, who, of course, attributed his silence to obstinacy.

"What!" cried Master Bokerell, his face assuming a deeper shade of scarlet, "you have nothing to say, eh? ha! you contumacious young rogue, you! a hundred such would set the city in an uproar; we must take care of you. We have May-day to-morrow, and idle gos-

sips and controvors\* have been busy spreading evil reports of your brotherhood." Here he whispered in the ear of his clerk, "We must keep him safe—he is a wild young dog; there will be a stir to-morrow—there was a folk-mote in the 'Friars last night;—so say letters from the Court."

Nicholas Fortescue, on hearing this tirade against himself, took courage and raised his head, when his eye accidentally rested on the stern visage of his master below the bar.

"Oh, master," muttered he, "speak but one word for me, or I'm a lost lad!"

"'T is your own fault, Nick," said the stationer, in a milder tone than usual.

Master Elliott had been touched by the grief of his daughter, whom he had left at home in great distress, and moreover had not forgotten the good qualities of his 'prentice.

Fortescue again spoke:

"Master," said he, "I saved your house when Stephen Batt, the pater-noster-maker's work-yard took fire at midnight, last Candlemas;—plead for me, dear master, or I am lost for aye!"

"Let him be taken back to the Compter, and suffer solitary confinement for a week; he may then be whipped three times between the Conduit in Cornhill and the Cross in the West-cheap!" said the alderman.

"Oh, master!" groaned the 'prentice, "suffer me not to be scourged like a dog!"

Here Master Elliott spoke. His stern nature was softened; he loved his daughter, and he had found out, when too late to oppose it with effect, that his daughter loved the apprentice. Now he dreaded the thought of his future son-in-law being whipped at the cart's tail, so he pleaded for a remission of the sentence; but Alderman Bokerell loved to have his own way; he persisted in his determination that Fortescue should suffer the punishment to which he had doomed him.

Again Master Elliott besought the obdurate magistrate to modify the punishment.

Obsinate as was the alderman, he loved ease too much to bear teasing, and this he could not now avoid without giving offence to the stationer.

"Citizen," said he, "I am not one of

\* *Controvors*, — an old French law-term, signifying one who circulated false news.



those who delight in cruel punishments; but the laws must be respected. These boys have often caused grievous tumults in this our ancient city. The rod hath told when good counsel met deaf ears, and the rod must descend again right sharply ere 'prentices will learn that they may not follow their own stubborn will."

"Spare him this time, your worship, and I'll give bond for his orderly behaviour for the future," said the stationer.

The alderman threw himself back in his chair, scratched his ear, and looked thoughtful; then he shook his head, and conferred with his clerk in whispers: our metropolitan magistrates at the present day well know the value of an intelligent clerk.

After due deliberation, his worship in his mercy consented to remit a *portion* of the punishment, and Nicholas Fortesue was adjudged to receive but *one* whipping between the Conduit and the Cross in Westchepe.

The stationer ground his teeth with rage and vexation at this pretended lenity: had the term of his 'prentice's imprisonment been doubled, he would not have cared—it was the *whipping* which annoyed him.

"Your worship will remit the *whipping* altogether?" said he imploringly.

"Not a single stripe, citizen!" said the alderman, rising from his seat in a passion, "no marvel that the 'prentices run wild, when their masters are crazed—take him away, men."

Four men in the city livery, led the 'prentice out of the justice room, and Master Bokerell vanished through a low door at the back of his chair, leaving the stationer in a state of absolute bewilderment.

#### CHAP. V.

##### "PRENTICES AND CLUBS."

FEW of our readers will require to be informed, that from an early period, almost up to the close of the seventeenth century, the apprentices of London were a very numerous and formidable body. The daring and martial spirit, which the sports and pastimes of our ancestors tended so much to encourage, occasionally found vent in desperate tumults, and in these, the 'prentices of London were ever ready to take an active and prominent part. Of all riots, those which are created by boys and young men, are the most alarming. Youth is always impetuous; and the smooth face

has often looked fearlessly upon danger, when bearded men have skulked in the rear: the heroes of the "three days" were young men and boys, and mere striplings were the first that fell in that memorable struggle.

Of the boldness and impudence of the London apprentices in the year 1595, we will give one example, and then go back to the period in which the scenes of our tale are laid. In this year several of that turbulent body having been imprisoned by the court of star chamber, their companions broke open the prisons and released them, for which several of the ringleaders were, by order of the lord mayor, publicly whipped. Enraged at this punishment, a large body of them assembled in Tower Street, and marched with the beat of drum, to seize his lordship, *whom they intended to whip through the streets by way of retaliation.* During the civil wars, the London apprentices were not inactive, and Charles the second, who had quarrelled with the corporation, endeavoured to cultivate a good understanding with these spirited youths. But our business is now with the apprentices of London in the year 1517. The various guilds viewed with jealousy and alarm the endeavours of foreigners to establish a trade in England; and in this year, their hostility to the stranger merchants and artizans had manifested itself in various acts of violence. The English complained, that so many foreigners were employed as artificers, that their countrymen found it extremely difficult to procure work. They also alleged, that the English merchant could not compete with the foreigners, who brought over cloth of gold, silks, wines, oil, iron, and other commodities, to their very great emolument; and lived sumptuously among those, whose interests they had so deeply injured. If we may credit the relations of the old chroniclers, there is good reason for believing, that an undue partiality was shewn to the foreign traders by Englishmen in power;\* for upon several occasions, the strangers are said to have conducted themselves with unbearable insolence towards the English.

\* The sceptical will bear in mind, that at a later period, one of the charges brought against the great Lord Bacon, was his having receiving a thousand pounds as a bribe, from the French merchants, to oblige the London vintners to take 1500 tuns of wine!—*Vide his trial.*

At length the long pent-up rage of the Londoners burst forth; the priests from the pulpit denounced the strangers, who could not venture into the streets alone; several foreigners were assaulted and wounded by the populace, for which offence some half-dozen Englishmen were committed to prison. But this was only adding fuel to fire; a report which reached the court itself, was circulated, that on the May-day the English would rise, and destroy all the foreigners within the city and its liberties.

Measures were immediately taken to avert the threatened rising. Cardinal Wolsey in alarm sent to the lord mayor, whom he urged to adopt prompt measures. The mayor held a council, at which it was resolved that an order should go forth, commanding every man to keep his door closed, his servants and apprentices within, and that no person should be abroad after nine o'clock in the evening. It is said that this order was not properly published, for many idlers were seen in the streets, and the 'prentices appeared ripe for mischief as they collected in the public places.

A lovely evening had succeeded an unusually fine day, and the streets of London were gradually darkening, although the setting sun still gilded the steeples and weathercocks. The tall towers of Saint Pauls shot up into the clear, unclouded sky, and echoed with the sharp and incessant cawing of the jackdaws. Below were groups of persons, conversing on the subject of the foreigners. At the west-end of Cheap-side, a number of apprentices were assembled; two of them were playing at sword and buckler, and the others were vociferating their opinions of the skill of the mock combatants.

"Hammer away, my boys!" cried one: "Jem Studely you handle your broadsword as though you had got the mércers' measuring yard!"

"Mass! what a clatter ye make," roared another. "Sam Hall, that was not fair; you aimed below Jem's girdle, 't was a foul blow!"

A dispute here arose, and some of the elder boys were appealed to; but ere it could be settled the clatter of hoofs was heard, and six horsemen dashed into the Westchepe, from Saint Paul's Church-yard. They were two of the aldermen, Sir John Munday and Master Joel Bokerell, with four attendants in the city livery.

"Ha!" cried Sir John Munday, suddenly pulling up, "is London run mad?

here's a pretty pack of young knaves! What the good day are we to be flouted thus? Go home ye varlets, or we'll fit a score of ye with the stocks!"

The knight expected to see the group quail before him. But he was sadly mistaken; they answered him with a burst of riotous laughter.

Here Master Bokerell, who was not so choleric as his brother alderman, attempted to remonstrate with the apprentices; but as he was beginning to address them, one of the urchins discharged a handful of black mud full in his magisterial face.

"Take that, you old rascal!" cried the boy, "'t was you who sent Nic Fortescue to prison this morning;" and again a loud peal of laughter burst from the 'prentices.

"Mother of God!" cried Sir John Munday, "this will never do—and he spurred his horse among the group, and seized the boy who had bespattered Master Bokerell; but the little fellow was instantly torn from his grasp by the elder boys, and the knight received some hard blows in the scuffle.

Master Bokerell, having by this time cleared his eyes, unsheathed his sword, and his example was followed by his attendants, who advanced to support the knight.

Then arose that tremendous cry which of old was wont to fill the more quiet Londoners with alarm and dread.

'Prentices! 'prentices! clubs! clubs!' shouted the boys, and a crowd was instantly gathered round the spot.

"'Prentices and clubs!" yelled the rabble, which had been drawn together by the tumult, and the danger of the aldermen and their attendants became imminent, as many an execration rose against them.

"'Prentices and clubs!" again shouted the boys, and as the sound penetrated the adjoining streets, the affrighted citizens closed their doors, and listened to the uproar in breathless suspense. The cry was spreading: Blow-bladder Lane poured out scores of stout youths, with bat in hand.

"'Prentices and clubs!" rose the cry in Paternoster-row, and knives and cleavers clashed in St. Nicholas' shambles. That tremendous shout had gone forth, and was extending like a train of ignited gunpowder.

"'Prentices and clubs!" shouted the boys of Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street, and the inhabitants of the Whitefriars came forth from their holes, like owls

and bats when an eclipse has darkened the sun. From Temple-bar to Aldgate, from Aldersgate to the River-side; in Leadenhall-street, Bishopsgate-street, Cornhill, Coleman-street, and the innumerable streets and alleys which intersected them, the well known cry of "Prentices and clubs," froze the hearts of the forrigners with terror, and filled the peaceable citizens with consternation and dismay.

The aldermen plainly saw that it was impossible to stem the torrent. They certainly cut a contemptible figure: their faces streamed with perspiration; their swords were dashed from their hands, and their soiled and torn apparel excited the laughter of the mob; they could no longer resist, and wisely determining on a retreat, they galloped down the Chepe pursued by a shower of sticks, stones, and mud, mingled with the choicest maledictions.

#### CHAP. VI.

##### AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

THE discomfited aldermen and their attendants with some difficulty made their way through the crowd, which by this time almost blocked up the Chepe, and repaired to the Guildhall, where Sir John Rest, the lord mayor, had summoned a Common Council. But we must leave these archons to their sage deliberations, and once more lead the reader to the cell of Nicholas Fortescue, in the Poultry Compter.

The 'prentice had received his master's forgiveness, and delivered to him the purse which the turnkey had faithfully kept and returned when demanded. But the dread of public punishment in the eyes of all the citizens almost drove him mad; he thought himself the most wretched youth in christendom, and as he lay on his straw bed, he prayed that an earthquake might shake down the prison, and bury him beneath its ruins.

All of a sudden a wild cry arose, which made him start like the hunter when reynard breaks cover, and the view halloo is given. The shout of "'Prentices! 'prentices! clubs! clubs!" had penetrated even to the cells of the Poultry Compter.

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed Fortescue, "the 'prentices are up, and there 'll be sharp work anon."

Soon the noise approached nearer, and there was a sound like the wrenching of crow-bars and the blows of axes; then a struggling succeeded, and the clashing of steel sounded within the

building. In another moment, the door of Fortescue's cell was opened, and several youths entered, stumbling one over the other.

"Up, Nic!" cried one of them, "up! we are going to have a fling at the foreigners;—Newgate is forced by this time—come on to the Steel-yard."

"What does all this mean?" inquired Fortescue, as he suffered himself to be led into the Poultry. Here he beheld a strange scene. A furious rabble rent the air with wild shouts of vengeance, while they brandished aloft almost every description of weapon then known. Halberds, pikes, bills, scythes fixed on poles, axes, spits, swords and knives, flashed in the red light of cressets and torches. The 'prentice, whose spirits had been depressed, shuddered as he looked on that fearful rabble; but he dared not withdraw from it.

"Saint George for England! 'prentices, 'prentices, clubs!" roared the boys, striking their swords and bucklers together.

"Slice! slice! kill the rogues! kill all! down with the French, Flemings, and Lombards!" yelled the rabble, brandishing their various weapons.

"To the Steel-yard, boys!" cried a stout fellow with a red woollen cap;—it was the Alsatian butcher; he had girded on an enormous broadsword, and carried a buckler as large in circumference as a good sized table. Master Lorymer was there, and the other gentry of the Friars.

"Come on, my lads!" cried the butcher, "we are wasting time. Van Rynk will be prepared for us!—to the Steel-yard!"

"To the Steel-yard! to the Steel-yard!" shouted a thousand voices, and in a few minutes the Chepe was comparatively still. The immense mob filed off down Bucklersbury into Walbrook, headed by several drunken wretches, who formed their *band*. An old woman was grinding a hurdy-gurdy with furious gestures, and several butchers were blowing discordant blasts on bullocks' horns, while some of their companions clanked their cleavers in concert. As they passed down Walbrook, the lights from their torches lit up the fronts of the houses, and the terrified inmates ran to the windows to take a cautious peep at the procession as it descended towards Thames-street. Two other bands were in different quarters of the city; one had proceeded to the prison of Newgate, and the other had advanced to Leaden-

hall-street, where several foreign traders resided. It was a fearful sight, and the bells which now rung alarm increased the hideous uproar.

Among those who had provoked the vengeance of the Londoners was Philip Van Rynk, a wealthy Flemish merchant, dwelling near the Steel-yard in Thames-street. He and his countrymen, as well as the French and Lombards, had received intimation of the intended rising against them, and each adopted his own measures of precaution. While, therefore, the tumultuous procession was on its way to the Steel-yard, Van Rynk was sitting in a room up stairs conversing with his daughter—two serving-men and an apprentice keeping good watch below. An expression of deep sadness wrung the fine countenance of the venerable Fleming; and now and then a tear would start, as he raised his head and gazed on the beautiful features of his only child.

"Dearest father," said the lovely foreigner, "take heart—there can be no danger—Englishmen are generous, and will not harm aged men and weak women."

"Alas!" sighed the old man, "many Englishmen have done me good service—but this rabble rout!—Oh, Margaret, there was a day when I could have died with honour in defending thee! In my good Almain harness I could have returned the thwacks of these clowns—but we are their prey now."

The large lustrous eyes of his daughter were dimmed with tears, but checking her emotion, she renewed her endeavours to persuade her father that the danger was not so great as he anticipated.

"My child! my sweet Margaret!" murmured the old man, as he repeatedly kissed her pallid cheek—"Tis not for my merchandize I fear; for thy dear sake I have braved the seas and perilled my life in strange lands; the thought of harm to thee wrings my old bosom and makes me womanish."

The old man here rose from his seat and dropped on his knees before a carved wooden image of the Virgin, which occupied a niche in the wall of the apartment. Thrice he crossed himself and then burst into extempore prayer.

"Holy Mother! ever blessed Virgin! guardian of the weak and innocent, vouchsafe to hear the prayer of a distracted old man. Oh, blessed Lady! for thy dear Son's sake, turn the wrath of these fierce men, and shield my child!"

He continued to pray, but his voice died away into a scarcely audible mur-

mur, with which the whispered orisons of his daughter mingled, as her long white fingers separated the beads of her rosary.

There was a beautiful contrast in those two figures. The painter of a later period might have taken the old man as a model for his favourite saint, while the Madonna-like form that knelt near him, would have inspired Murillo himself, heightened as it was by the light of the small silver lamp which stood on the oak table. How different the scene without! While the merchant and his lovely daughter continued in prayer, the tumultuous procession was descending Dowgate-Hill. Had a well disciplined band encountered that disorderly throng as they entered Thames-street, their progress might have been arrested and their flight certain; but the civic authorities appeared to despise the old adage, "prevention is better than cure," and suffered the riot to proceed until their own force was too weak to cope with it.

The rioters set up a frightful yell as soon as they entered Thames-street, and saw the houses of the foreigners, and the capacious warehouses of the Steel-yard.

If the reader be a citizen, he will not require to be told that a stack of warehouses still bears the name of the Steel-yard, and that they stand less than a stone's throw from Dowgate Hill; but if he be a stranger, desirous of making a *personal* survey of this once celebrated spot, let him repair to it early in the morning; at mid-day the attempt will be dangerous, the pavement being (to use Mr. Snooks' phrase) "nor broader nor a two-penny ribbon."—There is nothing glorious in being squeezed to death between the wall and the broad wheel of a coal wagon. But to return to the gentry whose array now filled the street, their numerous torches rendering every object visible.

Countless heads waved to and fro in the torch light, and a roar of voices in which fierce oaths and execrations were mingled, smote the hearts of the foreigners, who indeed had much to fear from their infuriate visitants.

Their windows were now assailed with a shower of large stones, some of which fell down again on the heads of the crowd, who in their blind fury supposed that their enemies had hurled them back again upon the throwers. A few dropping hackbut-shots were returned by a Lombard merchant who lived opposite the Steel-yard, and some of the crowd bit the dust, while the

wounded yelled with pain, and called upon their comrades to revenge them.

A window was now opened, and the aged Philip Van Rynk appeared for a second, and cast a hasty glance at the crowd below. The sight made him quail: he had supposed that the assembly was such as the watch might disperse, if assisted by the more respectable citizens. A momentary view, however, of the scene beneath, shewed him that he had miscalculated. He disappeared in a twinkling, and it was well for him that he did so, for three arrows whistled over the heads of the crowd: two of them entered the house, while a third quivered in the frame of the window.

Then arose another wild cry, as the old man withdrew from the view of the assailants.

"Van Rynk! Van Rynk!" shouted a ruffian, who had armed himself with a brown-bill. "Ha! you whoreson Flemish goat! you took the wall of me in the Chepe last Friday."

"And you beat my trusty dog with your riding staff in the stocks' market," cried another.

"The Devil wears such a beard when he meets the witches," said a woman, shaking aloft a large torch, and looking herself like a priestess of Hecate.

"I will have that beard in my hand ere long!" cried the Alsatian butcher—"burst the doors and help yourselves, my boys—he has stuff in the house that the Pope might covet."

Several men accordingly began to batter the door of the old merchant's house, which shook with the blows. Shots were again discharged from the opposite side of the street, and several of the besiegers were killed and wounded, while large stones and scalding water were thrown upon the heads of those who were immediately under the door.

But the second story of Van Rynk's house projected far over the foot-path, so that the attacking party could not be seriously molested. They soon ceased to batter the door, and at the suggestion of a stonemason, commenced making a breach in the wall, where it was impossible for the besieged to reach them.

While this was preparing, Nicholas Fortescue, who had fallen in with five or six of his acquaintances, was deliberating how he should save the Fleming and his daughter from their fierce enemies. The butcher and his friends had nearly effected a breach in the house, while the other part of the rabble prevented the foreigners on the opposite side of the street from

appearing at the windows with their cross-bows and hackbuts.

Fortescue did not love the foreigners any more than the rest of his countrymen, but Van Rynk had a grey head, and his daughter was passing beautiful, two things that always operated strongly on our 'prentice's feelings: he determined to save them at the risk of his life; and his companions, to whom he communicated his intentions, swore to assist him.

"My lads," said he, addressing them, "there is an alley below, which leads to the water-side; if we could climb the wall, we are at the back of the old Fleming's house"—

"Be quick, then," cried the 'prentices, "or that blood-thirsty dog the butcher will have run down his game."

The 'prentice and his friends cautiously withdrew from the crowd, and diving into the alley scaled the high wall, and soon found themselves at the rear of Van Rynk's house, which they entered without opposition, the door being left on the latch, the inmates having probably calculated upon the possibility of their being obliged to retreat, in the event of the assailants succeeding in forcing an entrance.

They ascended the stairs which led to the principal apartments, and heard loud shouts, mingled with the clash of weapons and the knell of fire-arms; the butcher and his desperate band had broken through the wall, and after a short but violent struggle, in which the merchant took a part, the old man retreated, leaving his two serving men and his apprentice mortally wounded.

Determined to sell his life dearly, Van Rynk flew from the spot and gained time to ascend the stairs, by closing a strong inner door upon the intruders. But great was his alarm as he encountered the little band of apprentices. Nevertheless, he raised his sword, and seemed inclined to dispute their possession; and it was not until after they had disarmed him, that he could be persuaded of their friendly intentions. As his sword was wrenched from his grasp, his daughter rushed from an adjoining room, and fell at the feet of Fortescue.

"Oh good Englishmen," cried she, in broken English, "save my father!"

"Save him!" said Fortescue, raising her up, "I'll be cut to the chin, ere they touch a hair of his head; but you must fly—another moment, and you are lost. Have you the key of the door which opens into the alley?"

"'Tis here," said the old merchant,

taking the key from his bosom, "hasten good youth and I will reward thee nobly."

"You must fly to the water-side, alone," said Fortescue, "your daughter shall be protected—but time presses. Will Studely, Sam Hall, Jem Rendell, see Master Van Rynk to the water-side, I'll follow with the lady, and Hugh Smithson, Walter Browne, and little Jack Wayte, shall help me."

As he spoke, a thick vapour was spreading itself through the house, and a loud crackling was heard below.

"By heaven!" exclaimed the 'prentice, "they have fired the house!"

Van Rynk was about to depart, when he suddenly recollected his money chest. This was soon dragged out by two of the 'prentices, and the merchant and his escort departed.

"Heaven bless thee, youth, I feel that thou wilt not betray me!" ejaculated the merchant as he passed out.

"Now then," said Fortescue, "your hand, fair lady—oh! your jewel casket! give it to me," he thrust it under his girdle. "So, now, let us begone—ha! they have entered the court yard!"

He spoke truly: as they emerged from under the porch, which shaded the door by which he and his companions had entered, several men rushed towards them. The foremost was Lorymer, who instantly made a lunge at the 'prentice, shouting at the same time, "unhand the wench, knave, and defend thyself!"

"To the devil with thee, gallows bird!" replied Fortescue, and with a back-handed blow of his broadsword, he struck off the right hand of his assailant: another stroke followed, and alighted on the head of the unfortunate man, crashing through bone and brain, and the body of Lorymer fell quivering to the ground.

A man of giant frame and fierce aspect next advanced with a dreadful oath—it was the Alsatian butcher.

The 'prentice looked at the athletic ruffian with something like dread—he felt the weight on his left arm increasing—his lovely charge had fainted; but he kept on his guard, and waited for the blow of his antagonist.

Another execration burst from the lips of the butcher as, with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, he struck at the youth's bare head. The stroke was parried, and the ruffian overreaching himself, slipped and fell. Ere he could recover his legs the swords of Fortescue's companions

were sheathed in his body, and his followers fled away in alarm.

All this was the work of a moment.

"Now then, my lads, let us run for it!" cried the 'prentice, taking in his arms the still 'insensible form of the beautiful little Fleming.

They hurried to the water-side, where the other 'prentices had already unmoored a boat.

"Whither would you go, master?" inquired Fortescue, placing his burthen in the lap of the old man.

"To St. Saviour's church—we shall obtain sanctuary there—the priest knows me well," said Van Rynk, kissing his child, who was slowly reviving.

"We must be your guard, then," observed Fortescue, stepping into the boat, "there is a stir on the other side of the river, and you may be stopped."

In the mean time the fire was gaining on the house of the venerable Fleming, and as the boat proceeded across the river, the bright flames rose to a great height, lighting up the whole neighbourhood, and the tall towers which surmounted London Bridge, while the Thames beneath glowed like molten lead.

But not a sigh heaved the breast of the old man, as he gazed on the bright flames that consumed his most valuable merchandize. His lips moved, but not in murmurs; his overcharged heart throbbled with gladness—he was breathing a prayer to that Power, which had preserved to him his only child.

Ere the boat had reached the other side of the river, a strong body of soldiers and armed citizens, headed by Sir John Rest, the lord mayor, entered Thames-street, and the rioters fled in confusion and dismay, leaving sad traces of their violence. Other bands, which had spread themselves through the city, were also dispersed, and by day-break tranquillity was restored.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FORTESCUE MEETS MASTER WILLOUGHBY.—CONCLUSION.

THE calm of the following morning was more terrible than the storm of the night before. It was May-Day, but no reveling was contemplated by the citizens. The huge May-pole which was wont to be set up in Leadenhall-street, hung undisturbed against the wall of the church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Tears stood in the eyes of bearded men as they passed

through the streets; and wailing was heard in many a hitherto happy dwelling. Armed men occupied several of the principal thoroughfares, and the sergeants-at-arms were prowling about, and dragging from their hiding places the participators in the outrages of the preceding evening. Ere mid-day arrived, Nicholas Fortescue was again an occupant of the Poultry Compter;—but this time he was not alone.

A commission of Oyer and Terminer was immediately made out, and the trials of the prisoners took place at Guildhall. Nicholas Fortescue took his stand at the bar with his six companions in misery, and it was only when called upon to plead, that he raised his head. But what a sight met his view! A crowd of gorgeously dressed noblemen and gentlemen occupied the court, and in the midst of them sat that portly figure whom he had parted with at Queenhithe! A mist obscured his sight—a noise like the rushing of waters filled his ears—his knees bent under him, and he fell back in a swoon—it was Master Willoughby! *It was the King!*

When our 'prentice recovered, he found himself still in that comely presence, but not in the court. "Pardon, pardon, gracious lord," murmured the poor youth.

Henry laughed aloud.—"Pardon thee!" cried he, "ay, by St. George! and reward thee too—rise man, *Master Willoughby* is thy friend—old Philip Van Rynk hath given us an account of thee and thy brave companions."

Our tale is told.—The rest is matter of history, and may be found in the Chronicle of Hollingshed. Only one man, it is said, died by the hands of the executioner, and this was John Lincoln, who had been the prime mover of the sedition.

In the year of grace, 1537, Nicholas Fortescue was a rich stationer, alderman of the ward of Chepe, and father of eleven children. When he died, full of years and honours, his widow, the once pretty Jane Elliott, erected to his memory a handsome tomb in Bow Church; but that awful visitation, which historians have termed par excellence, "the great fire," proved more destructive to the antiquities of the metropolis than even the scythe of Time, and the pious Cockney who performs a pilgrimage to Bow Church will look in vain for the tomb of Nicholas Fortescue. The tumults which we have endeavoured to describe, for ever tended

to abridge the sports of the London apprentices; and *Evil May-Day*, as it was afterwards called, was long remembered by the citizens. A. A. A.

## THE MINIATURE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

William was holding in his hand  
The likeness of his wife—  
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,  
With beauty, grace, and life.  
He almost thought it spoke:  
He gazed upon the treasure still,  
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,  
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,  
'T is drawn to nature true;  
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you."  
"And did it kiss you back, my dear?"  
"Why—no—my love," said he.  
"Then, William, it is very clear.  
'T is not at all like me!"

## THE PIRATE.

A SKETCH.

THE gong had just sounded eight bells, as Captain M. entered the cuddy, "care on his brow, and pensive thoughtfulness." So unusual was the aspect he wore, that all remarked it: in general, his was the face of cheerfulness; not only seeming happy, but imparting happiness to all around. "What has chased the smiles from thy face?" said one of the young writers—"a youth much given to Byron, and open neckcloths. 'Why looks our Cæsar with an angry frown?' But, poetry apart, what is the matter?" "Why! the fact is, we are chased," replied the captain. Chased! chased!! chased!!! was echoed from mouth to mouth, in various tones of doubt, alarm, and admiration. "Yes, however extraordinary it may seem to this good company," continued our commander, "I have no doubt that such is the fact; for the vessel which was seen this morning right astern, and which has maintained an equal distance during the day, is coming up with us hand over hand. I am quite sure, therefore, she is after no good: she's a wicked-looking craft—at one bell we shall beat to quarters."

We had left the Downs a few days after the arrival of the *Morning Star*, and, with our heads and hearts full of that atrocious affair, rushed on the poop.

The melancholy catastrophe alluded to had been a constant theme at the cuddy table, and many a face shewed signs of anxiety at the news just conveyed to us. On ascending the poop, assurance became doubly sure; for, certain enough, there was the beautiful little craft overhauling us in most gallant style. She was a long, dark-looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails white as the driven snow.

The drum had now beat to quarters, and all was for the time bustle and preparation. Sailors clearing the guns, handing up ammunition, and distributing pistols and cutlasses; soldiers mustering on the quarter-deck, in full accoutrements, prior to taking their station on the poop. We had 200 on board: women in the waist, with anxious faces, and children staring with wondering eyes; writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, in heterogeneous medley. The latter, as soon as the news had been confirmed, descended to their various cabins, and re-appeared in martial attire. One young gentleman had his "toasting-knife" stuck through the pocket-hole of his inexpressibles—a second Monkbarns; another came on exulting, his full-dress shako placed jauntingly on his head—as a Bond-street beau wears his castor; a third, with pistols in his sash, his swallow-tailed coat boasting of saw-dust, his sword dangling between his legs in all the extricacies of novelty—he was truly a martial figure, ready to seek for reputation even at "the cannon's mouth." Writers had their Joe Manton, and assistant-surgeons their instruments. It was a stirring sight, and yet, withal, ridiculous.

But now, the stranger quickly approached us, and quietness was ordered. The moment was an interesting one. A deep silence reigned throughout the vessel, save now and then the dash of the water against the ship's side, and here and there the half-suppressed ejaculation of some impatient son of Neptune. Our enemy, for so we had learned to designate the stranger, came gradually up in our wake: no light, no sound, issued from her; and when about a cable's length from us, she luffed to the wind, as if to pass us to windward; but the voice of the captain, who hailed her with the usual salute, "ship a hoy!" made her apparently alter her purpose, though she answered not, for, shifting her helm, she darted to leeward of us.

Again the trumpet sent forth its summons; but still there was no answer, and the vessel was now about a pistol-

shot from our larboard quarter. "Once more, what ship's that? answer or I'll send a broadside into you," was uttered in a voice of thunder from the trumpet, by our captain. Still all was silent; and many a heart beat with quicker pulsation. On a sudden, we observed her lower steering-sails taken in by some invisible agency; for all this time we had not seen a single human being, nor did we hear the slightest noise, although we had listened with painful attention.

Matters began to assume a very serious aspect—delay was dangerous: it was a critical moment, for we had an advantage of position not to be thrown away. Two main-deck guns were fired across her bow. The next moment our enemy's starboard ports were hauled up, and we could plainly discern every gun, with a lantern over it, as they were run out. Still we hesitated with our broadside, and about a minute afterwards our enemy's guns disappeared as suddenly as they had been run out. We heard the order given to her helmsman. She altered her course, and in a few seconds was astern of us.

We gazed at each other in a silent astonishment, but presently all was explained. Our attention had been so much taken up by the stranger, that we had not thought of the weather, which had been threatening some time, and for which reason we were under snug sail. But, during our short acquaintance, the wind had been gradually increasing, and two minutes after the pirate dropt astern, it blew a perfect hurricane, accompanied by heavy rain. We had just time to observe our friend scudding before it under bare poles, and we saw him no more.

*Nautical Magazine.*

## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers!  
How beautiful they are!  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the summer store,  
How lovelier far!

And why?—they are the *last*—  
The last!—the last!—the last!—  
O, by that little word,  
How many thoughts are stirred!  
The sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—pale perishing flowers!  
Ye're types of precious things;  
Types of those bitter moments,  
That flit like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings.



Last hours with parting dear ones,  
 (That time the fastest spends),  
 Last tears, in silence shed,  
 Last words, half uttered,  
 Last looks of dying friends !

But who would fain compress  
 A life into a day—  
 The last day spent with one,  
 Who, ere the morrow's sun,  
 Must leave us, and for aye ?

O, precious, precious moments !  
 Pale flowers, ye 're types of those—  
 The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !  
 Because, like those, the nearest  
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !  
 I woo your gentle breath ;  
 I leave the summer rose  
 For younger, blither brows—  
 Tell me of change and death.

## BEAUTY AND ASSOCIATION.

BY ELLAREMONT.

MATERIAL beauty owes half its attraction to the charms of association. While we gaze upon the productions of the sculptor or painter, there are many considerations independent of the mere shape and figure; or of the exquisite finish of the productions, which enter into our reflections and enhance our pleasure. We are surprised that such could be conceived and executed by man—that they are the work of hands like our own—and we admire the almost incredible skill with which the artist has wrought them, from materials apparently so inadequate to the purpose—the ingenuity by which the marble is made to assume the easy attitude and natural form of life, and the canvass to express with such accuracy the object of the artist's conception. In other words, we associate the author and his instruments with the result which has been produced, and thus our delight and interest is doubly increased.

And why is it in life that we often behold others sighing in admiration over forms and features in which we can discover no peculiar attraction? Why is it that the face which we have passed at first with a careless glance, has afterwards been destined to haunt our dreams, and perchance to steal the sleep from our pillows? It is because there is a charm not contained in the mere "curved lines" of Hogarth, in oval features and rounded forms, though these may be its re-

presentatives. It is that there is an intellectual and moral, as well as material loveliness, and that both must be associated in order to produce their fullest effect. A plain countenance becomes fascinating and beautiful when it is combined with a heart and mind which claim our homage, and becomes the speaking vehicle of thoughts and feelings congenial to our own.

In nature, too, the brightest and loveliest scenes are those which wake the sweetest thoughts, and are linked with the fondest and noblest associations. The same view which might chain us for hours in speechless admiration in the classic climes of Italy and Greece, might be passed with comparative indifference in the untrodden interior of New-Holland or Madagascar. In the former, not a mountain rears its head unsung, and every hill, plain, and valley are teeming with recollections. Homer or Virgil may have stood upon the very spot where we are standing, and have gazed upon the scene before us; or some proud warrior may have written it with his name, by a deed of heroism. But the latter has no such associations. Thus, too, we look with indescribable pleasure on the placid surface of Leman and Loch Lomond, or on the snow-clad tops of Mont Blanc or Ben Nevis; but were not half that pleasure removed had they never been sung by the muse of a Scott or a Byron? or were they not hallowed by genius, as the bright and fadeless scenes and shrines of romance? And why is it that we gaze with such rapture upon spots which are consecrated by great events—upon Marathon or Plataea, upon Blenheim or Waterloo? Why, when we have passed a thousand similar—a thousand lovelier scenes without a comment of admiration, do we linger over these? It is from the spirit which is stirred up within us. It is that while we gaze, fancy calls up again the events which have occurred there—the splendour and beauty of martial array—the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war; the deed of daring, and the triumph of heroism.

We may have been a traveller—we may have wandered in the climes of sun and song—amid scenes which genius has consigned to immortality—and where nature and art have lavished all their gifts of loveliness. We may have roved in the vales of Cashmere—the gardens of Shiraz—in the wilds of Switzerland, or the walks of the Tuileries. Yet, what of all the scenes which we have looked upon, are those which have left the most

indelible impressions? What are the scenes which are shrouded in insurpassable beauty in the sanctuary of our hearts, and where fancy and memory oftentimes delight to linger and worship? Is it these, when we shut our eyes, in our reveries or dreams, that come up to gladden our musings? Or is it not some bright spot where we dreamed and played and loved in the days of our childhood; the views which enclose the dwelling-place of our infancy? And why is this? They may be tame in other eyes—the stranger might pass them with indifference and contempt—they may not possess a moiety of the loveliness which we have since gazed upon. And yet to us they are more beautiful than aught we have since seen, because earth has naught that can match them in the liveliness or loveliness of their associations. They are beautiful to us, as the theatre of a thousand childish incidents. The sacred registry of unfading memories—of the charms of young love and affection, of young dreams and aspirations. And perchance, too, they are consecrated as the last resting-place of those we have loved, and of those who have loved us, as we ne'er shall love, or be loved again. What a world of exquisite sentiment is there in the dying request of Joseph, and the solemn earnestness with which it was enforced, that his bones might be conveyed to rest in the tomb of his fathers. Egypt would have lavished all the pomp and splendour of the east on the tomb of Pharaoh's favourite. But in Canaan, perchance, he deemed that even after death his spirit might still wander amid the lovely scenes of his infancy, and take delight in the thought that the same breeze which fanned the brow of his childhood was sweeping o'er his grave.

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### THE RIVALS;

A TALE OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, in the middle of March, 18—, when a young man, of diminutive dimensions, planted himself at the corner of one of the principal streets in the busy and populous city of —. Under all the circumstances of the case this seemed a most singular proceeding. A fine May morning, as is common in March, had given place to a December afternoon; and a keen, raw, north-east wind, admirably calculated to perform the part of a rough razor, blustered and bellowed along the

melancholy street, sweeping it of every vestige of humanity gifted with sense enough to know that a warm fireside was comfortable, and pence enough to procure one. An old apple-woman, seated by the borders of the swollen kennel, and a hungry dog, gnawing at a bone, were the only substances endowed with vitality, perceptible, except the young man who had located himself in such an apparently unnatural situation. His appearance was pitiable in the extreme. Seduced by the flattering appearance of the morning, when the sun shone and the southern breeze blew, he had thoughtlessly arrayed his limbs in the gay garniture of spring, and the consequence was, that there he stood, exposed to all the assaults of a raw, chill, unfeeling north-easter, in a new pea-green coat, nankeen trowsers, and pale-complexioned waist-coat with a delicate sprig, lemon-coloured gloves, and white silk stockings. His face, as a natural consequence of such a costume, in such weather, exhibited a sample of the varied hues of the rainbow, though it can scarcely be added "blent into beauty." "Pale, pale was his cheek," or rather pipeclay-coloured; blue were his lips; while his nose, which was of a fiery red at the base, deepened, through all the intermediate shades, into concentrated purple at the extremity. His hair and whiskers, which were of a bright scarlet, formed a striking fringe or border to his unhappy-looking countenance. He wore his hat on one side of his head, at about an angle of seventy-five degrees, which, in warmer weather, and under more favourable auspices, might impart a sprightly air to the wearer; just now, however, it was most incongruous when coupled with the utter misery and desolation of the sum total of his personal appearance. There is little more to be added, except that he was within a fraction of four feet ten inches in height, that he kept a shop for the retail of tobacco and fancy snuffs, and that his name was Thomas Maximilian Potts.

But wherefore stood he there? "That is the question." The sympathetic hearts of the ladies will readily anticipate the answer—he was in love. Yes, fondly, passionately, and, we may say for a man of his size, overwhelmingly in love. That little body, slight and trivial as it appeared, contained a heart—to correspond; and that heart had long been in the possession (figuratively) of Miss Julia Smith, only daughter and sole heiress of Mr. Smith, the eminent biscuit-baker, who resided

in the second house round the identical corner at which Potts had stationed himself.

The case stood thus.—He had been invited by the fair Julia to tea, and, as he fondly hoped, to a *tête-à-tête*, that afternoon. He had hastened (in the expressive phraseology usual on such occasions) on the wings of love to keep the appointment, when lo! just as he arrived at the door, his eyes were blasted (figuratively also) by the sight of his hated rival, James Fish, chemist and druggist, entering his bower of bliss. He shrunk back as if a creditor had crossed his path; but trusting it might only be a casual call, waited patiently in his deplorable situation for the re-issuing and final exit of the abhorred Fish. But the shades of evening fell deeper and deeper, the drizzling rain came down thicker and thicker, the wind blew keener and keener—"Poor Tom was a-cold!" The component parts of his body shook and trembled like the autumnal leaves in the November blast—his eyes distilled drops of liquid crystal; and, in the copious language of Wordsworth, his teeth, like those of Master Harry Gill,

"Evermore went chatter, chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still."

But there is a limit to human endurance. He could not stand it any longer—so he went and rapped at the door, and was forthwith ushered into the parlour.

"Bless me! how late you are, Mr. Potts," exclaimed Julia; "but do take a seat near the fire," added she, in a sympathizing tone, as she took cognizance of the frigid, rigid condition of her unhappy suitor.

The scene which presented itself to the eyes of Potts was (with one exception) extremely revivifying. Every thing spoke of warmth and comfort. The apartment was small, snug, and double-carpeted; the curtains were drawn close, the dull, dreary twilight excluded; and brightly and cheerfully burnt the fire in the grate, before which, half-buried in the wool of the hearth-rug reclined the fattest of poodles. At one side of the fire sat the contented and oleaginous biscuit-baker, Mr. Smith, in his accustomed state of semi-somnolency; at the other, Frank Lumley, a good-looking, good-tempered, rattle-pated coz of Julia's; while in the centre was placed the vile Fish. The fair Julia herself was busied in preparing the steaming beverage which cheers "but not intoxicates;" and while it is getting ready, we may as well at once introduce the company.

And first, of Fish, who was in truth a most extraordinary piece of flesh. In altitude he approximated to seven feet, and the various extremities of his person corresponded to his altitude. His mouth, teeth, lips, nose, and eyes, were on the most unlimited scale, and as for his chin, there was no end to it. His hands, had he ever had the bad fortune to have been apprehended on a charge of pocket-picking, if allowed to have been produced in evidence, would have ensured his acquittal by any jury in Christendom; indeed, the idea of their going into an ordinary pocket was absurd; while his two feet were fully equivalent to three, thus giving the lie at once to that standard of measurement which dogmatically asserts that twelve inches make one foot. Yet with all those weighty helps—those extraordinary appendages, the sum total of the man was nothing; in fact, he never weighed more than one hundred pounds in the heaviest day of his existence. To in part account for this, it must be taken into consideration, that his columnar body was shrunk, sapless, and of small and equal circumference in all its parts; his neck, scraggy and crane-like, could scarcely be accounted any thing as regarded weight; whilst his legs, which were really *very* long, fell off about the calf, but gradually thickened as they approached the knees and ankles, so that the old woman who was in the habit of knitting his hose, used to make an extra charge in consequence of having to narrow the loops at this portion of his anatomy, instead of having, as is common, to widen or enlarge them. All this rendered Fish peculiarly ill adapted for tempestuous weather; for carrying, as he did, his head so high, the wind naturally took a powerful hold of him, and though his extensive feet prevented his being blown over, yet his weak flexible body swayed and bent and bowed to every blast, like the bows of a sapling willow. A cast-off coat of his was preserved as a curiosity in the lodge of the tailors' society of his native town; and it is a well-known fact, that during a severe fit of influenza under which he laboured, no less than seven eminent surgeons were secretly negotiating with the sexton of his parish church for the reversion of his most extraordinarily constructed *corpus*; but he lived, and science wept as he recovered. In mind and temper Fish was as mild as milk; one of the most simple, kind-hearted, inoffensive creatures that ever breathed. He followed Mr. Cole-ridge's advice, and loved, with a tempe-

rate love, "all things both great and small," even that smallest of things, his rival, Thomas Maximilian Potts, tobacco-conist.

Smith (the eminent biscuit-baker) was exactly the reverse of Fish in personal endowments. He was a short, pursey man, "scant of breath," and as fat as a dodo.\* In venturing a wager on which of the various disorders flesh is heir to, was eventually the most likely to terminate the career of Mr. Smith, you might have backed apoplexy against the field. He was a man of few words; indeed his conversational powers were limited, in consequence of having devoted his faculties early in life solely to the absorbing study of biscuit-baking, by which he had made a fortune. He had no thirst for knowledge or information, or indeed any thing, excepting punch; so that he did little else than saunter about the doors in fine weather; doze by the fire in foul, smoke, tipples, read the newspapers, and give his assent to whatever Julia proposed.

Julia herself was as merry, hearty, pretty little girl as a reasonable man could desire, with cherry cheeks, fair complexion, hazel eyes, auburn hair, ten thousand pounds, and the sweetest little mouth in the town. She was of the middle height, neatly moulded, of a comfortable plumpness, yet without inheriting from her father the slightest tendency to undue obesity. Pleasant in manner, cheerful in temper, quick-witted, light-hearted, and of the loving and lovable age of nineteen, it was altogether a shame that Miss Julia Smith continued Miss Julia Smith. Whether she had ultimately to become Potts or Fish—but it is wrong to anticipate.

Her cousin, Frank Lumley, was, as has already been observed, a good-looking, good-hearted, frank, spirited young fellow, whom everybody liked, and yet whom every body prophesied would never do good, in consequence of a singular deficiency in his intellectual qualifications, namely, an utter inability to calculate the value of money, although clerk to his uncle the rich banker, who prudently kept Master Frank's salary as low as possible, on the ground that there would be "the less thrown away." Poor was Frank, and poor was he likely to remain; a circumstance, however, which did not seem to give him the slightest uneasiness.

In far less time than it has taken to

\* *Vide Buffon's Nat. Hist.*

introduce the company, they had brought the tea-slopping to a termination; and the weak, washy, warm-water implements being removed, the conversation, under the cheering influence of Julia's eyes, became brisk and animated. True, Master Francis said little, rose suddenly from his chair, sat suddenly down again, crossed, uncrossed, and recrossed his legs, regulated the fire and candles, patted the poodle, and performed all those evolutions proper to people not over and above comfortable; but Fish, who was deeply scientific, lectured away most innocently to Julia about sulphur-baths, medicinal springs, gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—acids, alkalies, and so on to the end of the chapter; while Potts, who was a kind of literary creature, being a soiler of commonplace-books, a scribbler of patriotic paragraphs, and president of a debating nuisance, kept chattering away at an amazing rate about Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, and the Ladies' Magazine. Julia sat in the middle, listening complacently, dividing her smiles equally, and occasionally inquiring of Francis "if there was any thing the matter with him?"

But the conversation, from literary and scientific, suddenly took a personal turn. Fish had inadvertently made some disparaging allusion to littleness as connected with the human form, whereupon Maximilian became wroth and indignant exceedingly. He proceeded to assert that there had never been a lengthy poet, painter, player, or even warrior, of any eminence (he was a little ill-informed wretch, that Potts,

"Brisk as a flea, and ignorant as dirt")

—that extraordinary height, in fact, debased the intellectual faculties—that all great men, from Alexander to himself, had been little ones—winding up, in a magnificent manner, with that quotation which every man under five feet four inches, has at his tongue's end—

"Were I as tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean in a span;  
I'd still be measured by my soul,—  
The mind 's the standard of the man!"

This furious piece of declamation was followed by an indescribable sound between a groan and a grumble from the eminent and recumbent biscuit-baker, who arose from his chair, shook himself, inquired the clock, said he felt inclined to sleep, (he had done nothing else for the last three hours), wished the company a good night, and waddled off to bed.

Mr. Lumley also shewed an inclination to depart, and Fish and Potts reluctantly followed his example. Julia condescendingly volunteered to shew them the door herself.

"Good night, Miss Smith," said Fish, with a mournfully tender inflexion of the voice, at the same time stretching forth his ponderous paw to perform the operation of shaking.

"Good night, Mr. Fish," kindly responded Julia, placing her small, delicate hand in some part of his.

But Potts parted not so prosaically. "Farewell, Julia," he muttered, in an impudent under-tone—

"Farewell! a word that has been and must be, A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell!"

"Bless me," quoth Frank, "I have forgotten my gloves—how unfortunate!"

"Very," said Julia, as she closed the door after Fish and Potts, and followed Frank up-stairs to look for the gloves.

Brightly and beautifully shone the sun on the ensuing morning. Mild and balmy was the air, blue and serene the sky, and a universal harmony and cheerfulness seem to pervade all nature. In a neat little church, a short distance from the town before alluded to, the bells were ringing merrily to and fro in consequence of the great heiress Miss Smith having that morning, as the old spinsters of the district said, "thrown herself away on handsome Frank Lumley, at the same time jilting" (as they alleged) "Mr. Potts who had an excellent business, and Mr. Fish who had a better." Be that as it might. Lovely looked the little rural church-yard of which we are speaking—lovely looked it, cheerful, almost gay. The vocalists of the spring, unconscious of the solemnity of the place, sent forth a continuous stream of rich and merry music from every bush and tree with which it was adorned; there was a murmur of music in the mild and myriad-peopled air, and there was most exquisite music in the gentle rustle of the bride's white satin dress as she tripped timidly down the narrow church-yard path towards the carriage at the gates, which was waiting to bear her away to purling streams and pastures green, for the allotted month of honeymoon.

How quick flies evil tidings to those concerned! As she walked along with her eyes modestly bent downwards, they rested, quite unexpectedly, on the perturbed visage of Mr. Potts. Manifold were the emotions depicted therein—wrath, disappointment, affected disdain,

wounded, self-conceited, and concentrated indignation were a few of them. He raised his arm slowly, and pointed impressively to the skies, as much as to say, "There are your deceits and perjuries registered." Julia instinctively looked up, when lo! high above her, but distinctly visible, she beheld the rueful, lugubrious physiognomy of Fish, bent reproachfully, though "more in sorrow than in anger," upon her. It was too much. She hastened forward, and, without venturing another glance, entered the carriage. Frank, who appeared most insultingly happy, bowed to each of the gentlemen, and followed his fair bride. The door closed, the driver mounted, the little boys clustered round the gates volunteered three cheers, and away drove the new-married pair.

Fish stood as one entranced, until the last rattle of the wheels died upon his ear. He then buttoned his coat, let his hands fall to the bottom of his trowsers-pockets, and stalked solemnly homewards. When arrived there, he shut up his shop, retired to his private apartments, closed the window-blinds, sat down by the fire, and sought and found relief in a flood of tears.

Potts, who was of a more fiery temperament, scorned to wet an eyelid. He strutted away, no one knew whither; but late in the evening of that eventful day, he was discovered in a state of insensibility at a small blind tavern in the neighbourhood, with the trivial remains of the seventh tumbler of brandy and water before him. On the table lay a loaded pistol, and from his waistcoat protruded an unfinished "Ode to Despair," all about Tartarus, Tantalus, Tisiphone, and other cramped classicalities. They carried the little fellow home, put him to bed, and left him to sleep off his love and liquor at his leisure.

"But what of that little flirt, Julia?" exclaims some maid of many years.—Why, what of her? What have I to do with her misdemeanours? I am not bound to follow the prescribed fashion of manufacturing immaculate heroines. I describe Miss Smith as I knew her. She might have a slight shade of coquetry in her composition, but it was very slight; and then she was an only child, a beauty, and an heiress. Not that Potts is to be adduced as any proof against her, for he was one of those presumptuous varlets that can extract meanings flattering to their vanity from the commonest civilities; but Fish—the meek, the modest, the unobtrusive. Yes, she must in sport have angled for Fish. Some tempting

bait or other must have been mirthfully thrown out. Perchance she was tickled with the idea of catching so very extraordinary and altogether unmatchable a lover. After she had caught him, there is a good deal to be said in her favour for not gratifying the expectations she had raised. Think of such a man in any household or domestic arrangement she might picture to herself—it was ludicrous.

Or imagine Fish in his night-cap. What a shock it must have given to all poor Julia's notions of the sublime and beautiful.

No, there is much to be pleaded in extenuation.

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If the "whirligig of time brings round its revenges," it also brings about its reconciliations. I know not precisely how matters came about, but this I do know—that Frank invariably purchased his brown rappee at the shop of Mr. Potts; and that early in the ensuing year Fish stood as sponsor to a fine chubby boy, the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Lumley.

#### MISCELLANIES.

##### APOLOGY FOR THE MODERN GREEKS.

THE modern Greek may have been found corrupt, profligate, unsteady to his obligations, and treacherous in the council and the field. But when was the slave, high-minded, heroic, or pure? The weight of the fetter has withered away the nerve. The very air of the dungeon has stamped its tint upon the features. The perpetual presence of tyranny has taught him the perpetual subterfuges of deceit. But a new generation are rapidly rising up. The old will soon have gone down to the grave, with their fears, their sufferings, and their vices: the new will be free; and there is in freedom a noble pledge for the purification of a people. The eyes of Europe will be on them; every nation feeling an almost personal interest in the progress of a young power, placed in the centre of Europe, as if for the purpose of a common centre of the great operations and renovating influence of all. It inhabits a glorious region; of whose renown, even the debasement of a thousand years has not been able to disinherit the Greek. There is more of the original blood, of the ancient language, of the national manners, and of the ancestral character, preserved in Greece, than in any other nation upon earth. The first efforts of such a people

may be perverse or feeble. But they have the material of greatness in their frame, and we shall yet see Greece re-ascending to her old pre-eminence, and shining out among the intellectual splendours of the world.

##### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THERE is no labour more destructive to health than that of periodical literature; and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of a body so early, so severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labour in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste.

##### WOMAN.

THERE is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the harsh and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted and fairy thought, to which the things of this turbid and troubled life have no entrance. What to her are the changes of state, the rivalries and contentions which form the staple of our existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow glowingly into truth. The soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seen in the common day; they are things, like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else are still, and busy when earth's labourers are at rest! They are

—————"Such stuff

As dreams are made of, and their little life

Is rounded by a sleep."

This is the real and uncentred poetry of being, which pervades and surrounds her as with an air—which peoples her visions and animates her love—which shrinks from earth into itself, and finds marvel and meditation in all that it beholds within—and which spreads even over the heaven, in whose faith she so ardently believes, the mystery and the tenderness of romance.

##### MARRIAGE.

A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.



p. 165.

WOLMAR:  
A German Legend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "EXPOSITION  
OF THE FALSE MEDIUM," &c.

(For the Parterre).

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THREE lived in Germany many years ago, a nobleman of a proud and daring spirit, to which, indeed, he chiefly owed his titles and estates, neither having been hereditary. The great success that had hitherto attended all his efforts increased the confidence, which was strong in him by nature, till he thought that nothing could withstand him. Be it what it might, he believed that if he set his will upon obtaining it he could not fail; and the accomplishment of his will seemed to him its justification in all cases.

The wars being now over for a time, Count Wolmar went to dwell in the retirement of a large chateau, and ere long fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baron of ancient ancestry. To his great mortification the baron declined his proposals, and he was not slow in discovering that the objection to an alliance was founded on his

want of hereditary honours. Indignant at being rejected on such a flimsy prejudice, and feeling as high a blood in his veins as any noble of Germany could boast of—or their ancestors either, whatever their rusty shields might contain—he rode off hastily one morning, and insisted upon a fair hearing on the subject. In the course of the interview he talked to the Baron in so spirited and lofty a strain, not unmingled with certain very intelligible hints of feudal warfare, that the former was fain to declare himself convinced of the right he laid claim to of being himself the *founder* of a name and honours, and forthwith referred him to his daughter.

He sought the fair Edith; but how grievous was his fresh disappointment! She declined his hand in the most decisive manner; and to add to his mortification, informed him when he subsequently pressed his suit, that her affections were already engaged to another.

Count Wolmar knew not how to brook this refusal, especially as he could not discover who was her favoured lover; the old baron affirming that he had pledged his word not to name him at present,

and the lady refusing to answer any questions on the subject. The idea of returning to the capital, and losing in the dissipation and frivolities of the court, the galling sense of his rejection, occurred to his mind; but previous circumstances made him averse to shew himself among a class of courtiers and nominal warriors, the greater part of whom he held in utter disdain. This feeling may be accounted for without difficulty. Independent, however, of the imbecility and fawning meanness of most of those who hover round princes, Wolmar had a personal cause of grievance, which we will briefly explain.

A young officer, named Von Deutzberg, had served in the wars under the command of Wolmar. He was of very high family, and a younger brother of the Prince of G\*\*\* had recently married his sister. Von Deutzberg was one of those individuals who possess no particular character, and upon whom the title of "insignificance" is often conferred by nature, in about the same munificent degree that circumstance confers estates to support it. A few days before the last battle, which decided the contest between the adverse powers, an express arrived from the Prince, nominating Baron Von Deutzberg to the chief command of the army. The indignation of Wolmar was excessive; but affairs were now at a crisis, and he could not do otherwise than submit. By adopting all the plans which had been previously arranged by Wolmar, and appointing him to execute them in person, a signal victory was gained, and the fame of Von Deutzberg echoed throughout Germany. The proud spirit of Wolmar chafed at the injustice; but disdaining to claim the honour of the success, which might subject him at best to share it only with heraldic impotence, he speedily retired from the court, and betook himself in gloomy scorn to his chateau. It was here that he thought to solace his galled feelings in the constant society of a beautiful woman, and we have seen how he was disappointed.

One evening as he was roving in a dissatisfied mood through a wood adjoining his chateau, a confidential vassal came hastily to inform him that a stranger, apparently of high station, with a large train of followers, had just arrived at the castle of the old Baron, and that it was every where said he was the accepted lover of the lady Edith. Without a moment's hesitation, Count

Wolmar mounted his steed, and rode off unattended to ascertain the exact truth of this news from the parties themselves. It was dark when he arrived in front of the gates, and the porter refused to admit him. He demanded an audience with the Baron, stating who he was. The porter remained obdurate. He requested to see the lady Edith, but with no better success.

"Say then," said he fiercely, "that Count Wolmar would speak a few words with the noble who arrived here this evening."

"Nay, my lord," answered the porter, "it cannot be."

"Villain!" exclaimed Wolmar, "by whose orders am I treated with this cowardly insolence?"

"By the express orders of the noble warrior who is to marry the lady Edith."

"And his name?"

"The most noble Baron Von Deutzberg."

"Bear this message to him!" shouted Wolmar; and he furiously dashed his glove in the porter's face.

The two greatest mortifications of Wolmar's life being thus suddenly brought with united force upon him, as centred in the same individual, his exasperation against Von Deutzberg knew no bounds. He passed the whole night in riding round the walls of the chateau, or up to an eminence that commanded an entire view of it below, and seated thus on his steed he longed for the power of some god or dæmon, that swift lightning might follow the direction of his threatening hand!

While the wish still yearned in his heart, the sky gradually darkened, and a sudden peal of thunder, as of the blasting of rocks, burst open the rugged clouds, and for an instant he saw the arrowy bolt rush down and play round the turrets of the chateau, as though wantoning in the power of revenge; thus embodying his present thoughts. The lightning did not however strike the towers, but cut its way downward into the earth, and all again was dark and silent.

As the day dawned, Wolmar rode several times in front of the gates of the chateau, to see if any notice would be taken by Von Deutzberg of the defiance which he had given in so insulting a manner. He then retired some distance, unwillingly and slow. Seated immovable upon his steed, he remained for a long time fixed on the hill opposite the gates; but as nobody approached



him he at length bent his course homeward, brooding darkly over the wrongs his haughty spirit had sustained.

He was not permitted to remain long in doubt as to the effect his conduct had produced. On the evening of that day a message was brought from the Baron Von Deutzberg, couched in the most imperious language, and commanding him not to contend in vain rivalry with his superior officer, whose rank and ancestry placed him at so great a distance above him!

The feelings of Count Wolmar, at receiving this response to his challenge, may readily be conjectured. He marshalled all his vassals as speedily as possible, and made various preparations, so that the very day on which it should be announced that the nuptials of Von Deutzberg with the lady Edith were to take place, might be the day on which to commence a feudal war, that should only end with his own life or that of his rival.

It need hardly be stated, that Von Deutzberg was the favoured lover to whom Edith had alluded, in declining the overtures of Wolmar. She had seen both of them for a short time when at the court of the Prince, and though there was no comparison between the two men, she had nevertheless preferred Von Deutzberg. Of a tall and commanding person, fine masculine beauty, and an air that was naturally noble, Wolmar was at the same time both generous and brave, however lawless in the sense of moral justice where his will was implicated. Von Deutzberg was his inferior in every respect. The world is very prompt to accuse women of insincerity of feeling when they make choice of a husband mean and contemptible by nature, but who possesses large estates and high-sounding titles. But it is this very sound, empty as it may be, and the influence these vast possessions exercise upon the imagination, that produces in too many cases, a very sincere feeling; and when this becomes transferred to, and centred in the object who represents those vast possessions, however insignificant in himself, it is very liable to generate a passion as strong as the ordinary classes of character are capable of experiencing. How far removed this passion may be from real, devoted love, or how long it may last, is not the question.

The day of the nuptials of the Baron Von Deutzberg and the lady Edith, soon arrived, and Count Wolmar at the head of all his vassals and retainers, attacked

the chateau in the midst of the festivities.

We shall pass over the details of this contest, merely observing that Wolmar called in vain upon Van Deutzberg to meet him in single combat, and thus terminate the warfare; and though sallies were continually made by the besieged, the favoured rival was never seen in the *mélée*. These sallies were nearly all of them unsuccessful; and as the men were beaten back with great loss, it seemed evident that Count Wolmar would soon possess himself of the chateau.

Matters were in this state, when on the morning of the tenth day, at an earlier hour than usual, all the battlements were suddenly manned—a shower of darts were discharged, that made considerable havoc—a clarion blew its shrill blast, and just as the sun rose lustrous over the turrets, the massy gates were cast open, and Von Deutzberg issued forth at the head of a chosen body, in full charge. Wolmar immediately singled out his rival. They met, but had scarcely crossed swords, before Wolmar was struck from his horse! The astonishment of his soldiers at this event was quickly succeeded by a panic, and though Wolmar quickly rose and remounted to lead them on, it was all in vain; and after considerable loss during their flight, Von Deutzberg returned to the chateau.

Exasperated at the circumstance, and attributing it only to some fortuitous disaster of war; the fault, he knew not how, of his steed, or the light of the sun striking in his own face; Wolmar went among his soldiers as soon as they could be properly collected, bitterly reproaching them for their flight, and exhorting them to follow him to the field at day break, and redeem themselves and him from their recent disgrace, which tarnished all their previous successes.

The night was passed in fresh preparations, and they again marched forward to the attack. No sooner had Count Wolmar appeared in front of the chateau, than the clarion echoed from the battlements—the gates flew open—and again Von Deutzberg issued forth at the head of his horsemen. As a falcon pounces upon his prey, so swept the form of Wolmar across the plain towards his intended victim. They met; but before they had exchanged a single blow, the steed of Wolmar became rivetted to the earth, as though his hoofs were rooted; while Von Deutzberg wheeling round with a rapidity that confused the sight, dealt blows upon his rival's haughty crest, till Wolmar

again rolled senseless in the dust! His men were routed as before, and with far greater destruction.

Wolmar, who on his fall was immediately conveyed away by several of the most courageous of his vassals, was not long in coming to himself. Nothing could exceed his rage and confusion. His mind seemed stunned more than his bodily senses had been, and vented itself in vague imprecations and frantic expressions. He knew not how this fresh discomfiture had occurred, unless some accursed witchcraft had been practised against him. Maddened by this his second overthrow by the sword of one whom he had always held in sovereign contempt, he once more rallied his men by that energy of passion against which there is no appeal; and a few days beheld him again at the head of his troop, brandishing his blade with clenched teeth and steady ferocity of purpose, in front of the walls that enclosed his detested rival.

To be brief: the clarion on this occasion sent a piercing note from the battlements, as though the breath of a fiend had blown it, striking terror into the hearts of the besiegers. Von Deutzberg rushed forth as before, and with a single blow of his sword hurled Wolmar from his saddle, and galloping over him, spread death among his flying soldiers, so that very few of them escaped the carnage.

It was midnight when Wolmar came to his senses. All was silent on the field. The dead lay around him. How it was that he should meet with these renewed disgraces, yet escape death, confounded his thought! Near him stood his horse, almost in the spot where he had met Von Deutzberg. "Some black spell is here," muttered he, as he slowly rose, and advanced towards his steed; "some power of darkness is leagued against me. And thou, noble charger, who hast not deserted thy master even when stretched among the slain, as mute and motionless as they; thou who hast faced with me so many dreadful fields, what terror now sits in thine eye that it should glare thus wildly, seeming to doubt thy lord; or tremblest thou with the memory of some presence from other worlds?"

Wolmar mounted his steed, and rode slowly to the distant eminence in front of the gates of the chateau. And here, in the darkness of night, he remained fixed, like an equestrian statue, brooding with a soul of gloomy agony on his

thwarted will, and the immeasurable disgrace he had suffered at the hands of the man whom he had held in immeasurable scorn. But some dark aid now rendered him an object of deadly hatred. Thus did his mind prey upon itself, despairing of revenge, till gradually his eyelids closed, and a disturbed sleep came upon him.

He dreamed that he heard the clouds send forth a peal of thunder, and that he saw the lightning descend over the chateau, even as he had actually witnessed when wishing for some demoniac power to smite them into ashes. Now longed he doubly for the same; but as the wish crossed his mind, behold it was accomplished! The flash seemed to strike the very centre of the fabric, and instantly it lay in black ruins!

He awoke. "Oh dream of vengeance!" ejaculated he; "no sacrifice would be too great, so thou couldst be realized, or I might have my will against those within thy walls!"

As he uttered these words, he turned his sickened eyes away from the chateau, and as his gaze wandered over the plain, he saw an indistinct figure advancing across the distance with rapid movement. It looked hazy in the dim grey shades of day-break, and the body was sometimes only half visible, the lower part being hidden by the thick rising mists of the moist fields.

He at length discerned the approaching figure to be that of an old man, who though meagre in limb, seemed to scramble over the ground at a very quick pace, and soon came up to the side of his steed, and stood stock still, looking up in his face.

"Who art thou, old wizen cheek?" said Wolmar haughtily, "and what wouldst thou with me, that thou approachest so familiarly?"

"I am Karl Heidelschmeir," answered the old man; "I heard what you said a little while ago, and so I've come to know your pleasure?"

"Thou heard'st me; — why thou wert far across the fields when I spoke?"

"Only a couple of leagues! but you see I have made haste. Surely Count Wolmar has heard the name of Karl Heidelschmeir, short as may be the time that he has dwelt in these parts?"

Wolmar turned pale; he had heard the name of Heidelschmeir. The recollection of what had just passed in his mind united with the associations of that name, and he gazed at the strange being before him with a shudder. But

the sensation quickly changed, and a dialogue ensued between Wolmar and this old dealer with Satan, which must not be written here.

Wolmar returned to his deserted chateau, which now contained so few defenders as to render it an easy prey to Von Deutzberg, whom he hourly expected to come and lay it waste. The thought maddened his brain; and at night-fall he sallied out by the private postern to meet Karl Heidelschmeir, according to their appointment.

As Wolmar approached, the old man, who was dressed in a dingy red cloak, and dingy red pantaloons, descended from the bole of a stunted oak, where he was enjoying a nap.

"Are you resolved?" demanded he, shewing a huge set of irregular fang-like teeth.

"I am," responded Wolmar, sternly; "lead on!"

Heidelschmeir led the way through wood and valley, till, descending a long slope of thickly-set osiers, they arrived at a vast swamp. After wading through this about knee-deep for a considerable distance, they came to an immense flat stone of an oval shape, and standing about two feet high from the level of the dark marsh. They stepped upon it, and Karl immediately commenced an incantation of the most potent spells.

Three distinct shrieks issued from his haggard jaws, as he seemed to cast something, though nothing was visible in his hands, into the air, and strew it before them. Presently three minute fire-flies, of a piercing green colour, appeared over head; but quickly vanished with a report like the explosion of a mine, yet without the least echo, so that it came with an abrupt shock upon the heart. The pause that ensued was as though all earth was dead, and they stood in a vacuum beyond!

And now Heidelschmeir began to utter words which may not be told, till gradually the articulations merged into sounds such as convey no meaning in any language of earth, but which the powers beneath the earth know too well—and howlingly acknowledge! He ceased; and in the thick swamp began a slow eddy, till gradually through the dark mire thus worked round, rose up the figure of a demoniac goblin in an attitude of subdued suffering, with extended arms bent submissively downwards, as in obedience to the will of his summoner. It was doubtful whether the poor fiend stood mid-deep in the swamp,

or knelt amidst it. Its body was not discoloured by the mire, except on its leathern pinions, with which it had wrapped itself round like a grim chrysalis, in rising. Its large eyes were humbly cast down, and all its lineaments betokened a conquered spirit, even to a degree of abjectness; being absolutely wounded and bleeding with the power of the incantation. But the old magician did not relax his efforts, as though all his force of art was requisite to keep dominion over one whom he had so fiercely summoned. He moved rapidly backwards and forwards upon the oval stone, between Wolmar and the dæmon, with terrific excitement and preternatural energy; his red cloak frequently sending forth a tongue of flame from its folds. His frightful action and gesticulation were forcibly contrasted with the immovable repose of the other two figures:—the stern awe and expectation of Wolmar, who stood behind—the abject quiescence of the spell-mangled fiend, in front of him.

At length Karl paused, and stretched forth his long, yellow, shrivelled neck, like an old kite leaning over a rock to look at an archer. He seemed doubtful whether he had not gone too far to be safe. He had done more than was needful from that very feeling, increasing the danger by his fear of it. The dæmon then spoke in a hoarse blubbling voice: "Cease, Karl Heidelschmeir—cease, or thou wilt make the elements tear me to pieces, and then thine own turn will come. What would Count Wolmar with thy servant?"

"He would kill his rival, Von Deutzberg," answered Karl, recovering himself.

"Von Deutzberg belongs to *me!*" remonstrated the other; "he sold himself for the power of striking Count Wolmar from his horse whenever he should meet him."

"I know it," said Karl, with a hideous grin, "that is why I used so strong a spell; but as Von Deutzberg forgot to stipulate that the blow should carry death with it when he pleased, thou hadst thy man very cheap!"

"I did my best," answered the goblin humbly; "thy servant is not an ass."

"I know what thou *art*," retorted Karl, "and thou canst not throw me off my guard. But to business, thou cunning fiend; Count Wolmar would destroy his rival; nevertheless as he despises him even more than he hates, he will not sacrifice his soul, according to the

usual bargain, for any such satisfaction. Withdraw then thy protection from Von Deutzberg, and name some other terms."

"Whatever Karl Heidelschmeir wishes, shall be done at any sacrifice, on the part of his friend and dæmon. Let the Count Wolmar meet Von Deutzberg, my subject, on foot, or dismount when he next sees him, and my compact with the baron will be superseded; nor will I otherwise protect him from destruction—provided Count Wolmar will consent to undergo some trifling penance for the deed."

"Penance!" muttered Wolmar, doubtfully.

"Name it at once!" thundered Heidelschmeir.

"Let Count Wolmar consent to be placed upon a pedestal, in some castle hall, there to repent within his own private thoughts only; for the cause of his standing there will not be known—to repent I say, of such crimes as he may like to commit, until somebody shall make him descend. He may be permitted to repent you know, Karl, though you and I are beyond it. But speak, he may not. Nevertheless, the lord of the castle, or even the vassals, will no doubt soon take him down, were it only for his refusing to answer their questions. He is then free, and I shall be satisfied. Does he consent to this trifle?"

"Dost thou consent Count Wolmar to this trifle?" demanded Karl.

"I do!" answered Wolmar.

A deep lethargy came over Wolmar as he uttered the words, and he lost all consciousness. When he came to his senses, the scene was entirely changed. He found himself seated on horseback, exactly in the spot where he had first wished for some preternatural power, to annihilate the chateau that contained his rival. It was the same misty hour of day-break, as when he had been accosted by Karl Heidelschmeir; and turning spontaneously with the thought, in the direction where he had first discerned his form coming towards him over the distant fields, to his astonishment he now saw Karl hastening away through the mist as though he had just left him! All that had passed with the dæmon appeared as if it had only occurred in a dream; and instead of a day and night having intervened since he first met Karl, it was but the space of a few minutes of eventful slumber.

From the thoughts of wonder and perplexity which were fast crowding

upon Wolmar's brain, he quickly turned to the idea of a speedy vengeance, for all the maddening indignities he had suffered, as the walls of the chateau met his wandering gaze. Burning with impatience, he spurred homeward, assembled his few remaining vassals, and telling them the final hour of trial had arrived, as he had resolved to die in single combat with Von Deutzberg, if this time he should fail to overcome him, the meagre array presented themselves for the last time before the walls of the enemy.

The clarion sounded as before—yet there was a manifest difference in its tone. It no longer resembled the shriek of triumphant malice, but the last cry of a strangled imp! Von Deutzberg issued forth; but as he advanced with an uplifted sword, Wolmar threw himself from his horse, and at one blow severed his antagonist's arm from his body! The arm fell quivering upon the ground, while the sword, as by force of the counteracted spell, emitted keen sparks, and flew into glassy fragments—at the same moment the mutilated trunk of Von Deutzberg tumbled its heavy clay beside the blackening member!

By a previous arrangement of Wolmar, the chateau had been set on fire, and so successful had been the plan, that the flames burst out of the casements, and the cry of the inmates reached the ear of their friends before they had recovered their consternation at the unexpected fall of their leader, which was attended with such terrific circumstances. They fled, closely pursued by Wolmar, who availing himself of all his advantages, made himself master of the chateau; drove nearly all its inhabitants forth at the edge of the sword; and having in the person of the lady Edith entirely in his power, in the excitement of the moment, and urged by a sense of all his previous mortification and wrongs, he obtained that from her, by force, which ought only to be accorded to the utmost affection by spontaneous feeling.

That same night, as soon as the flames were extinguished, to allay the fever of his soul from the recent events, and pour forth the retiring storm of his emotions, Count Wolmar wandered into an adjacent wood. He had not proceeded far, when he discovered a figure extended upon the ground. It was Karl Heidelschmeir, who was dying! He seemed to be at his last gasp, yet recognised Wolmar, and made efforts to speak. All his attempts were vain. He made strange

signs; but in the midst of a wild and distorted action, his limbs stiffened, and he suddenly became like an old root of a blasted tree—and equally lifeless. What had caused his death was never known; but it is most probable that in his recent incantation he had gone too far, according to his own apprehension, although the effect was not immediately manifested; or that he had died from a preternatural influence, acting too potently upon that portion of his existence which remained human, and by the unequal repulsion and conflict thus induced, between a charm-sustained defiance of time jarring upon one of the nearest links of the elemental chain of eternity.

The earth was loosened all about him where he lay, though there were no marks or signs of his having struggled. While Wolmar was yet gazing upon the black and tortuous trunk, a small creature crawled from beneath the earth, and advancing with a cowering mien, carefully seized the body with its nippers, and bore it down through the crumbling hole; just as an ant carries off a dead beetle, with its broken legs sticking up in the air.

Wolmar shuddered and drew back. "What may I not be subject to, myself?" thought he. "To nought very arduous to perform," responded a voice close to his ear. He turned abruptly, and beheld a thin, half-starved boy, with large round eyes, as colourless as water, and a thick fleshy nose, of the pendant class. His face was deplorably disfigured, as though he had received a recent beating.

"I am come," said the ungainly urchin, making a low uncouth bow, "to call you from the obsequies of the great Heideischmeir, to the consideration of your own case."

"Who, and what art thou?" demanded Wolmar sternly, but with a fearful misgiving at heart.

"A humble individual," answered the boy; "and as my time is my only wealth, I am sure you will pardon me if I decline to waste it in explanations. You will now, therefore, be pleased to return to the chateau and fulfil your contract, taking a penitential view, or any other view more suited to your pleasure, of your past life. You have slain Von Deutzberg in a very masterly style; but you have possessed yourself by violence of the person of his newly-married wife—that, you will remember, was no part of the bargain. However, we'll think no more of these trifles at present. This way, if you please?"

Wolmar's hand gradually sunk down upon the hilt of his sword, and as gradually grasped it. The instant he attempted to lift it from its sheath, his fingers became fixed! The goblin boy made him another low bow, and led the way towards the chateau, Wolmar finding himself compelled to follow him, by some magnetic influence.

They reached the grand hall, and here the boy arrayed Wolmar, who was unable to make the least resistance, in a suit of most superb bronze armour inlaid with gold. He then placed a helmet of the same upon his head, and looking him steadily in the face with an indefinable expression, suddenly clapped down the vizor, which fell into a lock as if smitten with a thunder-bolt. Wolmar essayed to speak; but all powers of volition, nay, all animal functions seemed to have deserted him. And now the meagre boy stooped down, and embraced his knees fervently, and then lifted him upon a grand pedestal. Having done this, he retired a pace or two, to inspect his work!

"I shall now leave you to your meditations," said he at length, "and should none of the domestics take you down speedily, I will return and do so myself, provided no accident occurs to me in the meantime." As the uncouth young gentleman uttered these words, he again made a low bow, but somehow his foot slipped, and with a loud howl, between the horrible and ludicrous, he fell right through the pavement, which instantly closed over him!

Wolmar now discerned that an immense shield of polished steel had been hung upon the opposite wall, in which his whole figure was reflected. But what words shall describe his fury—rendered doubly agonizing by the conviction of its being unavailing—when he perceived that his outline presented the exact resemblance of his rival: in fact, that he had become a colossal bronze statue of Von Deutzberg! A laudatory inscription, describing all the young Baron's warlike deeds, and premature end by foul and cowardly arts, was written underneath!

The old Baron and his daughter were speedily reinstated in their chateau. It was believed by everybody that Wolmar had slain him by the aid of witchcraft, or Von Deutzberg would have struck him from his horse with the same ease that he had done before, and that the spirits of justice and virtue had set up this statue to commemorate his name.

All this was said by the Baron, the lady Edith, and others, in the hearing of Wolmar, while they shed tears at the foot of Von Deutzberg's statue.

In due time the lady Edith was delivered of a son, the only heir to the honours of the houses of Von Deutzberg and the old Baron. As soon as the child was capable of understanding, it was taken to the statue and taught to recognize and venerate the image of its noble father, the Baron Von Deutzberg. But no one knew that the spirit of the *real* father inhabited the towering mail!

The youth grew up under Wolmar's eye; he was united to a noble lady, and transmitted the name of a detested rival to future times. For three generations Wolmar remained a conscious statue of the man he had most hated upon earth—proudly pointed to as such by his son, and a long line of descendants—till at length the colossal figure was cast down in a feudal warfare, amidst the ashes of the chateau, and the long-suffering and indignant soul of Wolmar was freed from its place of torment.

R. H. H.

THE  
GROUSE-SHOOTER'S CALL.

Come! where the heather bell,  
Child of the Highland dell,  
Breathes its coy fragrance o'er Moorland  
and lea;

Gaily the fountain sheen  
Leaps from the mountain green—  
Come to our Highland home, blithesome  
and free!

See! through the gloaming  
The young Morn is coming,  
Like a bridal veil round her the silver  
mist curled,  
Deep as the ruby's rays,  
Bright as the sapphire's blaze,  
The banner of day in the east is unfurled.

The red grouse is scattering  
Dews from his golden wing,  
Gem'd with the radiance that heralds  
the day;  
Peace in our Highland vales,  
Health on our mountain gales—  
Who would not hie to the Moorlands  
away!

Far from the haunts of man  
Mark the grey ptarmigan,  
Seek the lone moorcock, the pride of our  
dells;

Birds of the wilderness!

Here is your resting place,  
'Mid the brown heath where the moun-  
tain-roe dwells.

Come then! the heather bloom  
Woos with its wild perfume,  
Fragrant and blithesome thy welcome

Gaily the fountain sheen  
Leaps from the mountain-green—  
Come to our home of the Moorland and  
lea!

STEAM.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."  
*Byron.*

"Modern philosophy anon,  
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,  
Yoke lightning to her railroad car,  
And, posting like a shooting star,  
Swift as a solar radiation  
Ride the grand circuit of creation."—*Anon.*

I have a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron; that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin-and-water before him. His gin, though far from first-rate, is better than his poetry; the latter, indeed, being worse than that of many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit for an album; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions, he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's "Darkness," in which he takes a bird's-eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of solemn bombast, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more hollands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and clearness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down upon the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant

sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognized the haunt of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "frae mornin' sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighbouring river. There was the little ivy-covered church with its modest spire and immovable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went a wandering over this weary world. To me the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me, the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers; and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since rested on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unsullied part of his existence passed away. Suddenly the scene changed. The quiet, smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn-fields, were all swept away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncared for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around; and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen infernal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry; they ate, drank, and slept in a hurry; they danced, sung, and made

love in a hurry; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done, was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald; and on asking the reason, I was given to understand that they had been great travellers, and that the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eye-brows, eye-lashes, in fact, every thing in any way movable, from their faces. Animal life appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways, horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street my attention was attracted by a house they were building, of prodigious dimensions, being not less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it several men were at work, when, dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indignation on observing the crowd pass unheeding by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow-creature, who doubtless lay weltering in his blood; and the rest of the workmen went on with their several avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several in passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam-man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried a third; "the way in which all these accidents happen!" And true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet-iron, weltering in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam-man, but made of the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done; and straightway sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh-and-blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheuses were actually as "plentiful as blackberries." In fact, I found upon inquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, living

and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honester people of the two; and a fashionable political economist of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears, rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, shewing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in Chrononhotonthologos, "they were all his own and none of his neighbours."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the world again, and its quiet and peaceable modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads had been formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three-quarters of a mile from me; but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me round like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight toward the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant and it would be immersed in the waves; when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth, and in three seconds was ascending a perpendicular hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, "What's the fellow staring at?" and another asked "if I had never seen a tunnel before?"

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn." I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

"impart  
An hour's importance to the poor inan's heart?"

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." But here also it was steam, steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked chambermaid, there was an accursed machine-man smoothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the victuals were cooked by steam, yea, even the meat roasted by steam. Instead of the clean-swept hearth

"With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel  
sweet,"

there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have any thing to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on a table. I took up one of the former; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew nothing, but as far as I could make out the English of the several items, they ran somewhat thus:

*"Another shocking catastrophe.*—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam-carriage Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Hannington and Slipsby railroads, it unfortunately came in contact with the steam-carriage Snail, going about one hundred and five miles per hour. Of course, both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle."

*"Melancholy accident.*—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jimps, passenger in the Swift-as-thought-locomotive, was endeavouring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a corpse in three-quarters of a second. A young gentleman who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his



feelings withdrew his air-tube and called for help; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passengers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, prudently held their breathing-bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene," &c. &c.

A Liverpool paper stated that "The stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden railroad between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the tiresome steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam; all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these:

"*Horse*, *s.* an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

"*Tree*, *s.* vegetable production; once plentiful in these parts and still to be found in remote districts."

"*Tranquillity*, *s.* obsolete; an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," &c.

In despair I threw down the book, and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, and the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing Hamlet by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The automata really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle, greatly improved, and they roared, and bellowed, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave scene, owing to some mechanical misconception, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the dramatis personæ that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapour. I made my escape; but on reaching the street, things were ten times worse than ever. It was

the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked parboiled, and the neighbouring fisherman's lobsters changed colour on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a fizzing, a whizzing going on all around—fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when lo! I suddenly awoke, and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no manuscript poems, and eschew gin and water for the time to come.

#### BENEFACTORS.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE home of Lopez was only a cottage; but it was situated beneath the beautiful sky of Andalusia, in the little bishopric of Jaen, at the flowery foot of Sierra Morena. His daughter, Inesilla, his only child—his gentle, his lovely, his darling Inesilla—dwelt with him there. He regretted riches only on one account. His loss of them must interrupt the education of his daughter.

"Inesilla," said he to her, "I have often rendered services; but no one comes to render services to me. There is no such thing in the world as generosity."

"The numbers of the ungrateful would seem to prove the contrary," replied Inesilla. "Ingratitude would be less common, if we knew how to appropriate our benefactions; but the rich and powerful, hemmed in as they are by mercenaries, parasites, and adventurers, are intercepted by this mob of slaves, from conveying to virtuous indigence the noble kindness which may relieve without degrading. We should know the characters of those whom we oblige, before we do them services. We listen to our hearts, and are deceived. You have yourself done this, and more than once."

"I own it. I own it. I was in the wrong."

The conversation was interrupted by a clap of thunder. A rapid storm darkened the horizon. Lopez thought no

more of the ungrateful. All resolutions of future caution vanished. He flew to fling open the large gate of his cottage yard, that the wayfarer might be sheltered beneath his cart-shed from the tempest, whose roar was now redoubled by the mountain echoes.

A brilliant carriage, drawn by six mules, at once drove in. Don Fernando descended from it; had his servants and his mules placed under the shed, and presented himself at the door of the cottage of Lopez. Inesilla opened it, and Don Fernando paused with wonder, to meet beneath the lowly thatch a form so sylph-like and a face so refined. The courtly bearing of Lopez seemed to create no less surprise; his astonishment, the earnestness of his questions, the interest he seemed to take in every thing relating to the old man, stimulated Lopez to tell the story of his misfortunes, ending with the moral which his daughter had deduced from them.

Fernando heard him with intense attention.

"By the sword of the Cid!" cried he, "that daughter of thine is a philosopher! 'We should know the character of those whom we oblige, before we do them services;' and I bless the storm," added he, tears starting to his eyes, "which has acquainted me with thee and thine; but we should also bear in mind another truth of which thy daughter's philosophy seems not to be aware. We should also know the characters of those by whom we are obliged, before we let them do us services."

The words of Don Fernando sank deep into the heart of Lopez. He felt he had at last found one with whom he wished he could exchange situations, merely that he could render so worthy a man a service.

Don Fernando seemed to be animated with a similar yearning towards poor Lopez.

"But, Lopez," added he, "it is not from words that characters are to be learned. We must look to actions. From these I would teach you mine. Lopez, I am rich, and I am not heartless. You have bestowed on me the only kindness in your power. Do not be offended. I must not be numbered among the ungrateful. Your fortune must be restored. Deign, till we can bring that about, to let me be your banker."

"There is nothing I have to wish for, on my own account," said Lopez; "but my dear girl, though still in the bloom of early youth, has for a long while been

interrupted in her education. Poor darling, she has no associates of her own age and sex about her—no one to supply the place of a mother. The warmest affection of a father never can make up for wants like these."

"I have an aunt," replied Fernando, "who inhabits Cazorla with her two daughters, both much about the age of your Inesilla. In this family are blended inexhaustible amiableness, enlightened religion, deep and varied acquirements. Deprived of the gifts of fortune, they have nothing to live on but a moderate pension, of which their virtues, the duties of humanity, and the claims of relationship, concur in rendering it imperative on me to force their acceptance. Cazorla is situated not far hence; just on the skirts of the Vega—a site of surpassing beauty. Go, yourself, in my name. Find my noble relation. Confide to her your Inesilla.

Lopez, scarcely hearing him out, caught his hands, and bathed them with tears of gratitude.

It was not long before Inesilla was conducted by her father, to the aunt of Fernando, from whom, and from her daughters, she received a most affectionate welcome; while Lopez, disabused of his prejudices against the world, regained his cottage, satisfied with himself and others, and silently and seriously resolved never more to think slightly of human nature, and go often and see his daughter.

One day he was pondering on his recollections of Fernando, on his delicate liberality, and on his profound proverb, when, casting his eyes unconsciously around, they rested upon a lowly tree, where a poor little orphan-dove, left alone ere the down had enough thickened to shield it from the evening chill, forsaken, as it was, by all nature, filled its forlorn nest with feeble wailings. At that moment, from the mighty summit of the Sierra Morena, a bird of prey—(it was a vulture!)—outspreading his immense wings—pointed his flight downwards toward the lamenting dove, and for some time hung hovering above the tree which held her cradle. Lopez was instantly on the alert for means to rescue the helpless little victim, when he thought he could perceive that at the sight of the vulture, the infant dove ceased to moan, fluttered joyously, and stretched towards him her open beak. In truth, he really beheld, ere long, the terrible bird gently descending, charged with a precious booty, towards his baby *protégée*, and

lavishing on her the choicest nutriment, with a devotedness unknown to vulgar vultures.

"Most wonderful!" cried the good Lopez. "How unjust I was! How blind! I refused to believe in beneficence. I find it even among vultures!"

Lopez could not grow weary of this touching sight. Day after day he returned to watch it. It opened to him sources of exquisite and inexhaustible meditation. He was enraptured to see innocence strengthened under the wing of power—the weak succoured by the strong; and the transition from the nest of the dove to his gentle Inesilla, in happiness at Cazorla, protected by one of the rich and powerful, was so natural, that he returned home, blessing Don Fernando and the vulture.

Already had the light down on the little dove deepened into silvery feathers; already, from branch to branch, had she essayed her timid flight upon her native tree; already could her beak, hardened and sharpened, grasp its nourishment with ease.

One day the vulture appeared with the accustomed provender. He eyed his adopted intently. The dove that day looked peculiarly innocent and beautiful. Her form was round and full. Her air delightfully engaging. The vulture paused. He seemed for a moment to exult that he had reared a creature so fair. On a sudden he pounced into the nest. In an instant the dove was devoured!

Lopez witnessed this: he stood amazed and puzzled, like Gargantua, on the death of his wife Badebec.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Lopez, "what do I behold!"

The good man was surprised that a vulture should have eaten a dove, when only the reverse would have been the wonder.

The former association in his mind between his daughter and the dove rushed back upon him. He was almost mad.

"My Inesilla, my dove," shrieked he to himself, "is also under the protection of a vulture—a great lord—a man of prey—hence! hence!"

He ran; he flew. He repeated to himself a hundred times upon the way—

*"We should know the character of those by whom we are obliged, before we let them do us services!"*

And with this upon his lip he arrived, breathless, at Cazorla. He darted to the retreat where he had left his daughter—

—Merciful Providence!—

Reader! I see you are almost as much pleased as Inesilla was, that Lopez saved his daughter.

EXTRACT 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 horse-laughs. It is like the rasping of a saw, or a sleigh running over bare ground. Yet people have got a most villanous habit of laughing when I speak; why, I know not, unless it is that I never laugh myself. I find 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.

Made an experiment the other night 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 Madam ——'s party with unbounded 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 "*viru-su per ora volitare*" got into the newspapers, and the last I saw of it was travelling about the country, everybody, by the way, claiming it for their own.

"What say you to that, Jack?"

"True, true, but then you've got such a —— comical way with you."

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

THERE is one 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 that 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 the police could not be called upon in the one case as well 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 anti-temperance man; "hold, hold, for mercy sake, do have compassion on my ears, and I will submit to any thing—any thing except hearing you called a wise man or myself a wit."

There is another thing which I never could 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 Greek 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 up 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 a 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," and 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 any thing great—was there ever a great black man—tell me that?"

Interrupted again! my blood boiled, and I resolved that I would do my best to "exflunctify" the animal 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 Synonyms."

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 is 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—yes—I'll allow, but"—and the whole table burst into a roar.

"Oh, demme, you're a quizzing!" cried the discomfited 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—a great wit! ha, ha!" was the reply.

Left my dinner and slunk off to my room, wishing that I had let 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 risibles, 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 a 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 every thing 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, 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 recollected to my dismay, that I had said something which 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 upon my ear.

"D——!" I muttered between my teeth, and rushed into the streets 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 drunk, 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 him that takes."

But oh, how I *did* want to knock that man down! Went home—packed up my moveables, and started for the country.

## A KENTUCKIAN'S ACCOUNT OF A PANTHER-FIGHT.

BY JAMES H. HACKETT.

I never was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests—my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder—when my favourite dog Sport, who was trotting quietly a-head of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouching down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than chain-lightning I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set, and claws spread, pitched sprawling head foremost to the ground, as dead as *Julius Cæsar*! That was all fair enough; but mark! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she-panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree, and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation! I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now! My dog grew mighty loving—he jumped a-top and seized *her* by the neck; so we all rolled and clawed, and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about *chawed up*; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth *rayther* hurt her feelings, let *me* go altogether, and clenched *him*. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let-up about *her*, I just out jack-knife, and with one slash, *prehaps* I did n't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils! I did feel *mighty savagerous*, and, big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an aligator-grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flash fire. "There," says I, "you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up*!"

But I turned around to look for my dog, and—and—tears gushed smack into my eyes, as I see the poor affectionate cretur—all of a gore of blood—half raised on his fore legs, and trying to drag his mangled body toward me;

down he dropped—I run up to him, whistled loud, and gave him a friendly shake of the paws—(for I loved my dog!)—but he was too far gone; he had just strength enough to wag his tail feebly—fixed his closing eyes upon me wishfully—then gave a gasp or two, and—*all was over!*

### MISCELLANIES.

#### CAMPBELL.

THE poet Campbell having completed his "*Life of Mrs. Siddons*," left England about six weeks ago, and proceeded to Paris. By a letter received from him dated the 1st of September, addressed to a gentleman in London, we learn that he has set out for Algiers. "*I am going*," says he, "*to Algiers*. To-morrow I set out for Lyons, and from thence shall proceed to Toulon, and shall embark on board the same packet-boat with Mons. Lawrence, the distinguished Deputy of the Lower Chamber, who is sent out a second time by government as inspector of the new colony."

#### FEMALE INGENUITY.

A widow woman, with seven children, having applied for some time in vain for hired lodgings, at last practised the following finesse to obtain a shelter for herself and offspring. Observing a notice of lodgings to let, in a house situated next to a churchyard, she ordered her children to play in the churchyard while she inquired respecting the apartments. The first question on entering the threshold was, "Madam, have you any children?" to which she replied, in a saint-like and pathetic tone, "They are all in the churchyard." The effect was instantaneous—writings were drawn up—the rooms secured, and the lady came to take possession of them. The hostess was horror-struck on beholding her children, and refused them admittance; but nothing being said on this point "in the bond," she was fain obliged to make a virtue of necessity, and make the best of a bad bargain.

#### IRISH INVITATION TO DINNER.

"WILL ye dine with me to-morrow?" said a Hibernian to his friend.—"Faith an' I will, with all my heart."—"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking ye to."—"And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty plisant thing! What have ye got?"—"Och! nothing by common! Jist an iligant pace of corned beef and potatoes!"—"By the powers! that bates the world! Jist my own dinner to a hair—*barring the beef!*"

#### MUTTON AND NO MUTTON.

It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should turn into mutton, all but its head; for, while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head: but there is a fruit which changes its name still oftener; grapes are so called while fresh, raisins when dried, and plums when in a pudding.

#### INTERESTING QUESTION.

At a debating club, the question was discussed, whether there is more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object? "Mr. President," said an orator, "suppose I was courtin' a gal and she was to run away, and I was to run after her; would n't I be happier when I catch'd her, than when I was running after her?"

#### ORTHOGRAPHY.

At a baker's, at the west end of the town, any lady or gentleman so disposed may step in, and have, as we are informed by a notice over the door, his or her "*vitals baked here.*"

#### AMERICAN 'CUTENESS.

WE have heard a good story illustrative of the trafficking character of the New-Bedford people, and of the illustrative nature of some of their profits. A good old lady of that town had two sons, aged ten and twelve years, who were, she said, such real New-Bedforders, though she said it, who had n't ought to say it, that when shut up in a close room an hour together, "they would make five dollars profits a-piece in swapping jackets with each other!"

#### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"SOME years ago," says a foreign journal, "the captain of a Corsair carried off the wife of a poor wood-cutter, residing in the neighbourhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South seas, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamoured of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her sole sovereign of his dominions. By a European vessel, which recently touched at the island, the poor wood-cutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will probably be one of the wealthiest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to summon him to her court."



P. 178.

## THE RUNAWAY NEGRO.

A FACT.

(For the Parterre).

ABOUT eleven years ago, there lived on Alleghany mountain, in Hampshire county, a farmer named Lloyd Ward. Though of large and powerful frame, he was remarkably active, and a man of great courage; qualities which were once put to a severe test in the following manner:—

One morning a negro made his appearance at Ward's house, and requested something to eat. His request was complied with; and while the sable visitor was dispatching his meal, the farmer interrogated him as to his name, and the person to whom he belonged.

To these inquiries, the negro replied by producing a dirty piece of paper, which Ward, upon unfolding, perceived to be a forged pass.

"Dat will tell you who me b'long to, massa," said the negro.

"This wont do, my fine fellow," remarked Ward, as his eye glanced over the paper, "you'll get yourself into trouble, I guess, if you shew this to any

one, and the writer may stand a chance of being hung!"

Upon hearing these words, the negro eagerly snatched the paper, and in spite of Ward's endeavour to prevent him, he tore it into a hundred pieces.

"Hum," said Ward to himself, "a runaway nigger!" and he at once made up his mind to capture the fugitive.

"Me tell de trute, massa," said the negro, perceiving that he was discovered; "me come from Big Capon.—Massa will buy him?"

"No," replied Ward, "I have no money to spare."

"Massa will hire?"

"I can do neither," rejoined the farmer; "but I have a friend who may perhaps want a help, and I will take you to him."

To this proposition the black readily assented, and he and Ward departed together, the latter taking with him his double-barrelled gun, and being followed by a large dog.

As they proceeded on their way, the negro conversed freely with the farmer, who did not doubt but that he should make an easy capture of him. Great, therefore, was his astonishment, when,

having got some distance from home, his black companion, who probably had from the first suspected the farmer's intentions, suddenly faced about, closed with him, and wrenched the gun from his grasp.

Ward uttered a cry of alarm as the negro cocked the gun and raised it to his shoulder, but fortunately the triggers were not set, and the farmer rushed behind a tree at a few yards distant. Here he waited until the negro had fired; and as the contents of the second barrel rattled against the tree, the farmer drew his hunting hatchet and rushed upon his antagonist.

The black was not unprepared:—he had concealed about him a large butcher's knife, which he quickly produced, and a fierce struggle immediately ensued. Both were powerful men, and the combat was for life or death. As they closed on each other, Ward's dog sprang upon the negro, who had not perhaps calculated on this addition to his antagonist's strength; but he resolutely continued the combat, and at length dispatched the faithful animal by a skilful stroke on the neck.

The negro had freed himself from one of his enemies; but Ward, enraged at the loss of his faithful dog, fought with still greater desperation, and several blows and stabs were exchanged. The farmer received a deep, though not dangerous, gash on the breast, and the blood of his adversary welled from several wounds: still each grasped his weapon, and the result of the struggle remained doubtful.

Much has been said and written upon the valour of men, who, locked up in armour, endeavoured to thrust each other from their war steeds, or with mace and battle-axe battered each others heads for an hour together. Now-a-days, a man is considered brave if he possess nerve enough to stand and receive his antagonist's fire at twelve paces, without flinching. It is difficult to define true courage, but old Quarles himself would not have hesitated to acknowledge that it was conspicuous in the combatants, whose desperate struggle we are endeavouring to describe.

The horrible fray still continued. With such weapons, scarcely a blow could have been struck without inflicting a ghastly, if not a dangerous, wound. At length, exhausted and faint with loss of blood, the negro sunk upon the greensward, covered with innumerable wounds and drenched in gore.

To the eternal honour of the Yankee farmer, he did not take advantage of his mutilated adversary as he lay on the ground bleeding and helpless. His foe was at his feet, and a single blow of his hatchet might have inflicted the *coup de grace*, and revenged the death of his faithful dog; but Ward was a brave man—he made the poor wretch, whom he had overpowered, promise not to quit the spot, and then hastened in search of assistance. When he returned, the negro was gone; but the carcass of his trusty dog, the ground torn up as though it had been the scene of a bull fight, and the bushes besprinkled with blood, attested the violence of the struggle.

“There was as much blood on the ground,” said those who visited the spot, “as if some animal had been butchered.” B. Q. T.

#### ON A COLOURED TILE,

Which I plucked up from the Pavement of  
FURNESS ABBEY.

(For the Parterre).

1.

Rich impress of the clay, the fragile clay,  
To which thy mitred fane is mouldering fast;  
Bright, when the lively and meridian ray,  
Through blazoned panes its rival brilliance cast;

2.

Still bright, when shattered piers of glorious wreath,  
Gray, naked windows, filled with azure sky,  
Rise round thy scarlet patternwork, and breathe,  
To ringing winds, their own sad dirigy!

3.

Why did I tear thee, with unhallowed hand,  
From the gay pavement, where thy 'broidery shone,  
Vermilion, green, and blue, superbly planned,  
Till the stained lattice deemed its dyes outdone?

4.

What though the pictured windows flame no more  
In herald pomp, or painted lore, above thee?  
Suns undisguised salute thy gorgeous floor,  
And dewy flowers and fragrant herbage love thee.



5.  
The variegated ceiling, red and gold,  
Lifts to mid heaven no more its florid  
pile;  
But feathery elms, brown oaks, and  
beeches bold,  
Wave, in fine shade-work, o'er each  
chequered tile.

But now, the Carkanet hath lost a gem,  
A blot upon the painted pavement  
lies,  
Where thy companions' beauty destines  
them  
To antiquarian zeal a future prize.

7.  
For thee,—nor dew, nor leaf, nor sunny  
sky,  
Embalm in pity thy resplendent hues,  
Doomed in the plunderer's cabinet to  
lie,  
And half thy treacherous loveliness to  
lose!

8.  
Forgive the sacrilege — majestic shrine !  
That tore a relic of thy wreck away ;  
No spoiler lacerates these aisles of thine,  
No bigot, heaping insult on decay :

9.  
The fondest lover, from his lady dead,  
Ne'er so devoutly stole a shining  
tress,  
As I, this token of thy glories fled ;—  
To guard as closely, and to love no less.

HORACE GUILFORD.

#### APPRECIATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

"THE English," says the Quarterly Review, "flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is good taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that those poets are popular. Their names are so; but if it be said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular—that is, liked and studied—among the wide circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as enlightened, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. Not a play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the London stage without mutilation—and without the most revolting balderdash foistered into the rents made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only some three or four of his pieces that can be borne at all by our all-intelligent public, unless

the burthen be lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. This for the stage. But is it otherwise with the reading public? We believe it is worse; we think, verily, that the apprentice or his master who sits out Othello, or Richard at the theatre, gets a sort of glimpse, a touch, and atmosphere of intellectual grandeur; but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires—or fancies he admires—in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare—as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings—as to seeing the idea of Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it—this we believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the really cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathise with the criticism of men of genius. Shakspeare is now popular by name, because, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admirable; and also because, in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and scent of which are familiar. To all which must of course be added the effect of theatrical representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country, whose only acquaintance, much as it is, is through the stage."

[We have been much pleased with the foregoing remarks, and yet, after all, they are but a bundle of truisms. Every body knows that a certain standard author is the fashion for a time, just because some Sir Oracle of the day has thought fit to call him "divine" or "delightful." There is no library, scarcely indeed a two-shelved book-rack, without its Shakspeare, the players now and then giving us a travesty of one of his plays, and the Germans having made the wonderful discovery that he was a mighty genius! That Shakspeare is not justly appreciated, even by many of those whom we are taught to look upon as, in some degree, enlightened, may be inferred from the strange opinions of his commentators. We have, too, essays without number on the chief characters of Shakspeare, but who shall give us a dissertation on the subordinate personages that figure among his numerous and beautiful creations?]

## LOVES OF AN ATTORNEY.

BY E. T. T. MARTIN.

"Amorem virumque cano."

I like a quotation; especially if it be from the classics, or poetical, and at the commencement of an article. It gives to one's production an easy, dashing appearance, and tells much of one's acquirements, of one's reading and memory. A quotation, in short, is decidedly a good thing.

It has been a matter of much regret to me, that while poets have sung the "Pleasures of Hope," the "Pleasures of Memory," and the "Pleasures of the Imagination," no patriot member of my profession has yet been found to trumpet forth the *Pleasures of an Attorney*. The loves, also, of all living things, from "The loves of the angels" to "The loves of the shell fishes," have been celebrated in sweet sounding rhyme, while the effects of the *grand passion* on an attorney have not yet found an historian, even in honest and unpretending prose. Mine, then, shall be the task to portray them, and mine own, the loves that form the subject of this great effort.

I was a remarkably enterprising boy, and made out to work myself, at the age of twelve, into a huge passion for a very demure little infant, who had numbered about as many years. But, as my heart was first caught by a *chinchilla hat*, and my affections were withdrawn from their object on account of a conceived slight from her, in playing "scorn," I will pass from this, "my first love," with the single remark, that at this early period I formed an attachment for moonlight nights, and learned several lines of Moore's,

"When at eve thou rovest,  
By the star thou lovest," &c.

Several flames of a similar character, in the course of the three or four following years, blazed up in my susceptible bosom, burned brilliantly for a short period—flickered—and went out. The next great epoch in the history of my affections was my sixteenth year.

I have before me (only in imagination, dear reader!) a face that utterly baffles my skill in portraiture. I might say that it was sweet—that it was beautiful—angelic—intellectual; I might use a thousand such generally descriptive terms, but I should convey no idea of the young girl my memory has conjured up, and who sits smiling before me, as if

in mockery of my vain efforts. What shall I do? Shall I commence an inventory of her charms, classify and combine them, add beauty to beauty, grace to grace, perfection to perfection, until I have worked up the portrait into loveliness equal to the original? Or shall I try comparisons and similes, and describe her in a rhetorical figure? I like the latter idea best. It is soonest accomplished, and will display the brilliancy of my fancy. Flowers, it is said, are the language of love—I will make them the vehicle of my description of a lovely woman. There is something in their light, delicate, and transient beauty, so like her of whom I write, and withal, so like her love for me, that they are admirably to my present purpose. Once more, then, let me address myself to thee, dear reader, and ask thee if thou hast ever seen a *water-lily*—a young, tall, slender, graceful *water-lily*? If thou hast, thou hast seen something as young, perhaps half as tall, and probably even more slender; but certainly not half as graceful as Helen G., when in her fifteenth year. After all, I do not think *water-lilies* are *perfectly* adapted to the description of female beauty. They answer well enough as long as we confine our observations to the figure, face, complexion, &c., and are even useful when writing about eyes, as, for instance:—

"Her floating eyes—oh! they resemble  
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze  
Is making the stream around them tremble."

But when we come to the expression of the countenance, *water-lilies*, and all other flowers, are dead letter. There are a thousand beauties which they have no language to convey.

Since writing the above quotation, it has occurred to me that a *poetical* would be better even than a *flowery* description of my Helen. There is something in the very softness of poetry, its refinement, its elevation, its enthusiasm, so congenial with the female character—so allied to feminine loveliness, that it is singular the idea should not have entered my pericranium before. But, alas! I am an *attorney*, and there is a manifest incongruity between poetry and law. But if I cannot *write*, I can *quote* it; and with a proper admixture of poetical quotations and prose writing, I think I shall be able to convey to the reader some idea of one who exercised a controlling influence over my early, *very* early life.

When I first knew Helen G., she was

not fifteen; half-woman, half-child—uniting the light-hearted gaiety and playfulness of the one with the intelligence and accomplishments of the other.

“Oh, she was beautiful! her flowing hair Hung in profusion round her neck of snow, And oft, in maiden glee and sportiveness, Her gentle hand would catch her clustering curls,  
And bind them in a braid around her brow.  
Oh, she was beautiful! her graceful form Moved upon earth so lightly and so free— She seemed a seraph-wanderer of the sky, Too bright, too pure, too glorious for earth.”

Oh, she was beautiful! and my eyes told her so; and a stifling, choking sensation I experienced on taking her hand to bid her farewell, some months after my first acquaintance, told me—what a sudden gush of tears a moment afterwards told her, that I—sweet youth—was in love with her! Was it sympathy that for a moment dimmed her laughing eye? Was it with feeling that her voice trembled and her lip quivered, as she expressed the hope that she should see me again? Was it with anger that her cheek crimsoned, as I, for the first time, stole a kiss from her lips? I know not, for I hastened from her presence, bewildered, amazed, sobbing, happy, foolish! She went to school, and I was desolate. I continued my accustomed pursuits, but they no longer possessed interest for me. I resorted to my old amusements, but the lightness of spirit that once gave zest to them was with me no longer. My eyes would wander over the pages of my books; but they might as well have rested on vacancy, for my heart was with its owner, and my fancy was busy in scenes enlivened by her presence. For four months I thus remained, partly happy and partly miserable, but always idle. This dreaming life was interrupted by the actual presence of her who was the spirit of it. I did not let “concealment prey on my damask cheek,” but told my love, and was happy—happy for one short month, which being the utmost limit of a boarding-school vacation, I was once more separated from the object of my idolatry.

Years passed before I saw her again, and I had become an actor on the busy stage of life; a whirlwind of human passions and cares had swept over the heart once occupied with her image; but through all changes and through all temptations I had garnered up in it the recollection of my early affection, and with an unwavering devotion had guarded it from the grosser and more selfish feelings that began to find entrance there.

“We met—’t was in a crowd,”

at a large party. She was a gay, dashing, fashionable woman, surrounded by admirers and flatterers, to whom she was dispensing, with wonderful ease and grace, the words and nods and smiles, without which they assured her they could not exist. I think I observed a slight fluttering in her manner as I approached. I think the hue of her cheek was a little less brilliant, and that her voice was a little tremulous, as she answered my congratulations on her arrival at —. But it must have been fancy, for the last word of her reply had hardly died upon her lips, before she was engaged in a spirited conversation with a gentleman standing near her. One moment convinced me that the school-girl’s love was forgotten. The demon of fashion had taken possession of the heart I had for years foolishly thought mine, and the love of admiration had distorted a sweet, unaffected girl into a coquette. From the time I made this discovery, I gave up all hope of further experience of the “grand passion,” and determined, inasmuch as a wife appeared indispensable to my reputable standing in society, to make what is called “a prudent marriage”—that is, to marry, what I had not, a plenty of this world’s gear. “Hereafter,” I exclaimed, “the shaft of Cupid must be *gilded* to pierce me. It is impossible for me to conceive a passion for merit and beauty alone. I would as soon think of coveting an empty coffer, as falling in love with a girl without the necessary *attaché* of fortune. Yes—my

“Tender sigh and trickling tear,  
Long for a thousand pounds a year;”

not the requisites for love in a cottage; for the money itself—not for assistance in hastening the departure of my own few straggling farthings. Unfortunately for my matrimonial prospects, the warmth of my new determination carried me into extremes, and instead of selecting for my future partner in life a moderately ugly woman, with a moderately large fortune, I opened my batteries upon a positive fright, with an estate larger than the domains of a score of German princes. Alas! she was the child of misfortune, and my heart was, from the first, drawn towards her by the holy and blessed sympathy we feel for those on whom the hand of affliction presses. She had been bereaved of a father, who I presume was affectionate, and deserving of her love, and was the only child of her mother, and she (to wit, her mother) was a widow—

a rich widow—very rich by her dower out of the estate, of which her daughter was the heiress. Poor girl! was she not to be pitied?

It was an afternoon in June. I was most romantically taking a sociable cup of tea with my proposed spouse, under an old oak, at her country-seat on the river ——. I was *drafting a declaration* of my feelings, and had, with great care, framed one, to which I thought she could not possibly *demur*; when, on raising my eyes from the green turf, to open my suit, my attention was arrested by the surpassing beauty of the view before me. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of scenery of any description, and, with the exception of that dear little *animate* production, the fairest of all, the works of nature are unheeded by me, or passed with an acknowledgment merely, not a *feeling* that they are beautiful and glorious. But when I looked upon the noble river before me, winding its way through a rich and blooming country, decked with islands, and bordered with green; and, above all, when the setting sun, collecting, as it were, all his glory in a dying effort, threw his golden light over the scene, giving his own hue to the sails, which here and there were spread to receive the faint breath of expiring day, and increasing the splendour of the distant view, I *felt* for once that the works of nature were beautiful; and that this world, notwithstanding the assertions of interesting young admirers of Byron, who with hanging heads, bare throats, and black neck-kerchiefs, bewail their blighted hopes, and rail against their lot in having been created mortals, was one in which I might content myself to live—to live, and live happy—happy even without the assistance of my co-teadrinker.

I gave up the idea of a *prudent marriage*, and my affections were once more afloat. But love had become a disease with me. Like the stimulant of the opium-eater, or the potations of the confirmed drunkard, it became essential to my existence. My next flame had but one fault, which, unfortunately, I did not discover until my affections were almost irrecoverably fixed upon her. She was the most brilliantly beautiful girl I ever beheld. In form, feature, and complexion, she was unequalled; and the dazzling brightness of her eyes, the fine classic structure of her head, and the air of easy grace which pervaded all her movements, made her attractive in the highest degree. I was a lover at sight. My imagination, ardent as usual, made

her in mind all I could wish. I was delighted on a first acquaintance, with the piquancy of her remarks and her powers of conversation. I adored her. I opened to her the inmost recesses of my heart; I gave vent to the romance, the enthusiasm, the poetry of my nature. In a voice musical as the waterfall that murmured near my feet, soft and sweet as the summer night-wind that gently lifted my hair, I spoke to her of love, of the passion of love, of love in the abstract, its hopes, its fears, its joys, its sorrows, and, at last, I spoke to her of *my* love! As with a trembling hand I took hers, and with a voice inarticulate with emotion, I proceeded with my tale—she suddenly turned around to me, and said, "Now, you needn't think to cheat me. I know what you want. You want to flirt with me, and I won't!"

She was a stick, a stone, a warmed and walking piece of marble, without a particle of feeling or sentiment; beautiful as the finest productions of the statuary; glowing, to appearance, as the emanations of the painter, but, in fact, as dead and insensible as either.

Interesting as these recollections are to me, I fear to dwell longer on them, and will therefore hasten to a close. Repeated disappointment did not discourage me. Rejections were often a relief; for like the "two third act" to a bankrupt, they cleared off old scores, and enabled me to commence anew. Long and perseveringly did I struggle against my fate. But I was obliged to yield at length, and submit to my present life of single blessedness. Other causes than those to which I have here alluded, have contributed to my present destiny, but they have also tended to make me satisfied with it. My life, since all hope of change has departed, and the fire and impetuosity of youth have given place to the moderation and love of quietude, which come with the increase of years, is not unpleasing to me. It is agitated but by gentle hopes and fears, by chastened joys and meek sorrows. The ruder storms rage not over it—sun and cloud still, in their turn, light and darken its horizon, and the coming breeze is not ungrateful; for while it changes its hue, its gives variety and freshness to its form. The pleasures of the domestic circle, and the endearments of procreated love, it is true, are denied me, but my heart has found other objects to which it has attached itself; and the tenderness that, prodigal-like, I would have lavished upon one, now finds an outpouring in benevolence to my fellow-creatures.

## PHRENOLOGY.

At a grand fête once given at Potsdam, all the court of Prussia assembled and paraded before the king. Among all the embroidered courtiers, one man particularly attracted the attention of his majesty—he was a tall, bony old man, dressed in black, with a remarkably shaped head. Frederick, who did not know him, inquired of the lord in waiting, “Who is that man in black at the window with our learned chancellor?” “Sire, it is Dr. Gall, the celebrated physician.” “Gall! ah, I should like to satisfy myself whether what I have heard of that man is exaggerated or not—go and invite him to our table on the morrow.”

At the time appointed, a splendid banquet brought together the king, the doctor, and a dozen other personages bedecked with crosses and orders, but of uncourtly aspect and manners. “Doctor,” said Frederick, at the end of the repast, “will you have the kindness to inform these gentlemen what are the propensities which their craniological developement indicates.” Gall arose, for the request of the king was of course law, and began to examine the head of his neighbour, a tall dark man, who had been addressed as general. The doctor appeared embarrassed. “Speak frankly,” said the king. “His excellency seems to be fond of hunting and boisterous pleasures, and would certainly be most at home in a field of battle. His inclinations are warlike, and temperament sanguine.” The king smiled. The doctor passed on to the next. He was a young man with a quick eye and daring look. “This gentleman,” said Gall, rather disconcerted, “excels in gymnastic exercises, is a great runner, and skilful in all bodily exercises.” “That will do, my dear doctor,” interrupted the king, “I see that I have not been deceived with regard to you, and will now divulge, what you through politeness palliated. The general next you is an assassin, condemned to chains for life; and your skilful friend is the cleverest pickpocket in Prussia.” Having said thus, the king struck the table thrice, at which signal the guards entered from all sides of the room. “Reconduct these gentlemen to their dungeon,” said the king, and then turning towards the stupefied doctor, added, “you have been dining with some of the greatest criminals of my kingdom. Search your pockets!” Gall obeyed; he had lost his handkerchief, his purse, and snuff-box. The next day these articles were, how-

ever, returned to him, together with a valuable snuff-box set with diamonds, as a present from the king.—*Le Caméleon*.

## NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ANGLER IN WALES; OR DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SPORTSMEN. By Thomas Medwin, Esq.

The perusal of these volumes has afforded us much amusement, notwithstanding the conceit which is manifest in every page. The gallant captain takes especial care to remind us that he was once intimate with one “Byron,” and gives us an account of his own youthful days, in which self-love is equally conspicuous: still the book is amusing, as the following extract will shew:—

## NEAPOLITAN BRIGANDS.

“We were now in the last ten of the thirty miles, and in sight of the frontier, when we observed our courier galloping back at full speed.

“Before reaching the carriage he beckoned with his whip to the boy to stop, and was so much out of breath with hard riding and fright when he came up, that he could not speak for some seconds, but at last related, that about a mile a-head he had been fired at by two out of a band of ruffians, who had suddenly risen up a short distance from the road, from behind some logs of wood, which had been omitted to be removed when the trees were cut down that they might not give shelter to the bandits.

“The question was, how to act. To go forward, in the teeth of the gang, with so unequal a force, would have been the extreme of madness, and to pass the night at the wretched post-house in our rear, was a scarcely less preferable alternative. My friend proposed returning to Mola di Gaeta, but this course was speedily rejected. Whilst still doubtful what steps to pursue, Pietro suggested that we had better drive to the nearest military station, about two miles in the rear; and this counsel was finally adopted.

“On arriving at the guard-house, we summoned the commandant, who speedily mustered his men, consisting of ten or twelve poor, emaciated, yellow, half-starved, fever-stricken wretches, who had not been relieved for several months, and proved what the effect of breathing long the pestilential air of those marshes must be. By dint of persuasion, in the shape of a few ducats, we overcame his scruples about quitting the post; and

putting ourselves at the head of these Falstaff men, commenced our march towards Cisterna, the carriage following.

"The sun was sinking fast, and, to save the light, it was necessary to move on at double-quick. With a pair of pistols, one in each hand, I gave the step, and the courier brandished firmly his stiletto, which was the only weapon he possessed. A tremendous show of war we made! Show only it was; for I felt convinced that our allies would have right-about-faced, to a man, at the first click of a musket. Armed, however, they were to the teeth, that chattered, one of them told me, from the ague. In about half an hour we came near the spot where the courier had been attacked; and I counselled the general-in-chief to throw out videttes on the side of the forest; but being, of course, more experienced in strategies, he declined the proposition. Perhaps his Jack-Straw soldiers thought of the fable of 'The Bundle of Sticks,' for they stuck close together, and their visages reminded me of the assassins in the 'Cenci,' one of whom reproached the other with being pallid; to which his comrade replied—'Then it is the reflection of your fear!'

"At this moment I clearly distinguished, winding among the columns of the trees, about four hundred yards to our right, the party of brigands, easily distinguished as such by their fantastic costumes and their hats ornamented with flowers and lofty plumes.

"Whether it was that they did not like our martial appearance, or that they thought the promise of plunder did not warrant the risk of an engagement, they gradually disappeared, when our troops were loud in their 'per Baccos,' and other equally energetic displays of courage: and just as the night was closing in, we found ourselves in the unlighted square of Cisterna. Pietro here ordered fresh horses, but neither bribes nor entreaties could induce the post-master to give them, and we were forced to pass the night at the execrable albergo in that most miserable of miserable Italian 'paesi,' where no English traveller had ever slept, except ourselves. You may judge of our fare; it being Friday, nothing could be got to eat but 'Baccala,' and then the beds—'Dio mi guardi!' I almost wished we had fallen into the hands of the brigands, which but for the circumstance of our having a courier, we most inevitably should."

"Lord Wellington is said to have wished for night, and Ajax is made by

Homer to pray for day. Superstition apart; indistinctness of objects, a sense of danger, accompanied by an ignorance of its extent or in what shape it may come, has power to unnerve the bravest. This may be, as Burke says, very sublime; as doubtless poets are when they envelope in obscurity their want of meaning, but is anything rather than agreeable. I mean this by way of prelude to a 'situation' in which I was once placed, and the recital of it shall close our *noctes*.

"In that desert in dust, and wilderness in size, Cawnpore, I had been dining one evening with the fourteenth—King's, and did not leave the table till a late, or rather an early hour. The mess-room was four miles from our lines, and for expedition's sake I made use of my buggy. The horse I drove at that time had been originally in the ranks; a powerful northern animal he was, with a crest that would have almost covered his rider, but full of such tricks as troopers purposely teach their chargers. He had been cast solely for a sand-crack, of which I soon cured him. He was the fastest trotter in the cantonment, but a restive devil; always started at a rear, and once off, had a mouth so callous that a Chiffney bit might have broken his jaw, but I defy it to have stopped him. You will think all this preliminary history of my grey superfluous, perhaps not. The night was tempestuous, and the road only visible by lightning, that rendered the darkness more black during the absence of its glare. There were so many windings and turnings that I was soon out of my latitude, and thinking the horse knew the way to the stables better than I did, gave him his head. On he went for some time at his own spanking pace, at least twelve miles an hour, when I felt from the roughness of the vehicle that we were out of the track. Well was it for me that he had been well *manège'd*, for on a sudden he made a halt as though he had heard the word of command, and trembled so convulsively that I felt the whole machine shake over him. I imagine I shook too, and well I might, instinctively, for a vivid flash revealed my situation. He was standing suspended over the edge of a ravine sixty or eighty feet in depth; one step more would have plunged me into eternity!—And why not into eternity? what is life that I should cling to it?—why have I escaped all these snares of death, that have been so often laid for me?—To die ingloriously—alone; without a friend

to close my eyes, to shed a tear over my remains."

We shall probably renew our acquaintance with "The Angler in Wales."

### ANCESTRESS OF FRANKLIN.

Mary Morriel, the great-grandmother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was maid-servant in the family of the Rev. Hugh Peters, one of the chaplains of Cromwell, who fled from England in the year 1662. Peter Folger, the first of the name that came to Nantucket, was passenger on board the same vessel, and became enamoured of the maid, who was a buxom, sensible lass, and won the heart of Peter by laughing at his sea-sickness, and betraying no fear of bilge-water. Peter admired the cheerful endurance of Mary Morriel so much upon the voyage, that he proffered his hand to the maid, and bargained for her with the greedy old hunks, her master, and counted out to him the enormous sum of twenty pounds sterling, all his worldly store, for the remaining term of her servitude. He forthwith married the lass, and apparently had no cause of repentance; for he always boasted afterwards of having "made a good bargain." The value and scarcity of money at Nantucket at the time, may be estimated from the fact, that when King Philip, as he was called, pursued an offending and fugitive Indian to Nantucket, in 1665, about three years after Peter Folger and his wife, Mary Morriel that was, had settled on the island, the Indian king consented to bury the hatchet, and let the offender go free, for the consideration of a present of a wampum composed of a string of coins, in value nineteen shillings sterling, which was all that could be found in possession of the twenty original proprietors of the island, and Peter Folger to boot.

*Miriam Coffin.*

### ASTROLAB;

OR, THE SOOTHYSAYER OF BAGDAD.

ONE evening, while Astrolab the Chaldean was sitting on the flat roof of his observatory in Bagdad, watching an occultation of Aldiboran with the moon, Gules, his servant, obtruded herself before him, and said that an old woman with a beautiful young maiden was eagerly desirous to speak with him. At that moment Astrolab was studiously engaged in examining the immersion of

the star, but, on hearing this, he started up and ordered them to be instantly admitted to his study below, and to tell them that as soon as the phenomenon was over he would be with them.

Gules retired; and the astrologer, without resuming his contemplation of the figure, as it appeared on the plate of quicksilver in which it was mirrored, walked hastily about, agitated with emotions greatly at variance with the solemn and contemplative mood from which the message had roused him. After remaining some time thus disturbed, he at last composed himself, and went down to the chamber where the strangers were sitting.

On entering the room, he was surprised by the remarkable contrast in the appearance of his visitors. Humanity could not be more uncouth than the aged Barrah. She was more like an Egyptian mummy, who had stepped out of a catacomb, than a breathing old woman. She had but one eye, and where the other should have been there was a blind blue blob, like a turquois. It could not be said she had any complexion, for her wrinkled skin was like shrivelled leather, and she had but two teeth in her upper gum, and they resembled splinters of yellow cane—long they were, and seemingly of little use, but her voice was soft and pleasing, and all she said was so discreet and wise, that when she began to speak, her forbidding countenance and deformities were forgotten.

Gazelle, the girl whom she had brought with her, was as beautiful as she herself was the reverse. She was not only fair and young, but adorned with an innocence of look and manner uncommon and fascinating. Astrolab was at once surprised and interested at the combined simplicity and splendour of her extraordinary charms.

After some interchange of civilities, being seated on his sofa beside the two ladies, he inquired to what circumstance he owed the felicity and honour of their visit at such a time; "for," said he, "no doubt you are aware that a great configuration is at this time going on in the heavens, and that all things done and undertaken under it have influences that reach beyond their proper sphere, and affect the destinies of others."

Barrah replied, that really they had not heard any thing of it. "We are," said she, "simple folk, and have only come into Bagdad this evening to have the fortune of Gazelle cast. She is my grand-daughter—her mother is dead, and a great man has been more than once at my house, and has offered a

handsome price if I would sell her; now, as she is very beautiful, which you may well see, I would not wish to part with her until I had some assurance from your knowledge, as to what her future fortunes will be: for her mother had a dream in the night before she was born, in which she was told by the vision of an old man with a crown of gold on his head, that the child she was to bring forth would be a dragon, and rule the fate of kings; therefore we have come to you to have her horoscope drawn, and I have brought with me five pieces of gold to pay you for the trouble."

While Barraah was thus talking, the rose faded from the complexion of the gentle Gazelle, and her face grew pale and so bright, that it almost seemed to glow with the lustre of an alabaster image in the moonshine, while her eyes became more radiant than ever. Astrolab was awed as he looked on her, thinking that a form so strangely lovely could hardly be of human parentage; and when he looked at Barraah, and observed the shocking contrast which she presented, he could not but dread that there was some undivulged mystery in their visit at such a time; and he had a fearful reminiscence concerning the good and evil genii that govern the fortunes of men. Moreover he was grievously perplexed at the value of the fee, it was so much beyond the gift he commonly received for calculating nativities.

However, notwithstanding his fears and his dread, he accepted the money, and taking his tablets began to question the old woman respecting the astrological particulars necessary to enable him to construct the horoscope of Gazelle; and when he had noted the answers, he requested them to give him time to make his calculations, and to consult the stars and their aspects. This was readily acceded to, and the ladies departed, having agreed to revisit him at the same hour of the same day of the same moon, in the year following.

When they had left the sage, and he was on the point of remounting to his observatory, he happened to cast his eyes a little curiously on the notes on his tablets, and beheld with amazement that they did indeed indicate no ordinary destiny.

While he was thus looking at the portents, Gules again came in and said, "Hossain, whom I know by sight, an old officer of the palace, is at the door with a stripling, whom I am persuaded is no other than Motasser, the son of Mollawakkel, the Caliph."

When Astrolab heard her say so, he became as much agitated as when Barraah and Gazelle were announced; nevertheless he ordered the new visitors to be respectfully admitted, and that Gules should take care not to let them perceive that she knew who they were, or suspected their rank.

Hossain and the young prince Motasser having come into the chamber, the former presented the astrologer with five pieces of gold, in all respects so similar to those which he had received from the old woman, and which he had just put into his purse, that he was exceedingly surprised.

Hossain then told him that he wished the horoscope of the lad he had brought with him raised, and related the natal circumstances, while Astrolab took them down in the same manner as he had done those of the birth of Gazelle. He then asked the self-same questions, and received the self-same answers.

Concealing the astonishment which the singularity of these coincidences produced, he preserved a steady countenance, and requesting time for his arithmetic, agreed with Hossain to deliver the horoscope exactly at the same crisis of time which he had fixed with the old woman to come for that of her beautiful grand-daughter.

When Hossain and the prince were gone away from him, he resumed the consideration of what he had inscribed on his tablets, and saw, without casting a single calculation, that the fate of Gazelle was in every planetary aspect exactly similar to that of the prince. In musing on the singularity both of this and their visit, his astronomy was forgotten, and the remainder of the night was spent in the consultation of his science.

Early in the morning he called up Gules, and directed her to go in quest of Barraah, and to bring her to him, as there was an important question omitted, without the answer to which he could not develop his inferences. Gules observed, that as she might be detained in the search through the bazars, it would be as well for her to bring home something for dinner, and begged him to give her some money. This recalled the attention of Astrolab to the rich fees he had received, and putting his hand into his purse, to take out a piece of the gold, bade Gules buy the nicest fish she could find; but, instead of the ten pieces of gold, he found only five, and five worms! A transformation so hideous, revived the dread which he had felt during the visit



of Barraah and Gazelle; and he was now convinced that there was something about them unearthly, and wondered if they could indeed be of the good and evil demons that sway the mutations of human fortune. Thus impressed with mystery, and convinced that some extraordinary event was to come out of the adventure, he threw the five worms from him, with an exclamation of abhorrence, and trod them to death, and five spots of blood remained on the floor: at the same time he expressed his wonder to Gules, how the odious creatures could have found their way into his purse. From this incident it occurred to him, that Gules was not likely to fall in with Barraah, or her companion, so instead of desiring Gules to go in quest of Barraah, he directed her to proceed to the Almanzor, or the palace of thirty thousand chambers, and inquire there for Hossain, and deliver to him the message he had intended for the old sorceress, for such he deemed Barraah now to be.

Gules being thus instructed, proceeded on her errand; and when she reached the great gate of the palace, she went into the interior court, and was permitted to enter at freedom into all the public halls; for it was one of the Caliph Mollawakkel's grand days, when he received on the throne of the hundred golden lions, the petitions of his subjects.

On every side her eyes were enriched with his grandeur. She gazed with unspeakable delight on his innumerable guards, in radiant armour,—the gorgeous officers that surrounded his throne,—the thousands of slaves and eunuchs, covered with cloth of gold and purple, and studded with gems,—the living tapestry which adorned the walls,—the golden fountains, which spouted not water, but quicksilver, perfumed with the rarest odours,—and the silver floors, enamelled with flowers more precious than gold, and which were justly esteemed scarcely splendid enough for the glory of the walls and the ceiling. Such vast magnificence seduced the innocent Gules from all remembrance of her errand, and of the nice fish she was to buy for dinner; and she roamed from hall to gallery, and tripped along the marble terraces in an ecstasy of pleasure, until the crowd and guards assembled in the courts and gardens, began to disperse. Suddenly passing into a colonnade, she beheld Barraah and Gazelle walking in a flowery parterre of the garden below, and immediately behind them Hossain and Motasser. Thus reminded of her

negligence, she ran immediately towards them to execute her errand; but before she reached the place where she had seen them, Gazelle and Barraah were gone, and she found Hossain talking to Motasser of Gazelle's extraordinary beauty; for it was Hossain who had been bargaining with the old woman for her grand-daughter, to be the first ornament for the harem of the young prince. Gules lost no time, for she had already lost too much, in delivering her message; on receiving which, Hossain left Motasser amidst the flowers, and went straight to the house of Astrolab.

Motasser being thus left alone, strayed along the plats and walks of the parterre, till he came to a flight of yellow marble steps, which ascended to a lofty terrace, that overlooked the crystalline current of the Tigris. The platform of this terrace was adorned with the rarest shrubs and flowers, the seeds of which were collected from all parts of the world, at a vast expense, by Almanzor, the founder of the palace and city. The terrace itself was called the garden of the seven fountains, on account of seven prodigious basins of rock crystal, which stood in a row under a wall, from the top of which seven lions, of red Egyptian granite, discharged into the basins copious streams of limpid water, perfumed with lemons, the fragrance of which spread a delicious freshness in the air. These limpid fountains afforded a supply of sherbet, by merely dipping certain curious shells, which stood around the basins, incrustated by the skill of the adepts of the palace, with a preparation of candied honey, pure as the sun-dried salt of the ocean, and which was every morning renewed.

Motasser beheld at the most remote fountain from the top of the stairs the light and elegant form of Gazelle, and hastened towards her. He was greatly delighted with her graceful innocence, and began in a gay and playful manner to converse with her on the beauties of the gardens, and the pleasing spirit that breathed in that calm and balmy afternoon. He was charmed with the simplicity of her answers, and led her to another terrace which communicated with the garden of the seven fountains, by a gateway of such proportions, that none ever passed through it without expressing their admiration of the skill and tastefulness of the architect. In the middle of this garden stood a platform, about the height of a table. It was fifty cubits square, and covered with one entire sheet of malachite, as perfect in the

surface and as green as an emerald. On it lay a number of pearls, each larger than an orange, for the purpose of playing a game more elegant than mandeli.

Motasser invited Gazelle to play one round with him, and she lifted one of the pearls with her delicate hand, and began the amusement. Motasser presently found, that although ignorant of the rules of the game, she yet directed her pearl with more dexterity than he could: and, dissatisfied with his ill luck, he led her from the table to an alcove, where, after being seated, and conversing for some time, he requested her to tell him a story.

Gazelle was exceedingly simple in all her ideas; but she spoke with such a pretty innocence, that her conversation was more engaging to the prince than if it had been wittier and wiser. She told him a tale of a certain giant among the ridges of Caucasus, whose eyes were like the sun and the moon, and did not see well with one of them; and to convince Motasser of this fact, she said he was hundreds of feet high. Giants, you know, are bigger than men, otherwise they would not be giants; and then she told him another tale of a still more gigantic race, until Motasser began to yawn, and said, he would rather she told him of something else; but she replied with a smile, that she had just one more story about a giant, a very little one, not more than fifty feet high: and Motasser listened to it, and was much pleased at the time with what she related; but afterwards, when it was no longer garnished with her smiles and simplicity, he thought it a very silly tale.

While the prince was thus drinking the sherbet of love with the incomparable maiden, the aged Barrah, by some unknown entrance, made her appearance beside them, and without saying a word, wafted as it were away on the wind the lovely Gazelle, and left the prince alone, surprised at their sudden vanishing.

In the meantime Hossain, as summoned by Gules, went to the house of Astrolab, who received him with an air of great solemnity.

"I have," said the astrologer, "sent for you to inquire into some circumstances connected with your own history; for I find a strange influence operating in the horoscope of your young friend, and without knowing from what principle that influence descends, which in a great measure crosses the lord of the ascendant, there may be great fallacy in calculations as to coming events."

He then informed Hossain that he considered his destiny crossed the fortunes of the native, and proceeded to ask him several questions concerning adventures in the previous part of his life, all which were truly answered by Hossain, and that respectable governor of the prince then retired.

Scarcely had he quitted the house of the astrologer when Barrah solicited admission, and was conducted by Gules into the presence of Astrolab. The sage put to her the same questions that Hossain had answered, and to his amazement, her answers were precisely in the same words; and he was a good deal surprised, on looking at Barrah, to see that she bore a very strong resemblance to Hossain, a circumstance he had not before noticed. He then dismissed her courteously, and allowing a few minutes for her to be clear of the portal, he put on his richest pelisse, and hurried to the palace, where he came up at the great gate with Hossain.

"I beseech you," said Astrolab, as he approached him "to protect your young charge from the fascinations of a beautiful village maiden called Gazelle."

"What do you mean?" cried Hossain, startled at the intimation, not knowing that the astrologer had ever seen or heard of the mysterious beauty, for whom he himself had been so long bargaining with her grandmother.

"Because," replied Astrolab, "great things are in his destiny, and that maiden's horoscope contains so many similitudes to his, that she may become the dæmon of his fate, mingling his fortunes with hers."

Hossain being a faithful subject of the Caliph, and devoted to Prince Motasser, was much moved at hearing this, and instantly quitted Astrolab, and went in search of the Prince in the gardens, that he might admonish him to avoid that same Gazelle, whom so short a time before he had so earnestly recommended to his affections. Just as Barrah had withdrawn Gazelle from the side of the Prince, Hossain joined them, and after some cursory conversation, consisting more of words than of wisdom, he delivered his admonishment, to which Motasser listened with the reverence due to the counselling of an elder.

From that time the worthy Hossain endeavoured to interest the attention of Motasser in a succession of manly amusements and studies, in order to raise his mind, and to fit him for the regal trust, to which, in time, by the death of his father, he would naturally succeed. But

Motasser was of a soft and sensitive character, and though he spoke not of Gazelle, yet he remembered her constantly with sentiments of the warmest tenderness; for twelve months he expressed no wish to see her, and Hossain deemed that she was forgotten.

At last the night arrived which Astrolab had appointed for the delivery of the horoscopes. Both Hossain and Motasser remembered it well; but, as neither spoke of it, they each concluded that the other had forgotten it, and severally determined to visit the astrologer alone.

Hossain went first; and on entering the house, he was directed by Gules to walk to the end of a long passage, which she pointed out, then to open a door, and to draw aside a curtain, and he would find the astrologer waiting to receive him. He accordingly went forward as directed, opened the door, drew aside the curtain, and stepped in, but was surprised to find himself in darkness, while at the same moment he felt the floor sinking down with great rapidity; presently he found himself in a vast chamber, awfully illuminated with stars, and five stupendous figures crowned with stars on the one side of the room, and on the other side five ghastly forms, with gory hands, and white garments stained with blood. Between them sat the astrologer on a lofty seat, and before him on a table lay the volumes and instruments of his art. But before Hossain had time to examine the awful ornaments of that solemn chamber, Motasser was admitted by the same machine in which he had been lowered down into the mysterious abyss. They looked with astonishment at each other, and almost in the same moment Gazelle and Barraha came forward, as if they had been previously in the apartment concealed by the gloom.

Astrolab bent from his elevated seat, and lifting two rolls containing the horoscopes of the Prince and Gazelle, delivered them respectively into the hands of Barraha and Hossain. In the same moment the room was instantly darkened, a sound louder than thunder rolled around them,—the whole house was shaken as with an earthquake; Astrolab, in great alarm, cried aloud for lights, and Gules immediately entered with a lamp in her hand; but instead of the mystical chamber, Hossain and Motasser found themselves with Astrolab in a plain household room, every sign and trace of the mystery having disappeared; the astrologer, however, was pale and agitated,

and the sweat of terror stood in large drops on his brow.

Hossain, a wary and sagacious man, discerned that there was craft in the mystery which had been performed, and stood comparatively calm. He then began to unfold the roll of horoscope, but the astrologer stopped him.

“Read it first alone,” said Astrolab, “and when you have done so, then consider if it be fit to be divulged.”

Motasser in the meanwhile was a good deal shaken; but as soon as the visionary spectacle he had witnessed was fairly gone, he thought only of the lovely Gazelle, and the ripened charms of her beauty.

Having bestowed a reward on Astrolab, Hossain and Motasser returned to the palace, where they separated, and went to their respective chambers for the night. But Hossain could not retire to his couch until he had examined the horoscope. Better it would have been for him had he never looked at it,—the occult intelligence which it revealed, made his cheek wan as ashes, and filled his mind with indescribable apprehensions.

He took the roll, and held it over the lamp until it was consumed.

Next morning, after a troubled and sleepless night, Hossain arose to walk in the gardens, in the hope that the cool morning air would refresh him. On descending into the hall which opened into the gardens and overlooked the Tigris, he was saluted by three of the Lords who constantly night and day attended in the antechamber of the Caliph, bearing the command of Mollawakkel to himself, engraved on a tablet of ivory, and sealed with the imperial signet, appointing him, as the warrant expressed, on account of his prudence, to be Governor of Bagdad, and a member of the Caliph's council of ten,—one of whom had died in the course of the preceding night, at the very crisis of the time, as Hossain afterwards ascertained, when Astrolab delivered into his hands the fatal document.

Hossain had never taken any part either with the factions of the palace, or in the measures of the government. He only knew that the Caliph was not beloved by his people, that he connived at partiality in the administration of justice, and confiscated the treasures which he permitted his magistrates and governors corruptly to exact—punishing no misrule but that which interfered with the scope of his own tyranny. Hossain sighed as

he received the honours which he could not refuse, and retiring back to his chamber, wept in secret, over his recollection of the dreadful omens exhibited in the horoscope of Motasser.

But no passion of the human mind is long in its paroxysms. Hossain, relieved by his tears, left his chamber again, to look after his daily business, and descended down into the Court of the Elephant, so called, from a gigantic elephant which adorned the centre. It was made of jet, and stood upon an agate pedestal more than fifty cubits high. As he was passing round the corner of the pedestal, he suddenly met Barrah, and was amazed to see great improvement in her appearance. Her two ugly teeth were gone—her mouth was become like a motherly old woman's—and the bloom of her ugliness was faded. He made her a courteous salaam as he passed, and walking along, he reflected on the intelligence of her countenance, and thought that he would like to have some conversation with her on other topics than respecting Gazelle; so he turned back and asked her, without alluding to her grand-daughter, if she would take a walk with him into the gardens. To this she readily consented, and they went to the garden of the seven fountains together.

In the meantime Prince Motasser, full of his passion for the beautiful Gazelle, had sent in quest of her; for the admonishment of Hossain to renounce her, had only served to quicken his desires. But, still anxious to preserve the good opinion of Hossain, when she was found, he directed a suite of chambers in the palace to be prepared for her reception, and kept her there in secret for a long time; none but her attendants and his own, who were all faithful to their trust, knew of this arrangement.

The topics which had constituted the conversation of Hossain and Barrah were known only to themselves, but it was observed from that time, that Hossain appeared an altered man. If the countenance of Barrah was changed into comeliness, the calm and mild expression of Hossain's grew severe and somewhat morose. The people ascribed this alteration to pride and the effect of his new dignities, but some who knew better, said that he had turned a magus, and was learning magic from the sorceress Barrah, with whom it was known he had many hidden conferences.

At last it came to pass, that one day as Hossain sat in his capacity of Governor of Bagdad, on the steps of the

great mosque of Almanzor, hearing complaints and administering justice, certain strangers from different parts of the empire came to Bagdad with petitions against the extortions in the provinces,—the effect of the connivance of the Caliph Mollawakkel, at the misrule of the magistrates and governors.

On hearing this, Hossain suspended his business, and went to certain members of the council of ten, and represented to them the discontents that were fermenting throughout the empire, and said to them, that a stop must be put to the complaints of the people. He then went to Barrah, and consulted also with her respecting the same; and she told him that unless Mollawakkel were put to death, and Motasser placed upon the throne, there would be no end to the public discontent.

Now Hossain owed many obligations to the Caliph, and revered him with feelings of gratitude. He rejected at that time the advice of the demon of his fate, and returned to see what impression the news had made on those members of the council of ten with whom he had previously communicated. It happened that they were four in number, and he found them alone, in their respective houses, and, strange to say, every one was of the same opinion as Barrah; namely, that Mollawakkel should be put to death, and Motasser exalted to the throne.

From these traitors, he went to the other five of the council, told them severally the news, and asked their advice; but they were, no less than their compeers, unanimous, though of a different opinion. Hossain was, in consequence, much disturbed, and returned to explain his perplexities to the mysterious old woman. When she heard what had passed, she declared to him that the five councillors who adhered so faithfully to the Caliph, must also be put to death, and that Motasser must be made to head the conspiracy against Mollawakkel, in order that he might not, after the deed was done, punish those whom public necessity obliged to imbrue their hands in his father's blood.

Hossain was greatly affected by this advice. His heart revolted at the idea of seducing the prince, whom he had bred up in every virtue, to commit parricide, even though he knew, that by placing him on the throne, he would himself, by the softness of Motasser's character, become in fact the sovereign. But the incitements and the reasonings

of Barraah at last prevailed, and he left her with the intention of proceeding to break the business to the Prince.

As Hossain approached the Prince's chamber, he heard light talking and laughter within, and on entering, was not a little surprised at beholding Gazelle with the Prince. He had, for some time before, often wondered what had become of Gazelle, but the hand of fate was upon him, and restrained him from inquiring. Discerning, however, what was the state of matters between her and the Prince, he said nothing, but making an apology for disturbing their dalliance, returned to Barraah and told her what he had discovered; upon which the remorseless crone advised him to work through the medium of Gazelle, to bring the Prince to his purpose. With this again the mercifulness of his nature was dissatisfied: for he thought with pity of the beauty and innocence of Gazelle, and shuddered at the idea of staining such purity with guilt. Barraah, however, convinced him, that without placing Motasser on the throne, the evils which afflicted the empire could not be removed, and she undertook herself to speak with Gazelle on the subject. This lessened the horror in the mind of Hossain, and he consented at once that she should do so. Accordingly, that same night, she had a secret conversation with Gazelle, the nature of which was only by the result, which came to pass in this manner:

When Motasser went to pass the night in the chamber of Gazelle, he found her pale and dejected, and begging to know her grief, she related to him the prevalent injustice which withered the strength of the empire. She described the miseries of the poor, and the terrors of the rich, and represented the danger in which he himself stood, if the wrongs of the people were not redressed. This infected his mind, naturally compassionate—he deplored the sufferings of the people, and, soft and apprehensive, he dreaded their exasperation, insomuch that in the morning, when Hossain came to him again to speak of the dangers of the empire, he found Motasser already more than half converted to his purpose: and that same evening the four councillors who were of Hossain's party, met Motasser and him, and it was determined that in the course of the same night Mollawakkel should be strangled. The better to complete this design, it was agreed before they separated, that to prevent Motasser from yielding to qualms of filial contrition, he should remain with Gazelle and Barraah, denied to all visitors, until

the hour arrived that was fixed for his father's doom.

When Motasser was thus consigned to the custody of his own and Hossain's evil genius, it was arranged among themselves by the five conspirators, that they should each assassinate one of the other five who were opposed to their machinations. Accordingly, they severally sent a special messenger inviting them to come to their respective houses with all speed; and the summons being punctually obeyed, the unfortunate faithful adherents of the Caliph were all dead before the hour of his fate arrived.

At the time appointed, the conspirators assembled in the palace, and with Motasser, whom they had taken from the chamber of Gazelle, at their head, they proceeded to the hall of the guard, through which it was necessary to pass to the entrance of the chamber where Mollawakkel slept.

The guards, seeing so many of the wisest councillors with the prince, never imagined that any harm was intended to the Caliph; and thus it took place, that, upon the order of Motasser, they quietly retired from the hall, and went into the garden.

As soon as they quitted the hall, four of the councillors entered the chamber where Mollawakkel lay asleep. Hossain stayed in the hall of the guards with Motasser; and when a sound was heard of confusion in the Caliph's chamber, with stifled shrieks and groans, Hossain threw a shawl over the head and face of Motasser, and prevented him from alarming the guards who were without; for the dreadful sounds of the tragedy which was acting at his father's couch, recalled all his natural affection, and roused him with an energy he had never displayed before. But the deed was done—the four traitors had strangled the monarch; and they now came forth, with cries of horror, that they had found him dead of a fit, and they hailed Motasser as the Caliph. The guards came rushing in, and beholding the horror of the Prince and the councillors, ascribed it to grief, so that the guilt of the parricide was not suspected.

Next morning, the ceremony of installing the young Caliph on the throne was performed, with all the customary magnificence, in the great golden hall of the palace. The nobles and great officers of state stood on the right and the left of the throne. The eunuchs, the slaves, and the guards, in gorgeous array, occupied the two sides of the hall, and a space was left, like an avenue in the

middle, to admit those who had special homages to perform at the foot of the throne.

The incense of the worship, of which Motasser was the object, inflated his heart. He looked around with complacency on the splendid and reverential multitude, and the dreadful scene of the preceding night was forgotten in the pomp and pride of the moment. Hossain at this time, who had to do special reverence as the Governor of Bagdad, entered the hall. Being an old man, his steps were infirm, and perhaps, too, he was shaken by the remembrance of what he had done, for, in ascending towards the throne, he walked tottering and slow. When he was about to kneel, Motasser happened to cast his eyes on the pictures which adorned the walls, and beheld in one of them the murder of a Persian king by one of his own sons. It was a life-like limning, and the sight of it smote the soul of Motasser with instantaneous torment. He shrieked with such horror, that Hossain fell dead at his feet, and he rushed towards the picture, confessing his crime, and acknowledging himself worthy of perdition. The astonished multitude, in the dread of some horrible tumult, fled in confusion; the hall was left to the despairing Caliph and the dead body of Hossain. Three days and three nights Motasser sat contemplating the picture, and giving vent to wild cries and the most woful lamentations. On the fourth morning he was found dead; and though search was made for Gazelle and Barrah, they were never discovered.

When Astrolab was consulted concerning them, and the prodigy which had taken place, he could only say that it had been ordained from the beginning of things; and the decree of fate, promulgating the time when it should come to pass, was inscribed with stars on the firmament.

Such is the story which is ascribed to the Camed Astrolab, the famous soothsayer of Bagdad, and which is written in choice Arabic, in the seventh volume of the *Thousand and One Tales of Constantinople*, collected agreeably to a firman of the late Sultan Selim.

*Blackwood's Mag.*

## MISCELLANIES.

### RATHER HARD!

IN South Africa, a slave who makes a complaint against his master is himself imprisoned till the owner finds it convenient to answer the complaint.

### VARIATION OF THE ROMAN LANGUAGE.

POLYBIUS tells us, that the Roman language has been so perpetually changing, and so completely changed, that a treaty made about the middle of the third century of Rome, was unintelligible at the beginning of the ninth; and the language of the Twelve Tables, promulgated in the beginning of the fourth century, had not only become obsolete at the commencement of the eighth, but Cicero at that time cites old commentators as being able to offer conjectures only on the meaning of a law.

### A SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME.

*Written on the window of an Inn at the head of Windermere Lake.*

I never eats no meat, nor drinks no beer,  
But sits and ruminates on Windermere.

### CONUNDRUM.

WHY is Cumberland like ancient Rome?— Because its Rome-antique (Romantic).

### ANCESTRY.

THE man, says Sir T. Overbury, who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe; the only good belonging to him is under ground.

### PAINTERS' MISERIES.

REQUESTING a lady who is the bearer of a squint, to oblige you for a moment by looking at you, in order to catch a peculiar expression, when she, half surprised half angry, wondering at your stupidity, exclaims, "Why indeed, sir, I have been looking at you this half hour." Hearing a person say, "Well, to be sure, if it wasn't for the face, I should think that was meant for Miss E."—it being intended for that identical person. Painting an old gentleman, who for the first hour grins and chuckles you out of all patience, and then, by way of making amends, falls asleep the second.

### INGENIOUS DEVICE.

AT a camp-meeting in America, a number of females continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humour, arose and said—"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that," replied the old gentleman, "it is a fact—if they had n't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."



P. 193.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES, No. 2.

*(For the Parterre).*

## THE BATTLE OF AURAI.

A short time since a paragraph appeared in the English newspapers, stating that an agricultural society was about to be formed, by some of our countrymen resident on the Continent, for the purpose of turning to account the immense tracts of land which remain uncultivated in the province of Brittany. "Strange would it be," observes some French journalist, "should the English system of farming be applied to the cultivation of those extensive plains which have been so often sprinkled with their blood!"

It would, indeed, be strange to see the English plough gliding over those vast plains, upon which the bravest of the rival countries have so often contended; to hear the whistle of the English ploughman where in old times the deadly cloth yard arrow whirred, and to behold where lances glittered, and pennons and standards once fluttered in hostile array, the waving of the bright corn studded with

the pennons of the harvest pageantry—the scarlet flower of Ceres.

Brittany is almost terra incognita to our countrymen at the present day, and is but little known even to Frenchmen, although five centuries since this fine province was often the scene of sanguinary conflicts, in which the chivalry of France and England vented their mutual animosity. Even the traditions of these frays are now fast wearing away; but the manners of the Bretons remain nearly unchanged, and the province is seldom visited by the traveller of either nation.

During the reign of Edward the Third, two claimants appeared for the dukedom of Brittany. The last duke (John) having died without an heir, Charles Duke of Blois, nephew of the French king, who had married his daughter, claimed the dukedom in right of his wife. On the other hand, John Count of Montfort, nephew of duke John, asserted his claim to the coronet of Brittany; and the result was an appeal to arms.

The friends of either party had vainly endeavoured to settle the dispute in an amicable manner. The Count of Montfort would have made terms with his

rival; but duke Charles, backed by the King of France, and supported by a fine army, resolved to decide the question by the sword. The Count was not without friends, the King of England having sworn to support his "dear son;" and the bravest English captains followed his banner. But when at length the two armies came in sight of each other, the count and the duke appeared irresolute, and seemed to dread coming to an engagement.

On Saturday, the 28th of October, 1364, the two hosts lay in the plain near Aurai, and the Marshal de Beaumanoir, who had been made prisoner by the English, and liberated on his parole not to bear arms, endeavoured to negotiate a peace between the rival noblemen. He might, probably, have succeeded, but the English captains were anxious for a battle, having, as they alleged, spent all they had since their arrival in France, and being reduced to poverty. Beaumanoir performed his part well, and most laudably used his best endeavours to prevent the effusion of blood; but the die was cast.

On the morrow, it being Sunday, both armies at an early hour heard mass, shrived themselves, and prepared for battle, when Beaumanoir again rode to the English camp. Making his way towards the tent of the English General Sir John Chandos, which was next to that of Count Montfort, Sir John rode forth to meet him, being unwilling that the Count should overhear the message.

"Sir John Chandos," said the Marshal, making a profound obeisance, "I beseech you to use your endeavours to bring these two parties to an agreement. Let not, I pray you, so many gallant men engage in mortal strife on their account."

"Monsieur de Beaumanoir," replied Chandos, "'t is now too late; and let me advise you to ride no farther about this business, for our men are determined to slay you if they can get you in among them. Pr'ythee return, and tell the Lord Charles of Blois that the Count Montfort is resolved to come to battle; that he renounces all treaty, and will either be Duke of Brittany to-day, or die upon the field."

Beaumanoir made answer that Charles of Blois had as much courage to fight as his rival, and that since all terms of peace were refused, the strife must begin. He immediately rode back to the Lord Charles, who forthwith ordered his banner to be advanced in the name of God.

In the meantime Count Montfort having inquired of the English General the purport of the message, Sir John deceived him, by attributing to the Lord of Blois the speech which he had returned by Beaumanoir to that nobleman. Whereupon Count Montfort indicated his impatience to begin the battle.

"Let them go to it," said he: "in the name of God and St. George, advance banners!"

Then the banner of Bretagne (ermine) went forward, and the standard of Sir John Chandos, (or, a pile gules), was borne next to it.

About mid-way the two hosts met. The Frenchmen were wedged in such a close phalanx, that, according to Froissart, a glove could not have been thrown among them without alighting on the point of a spear.\* Each man beside his spear had a short axe hanging at his girdle, and as they advanced the Englishmen perceived that they had to contend with a well armed, well disciplined, and powerful enemy.

The English archers, according to custom, began the fight with a shower of arrows; and they had the mortification to perceive that their shafts did but little execution upon their advancing foes, who were defended by broad shields and targets.

It should be mentioned, that Montfort appointed Sir John Chandos commander in chief, who divided his army into three bodies, with a reserve of five hundred men at arms. The first division was headed by Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Walter Hewett, and a Breton knight named Richard Brulé; the second by the two Bretons, Olivier de Clisson and the Sieur de Kaër, with Sir Matthew Gournay. Chandos headed the third body, and gave the command of the reserve to Sir Hugh Calverley, who was much vexed at being thus compelled to remain inactive; but Sir John appeased his wrath, by representing that such a post was always confided to some brave and experienced officer.

The army of Charles of Blois was also formed into three divisions; the first composed of veteran Normans and Bretons, headed by the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin; the second by the Count of Auxerre and the Bègue de Villaines, while Charles himself commanded the third, surrounded by the Breton lords. The reserve, or arriere garde, was left to the care of the Sieur de Rieux, who

\* Froissart, c. 225.



had with him several barons of the provinces.

To return to the English archers. When they saw that their arrows failed in their wonted execution, they cast away their bows in great rage, and rushing on the Frenchmen, tripped up their heels and wrested their axes from them, with which they did much mischief. In the meantime the troops of Bertram du Guesclin joined battle with those of Sir Robert Knolles and his friends, and the standards of the rival noblemen were set up opposite to each other, both bearing the arms of Bretagne. Then Charles of Blois advanced with his company, and so furiously attacked his adversary, that their ranks were broken, and would have been driven back but for the timely arrival of the reserve, headed by Sir Hugh Calverley, who advanced and held them in check until Sir John Chandos had set his men in order again. Sir Hugh then retired, and the battle raged with redoubled fury; but this reserve was called upon to act no less than four times during the day.

While this was passing, the Lords Bouchier and Clisson, Sir Eustace Dambreticourt, and Sir Matthew Gournay, contended against the Earls of Auxerre and Joigny. The Lord de Clisson fought with desperate valour, and armed with a ponderous axe, struck down all before him. He received many severe blows, but his armour of proof preserved him, although he lost an eye by the stroke of an axe, which beat in the visor of his helmet. "Still, like Sampson," says the historian, "he sought to revenge the loss of his sight by the death of his enemies."\*

Sir J. Chandos fought with his usual valour; and being a powerful man, did tremendous execution with a huge battle-axe; at the same time encouraging his followers, and advising the Count how to act; and Montfort followed his directions implicitly. Sir John at length broke through the company of Charles of Blois, and advanced upon the Earls of Auxerre and Joigny, who were also soon overthrown, the principal men being either slain or captured. Among the prisoners were the two earls and a Norman baron, with others of rank and consequence.

Several Frenchmen now rode off upon the spur. The day was lost, but many brave men still fought on. Bertrand du

Guesclin†, after fighting valiantly, was taken prisoner under the standard of Sir John Chandos, at which time other men of rank fell into the hands of the English. A stout band of nobles, knights, and 'squires, nevertheless, surrounded Charles of Blois, resolving to sell their lives dearly in defence of him whom they considered their lawful prince; but the whole strength of the victors was now poured upon them, and that gallant little band was quickly overpowered, the ancient slain, and the banner itself thrown down. Charles of Blois fell, it is said, by the hand of an English knight, who struck him through the mouth with his dagger. There perished by his side Sir John of Blois, his natural son, the seigneurs of Rieux, Rochefort, Tournemine, Dinan, Montauban, and Koëtman, and the Viscounts of Rohan and Leon, besides many other gentlemen who had sworn to stand or fall with him. The pursuit was continued for eight leagues, and a vast number of prisoners were taken.

The lords of the victorious party now assembled in a tent, which was set up for the Count of Montfort, whom fortune had made Duke of Brittany. Scarcely, however, had the count received the congratulations of his friends, when two knights, accompanied by two heralds, entered the tent.

"God give you joy of your dukedom of Bretagne, sir," said the heralds, addressing the count, "we have seen your adversary, Sir Charles of Blois, lying dead on the field."

Count Montfort, upon receiving this intelligence, rose from his chair, and expressed a wish to see the body. He proceeded to the spot where it lay, covered by a shield. As he approached, the shield was raised, and the victor gazed intensely on the corpse of his rival.

"Ah! Sir Charles, my fair cousin," cried the count, as his tears fell in showers on the body of the slain warrior, "what evils have not your obstinacy brought on Bretagne? Alas! that you were yet in a condition to make terms with me!"

Here Sir John Chandos interposed, and hurried the count from the sad spectacle, reminding him that but for the death of Charles of Blois he might have been in the same situation.

Such was the issue of the battle of Aurai, in which Jean la Boiteuse, born

\* Barnes' History of Edward III. c. xi. p. 657.

† Histoire de B. du Guesclin, by Guyard de Berville; liv. ii.

Duchess of Bretagne, lost her own rank, and that of her children, her faithful followers, and her brave and excellent husband. The unhappy princess, abandoned by fortune, was advised by her remaining friends to renounce her pretensions in favour of the victorious Count Montfort; and by a treaty dated at Guerande the 12th of August, in the following year, ceded to him the duchy of Bretagne.

The body of the unfortunate Charles of Blois was conveyed in great state to Guerande, where, by command of his victorious rival, it was interred with military honours.

It had been mutually resolved by the captains of either side, that that day should make an end of the controversy. The English had determined not to admit Charles to ransom had he been taken alive, but to slay him on the spot; and the Breton leaders had come to the same determination with respect to Montfort, had he fallen into their hands.

The renowned Bertrand du Guesclin remained a prisoner to Sir John Chandos, much to the chagrin of the French, who had good reason to lament the loss of such a leader. At length he was ransomed for the sum of one hundred thousand francs; half of which was raised by du Guesclin himself, and the other by his royal master, Charles the Wise, who, unlike some kings, knew the value of a brave and experienced soldier. B.

### THE WILL AND THE LAWSUIT.

BY W. C. BALDWIN.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DUCK, of Duck Hall, was one of the most downright, hearty, and thorough-going patriots that ever mounted a table and spouted about freedom at a ward-meeting.

"Liberty," said he, "consists in law. We are not governed by men, but principles. Beshrew those false-hearted knaves who deny the perfectibility of human governments! They are common slanderers of human nature. It is as plain as a pipe-stem," (although Mr. Duck had not been through college, he cherished a natural taste for classical allusions,) "it is as plain as a pipe-stem that a constitution may be constructed philosophically, and laws may be enacted so as to diffuse justice uniformly and universally. Why look you now," continued he to his uncle Peter Crane, "look you, uncle, what can be more perfect than our present form of govern-

ment? Our senate is a check upon our house of representatives—our house of representatives is a check upon our senate—the president is a check upon both of them, and both of them are checks upon him. By such a legislature, assisted by the states, no laws can be passed but such as are indubitably for the good of the people; and when passed, what an admirable institution are our courts of justice, where learned counsel on each side shew the question in all its bearings, and leave it for judge and jury to decide upon after careful examination."

This Mr. Peter Crane was a famous hand for horses. After immense preparations to gain the purse offered at the races just then ensuing, he was prevented from participating in his usual amusement by an unpleasant accident. He "died one day" of an apoplectic fit, and left a will, for the drawing of which he had paid twenty-five dollars to his friend, Timothy Fifa, Esq., attorney and counsellor at law, commissioner of deeds, notary public, solicitor in chancery, corporation attorney, and notary to the "Yorkville New-York Washington United States Cahawba Agricultural Bank."

It is reported that Mr. Crane had originally drawn his own will; and being a plain man, and not anticipating any trouble touching the disposition of his estate after he should be gathered to his fathers, had just declared in ordinary English, and in the presence of competent witnesses, that he bequeathed so and so to such and such a person.

Timothy Fifa, Esq., attorney and counsellor, commissioner, and so forth, as aforesaid, dropped in accidentally and detected this fraudulent proceeding against the interest of the profession. When he perceived what they were at, he rested his chin on the top of his cane, then fixed his eyes full upon the testator, and informed him that the phraseology of the document would invalidate the claims of his heirs.

"Lawyers," said he, "are sharp-eyed people; they'll detect a quibble and ruin the business. I'll prepare a substitute, which shall puzzle the whole fraternity."

The substitute which was to puzzle the whole fraternity, to use the language of Mr. Duck, of Duck-hall, "contained the following *claw*."

"And I, the said Peter Crane, of Crane-hall, Craneville, in the county of Crane, on the north border of Crane river, do hereby give and bequeath unto my dearly-beloved nephew, Napoleon

Bonaparte Duck, of Duck-hall, Duck-ville, in the county of Duck, all the four-legged quadrupeds belonging to me, and situate, lying, walking, standing, or in any manner whatsoever or howsoever being upon my estate."

By virtue of this will, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck-hall, claimed twenty-seven full-blooded race-horses, belonging to the estate of the testator. But lawyers are not so easily "puzzled." The executors firmly refused to deliver the horses. Mr. Duck was actually thunderstruck. He had set his heart upon them. To lose his uncle was bad enough in all conscience, but to lose the horses too was intolerable.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Duck to one of the executors, smothering his feelings, "on what ground do you detain my property?"

He was referred to counsellor Capias, of Casa-hall, Casaville. Burning with indignation did Napoleon Bonaparte Duck enter the office of counsellor Capias.

"Counsellor Capias," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck-hall."

"The devil you are," replied the counsellor, "and who said you were not?"

"I've come, Mr. Counsellor, to consult you about my horses."

"Horses, sir?" said the counsellor, looking into his face keenly, over his glasses, as if he did not understand what he meant; "horses, my friend, what horses?"

"My uncle's horses, sir—my horses, sir—the horses situate, lying, and being upon Crane-hall, Craneville, sir, in the county of Crane, on the north side of Crane river, sir."

"Crane-hall? Horses!" said the lawyer, pausing and placing his fore-finger on his forehead, as if striving to call some forgotten thing to mind. Then his face lighted up suddenly. "Oh! ah! yes! oh, you're Mr. Duck?"

"Why, sir, who the devil should I be but Mr. Duck? Every inch a Duck."

Mr. Duck was very fond of Shakespeare, and always quoted him when he was getting into a passion.

"Well, Mr. Duck," inquired the counsellor, composedly, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me my horses, sir."

The counsellor laid his pen down upon the table and looked surprised.

"Do you take me for a livery stable-keeper, sir?"

"Look you, Mr. Counsellor," said

Duck, drawing from his pocket a copy of the will, "there, sir, is my uncle's will; here he bequeaths me, sir, his dearly-beloved nephew, sir, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck-hall, sir, all the horses on his farm. The executors have refused them to me, and referred me to you. Will you have the kindness to give me an answer?"

"I see nothing here about horses," said Capias, after humming over the contents of the will.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Duck, losing his patience; "read that *claw*, sir; don't you see—all the four-legged quadrupeds, sir; 'to my dearly-beloved nephew I bequeath all the four-legged quadrupeds,' sir, &c. &c. What do you say to that, sir?"

"Mr. Duck," said the lawyer, mildly, "I perceive you are not much acquainted with these matters. This document entitles a person calling himself Duck, to claim all the *four-legged* quadrupeds—all the *four-legged* you see—now we contend that the quadrupeds on the Craneville estate have five legs."

"Fire and fury!" said Napoleon Duck, "quadrupeds with five legs? I did not expect to be insulted, sir. I'll commence a suit instantly—you are a—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Duck," interrupted the counsellor. "I am well aware that, philosophically speaking, quadrupeds have only four legs. But philosophy is one thing, Mr. Duck, and law is another, Mr. Duck. Now *Barbeyrac*, in his notes on *Puffendorf*, accedes that four are not five; and your uncle, although *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should have worded his will so as to include all animals, *feræ naturæ*, as well as others, without any reference to legs whatever, for *Justinian*, *lib. 2, tit. 1, section 12*, declares that *feræ igitur bestię simul atque*—"

"The man's mad," thundered Duck, leaving the room and slamming the door violently after him. He went straightway to counsellor Fifa, gave him fifty dollars, with orders to institute an action immediately against the executors. In due time a verdict was recovered for the plaintiff; who, however, had to pay a heavy bill of costs, notwithstanding his success.

"Executors never pay costs," said lawyer Fifa. "Lord, sir, didn't you know that? I thought everybody knew that."

Fifa took a pinch of snuff, the clerk giggled, and Duck started for the office of counsellor Capias, a little dashed with

the bill of costs, but evidently gratified with the triumph he was about to consummate over his old friend.

"Counsellor Capias," said he, with a smile of satisfaction bordering on scorn, "I suppose you'll give me the horses now?"

"Not at all, Mr. Duck."

"Why, I have gained the suits, have I not?" asked Mr. Duck, with a stare of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"And the court decided that the horses should be delivered to me?"

"Oh, yes; but what of that? I'm going to carry it up."

"Carry it up!—carry what up?"

"The case, sir—the horses, sir. I'm going to *certiorari*. I told you you did n't understand these matters."

Duck absolutely evaporated with surprise, anger, and terror; and the next thing that was seen of him was that he was giving another fifty dollar note to lawyer Fifa.

"They've *certiorated*," said Fifa. "I'm glad of it. Do n't be afraid, Duck, we'll beat them at last as sure as four aint five."

It being an issue in law, the case was argued before his Honor, Mr. Justice Dobbs, of Dobbs-hall, Dobbsville, in the county of Dobbs. Timothy Fifa, Esq., appeared for the defendant in error, and Casa Capias, Esq., for the plaintiff.

*Capias for the now plaintiff.* This was an action commenced in the court below, by the present defendant against the now plaintiff. The declaration states that Duck was entitled to twenty seven horses from the estate of Crane-hall, founding his claim upon a will, which bequeathed to him all the *four-legged quadrupeds* therein being. A verdict having been rendered for the plaintiff below, the defendant sued out a *certiorari*, and assigns for error, that the declaration, and the matters therein contained, were not sufficient in law to maintain an action. We rest our case upon two points. The will gives the claimant a right to the four-legged quadrupeds *being on the estate of the testator*. Now, we contend, in the first place, that the testator, being dead, defunct, and not alive in law, cannot have an estate. The ambiguity of the document renders it utterly impossible and unjust for the claimant to recover. Secondly—the horses are not mentioned in the will. We think it may be easily proven to the satisfaction of your Honor, that the horses claimed have legs. *Fleta, Brac-*

*ton, Puffendorf, Locke, Barbeyrac, and Blackstone*, declare that a leg is a part of the body. Now let me ask your Honor what is a tail?—*Quicquid autem eorum ceperis eo usque tuum esse intelligitur*, why a part of the body. Now, a leg is a part of the body, and a tail is a part of the body, *ergo* in law, a tail is a leg, and a leg is a tail, *ergo*, a horse or quadruped with a tail has five legs, *ergo*, the quadrupeds in the question we are now discussing, are not quadrupeds, but animals, *quinquepedanti*. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

*Fifa contra.* May it please your Honor, this is one of the most important cases that ever came under the consideration of a court of justice; a case which involves the liberties of millions; a case, the decision of which will go down as a precedent to posterity; a case which has the most direct bearing upon the happiness of the whole human race. For, your Honor will perceive, that if quadrupeds or animals *quadrupedanti* can be metamorphosed into animals *quinquepedanti*, animals *quinquepedanti*, *vice versa*, can be turned into animals *quadrupedanti*—those into *trespedanti*, those into *bispedanti*, those into *unus* or *monospedanti*, and those into the Lord only knows what. Now, horses have always been considered, animals *quadrupedanti*, as *vide Fleta*, b. 3, c. 2, p. 1008—*Bracton*, b. 2, c. 1, p. 700, therefore they have but four legs. Secondly: the tail of a horse cannot be considered one of his legs, it being a distinct and less noble part of his body. *Cum vero tuam evaserit custodiam*, as *Justinian* saith. Suppose your Honor cut off the tail of my horse, it will not prevent him from walking. But let your Honor *rursus occupantis fit*, cut off one of his legs, and *multa accidere soleant ut eam non capias*, he will not be able to walk at all; therefore the tail of a horse is not one of his legs, *ergo*, a horse has but four legs.

*Per curiam.* The tail of a horse is one of his legs. It is evident that it is in a manner connected with his body. If you cut off the tail of a horse, the blood will run. If you cut off one of the legs the blood will run. *Ergo*, the tail of a horse is one of his legs. The defendant in error, Mr. Duck, is not entitled to the horses. If there are any of them without tails, *deinde ut fera, ita inclusa sit ut exire inde nequeat*, then Mr. Duck is clearly entitled to them.

ON RECEIVING A LARGE

TOPAZ SEAL,

WITH MY FAMILY ARMS ENGRAVED.

*(For the Parterre).*

1.

And is it come to *this* at last,  
The old ancestral coat,  
Whose blazon, for a thousand years,  
Waved to the clarion's note?

2.

Th' armorial banner, that unrolled  
Th' insignia of our line,  
O'er Ketringham or Aston woods,  
Or knightly Argentein?

3.

Are these the bearings that emblazed  
Old Pype's majestic hall,  
When the proud red and yellow glared  
Above the turrets tall?—

4.

Yes! on the rose-wrought oriel,  
'Midst red-robed seraphim,  
These blazoned on the beaming pane,  
Made the fierce noon-flame dim!

5.

These, o'er the great hall mantel-piece,  
Graved in gigantic stone,  
Proclaimed our lineage, as the shield  
In umbered fire-light shone.

6.

O'er the proud eastern tents they saw  
Mohammed's crescent wane,  
As streamed their colours o'er the palms  
Of Palestina's plain.

7.

And in the gay pavilion glowed  
Of burnished tournament;—  
Their breeze the love-sick virgin's sighs,  
Their sun the looks she lent!

8.

But *where* the towers, that once beneath  
This heraldry reposed?  
Oh! ruin hath swept over them,  
Their lordly state hath closed!

9.

Where the green woods, where giant oak  
The giant beech defied,  
Sublime in winter's wildest storm,  
And soft in summer's pride?

10.

Where the broad acres, green with turf?  
The golden slopes of grain?—  
Alas! they call another '*lord*,'  
And feed another's train.

11.

Yet—patience! if all else be lost,  
In *this* our boast is bold;  
Old trees, and ancient families,  
Cannot be *made* by gold!

HORACE GUILFORD.

HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

*(For the Parterre.)*

"History is philosophy teaching by example."  
*Lord Bolingbroke.*

CHARLES THE FIRST.

ECHARDS says, that this monarch, after his defeat at Naseby, passed into South Wales, where several gentlemen had been imprisoned for opposing the levies that were there making for him. Charles was advised to hang these gentlemen; but this he would not consent to; upon which the Marquis of Worcester is said to have remarked: "Well, sir, that forgiving temper may chance to gain you the kingdom of Heaven, but if ever you gain the kingdom of England by these means, I'll be your bondsman." Oldmixon doubts the authenticity of this story; and observes, that the king well knew the Parliament could retaliate by hanging a few of his majesty's friends. As to this "forgiving temper," every body knows that the Stuarts *never forgave an injury*. James the First talked sometimes of forgiveness, but was, in fact, too indolent to gratify any feelings of resentment. His son and grandsons had more energy: *they never forgot or forgave an affront.*

E. M. A.

BLAKE.

THIS brave man was wont to say to his sailors when he heard of revolutions at home, "It's not our duty to attend to politics, but to *keep foreigners from fooling us*;" and yet, at the restoration, his mortal remains were dragged from their resting place and thrown into a pit! Towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, his brother Humphrey, being a non-conformist, suffered so many hardships, that he was at length compelled to sell the estate which the admiral had bequeathed to him, and emigrate with his family to Carolina.

E. M. A.

PARRICIDE.

THE Romans punished this crime with the confiscation of the estate of the criminal, and the estates of those who killed their children were also forfeited. Such crimes were of course, rare; but history mentions a monster in the reign of Tiberius, who accused his father of a design to kill the Emperor. Appian tells us of another, who directed the soldiers of the Triumvirs to the place where his father lay concealed, and looked on while they dispatched him.

E. M. A.

## BRAVERY.

IN the year 1644, the Royalist army had many skirmishes with that of the Parliamentarians, in Oxfordshire. In one of these affairs, Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham had an arm shot off, when he immediately held up the other and cried out, "*I have yet one arm left to fight for the Parliament!*"

## SLIGHT MISTAKE.

IN the action at Cropedy Bridge, near Daventry, the Royalists were obliged to retreat. Middleton, the Parliamentary Lieutenant-General, had his horse killed under him in the *melée*, when a Royalist dragoon mistaking him for one of the king's party, helped him to catch a stray horse and remount, saying at the same time, "*Make haste, comrade, and kill a Roundhead.*"

E. M. A.

## NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

## EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A SNAKE.

EVERY one has heard of the serpent-charmers in the East, who practise their art to the astonishment of Europeans; but from the following account which we take from an Australian paper, it would appear that little skill is required to produce this effect upon any species of the snake tribe. The writer observes, "But few countries in the world are exempt from the poisonous brood; and Australia, at a certain season of the year, abounds with these deadly animals; our firesides, fireplaces, and bed-chambers, are occasionally visited by these intruders, as the following simple narrative will shew:—

'About the latter end of last month, a gentleman was staying for some short time at the hospitable residence of a settler who resides at no great distance from the River Nepean. One morning after the breakfast things had been removed, our informant says, a gentleman present took up a flute, and began a prelude, which was continued for about ten minutes, when another person present observed a black snake protrude its head from between the bars of the chimney grate. It had its eyes steadfastly riveted on the person who was playing the flute; the fireplace, it must be remarked, was filled with odoriferous flowers, and the snake lay concealed at the bottom of the grate, covered from view by their withered foliage. It was instantly arranged that the gentleman should continue to play the flute, while the person present should go out of the breakfast parlour in

quest of a stick; the time taken to procure which was not less than ten minutes. During this time the flute was played on the same key, and the snake remained as it were motionless, with his head at least one foot out from between the bars of the grate; his eyes were much animated. A slight blow on the spine despatched him; and when dead, the animal measured nearly five feet long and between four and five inches in circumference. The gentleman, who was playing on the flute, was not more than five feet from the grate. It appears probable, that the snake had lain concealed in the grate for some time, as the windows, which look into the garden, and through which the snake might have entered the house, had not been open from the day before.—The morning before this occurrence took place and no doubt while the deadly snake lay concealed among the flowers in the grate, a lady of beauty and accomplishments sat at breakfast; her back was close to the lurking place of this insidious reptile. On the morning the snake was killed, a wonderful interposition of providence was displayed on the escape of a servant maid from the deadly fangs of this animal: she was desired to remove the flowers from the grate; just as she was about to put her hand on them, she was called to perform some other office. It was a long time a received opinion, that snakes could be charmed from their retreat by music, and even to this day the Indian jugglers boldly assert that the all-powerful strains of even their barbarous music will entice the most deadly snake out of its hole; and, in this instance, we are credulous enough to believe, that this snake was acted upon by the tones of the flute."

Whether this case in point will aid or assist in establishing the power of music over so deadly an animal as the Australian black snake, we shall leave others to determine.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO THE  
CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY J. K. FAULDING.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1783, Jonathan, a young fellow who lived away down east, took it into his head to make a voyage to Canton. Accordingly he fitted out his sloop, a tarnation clever vessel of about eighty tons, and taking a crazy old compass for his guide, his two cousins, one a lad about sixteen, and a great Newfoundland dog for his crew, and a couple of rusty revolutionary

swords for an armament, he boldly set forth on a voyage to the celestial empire.

Jonathan was a mighty 'cute lad, and had read a little or so about the great devotion of the Chinese to the herb called gin-seng, which everybody knows is a remedy for all things. He happened one day to hear an Indian doctor give it as his opinion that a certain plant, which grew in the neighbourhood of Jonathan's *natale solum*, was very much like the famous Chinese panacea, as he had seen it described. He took a hint from this, and rather guessed he would carry a good parcel along with him on speculation. Accordingly he gathered a few hundred weight, dried, and stowed it away in one of his lockers under the cabin floor.

Providence, which seems to take special care of such droll fellows as Jonathan, who calculate pretty considerably on their native energies, blessed him with fair winds and good weather; his old compass behaved to admiration; his ancient chart, which had been torn into fifty thousand pieces and pasted on a bit of tarpaulin, proved a most infallible guide; and some how or other, he could not exactly tell how, he plumped his sloop right into Table Bay, just as if the old fellow had been there a hundred times before.

The Dutch harbour-master was sitting under his hat on his piazza, when he beheld, through the smoke of his pipe, his strange apparition of a vessel, scudding like a bird into the bay. He took it for the famous Flying Dutchman, and such was his trepidation, that he stuck his pipe into his button-hole without knocking out the ashes, whereby he burnt a hole in his waistcoat. When Jonathan rounded to, and came to anchor, the harbour-master ventured to go on board to get information concerning this strange little barque. He could talk English, Dutch fashion, for indeed he had been promoted to the office on account of his skill in languages.

"Whence came you, Mynheer?" quoth he.

"Right off the reel from old Salem, I guess," replied Jonathan.

"Old Salem—whereabouts is dat den? I tont know any sich place about here."

"I guess not. What's your name, squire?"

"Hans Ollenbockenoffenhaffengraphensteiner ish my name."

"Whew! why it's as long as a pumpkin vine—now aint it?"

"But whereabouts ish dish blashe you speague of?" reiterated the harbour-master.

"O, it's some way off—about six or eight thousand miles down west there."

"Six tousand duyvels!" muttered Hans with the long name. "Do you tink I will pelieve such a cog and pullsh tory as dat, Mynheer?"

"If you don't believe me, ask my two cousans there—and if you don't believe them, ask my dog. I tell you I come right straight from old Salem, in the United States of Amerrykey."

"United Sthaites of vat?" I never heard of any United Sthaites but de Sthaites of Hollant."

"Ah—I suppose not—they've jist been christen'd I'spose now, likely you've never heard of the new world neither, have you, mister—what's your name?"

"Hans Ollenbockenoffenhaffengraphensteiner—I told you zo pefore."

"Maybe you'll have to tell me again before I know it by heart, I calculate. But did you never hear of the new world, squire?"

"Not I—ant if I hat, I wouldn't hafe pelieved it. Tare ish no new vorlt zinze de tiscovey of de Cape of Good Hoop dat I know. Put, come along, you must co vid me to de gubernador."

Jonathan puzzled the governor about as much as he had done the harbour-master. But his papers were all fair and above board, and the governor had not only heard of the new world, but of the United States of Amerrykey, as Jonathan called them. Accordingly he was permitted to enjoy all the privileges of the port.

Nothing could exceed the wonder and curiosity excited by the vessel among the people at the Cape. That he should have made a voyage of so many thousand miles, with such a crew and such an outfit, was, in their opinion, little less than miraculous; and the worthy governor could only account for it by the aid of witchcraft, which he had somewhere been told, abounded in the new world. Jonathan was the greatest man, and his dog the greatest dog at the Cape. He dined with the governor and burgomasters; cracked his jokes with their wives and daughters, danced with the Hottentots, and might have married a rich Dutch damsel of five hundred weight, and five thousand ducats a-year, provided he would have given up old Salem for ever.

After partaking of the hospitalities of the Cape a few days, Jonathan began to

be in a hurry to prosecute his voyage. He knew the value of time as well as money. On the sixth day he accordingly set sail amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, taking with him a hippopotamus, an orang outang, and six ring-tailed monkeys, all of which he had bought on speculation. One of his cousins had, however, been so smitten with the country about the Cape, or with the charms of a little Dutch maiden, that he determined to stay behind, marry, and improve the inhabitants—on speculation. A Dutch sailor offered to supply his place; but Jonathan declined, saying he guessed his other cousin and the Newfoundland dog, who was a pretty particular cute kritter, could sail his sloop quite round the world and back again.

Not much of interest occurred during the voyage until he arrived at Macao, where he excited the same astonishment, underwent the same scrutiny, returned the same satisfactory answers, and came off as triumphantly as he did at the Cape of Good Hope. While here, he saw every thing, inquired about every thing, and went every where. Among other adventures, he one day accompanied his cousin in a fishing-boat, to see if they fished as the people did on the banks of Newfoundland. Unfortunately a violent storm came on; some of the boats were lost, and their crews drowned. The survivors went and offered up some of their paddles at the great temple of Neang-ma-ko. Those that were able added some matches and gilt paper. Jonathan's other cousin here determined to stay behind at Macao. It occurred to him he might make a speculation by curing the fish after the manner of mackarel. Jonathan did not much like this; but he said "never mind, I partly guess I can do without him."

Jonathan had now no one but his Newfoundland dog to assist in the navigation of his sloop. But he thought to himself, his voyage was almost at an end, and, at all events, if he hired any of the Macao people, they would be offering up matches and gilt paper to Neang-ma-ko, instead of minding their business. So he set sail for Canton, the Chinese prognosticating he would go to the bottom, because he did not make an offering to Neang-ma-ko, and the Portuguese that he would go to the devil, because he did not make his devoirs to the Virgin.

At Lin-Tin he was taken for a smuggler of opium by some, and for a magician by others, when they saw his

vessel, heard where he hailed from, and became convinced that his whole crew consisted of a Newfoundland dog! The commander of the fleet of ships of war stationed at Lin-Tin, to prevent the smuggling of opium into the celestial empire, seized the sloop, and devoted its brave commander to the indignation of the mighty emperor, who is brother to the sun and moon. Hereupon Jonathan bethought himself of a piece of the herb he had brought with him and had in his pocket. "It is a mighty good chance," thought he, "to try if it's the identical thing." Accordingly he took a convenient opportunity of presenting to the valiant commander a bit about as big as his finger. The admiral, whose name was Tizzy-Wizzy-Twang-Lang, stared at him at first with astonishment, then at the present with almost dismay, and thrusting it into his pocket, immediately caused it to be proclaimed that the "foreign barbarian" was innocent of the crime, or the intention of smuggling opium, and might go any where he pleased. Tizzy-Wizzy-Twang-Lang then sat down and wrote a dispatch to the governor of Canton, stating that he had routed the "foreign barbarians," destroyed their fleet, and thrown all their opium overboard. After which he shut himself up in his cabin, and took a morsel of the treasure Jonathan had presented him, about as large as the head of a pin. It is astonishing how much better he felt afterwards.

In the mean while Jonathan had set sail, and was ploughing his way towards Canton, with a fair wind and a good prospect of making a great speculation, for he had ascertained to a certainty that the article he had brought with him was the real gin-seng, which was worth five times its weight in gold. He went ashore at the village of Ho-tun, where he saw the people catching wild ducks and geese, which they fatten by feeding in the dark. "That's a good hint," said Jonathan, shutting one eye, "and I'll tell the folks at old Salem." While he was walking about, seeing into every thing, he was unexpectedly saluted by a shower of stones from a parcel of children, with their hair sticking up behind like two horns. Jonathan thought this tarnation ungentle; but he prudently suppressed his anger, considering he was in a strange country, and was come to try his fortune.

"May I be buttered," quoth Jonathan, as he approached Canton, and saw the countless boats moored in streets on



the river, or flitting about in every direction—"may I be buttered, if here isn't a city all afloat. This beats all nater!"

And sure enough, here was a scene that might have made one of our Indians wonder. The whole world seemed on the water. Junks, with two eyes staring at the bows—canal-boats, flower-boats, pleasure-boats, and boats of all sizes and descriptions, filled with all sorts of people, lay moored in regular streets, or were moving about to and fro in every direction, painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and ornamented with gold-leaf, and grinning monsters having no prototypes in nature, or any where else but in the grotesque imagination of the artists of the celestial empire.

The busy activity of some of these boats was singularly contrasted with the luxurious ease of others, in which might be seen a couple of Chinese dandies reclining on mats and resting their heads on bamboo pillows, with pipes in their mouths, either listlessly contemplating the scene before them, or gazing with lack-lustre eye on the picture of some favourite beauty with penciled eyebrows, nails like a tiger, and feet almost invisible. Others were performing the ceremony of chin-chin-jos, which consists in throwing bits of burning paper into the water, while the din of innumerable gongs contributed a species of music to the scene, that made honest Jonathan stop his ears in reverential dismay.

When our adventurer moored his sloop at Whampoa, in the midst of a fleet of vast ships, of almost all the nations of Europe, they did not know what to make of her. All he could say failed in convincing them that he had come from such a long distance, in such a vessel, navigated by such a crew. Besides, what could have brought him to Canton? He had neither money to purchase, nor cargo to exchange for Chinese commodities, except it might be his river-horse, his ourang-outang, and his monkeys.

Jonathan kept his own secret. He had heard that the Chinese were as sharp as the "leetle end of nothing whittled down," and determined to be as sharp as the best of them. Accordingly nothing could be got out of him, except, that he had come on his own bottom, and meant to turn a penny some how or other. He said nothing about his gin-seng, which he had, as I before stated, stowed away in a secret locker.

The story of the strange man, and the

strange vessel that had been navigated from the new world by a man and a dog, made a great noise, and thousands flocked to see them. The gentleman who officiated as American consul, without, however, having a regular appointment, behaved in the most kind and friendly manner to Jonathan, and introduced him to a hong, or as our hero called him, a *hung*-merchant, who undertook to do his business for him, that is, if he had any to do, which seemed rather doubtful.

"I chin-chin you," said Fat-qua, the hongman.

"You do 'nt now, do you?" quoth Jonathan. "Well then, I chin-chin you, and so we are even, I guess."

Fat-qua was very anxious to know all about Jonathan's business; but the Chinese were such plaguy slippery fellows, he was afraid to trust them with his secret. He therefore, very gravely, and with infinite simplicity, commended to him his cargo of live stock, begged he would dispose of them to the best advantage, and invest the proceeds in a cargo of notions. Fat-qua did not know whether to laugh or be angry—however, he concluded by laughing, and promising to do his best.

The trifle which Jonathan brought with him had been all expended in maintaining himself and dog, and Fat-qua did not feel inclined to advance any on the security of his live stock. This being the case, Jonathan one day brought a pound or two of his gin-seng, and asked him carelessly what it might be likely worth in these parts?

"Hi yah!" exclaimed the hong-merchant in astonishment. "No, have got some more of he—hi yah?"

"Some small matter—not much," said Jonathan, who was of opinion if he displayed the whole parcel at once, it might lower the price and injure his speculation.

Fat-qua disposed of the two pounds of gin-seng for a thumping sum, which Jonathan pocketed in less than no time, and chuckled in his sleeve, as he thought of the means to get rid of the whole at the same rate. A day or two after, he delivered the hong-merchant a few pounds more, which he said he had accidentally found in a place where he had stowed away and forgot it.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting, I chin-chin you." And he began to have a great respect for Missee Joe Notting.

In this way, by slow degrees, did friend Jonathan bring forth his hoard of hidden treasures, till it was all disposed

of, and he found himself in possession of almost half a million of dollars; for, it is to be recollected, this happened long before the value of gin-seng was brought down to almost nothing by the large quantities carried to China in consequence of the successful speculation of Jonathan.

Every time he produced a new lot, he declared it was all he had left, and consequently, to the last moment the price was kept up. Fat-qua began to believe that Joe Notting had discovered some hidden place where it grew, in the neighbourhood of Canton, or that he dealt with the prince of Darkness. He accordingly caused him to be watched, but our hero was too wide awake for the hong-merchant.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting—some yet more—when you shall tink shall you no more have—hey? Every day here come you—say the last is he—hi yah! I tink no last come for ever!"

"I han't another stick to save my gizzard," said Jonathan, and this time he spoke like a man of honour. He had at last sold out his hoard, with the exception of a small parcel for presents, and to use on an emergency.

Jonathan was now thinking whether he would gather himself together, and point his bowsprit strut towards home. But first he determined to see about him, for he expected to be asked a heap of questions when he got amongst his old neighbours; and not to be able to tell them all about the celestial empire, would be to shew he had little or no gumption.

He accordingly visited the famous flower garden of Fa-Tee, where he saw a vast collection of the most beautiful flowers, and roses of all colours. Returning, he passed through the suburb of Ho-Nam, where he was called Fan-kwei, which means "foreign devil," and pelted handsomely with stones, according to the hospitable custom of the inhabitants.

Jonathan was now so rich, that he felt himself a different man from what he was when the boys pelted him at the village of Ho-tun. He had moreover seen the bamboo so liberally employed on the backs of the Chinese by their own officers and magistrates, that he thought he might make use himself of this universal panacea for all offences in the celestial empire. Accordingly, he sallied forth among the inhospitable rogues, and plied his stick so vigorously that the rabble fled before him, crying out "Fan-kwei!" and making motions

significant of cutting off the head, as much as to say that would be his end at last. The reader must know that beheading is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments in the celestial empire, where they do every thing differently from the rest of the world.

A formal complaint was laid before the Gan-chatsze, a minister of justice at Canton, against the Fan-kwei, who had feloniously bamboosed the mob of Ho-Nam. Fat-qua, one of our hero's securities, was taken into custody till his forthcoming, and an express sent off to Peking to announce the intelligence to the brother of the sun and moon, that a Fan-que had beaten at least two hundred of his valiant and invincible subjects, who could not bring themselves to soil their fingers by touching even the clothes of a foreign barbarian.

Jonathan was soon arrested, and being carried before the illustrious Gan-chat-sze, was astonished at seeing the infinite mischief he had done. There was one poor man who had his eye put out; another his head fractured; a third his arm broken; and what was worse than all this, three children were so disabled that they could not stand, all by Jonathan's bamboo, which was about as thick as your finger.

This was a serious business for a Fan-kwei. But his friend Fat-qua whispered in his ear—

"Hi yah—Missee Joe Notting—your some more have got of that grand—Hi yah! You stand under me—hey?"

Jonathan tipped him a knowing wink, and Fan-qua then crept close to the ear of the incorruptible Gan-chat-sze, and whispered him in like manner; but what he said being only intended for the ear of justice, must not be disclosed. The effect, however, was miraculous, the Gan-chat-sze forthwith started up in a mighty passion, and, seizing his bamboo, attacked the complainants in the suit with such wonderful vigour, that he actually performed a miracle, and restored every one of them to the use of their limbs. After this, he discharged the offender with a caution, which Fat-qua translated into excellent English, and the next day Jonathan sent him by the hands of the same discreet friend a pound of gin-seng.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe—more some yet, hey! Believe him make him as him go along—Hi yah! Chin-chin you, Missee Joe Notting."

Fat-qua was determined to signalize this triumph of Chinese justice over prejudice against foreigners, by a great

feast of bears-claws, birds-nests, and all the delicacies of the east. He, therefore, invited a number of the Fan-kweis about the factory, to meet Jonathan at his country-seat, near the gardens of Fa-Te, and they had a jolly time of it. Our hero was complimented with a pair of chop-sticks of the most elegant construction and materials, which he managed with such skill, that, by the time the dinner was over, he was well nigh starved to death.

The hong-merchant, Fat-qua, was a jolly little fellow, "about knee-high to a toad," as Jonathan used to say, and fond of a good glass of wine. He plied his guests pretty neatly, until they began to feel a little top-heavy, and sailed away one by one under rather high steam, leaving Jonathan and his friend alone together, the latter fast asleep. Jonathan was by this time in high feather, and thought this would be a good time to take a peep at the establishment of his friend, that he might know something of these matters when he got home.

He arose without disturbing the little fat gentleman, and proceeded to penetrate into the interior of the house, until he came to the female apartments, in one of which he saw a young lady smoking, to whom he paid his compliments with a low bow. Her pipe was formed of slender pieces of bamboo, highly polished, with a bowl of silver and a mouth-piece of amber. Her hair was beautifully long, and tastefully dressed with flowers, and gold and silver bodkins, and the whole atmosphere of the room was perfumed with jasmine and other odoriferous plants and shrubs. By her side lay a guitar, on which she seemed to have been playing.

The entrance of Jonathan threw her into great confusion, and she uttered several violent screams, which however brought no one to her assistance. The illustrious Fat-qua was still sleeping in his seat, and the servants making merry as usual with the remains of the feast. Jonathan attempted an apology for his intrusion, but the more he apologized the louder the young lady screamed. Jonathan wondered what could be the matter with her.

"Well, I never saw any thing like this growing among corn—what's come over the gal? May I be chiselled if I do n't think she's afeard I'll eat her. But why the dickens, if she's frightened, don't she scamper off, that being the most nat'ral way of getting out of dan-

ger!" Jonathan did not know that the feet of the poor young damsel were not more than two inches and a half long, and that she could no more run than fly. They were what the Chinese poets call a couple of "golden lilies."

Encouraged by this notion, that her pretending to be frightened was all sheer affectation, he approached her still nearer, took up the guitar, and begged her to play him a tune, such as "Yankee Doodle," or any thing of that sort that was pretty easily managed, for he did not much admire any of your fine fashionable gim-cracks. Jonathan was a plaguy neat kind of a chap—as handsome a lad as might be seen; tall and straight, with blue eyes, white forehead, and red cheeks, a little rusted to be sure with the voyage.

The pretty creature with the little feet, whose name was Shangtshee, ventured at last to look at this impudent intruder, and, sooth to say, he did not appear so terrible at the second glance as at the first. She smiled, and put out her small foot for Jonathan to admire. She then took her guitar and played him a tune—it was not "Yankee Doodle" to be sure, but it rather pleased Jonathan, for he declared it beat all, he'd be switched if it did n't. Shangtshee seemed to understand the compliment, for she smiled and put out her other golden lily; I suppose, to shew Jonathan she had a pair of them. Jonathan admired the pipe; she handed it to him, he put it to his lips, and giving it back again, she put it to her lips, which our hero finally concluded came as near to kissing as twopence to a goat.

"How the kritter blushes!" thought Jonathan. He did not know she was painted half an inch thick, after the fashion of the Chinese ladies. As they sat thus exchanging little pleasant civilities, which, innocent as they were, endangered both their lives, they were alarmed,—at least the lady, for Jonathan had never particularly studied Chinese customs—by the sound of a guitar, at some short distance, in the garden. It approached nearer, and, in a few minutes, seemed directly under the window of the apartment. Shangtshee appeared greatly agitated, and begged Jonathan by signs to depart the way he came. But Jonathan had no notion of being scared by a tune, and declined to budge an inch. It was a nice tune, and he didn't much mind if he heard another just like it.

Presently the music ceased, and all at once the young Shangtshee screamed a

scream almost as loud as the former ones. "What can have got into the curious varmint now, I wonder?" quoth Jonathan. He little suspected she had caught a glimpse of the face of her lover through the blinds. This young man was called Yu-min-hoo, which signifies feathered, because he was a great poet, and took such high flights that his meaning was sometimes quite out of sight. He always carried an ink-bottle suspended to his button, a bamboo pen stuck behind his ear, and a book under his arm, in which he wrote down his thoughts, that none might escape him. He made verses upon Shangtshee, in which he compared her to a dish of bear's claws, since her nails were at least six inches long, and she was a delicacy which the epicure might admire every day in the year. It was this sentiment which he had set to music, and sung on this eventful evening, under the window of his mistress.

Yu-min-hoo was petrified when he saw his Shantshee sitting so cosily by the side of a Fan-kwei, which, as I said before, means foreign devil. His indignation was terrible, and his jealousy prodigious. He had thoughts of sitting down by the light of the moon and writing a furious ode, consigning the Fan-kwei to all the Chinese devils, which are the ugliest in the world. Even their gods are monsters, what then must the others be? On second thoughts however, Yu-min-hoo restrained his muse, and in a moment or two they heard the clatter of his wooden shoes gradually receding. Shantshee again entreated with her eyes, her hands, nay, her very feet, that Jonathan would make himself scarce. The tears ran down her cheeks; and like torrents of rain, wore deep channels in them that almost spoiled their beauty.

Jonathan tried all he could to comfort her, when what was his surprise and indignation at her base ingratitude, he was saluted with a scratch of those long nails that constitute the most unequivocal claim of a Chinese lady to rank. It was a scratch so emphatic and well-directed, that every nail, and most especially the little finger nail, left its mark on his cheek, and it was preceded and followed by a scream of the highest pretensions.

Our hero was astounded at this salutation. He had heard of love taps, but never of such as these. But he soon understood the whole squinting of the business as slick as a whistling, when he

saw little Fat-qua standing before him, breathing fire and looking fury from his dark sharp-cornered eyes.

"Hi yah! — Misse Joe Notting—spose tink you daughter my one flower-woman—hey!"

Jonathan endeavoured to convince Fat-qua that there was not the least harm in sitting by the side of a young woman in a civil way—that it was done in his country every day in the year, particularly on Sundays—and that the women there were quite as good as the Chinese, though they did not wear wooden shoes, and nails six inches long.

Fat-qua was wrath at this indecorous comparison of the Fan-kwei ladies with those of the celestial empire; he ordered his servants to seize Jonathan as a violator of Chinese etiquette, and a calumniator of wooden shoes and long nails. He determined in the bitterness of his heart to have him immediately before the worshipful Gan-chat-sze, who would not fail to squeeze some of his dollars out of him.

But further reflection induced him to abandon this course. He recollected, when the fumes of wine were somewhat dissipated, that both himself and his daughter would be disgraced and dishonored if it were publicly known that she had been in company with a Fan-kwei, a stain of the deepest dye according to the statutes of the celestial empire, in any but common women. The only way, therefore, was to make the best of a bad business. Accordingly he bribed his servants to secrecy—married his daughter to the poet—and swore never to invite another Misse Joe Notting to dine with him so long as there was a woman in his house. He had never, he said, met with a fellow of this *chop* before.

Various were the other adventures of our hero, which are forever incorporated in the annals of the celestial empire, where he figures as the "Great Fan-kwei, Joe Notting." My limits will not suffice to particularize them all, else would I record how he was fined a thousand dollars by his old friend, Gan-chat-sze, for bamboozing a valiant sentinel who refused to let him enter the gates of Canton without a bribe; how his river-horse, being tired of confinement, took an opportunity to jump overboard, whereby he upset a boat and came nigh drowning the passengers. This cost him three thousand dollars more. His next adventure was picking up the body of a drowned man in the river one evening.

in passing between his sloop and the shore, whose murder he was found guilty of before Gan-chat-sze, who kindly let him off for ten thousand dollars; advising him at the same time through the hong-merchant, Fat-qua, to take the earliest opportunity of making himself invisible within the precincts of the celestial empire.

"I partly guess I'll take his advice and pull up stakes," said Jonathan. "I never saw such a tarnal place. It beats every thing, I swow. Why squire Fat-qua, I'll tell you what—if you'll only come to our parts, you may go jist where you please—do jist as you please—and talk to the gals as much as you please. I'll be choked if it isn't true, by the living hokey."

"Hi yah! Misse Joe Notting," replied Fat-qua, "she must be some very fine place, dat Merrykey."

"There you are right, squire. But, good bye; I finally conclude it's best to cut stick. They're plaguy slippery fellows here; if they aint, may I be licked by a chap under size."

Jonathan received the remainder of his money, which he was then earnestly advised to invest in bills, and at the same time to sell his vessel, and embark for home in a safer conveyance.

"D'ye think I'm a fellow of no more gumption than that?" said he. "I'll be darned if there's a tighter safer thing than my old sloop ever sailed across the salt sea: and as for your paper money, I've had enough of that in my own country in my time."

He declined shipping a crew, for he said he must trust, in that case, to strangers; and he thought to himself that he could easily induce his two cousins to go home with him now he was so rich. It happened as he had anticipated; both gladly rejoined him again, each having failed in his speculation. The Dutchmen at the Cape forbade the one using a machine he had invented for saving labour, lest it might lower the price of their negroes; and the Portuguese and Chinese refused to eat the fish of the other, because he neither crossed himself before the picture of the Virgin, nor burnt gilt paper to the image of Neang-ma-ko.

A prosperous voyage ended in Jonathan's happy return to Salem, where he became a great man, even to the extent of being yclept honorable. He lived long and happily, and his chief boast to the end of his life was, that he had been the first of his countrymen to visit the celestial empire, and the only man that

navigated with a Newfoundland dog for an officer.

## A NIGHT AT THE FRENCH OPERA.

FROM THE DIARY OF N. P. WILLIS.

I went last night to the French opera, to see the first dancer of the world. The prodigious enthusiasm about her all over Europe had, of course, raised my expectations to the highest pitch. "*Have you seen Taglioni?*" is the first question addressed to a stranger in Paris; and you hear her name constantly over all the hum of the *cafés*, and in the crowded resorts of fashion. The house was overflowed. The king and his numerous family were present; and my companion pointed out to me many of the nobility, whose names and titles have been made familiar to our ears by the innumerable private memoirs and autobiographies of the day. After a little introductory piece, the king arrived; and as soon as the cheering was over, the curtain drew up for "*Le Dieu et le Bayadere*."\* This is the piece in which Taglioni is most famous. She takes the part of a dancing girl, of whom the Bramah and an Indian prince are both enamoured; the former in the disguise of a man of low rank at the court of the latter, in search of some one whose love for him shall be disinterested. The disguised god succeeds in winning her affection; and after testing her devotion by submitting for a while to the resentment of his rival, and by a pretended caprice in favour of a singing girl who accompanies her, he marries her, then saves her from the flames as she is about to be burned for marrying beneath her *caste*. Taglioni's part is all pantomime. She does not speak during the play, but her motion is more than articulate. Her first appearance was in a troop of Indian dancing girls, who perform before the prince in the public square. At a signal from the vizier a side pavilion opened, and thirty or forty bayaderes glided out together, and commenced an intricate dance. They were received with a tremendous round of applause from the audience; but, with the exception of a little more elegance in the four who led the dance, they were dressed nearly alike; and, as I saw no particularly conspicuous figure, I presumed that Taglioni had not yet appeared. The splendour of the spectacle bewildered me

\* The god and the dancing-girl.

for the first moment or two, but I presently found my eyes riveted to a childish creature floating about among the rest, and, taking her for some beautiful young *elève* making her first essays in the chorus, I interpreted her extraordinary fascination as a triumph of nature over my unsophisticated taste; and wondered to myself whether, after all, I should be half so much captivated with the shew of skill I expected presently to witness. *This was Tagliani!* She came forward directly, in a *pas seul*, and I then observed that her dress was distinguished from that of her companions by its extreme modesty both of fashion and ornament, and the unconstrained ease with which it adapted itself to her shape and motion. She looks not more than fifteen. Her figure is small, but rounded to the very last degree of perfection; not a muscle swelled beyond the exquisite outline; not an angle, not a fault. Her back and neck, those points so rarely beautiful in women, are faultlessly formed; her feet and hands are in full proportion to her size, and the former play as freely and with as natural a yieldingness in her fairy slippers, as if they were accustomed only to the dainty uses of a drawing-room. Her face is most strangely interesting; not quite beautiful, but of that half-appealing, half-retiring sweetness that you sometimes see blended with the secluded reserve and unconscious refinement of a young girl just "out" in a circle of high fashion. In her greatest exertions her features retain the same timid half-smile, and she returns to the alternate by-play of her part without the slightest change of colour, or the slightest perceptible difference in her breathing, or the ease of her look and posture. No language can describe her motion. She swims in your eyes like a curl of smoke, or a flake of down. Her difficulty seems to be to keep to the floor. You have that feeling while you gaze upon her, that if she were to rise and float away like Ariel, you would scarce be surprised. And yet all is done with such a childish unconsciousness of admiration, such a total absence of exertion or fatigue, that the delight with which she fills you is unmingled, and, assured as you are by the perfect purity of every look and attitude, that her hitherto spotless reputation is deserved beyond a breath of suspicion, you leave her with as much respect as admiration; and find with surprise that a dancing-girl, who is exposed night after night to the profane gaze of the world, has crept into one of the most sacred niches of your memory.

## MISCELLANIES.

## GOVERNMENT.

A mad princess of the house of Bourbon, on being asked why the reigns of queens were, in general, more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied: "Because under kings, women govern—under queens, men."

## FACTION.

PROVINCIAL animosities flourish in Italy as well as in Ireland. The favourite maid of a Roman lady left her service because she found herself growing attached to her mistress, "and it should never be said that a Tivolese loved a Roman."

## CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

It is said that the abbé Facciolati discovered in a vase recently excavated from the ruins of Pompeii, an orange immersed in vinegar, in perfect preservation. The Romans pickled this fruit, as we pickle cucumbers or onions.

## ANTIDOTE AGAINST ARSENIC.

OUR readers will recollect that a Frenchman was some time since in London, and astonished every one by his swallowing arsenic. His secret has at length been detected:—Two physicians at Göttingen having lately discovered that the oxydrat of iron is an *infallible antidote against arsenical poison*. As the oxydrat of iron is perfectly innocuous, this discovery is peculiarly interesting.

## COOLNESS.

"Monsieur de Malsaignes," says the Duchess of Abrantes in her Memoirs, "was a determined duelist. Having quarrelled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place; when Monsieur Malsaignes's adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him to the door. 'It is all very well, sir,' said the transfixed duelist, with singular sang froid, 'but pray how are you to get out?'"

## VALUABLE TIMBER.

AMONG the varieties of timber trees discovered by the settlers in Southern Africa, is one used by the missionaries for the manufacture of household furniture, of a saffron colour, and called "sneeze wood," from the effect of its pungent scent when newly cut, and which among other good properties, is said to possess that of repelling all noxious vermin from its neighbourhood. It is singular enough that some of the Canadian timber imported into this country is described as having a directly contrary effect.



P. 211.

### THE SENTINEL:

A TRADITION OF THE CIVIL WARS.

(For the Parterre).

A few years since I spent several days with a friend in Gloucestershire. He resided at a quiet village, in one of those obscure nooks which are so seldom visited by the tourist, that the arrival of a stranger is considered by the inhabitants as an epoch in their history. The spot was endeared to my friend by many and early associations: his family had resided there for several generations past; the little church-yard held the remains of his parents, and his parents' parents, and those of two or three of his children: his orchard contained trees which had grown up with himself; and the two old limes, that shaded the house, had been planted by his great grandfather when a boy.

The village itself had an air of neatness and respectability, and it was graced by one of those picturesque morsels of antiquity, a small church in the early pointed style of architecture, half covered with luxuriant ivy. The burial-ground

contained many memorials of humble worth. The best of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, lay there in no inconsiderable numbers, considering the population of the village. Many who could neither write nor read their own names, had borne pain and long-suffering with resolution and fortitude, that might shame the educated. Some of the epitaphs were borrowed from the church-yard of the distant town; others were the production of the village poet. Of course those exquisite lines—

“Affliction sore, long time she bore,” &c.

And,

“Weep not for me, my parents dear,  
I am not dead, but sleeping here,” &c.

were not wanting to complete the attractions of this rustic cemetery. What English church-yard is without them? There were also three or four old tombs, with half-obliterated inscriptions, to which my friend directed my attention, as we one day entered the burial-ground.

“That tomb,” said he, “covers the remains of a gentleman who fell fighting for the royalist cause at Edghill—he was a bachelor, and the last of his race.”

The family, whose ancestors lie beneath that quaintly carved monument, were non-conformists, and emigrated to New England just before the breaking out of the civil wars: we have several curious traditions of that eventful period, some of which I have written down."

I was greatly delighted to hear this intelligence, and expressed my astonishment that he had not made me acquainted with it before.

"Why, to be candid with you," replied my friend, "I some years since contemplated surprising my acquaintance (you among the rest) with a volume of these traditions, which I intended to christen by the general title of 'Church-yard Stories;' but the magazines, about the same time, contained several tales with a somewhat similar title; so, in the spirit of genuine laziness, I seized upon this excuse for not preparing my stories, and locked up the manuscript in my bookcase, where it has since remained; however, as you are so fond of these stories, I will relate one which I have not yet committed to paper. I have often heard my father repeat it. He had it from the then curate, who had it from his predecessor, and he had it from I can't tell who."

"Let me hear it by all means," cried I; "from my childhood upwards I have always been delighted with these legends: we can sit on this tomb while you relate it."

My friend looked thoughtful for a few moments, as though he were endeavouring to collect the leading incidents in his tale, and then began as follows:—

"In the reign of Charles the First there lived in this neighbourhood a small farmer named Horne. He had two sons, the eldest of whom, contemning the quiet occupation of a husbandman, chose the adventurous life of a soldier, and enlisted into a regiment of dragoons, at that time quartered at Fairford. William, the other son, preferred the occupation by which his father had obtained a comfortable subsistence. He was a youth of quiet and unobtrusive manners, while those of his brother fitted him for the reckless profession he had chosen. At length the quarrel between Charles and his parliament led to civil strife, and England was again the theatre of intestine war. Several skirmishes took place near this village; and one day a foraging party belonging to the royalists paid a visit to the farm of Humphrey Horne, whom they treated with great brutality. A scuffle ensued, in which the old man

received such severe injuries, that he died a few days afterwards. This was a dreadful shock to William Horne. He had lost his mother when a boy, and his home was now desolate! Poor fellow! he had not a soul to whom he could tell his sorrows, for the old housekeeper was as deaf as a beetle. Despair fixed his fangs upon him, and he fell into that fatal error which has brought ruin and destruction on many more nobly born;—he took to the bottle. Every body knows how rapid is the transition from dissipation to beggary. William Horne neglected his farm, and in a few months was a ruined man; for his landlord, being himself hard pressed in consequence of losses which he had suffered on account of his adherence to the royalist cause, became urgent in his demand, and our young farmer was finally ejected, to make room for a more punctual tenant.

We shall pass over all that followed, until the morning that saw poor Horne under the hands of a drill sergeant of foot in the market place at Marlborough. He had enlisted in the Parliament cause, because the first company he met with belonged to that party: misery had made him indifferent as to which side he took, and the earnest-money which he received from the sergeant procured him a hearty meal—a luxury he had not enjoyed for many days before. Young Horne soon discovered that the life of a common soldier, when on active service, is anything but a sinecure; that forced marches and skirmishes were harder work than mowing and reaping; in short, that he had made a bad bargain: but he feared to attempt giving his new associates the slip, lest he should make a bad matter worse, and get shot for desertion. The regiment was kept in continual alarm by the attacks of the Cavalier party, who set upon them at night; but they were generally beaten off with loss. At length orders were received by the officer of the regiment, to proceed with his company to the parliamentary army, then in the neighbourhood of London.

On the evening of the second day of their march, they were again threatened by a regiment of royalist dragoons, who hung on their rear for several miles. As the night advanced, they halted a short distance beyond Henley in Oxfordshire, intending to renew their march by day-break, having lost sight of their enemies, whom they supposed had relinquished the pursuit.

A thicket skirted the road on each



side, and sentinels were placed around it to guard against surprise, Horne being one of the number.

The spot at which he was posted was most picturesque. A rugged lane descended into a deep dell overshadowed by thick foliage, and the road was spanned by an ancient gateway, overgrown with ivy and creeping plants. As he paced to and fro, with his musket on his shoulder, in the light of the young moon which had risen above the trees, his mind reverted to other days, when a lighter heart beat beneath his doublet. Memory was busy, and the recollection of happier hours, filled his eyes with tears.

"Alas!" thought he, "I am an outcast and a wanderer! I have none left to sorrow for me. But what boots it?—Death is a sure release: I shall find a dog's grave ere long!"—

He was suddenly aroused by a slight noise among the bushes in the dell below, and fixing his eyes intently on the spot from which it appeared to come, he awaited the result with something like trepidation.

But all was again quiet, and Horne resumed his pace, supposing that his imagination had deceived him, or that it proceeded from some wild animal. A crash among the bushes however, soon convinced him that some person was advancing, under cover of the opposite thicket.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, suddenly halting and facing about, bringing at the same time his musket on the rest.

All was again still; but Horne was satisfied that an enemy was in the neighbourhood, and cautiously withdrawing under the shelter of the ruined arch, awaited the issue with a beating heart.

Again a rustling was heard among the bushes; and the sentinel, straining his eyes in that direction, saw a dark figure emerge from the thicket, and descend the bank. He was clad in the dress of a dragoon, with iron cap, cuirass, and jack-boots, but his arms were not visible in the gloom. The figure advanced cautiously into the moonlight, and then Horne perceived that he had companions in the thicket. There was not a moment to lose. The sentinel blew his match, uncovered his pan, and took aim at the advancing figure, who until that moment had not observed Horne. The dragoon instantly snapped a pistol which burnt priming, and Horne fired! The unfortunate dragoon received the bullet in his head, and leaping convulsively

from the ground, fell on his face in the middle of the path, while his companions suddenly retired into the thicket. The report of the musket, of course alarmed the regiment. The drums beat to arms, and a party advanced to the spot where Horne had been posted. But the dragoons finding that they could not surprise their enemies, prudently withdrew, and their trumpets now sounded a retreat.

Some of the soldiers who had gathered round the body of the slain dragoon, began to jest and crack their coarse jokes upon the occurrence.

"A regular cavalier trick," cried one, "these fellows will never learn wisdom."

"They will ever fail in their attempts against those who keep their lights burning before them," said another in a drawing tone.

"Faith, he's a sturdy rogue," remarked a third, as he spurned the body with his foot—" 't was a brave shot that killed him!"

"Foul fall thee, Dick Robinson!" cried a corporal, "'t is cowardly to insult the dead body of a brave man—turn him on his back, and let's see if life has quite left him."

"The shot would have killed a bull," observed the soldiers, as they turned the body over—"he is hit plump in the middle of the forehead."

There was a dead pause as the men looked on the ghastly countenance of the slain trooper, which the moonlight rendered still paler, but there was one among them who scrutinized it with more than ordinary curiosity. It was William Horne.

"Why dost thou stare so at the body," said the corporal, "dost thou know that face?"

Horne held his breath, and still continued to gaze upon the corpse with a fixed stare. The thick moustaches which covered the upper lip of the dead trooper had not disguised his features, and a wart on the left cheek, removed all doubt as to their identity—the wretched sentinel had slain his brother!

Poor Horne, from that fatal night was an idiot! The shock deprived him for ever of the power of speech. He was dismissed from the regiment, and returned to his native village, where he lived many years afterwards, upon the charity of those who had known him in his happier days. He was buried near the yew tree, yonder, and some one erected a gravestone over his remains, recording his sad story; but it was accidentally

broken in fragments, and subsequently removed, about fifty years ago."

Such was my friend's traditionary tale. He indulged me by relating several others in the evening, some of which I may venture to repeat to the readers of the *Parterre*, should this story find favour in their eyes.

A. A. A.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
ROBERT EMMETT, ESQ.

WHO WAS EXECUTED AT DUBLIN, FOR  
HIGH TREASON.

(For the *Parterre*).

"Let no man write my epitaph."

APPROACH, lonely stranger! but silently tread  
By the grave, where reposes the shade of the  
dead;

Where the green willow weeps o'er the marble,  
that stands

Uninscribed and unmarked by the architect's  
hands.

'T was this that he said: "Let no epitaph rise  
On the tomb, where the *Martyr to Liberty*  
lies."

That the mantle of Night might be drawn o'er  
his grave,

Till the flag of his country in freedom should  
wave;

Till Erin's bright banner should stream in the  
sky,

Unstained and unspotted by slavery's dye.  
Bright shade! though thy name remains hid in  
the gloom,

May the tears of thy country still water thy  
tomb—

May her heart, which yet bleeds at the fate of  
her son,

Throb on; till thy cause and her own shall be  
won!

Oh! then, when the morn of her freedom is  
come,

She will fling her first garland of love on thy  
tomb—

Adorn with fresh roses thy grave, as she weeps  
For her child, that is hid in the dust where he  
sleeps.

JOHN SHIRLEY.

SIGHMON DUMPS.

ANTHONY DUMPS, the father of my hero (the subject-matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may personally have been) married Dora Coffin, on St. Swithin's day, in the first year of the last reign.

Anthony was then comfortably off; but through a combination of adverse circumstances, he went rapidly down in the world, became a bankrupt, and being obliged to vacate his residence in St. Paul's Church Yard, he removed to No. 3, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, where Mrs. Dumps was delivered of a son.

The depressed pair agreed to christen

their babe Simon, but the name was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt "S—I—G—H;"—whether the trembling hand of the afflicted parent orthographically erred, or whether a bungling clerk caused the error, I know not; but certain it is, that the infant Dumps was registered SIGHMON.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes and sucklings; and when he grew to be a hobedy-hoy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much-ado-about-nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity; while others less "flattering sweet," declared they indicated nought but want of comprehension, and the dullness of stupidity.

As he grew older he grew graver: sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, was the scene of his infant sports. Since his failure, his father had earned his *livelyhood*, by letting himself out as a mute or a mourner, to a furnisher of funerals.

"Mute" and "voluntary woe" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs. Dumps ink the seams of his small-clothes, and darken his elbows with a blacking brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft *rehearsed*) Master Sighmon did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains; the mourner exulted, and, in praise of his profession, the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred: after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps; that, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins; she was now gathered to her ancestors.

It was not surprising that Dumps had risen in his profession: he was a perfect master of melancholy ceremonies, and as a mute proclaimer of the mutability of human affairs, none could equal him. Never did the summer sunshine of nankeen, lie hid beneath the shadows of his "inky cloak;" never, while his countenance betokened "the winter of

discontent," was he known to simper—even in his sleeve!

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance: a suit of black had been his working-day costume, nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravesend, chose for his own sitting room a chamber that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously of the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the *dead languages*.

Sighmon was superstitious; though his temper and disposition had neither been *spirited* nor *sprightly*, his dreams and his fears had been both: from the windows of Burying Ground Buildings he had daily witnessed grave proceedings; in the dusk of the evening he had often been startled by groans and moans, and sometimes he had thought that he beheld the new comers in the grounds beneath his chamber (by no means pleasure grounds), frisking in the congenial paleness of the moonlight.

He felt convinced that he had witnessed unearthly sports, sports *on* the turf, among beings who ought by rights to have been *under* it!

All this had made an impression on him, and Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him, he loved to linger near the monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Père la Chaise were his seducers.

His father died; his old employer furnished him with a funeral; the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive shrinking when he felt that anybody was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a key-hole. This, however, was not to be his lot; like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly, and tiptoeing, availed not; a *creak* always betrayed him when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa: but he was unhappy; he was known in the neighbourhood, people called on him,

and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and recalls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own, was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa; and determined to go to some place where, being a total stranger, he might pass unnoticed and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Cheltenham, and consulted Boisragon about his nerves; was recommended a course of the waters, and horse exercise.

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already "too much of water;" he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedately happy. This blest seclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestined fate of Sighmon: odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was a pieball, a sweet quiet animal, warranted a safe support for a timid invalid. On this pieball did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day as he passed a cottage, a face peered at him through an open window; he heard an exclamation of delight, the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against the grain he complied.

"'T was heaven sent you sir," said his pursuer, out of breath; "give me for the love of mercy the cure for the rheumatiz."

"The what?" said Dumps.

"The rheumatiz, sir; I've the pains and the aches in my back and in my bones—give me the dose that will cure me."

In vain Dumps declared his ignorance of the virtues of "medicinal gums." The more he protested, the more the old woman sued; when to his horror a reinforcement joined her from the cottage, and men, women, and children implored him to cure the good dame's malady. At length watching a favourable opportunity, he insinuated his heel into the side of the pieball, and trotted off, while entreaties mingled with words of anger were borne to him on the wind.

He determined to avoid that green lane in future, and rode out the next day in an opposite direction: as he trotted through a village, a girl ran after him shouting for a cure for the whooping

cough, a dame with a low curtsy solicited a remedy for the colic, and an old man asked him what was good for the palsy. These unforeseen, these unaccountable attacks, were fearful annoyances to so retiring a personage as Dumps. Day after day, go where he would, the same things happened. He was solicited to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He was not aware (any more than the reader very possibly may be) that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a pieball horse; *why*, I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost. Life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; *he*, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; *he*, who of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glowworm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his pieball, and went "in angry mood to Tewksbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *embonpoint*; but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; *his* fat was weighty, he was inclined to *blubber*. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewksbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you, sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtsied, and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who *do* you think we've got in the blue parlour? you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him; dressed just as I saw him at the Haymarket theatre, the only night I ever was at a London stage play. The grey coat, and the striped trowsers, and the hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella!"

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday; he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befell our ill fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature," "irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "O, that mock heroic tragedy look is so like him!"

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of number three, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road.

One morning his landlady announced, with a broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger; "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewksbury of course?"

"Gratifying! what *can* you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you *will* come out here of course?"

"Come out? to be sure, I shan't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on will do very well."

"O, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter; "you really *are* inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps, "the stranger."

"The Stranger! *you!*"

"Yes, *I.*"

"And you really mean to come out here as the Stranger?" said Opie.

"Why, yes, to be sure,—I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately, we will open this evening; and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly afterwards he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters

that he easily deciphered, "THE CELEBRATED MR. LISTON IN TRAGEDY. This evening THE STRANGER, the part of THE STRANGER BY MR. LISTON."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston, indeed comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He eat an early dinner, went by times to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked towards the curtain, but hearing no signal they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient; they hissed, they hooted, and they called for the manager: another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager pale and trembling appeared, and walked hat in hand to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise, it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear him." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, "I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston; but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (*Applause.*) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. (*Disapprobation.*) I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident *can* have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to —"

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box—surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face, and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps, he exclaimed—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you; there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the

scrutiny of *one* pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against the infamous and unprincipled imposter who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did he escape from the town of Tewksbury, in a return mourning coach, with which he was accommodated by his tender hearted landlady.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding-house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewksbury, recognized the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then *in confidence* informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating "HIS ITALY" with splendid embellishments from the pencils of Stothard and Turner.

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became officiously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and *intentionally* intruded upon *by accident* in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition, a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance and to give his unbiased opinion, and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him by desire of his guests to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner; a craniologist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber thinking himself at least secure for the

present, the door being bolted; he looked towards the Malvern Hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows.

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind was always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he, therefore, bargained with some boatmen, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just as he was stepping into the boat they seized him, saying, "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast; we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate; he spoke not, but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to the metropolis as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course, after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better; and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died!

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe *oralic* acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying Ground Buildings, Padding-

ton Road. His funeral was conducted with *almost* as much decorum as if his late father the mute had been present, and he was left with

"At his head a green-grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men!

It may be feared that a tale founded on circumstances of such deep tragical interest, may be deemed too sombre for the pages of a magazine. But I could not prevail upon myself to mingle any touch of levity with a narrative so serious.

B.

## HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

(For the Parterre.)

"History is philosophy teaching by example."  
Lord Bolinbroke.

### TAXES OF THE ROMANS.

THE taxes of the Romans were most cruel and oppressive. Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, ascribes the revolt of the Britons to the excessive taxes of their invaders. "What they call governing," said the unhappy islanders, "is plunder and bloodshed; and when they have reduced a populous country to the condition of a frightful desert, they call it pacifying a province." According to Strabo, even uncultivated and desert islands were taxed; and that of Gyara, of small extent, had to pay a tribute of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. The miserable inhabitants at length sent a deputation to Augustus, praying for a remission of a third part of the tribute. The rapaciousness of the Roman governors was enormous. Marius, a governor of Africa, was accused and found guilty of cruel extortions, when he was compelled to disgorge the plunder, and condemned to banishment; but no portion of the spoil was returned to the suffering province. Juvenal lashes his countrymen for their unjust treatment of those princes who were tributary to the republic, and whom they fleeced "even to the marrow of their bones."

"Ossa vides Regum vacuis exhausta  
medullis."—*Sat. 8.*

E. M. A.

### JAMES THE FIRST.

It is difficult to account for the conduct of this miserable caricature of royalty. Hume wonders that no man

was found with a heart bold enough to attempt the destruction of Henry VIII., whose cruelties had rendered him odious. James the First was too mean an object even for the dagger of an assassin. He did not murder his subjects, but he was unmoved when he heard of any calamity that had befallen them. When the news of the massacre of the English merchants at Amboyna by the Dutch, arrived in this country, James merely sent a message to the Dutch ambassador, that he had never heard or read of a more cruel and impious act; adding, that he forgave the murderers, and hoped God would. "My son's son," said he, "shall revenge the blood, and punish the authors of the massacre." It was left, however, for Cromwell to obtain satisfaction for this horrible outrage.

E. M. A.

#### AVARICE OF THE ROMANS.

WELL might Juvenal exclaim against the "auri sacra fames," since avarice was the ruling passion among his countrymen, from the prince to the peasant. Julius Cæsar employed one of his freedmen as treasurer in Gaul. This man was soon accused of embezzlement, and, to avoid the consequences of his duplicity, he adopted the following plan to save himself. Taking Augustus to his house, he exhibited to that artful prince the heaps of gold and silver which he had obtained by violence and plunder. The astonishment of Augustus was changed into joy when he heard that the treasure had been collected for him. The wary villain thus saved himself; and the man who should have been his judge, became his accomplice! Plutarch, in his life of Marius, says that the candidates for any post in the government carried gold and silver by bushels into the Campas Martius, and openly purchased the votes of the electors; while from Suetonius we learn, that Julius Cæsar exhausted his fortune by purchasing interest to raise himself to the honours of the republic.

E. M. A.

#### EUROPEAN SAVAGES.

A passenger by the Glenalbyn steamer, which recently made the tour of the Hebrides, has published an account of the voyage in the *Scottish Guardian*. The description he has given of the behaviour and habits of the natives of St. Kilda is not a little curious. It reminds us strongly of the adventures of the early navigators among the rude and uncivilized inhabitants of the countries they

discovered. The following is an extract:—"About midnight she arrived off St. Kilda. About 4 a. m., the steamer fired off two of her cannon, the report of which aroused the natives, who issued from their dwellings like flocks of bees. As the Glenalbyn was the first steamer that ever touched at St. Kilda, its unwonted appearance, and the noise of the escaping steam combined, led the natives simultaneously to flee to the steepest crags. In a short time, however, one of the party, more courageous than the others, slowly returned, and approached the minister's house, when, after remaining for some little time, he again went back, and headed them to the beach. Many of those who landed had previously provided themselves with quantities of tobacco, cotton handkerchiefs of gay patterns, &c.; the former of which they distributed liberally amongst the men, and the latter among the matrons and maids, some of whom, upon discovering themselves to be so unexpectedly adorned, actually shed tears of exultation. The population consists of twenty-one families, or ninety-three individuals, who have never increased for the last century. Many of them marry very young, and, of course, with near relations, which may partly account for the apparent deterioration of the race. The clergyman's duties appear to be strictly confined to religious matters. The magisterial duties devolve upon the only individual in the island (with the exception of the minister) who speaks the English language, and is employed by the proprietor as ground-officer, to collect the feathers, &c. which are given by the natives in lieu of rent, and who terms himself "baron bailie." There is neither surgeon nor midwife in the island; when children are born, they are fed for the first five days upon butter dissolved in milk; and should they happen to survive that period, they are then suckled, but otherwise they of course die. It is ascertained that only one out of ten passes the age of infancy. A natural transition leads us to proceed from the birth to the death; and on the occasion of a funeral the whole population follow the body in a direct line to the place of interment; but should the death be untimely (more especially by a fall from the cliffs), then what may be termed a Roman, or perhaps an Irish howl takes place, and the natives abstain from every occupation for a period of three days. Their houses are in general built of loose stones, about five feet in height, and composed of great masses,

usually from four to six feet in thickness, thatched with straw. Before leaving, all the natives were invited on board to view the steamer, which invitation the male part of the population accepted, but declined to allow the females to accompany them. On their being taken into the cabin, its splendour overcame them to such a degree that many of them seemed inclined to kneel and worship. They asked if the ship belonged to the king, and whether or not he had any others, and if so large? But upon being informed that his majesty had vessels of four times the size, they appeared not to credit it; and several of them being shewn their images in a large mirror, started with affright,—one in particular; for on being asked if he thought that it was his brother, he became still more alarmed, and said that he never had one in his life.”

## AUTHORSHIP OF

## THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

I have been gleaning (says a writer in the *Liverpool Mercury*) in the *Quarterly Review* for 1821, and in that for October I have met with a paragraph that I think will amuse such of your readers as may not have seen it. It occurs in a review of the “Novels by the Author of Waverley.” At that time, it will be observed, the author was *unknown*. It appears rather extraordinary that the sagacity of the reviewer did not lead him to attribute the production of these celebrated novels to Sir Walter Scott himself. He seems to have been very near discovering the secret by internal evidence, and yet no suspicion is expressed, or seems to have arisen in his mind, that the two identical blunders were made by one individual. The following is the paragraph alluded to:—

“Before we quit this scene, (that is, the storming of Front de Bœuf’s castle, in Ivanhoe), we must observe that it contains an heraldic error, remarkable in itself when we consider the antiquarian knowledge of our author, and still more from its coincidence with a similar mistake in his great rival, Sir Walter Scott. The Black Knight bears what Rebecca calls, ‘a bar and padlock painted blue,’ or, as Ivanhoe corrects her, ‘a fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure,’ on a black shield; that is, azure upon sable. This we believe, as colour upon colour, to be false heraldry. Now, on the shield of Sir Walter’s Marmion, a falcon

‘Soared sable in an azure field:’

the same fault reversed. It is a curious addition to the coincidences of these two great writers, that, with all their minute learning on chivalrous points, *they should both have been guilty of the same oversight.*”

In a subsequent part of the same criticism there are two other striking allusions to Sir Walter Scott, which lead me to doubt whether the reviewer was not in possession of the secret that the “Great Unknown” was Sir Walter Scott. In the review of the *Monastery*, he says, “To one other name alone could we ascribe the poetry, so wild, so varied, and so powerful, that flows from the *White Lady*; and he is a champion who seems to have retired from the literary lists, and is suspected to see without bitter regret his proudly-earned honours matched, perhaps eclipsed, by those of his masked successor.”

The other allusion occurs in the review of *Kenilworth*, and consists of a comparison of Tressilian with Wilfred, of Rokeby, which concludes with the assertion that they are fine variations of what appears to be one conception.

## NAVAL FRAGMENTS. No. I.

## THE FRENCH FISHERMEN.

In the winter of the year 1812, the principal sea-ports of France were closely guarded by the blockading squadrons of England; and those places which were not deemed important enough to claim so large a portion of its naval force, were sufficiently watched by the smaller men-of-war, and chartered privateers, to check, almost effectually, her intercourse with the commercial world. Thus circumscribed, her traffic along the coast became proportionably important and valuable—limited to the only maritime protection she could afford. The small *chasse-marées*, deeply laden with wine from Bourdeaux, brandy from Nantz, or articles for domestic purposes from Quiberon, of a very humble description, lined the coast, sheltered by the batteries, in convoys of one, two, and three hundred sail at a time. Many, however, of the swiftest of these little vessels, eager to pursue their route, and anxious to avoid the restraint as well as the procrastinated delay to which their remaining with their comrades often subjected them, would dart along under the shade of night, or the cheering pro-



spect of a favourable breeze, and were not unfrequently becalmed in the centre of a bay which they had attempted to cross, to avoid the circuitous track *along* its margin. These were the gentry upon whom our attention was fixed, and they seldom failed to attract our lynx-eyed observation.

On a fine evening, just as the disk of the sun was sinking in the horizon, eight cutlasses, a corresponding number of pistols, six muskets, a keg of fresh water, a small proportion of rum, and a compass, were cautiously placed in the galley, a long eight-oared boat, which, from her former exploits on the coast, had often excited the admiration and terror of the trading vessels. The oars were carefully muffled, a rocket and two or three blue-lights were stowed away in the stern-sheets, and, when the warm tint of the setting sun was no longer visible, she silently pulled away from the ship in the direction of two very large *chasse-marées*, which lay becalmed a long distance from the land, with their sails helplessly flapping against the masts. On this occasion it fell to my lot to accompany my friendly monitor, Mr. Elwin, in the boat, and we pulled five miles in the direction alluded to before a single word was spoken.

As we approached the spot where the *chasse-marées* were seen becalmed, we slackened our speed, and each man in silence prepared his fire-arms. Guided by the compass, which lay at the bottom of the boat, we again pursued our course; but there was not a vestige of either vessel to be seen, although we traversed the ground over and over again, and strained our eyes to penetrate the gloom of night, until they felt like balls of fire when withdrawn. Reluctant to return to the ship without having accomplished our purpose, we pulled in for the land, thinking it not improbable that chance might favour our views. In about twenty minutes we again lay on our oars, and the last man had just swallowed his allotted portion of rum and water, when we saw, or fancied we could discern, a dark object on the verge of the horizon. We were at first disposed to imagine it one of the vessels described on our mind, but the galley accelerating her speed, soon neared the object, and each man letting his oar glide gently alongside the boat, we ranged up softly under the stern of the largest gun-vessel I ever saw. About seventy men were strewed on her deck fast asleep. An awning was spread over the

vessel, and the arms of each man lay on his right side. There was not at this moment a breath of wind in the heavens. The stars twinkled in myriads over our heads, and sparkled like diamonds on the dark surface of the tranquil sea. We lay in this extraordinary position for at least five minutes, each of our men holding his breath while he gazed intently on his sleeping enemy, with his pistol firmly grasped in his right hand. The order was at length given by a silent motion from our officer to leave the vessel, and we allowed ourselves to drift with the current, until our drowsy foe became once more a dark speck in the horizon.

It was some time before Elwin sufficiently recovered from the conflicting state of mind in which this singular scene left him, to be able to discuss its novelty with any thing like calmness. The trial to him, poor fellow, had been severe almost beyond endurance. He knew, and felt, that his promotion in the service depended on his own exertions, and he had long panted for a favourable opportunity to signalize himself. The men continued to ply their oars in silence. Not a single murmur escaped their compressed lips, although, from their unreflecting minds, something of the kind might have been expected, especially when we consider the unusual excitement they were thrown into by this extraordinary rencontre: but they knew Elwin to be brave, resolute, and undaunted; they had fought by his side upon more than one occasion; and his coolness in the moment of danger had often inspired them with confidence. At last Elwin exclaimed, as if following up the train of thought into which the strange event had thrown him, "Seventy to ten!—'twould have been madness to have aroused the slumbering foe—the odds were too much against us." And then, addressing himself to the men, he said, "Well, my lads, our next touch may give them something more to dream of." This observation reconciled us, in some measure, to our second disappointment: the men cheerfully acquiesced in the prudent decision of their leader, and the energetic tug they gave their oars evinced how fully they were prepared to move on in search of new adventures.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock: the tranquil aspect of the weather remained unchanged; there was not a passing cloud in the studded canopy of heaven to indicate a breeze; all around was

hushed in the repose of midnight. Our boat lay on the surface of the water, as motionless as the sea itself, while her crew refreshed themselves with the scanty portion of bread cheese which they had reserved from their evening meal. Elwin shared his cold beef and biscuit with me, and a small allowance of grog afforded the men an opportunity of good-humouredly drinking a quiet night's rest to their sleeping friends in the gun-boat. After indulging a hearty laugh at the novelty of the toast, they resumed the oar, and our sylph-like galley again skimmed swiftly along the margin of the deep. Whether our leader had at this moment any fixed point in view was unknown to us. I perceived from the compass that we were pulling in for the town of Rochelle; but it never once entered my head that he would venture nearer than within musket-shot of the batteries: when, however, we found ourselves within pistol-range of the enemy, the whispered admonition to the men "to row gently" convinced me how much I was mistaken, and the impulse that something was yet in reserve for us banished all conjecture from my mind.

In a few minutes we were at the entrance of the small river leading up to the town. Fortunately there was a slight surf on the pebbly beach, which drowned the measured sound of our muffled oars, and we passed the batteries without being challenged. Our little band were thus arranged: the two foremost men kept a sharp look-out ahead on either side of the narrow channel, four of the crew who occupied the centre of the boat were prepared with their fire-arms to act on the moment, and the remaining two plied their oars at lengthened intervals with noiseless accuracy. In this manner we stealthily pursued our silent course until we found ourselves within a few yards of a large sloop which lay on the outside of a tier of small vessels, the innermost one of which was secured to the quay. Elwin, who was much the tallest man in the boat, raised himself erect to reconnoitre her deck, and then beckoning to the four men in the centre, boarded her by her channels, the after-hatch being quietly laid on, over which a man was placed with a brace of pistols and a cutlass.

As if to compensate us for our former disappointment, every thing seemed to favour our enterprise: the tide was at its ebb; we knew the channel to be perfectly clear; and at the moment we cut

her moorings, and opened the folds of her single topsail, a light breeze sprang up which bore us at a rapid rate down the river. As we approached the batteries, Elwin asked me in an under tone if I could speak French; but I had scarcely replied in the negative, when two voices from either side roared out, "Qui va là?" To answer the challenge was quite out of the question, for not one of us understood a syllable of the language. Elwin motioned to us to lie down. The challenge was quickly repeated. "Répond, ou je tire!" shouted the angry sentinels; and in less than a moment, two bullets whizzed across our bow. The alarm was now spread, "Les Anglais!" resounded from one end of the harbour to the other; lights gleamed in quick succession along the shore, and shots fired at random fell harmlessly around us. We had now passed the barrier, and before the enemy could get their guns to bear on us with effect, we had receded from their aim; and as we were gliding rapidly through the water with a freshening breeze, we fancied ourselves comparatively secure, when the following accident soon undeceived us. One of the men, in handing the compass out of the boat, betrayed our only light: a mark of which the French cannoniers promptly availed themselves. In an instant we were struck by three forty-two pound shot. Our top-mast, to which was appended the only sail we had spread, fell over the bow; and a chance ball, which some say will kill the devil, nearly knocked my promotion on the head. Elwin ran to the helm, ordered the foresail and jib to be set, bore away three points, and in a few minutes we had changed our position, and were again free from the direction in which the guns of the enemy were pointed.

The batteries continued to amuse themselves for some time; and when Elwin conceived himself out of the track of the gun-boats, he directed the mainsail to be set. Up to this moment it had not occurred to us to examine the hold, although we pretty well guessed it could not contain much, from the height the vessel swam out of the water: when, therefore, the hatches were removed, nothing was visible but a heap of stones, over which were strewed some musty straw, the staves of an old empty wine cask, a few empty *marquées*, and a loose crate of pottery used by the peasantry for domestic purposes. The constant hammering which our captives kept up against the hatch that confined them to

the cabin, regardless of the unintelligible, though good-humoured threats of their sentinel, at length induced Elwin to release them; and when it was removed, a feeble old man in a white cotton nightcap crawled up the narrow aperture, followed by a fine boy, both of whom gazed at us in bewildered astonishment.

The poor fisherman who stood before us, supported his attenuated frame with his right hand leaning on the bulwark of the sloop, while his left rested on the shoulder of the little boy. He stared at Elwin; then at me; glanced his vacant eye at the men who stood on the fore part of the deck; looked over the side of the vessel, then at her mast head; and having seemingly convinced himself of the fatal truth, he despondingly exclaimed, "Hélas! mon petit-tout est perdu!" At this moment our attention was suddenly arrested by a blue-light which beautifully illumined our frigate; and as we prepared to anchor the vessel, we thought more of the venerable old man and his sorrowful exclamation than we did of our own exploit.

We had scarcely swallowed our meagre breakfast of weevilly biscuit and cocoa next morning, when our poor old captive was sent for, to be examined by the captain. His sloop lay at anchor within half a cable's length of our starboard quarter. Her sails were neatly furled, and, as if to mock the misery of the old man's feelings, she looked better than he had ever seen her before. The English union-jack hung in loose folds over a small cotton tri-coloured flag at her mast-head; and the little skiff, which had carried the old man to his cottage for more than forty years, was moored under her stern. The sea, extending along the coast from Rochelle to L'Isle Klie, was covered with fishing-boats, which were grouped together as the morning breeze had left them; and the lively songs of the fishermen might be distinctly heard, as their voices swelled over the smooth surface of the water.

Our aged prisoner was habited in the costume of his humble station: a large pair of boots, drawn loosely over his trowsers, had settled down in ample folds over the knee; a blue and white striped Guernsey frock fitted closely the upper part of his slender person, and a pea-green jacket of considerable dimensions covered his shoulders, very much in the style of a handspike in a purser's bread-bag. In the days of his youth he must have stood, at least, six feet two; but age had

materially crippled his height, and his weather-beaten features were wrinkled by time. His hair shewed itself in silvery whiteness beneath the margin of his nightcap; and he held in his shrivelled hands a ball of twine and a mesh, with which he had been mending his nets the day before. He was eighty-three years old, and his little grandson stood timidly by his side, gazing in mute astonishment at the order in which every thing was beautifully arranged on the quarter-deck.

During the examination of the old man we all listened with eager attention to every syllable that was said. The inquiry was carried on through the medium of an interpreter, one of our fore-castle men, who spoke French so fluently that, upon one occasion, when he was himself a prisoner of war, he narrowly escaped being shot for a spy. As the vessel was not worth sending to England, we all concluded she would be given back to the poor old fisherman, and I think we all hoped so; when, however, it was announced to the afflicted captive that his sloop would be set on fire that night, he clasped his hands in energy, and raising his mild eyes to heaven with an air of pious resignation, stood for some moments transfixed to the spot, as pale and as motionless as a marble statue. I cannot recollect a more painful incident in my life; and I have at this moment the meekness of the captive's attitude so strongly pencilled in my memory, that I can scarcely imagine more than twenty years have elapsed since I witnessed the event. Relaxing from his humble posture, the countenance of the old man underwent a sudden change: his features became convulsed with agony; the blood rushed to his temples, and snatching up his grandson in his arms, he held him forward as an appeal to the feelings of the captain, while he invoked a blessing on the children of the British warrior. He called on the names of his beloved wife and the father of the youth, pointed to the cottage on the beach about a mile from Rochelle, wherein he had dwelt for sixty years; and when he found that the usage of war enforced the severity of his destiny, he laid the little boy beside him, and cursed it with all the bitterness of despair.

As soon as the captain communicated with the commander-in-chief, the sloop was hauled alongside our ship and dismantled. Every article that could be made convertible to our use was taken

out of her. The almost worn-out tanned sails gladdened the sharp eye of the first lieutenant, who secured them to add to the whiteness of the quarter-deck; the fishing-nets, which had so many years provided for the wants of the old man's family, were headed up in a cask, and consigned to the charge of the boat-swain; and the purser came in for his share of the prize for fuel. In a short time nothing was left but the shell of the sloop; her planks and rafters were cut away, and at sunset she was set on fire. I could not help thinking, young as I was at the time, that the hour selected for the destruction of the old man's vessel was the most appropriate throughout the day, as the flag of England was lowered at the moment the deed was done. It blew a strong breeze out of the roadstead; and as the burning mass slowly drifted out to sea, the fisherman and his grandson sat together upon one of the carronades, watching in silence the receding speck of what had been the day before all the property he possessed in the world.

Towards midnight, all that remained visible of the sloop was a glimmering spark on the horizon, which became fainter and fainter as it receded from our view. After we lost sight of it from the deck, the little boy went up the mizen rigging, where he remained until it disappeared altogether. The assistant-surgeon, an intimate friend of mine, was my companion on watch that night, and as he understood the French language he felt a lively interest in the passing scene. When the little boy left his grandfather, to ascend the shrouds, we went up to the poor old man, who still occupied his station on the carronade. We were both struck by his appearance, and I have never seen a picture of mute despair equal to the features of the captive that night. He sat in gloomy abstraction, with his eyes intently fixed on the spot whence the last vestige of his sloop had disappeared. The attitude we found him in, he had occupied for five hours; his hands were folded on his breast, and there was a vacant stare nearly approaching to wildness in his eye, which might have been mistaken for insanity. My friend laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder; he started; the touch awakened him to a sense of his miseries. At first he shrunk from it; but the mild benevolence of my companion's features softened the bitterness of the captive's feelings; the tears unconsciously trickled down his weather-beaten

cheeks, and abandoning himself to the intensity of his grief, he wept like a child.

My friend, whose feelings were of the first order, had compassion for the old man's sufferings. It was a scene of agony which I trust I may never again witness. We gently removed him—for he suffered himself to be led passively—to a seat we had formed of some signal flags near the cabin skylight; and a little rum and water, the only nourishment he had taken all day, revived him. We sat down beside him; the night was cold and damp; a few lights glimmered along the coast; the little boy descended the rigging, and nestled himself under the lee of his grandfather. The captain's bell rang—we started: it was only to inquire if the wreck had disappeared? I answered, yes—he turned on his pillow, and fell fast asleep. *U. S. Journal.*

### HINDU TRIAL BY ORDEAL. (For the Parterre).

"THE Hindus," says an English writer, "have nine ways of trial by ordeal: first, by the balance; secondly, by fire; thirdly, by water; fourthly, by poison; fifthly, by *Côsha*, or water in which an idol has been washed; sixthly, by rice; seventhly, by boiling oil; eighthly, by red-hot iron; ninthly, by images." That of the balance is the only ceremony which differs materially from the ancient ordeals in Europe. It is thus performed:—The beam having been previously adjusted, the cord fixed, and both scales made perfectly even, the accused, and a *Pandit*, fast a whole day; the former is then bathed in sacred water; the *hóma* or *oblation* is presented to *fire*, the deities worshipped, and the accused carefully weighed. He is then taken out of the scale, before which the *Pandits* prostrate themselves, and pronounce an incantation; a piece of paper containing the accusation is then bound on his head. After a lapse of six minutes, the accused is again placed in the scale, and if found to weigh more, is adjudged not guilty; but if less, guilty. If he weigh exactly the same, the ceremony must be performed a third time, when there will be a difference. Should the balance happen to break down, the guilt of the accused is considered evident. May not the denunciation "thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," have reference to this oriental custom?

E. M. A.

## MISCELLANIES.

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THE EVILS OF PROSPERITY.

It is an everlasting truth, that man is in more danger from prosperity than from adversity. Bion being asked what was the most dangerous thing in the world; answered, "*to be most fortunate.*" "You will wisely shorten sail," says Horace to his friend Murena, "when too much swelled by a prosperous gale."

—sapienter idem  
Contrahes vento nimium secundo  
Turgida vela.

Plato thanked the gods that he had been a pupil of Socrates, who always despised Fortune and her gifts. Cicero says, that those who court fortune are more blind than fortune, who never advanced any one without reducing him again to misery. E. M. A.

## LOSS OF A CHARACTER.

THE following anecdote, which we give (says the Inverness Courier) exactly as the fact occurred, may be considered as an illustration of simplicity and integrity. A respectable farmer of Ross-shire, travelling a short distance on horseback, having occasion to cross the river Conan, found, on the banks of the stream, a young woman also desirous of getting across. She informed the farmer she was in quest of a situation, and had an excellent character from her last place. As the river was high, the good-natured farmer took the girl up behind him on his horse, and conveyed her across the water. Unfortunately, however, the written certificate of character fell out of the young woman's bosom, where she had put it for safety, and was carried off by the stream. She was in great distress at this mishap, till her kind conductor assured her that he would give her a character; and this pledge he redeemed on their arrival at a house on the opposite side, in the following brief but pithy words:—"Tenth September, 1833. These certify that the bearer, Peggy Mackenzie, lost her character this day, while crossing the river Conan with me, Andrew Munro." This very equivocal statement was given in perfect good faith and sincerity. The girl accepted it with many thanks, but was soon convinced that the honest farmer's words did not correspond with his intentions, and that she required—what is generally difficult to obtain—a new character.

## A CLENCHER.

AN American paper says, the following is one of the methods of *catching* tigers adopted in India. "A man carries a board on which a human figure is painted, as soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer, the noise arouses the tiger, when it flies in a direct line at the board, and grasps it, the man behind clenches his claws into the wood and so secures him!" M. N.

## LAW OF LOVE.

A young lawyer being very assiduous in his attentions to a lady, a wit observed "that he never heard of people making love by *attorney*;" "very true," replied the other, "but you should remember that all Cupid's votaries are *solicitors*."

M. N.

## IMPERIAL GRATITUDE.

As the Emperor Basilius Meredo was exercising himself in hunting, a sport in which he took great delight, a stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of its horn in the Emperor's girdle, and dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life. A gentleman of the retinue instantly drew his sword, and cutting the Emperor's girdle asunder, disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person: but observe the reward—he was sentenced to death, for putting his sword so near the person of the Emperor, and suffered accordingly.

## THE PHYSICIAN AND THE LAWYER.

THERE is a strong characteristic and professional difference between a physician and a lawyer. The physician has intercourse with affliction, with pain, with death; his voice is naturally attuned to mildness and gentleness; his step is light and quiet; his face is susceptible of a look of sympathy; he has to do with humanity in its feebleness, to listen to the complaints of the suffering, to bear with the moans of the distressed; it is part of his business, to be and to look amiable; who can speak unkindly to the dying? A brute of a doctor is a brute indeed!—But a lawyer deals with rogues, parchments, and subtleties; he aids and abets men in their deepest and deadliest struggles; he comes in contact with humanity when its covetousness is rampant, when its revenge is craving, when its passions and its thoughts converse with living interests, and when antipathy is most strongly developed. Therefore he has a keen eye, a ready skill, a bold

and blustering confidence of manner; he is professionally hard-hearted, however constitutionally kind he may be.

#### ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

ONE of the happiest repartees of Voltaire is said to have been made to an Englishman, who had previously been on a visit to the celebrated Haller, in whose praise Voltaire enlarged with great warmth, extolling him as a great poet, a great naturalist, and a man of universal attainments.—The Englishman answered that it was very handsome in Monsieur de Voltaire to speak so well of Monsieur Haller, inasmuch as he, the said Monsieur Haller, was by no means so liberal to Monsieur de Voltaire. "Alas!" (said Voltaire with an air of philosophic indifference) "I dare to say we are both of us very much mistaken!"

#### MARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.

A few days since, a gentleman was travelling through Northamptonshire, when the guard of the coach pointed out the spot where the battle of Naseby was fought. "There sir," said he, there's where Charles the Second was killed!"—"Charles the *Second!*" exclaimed the traveller, wondering what would follow, and affecting ignorance of the fate of the first monarch of that name, "You mean Charles the *First?*"—"Oh no, sir," replied the guard, assuming an air of importance at the bare thought of his accuracy being doubted; "I'm sure it was Charles the Second, for I know a man who comes from that place!" G. T.

#### A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.

ARTHUR MOOR, Esq. one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the time of Queen Anne, who was afterwards proscribed for malversation, and excepted out of the Act of Grace in 1717, was married to a lady who happened to be a violent politician, but always in opposition to her husband. This lady being once in company with Lord Bolingbroke, his Lordship, alluding to the humour then prevailing of impeaching some members of the preceding administration, of whom he was one, said, "Madam, I hope that you will favour me with your company to Tower-hill, on the day that I am to be beheaded." To which she immediately replied, "I assure you, my Lord, I should be very glad to wait upon you on such an occasion, but I am afraid that I shall be obliged on that day to attend my man to Tyburn."

#### ROYAL SIGNATURES.

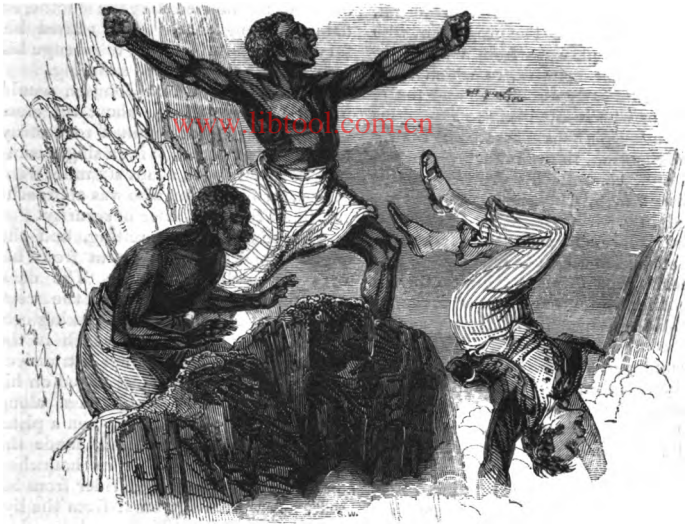
THE late king signed many papers when he was blind. It was curious to see the George R. sometimes begun without ink in the pen, sometimes ending without it, and at others running off the paper. It has been mentioned, that Henry the Eighth in his latter days had a stamp to sign with. The reason was, that he was so fat he could not write: he could not bring his hands properly down upon the paper. We are to fancy him turning himself, as a turtle might do with its fin, and stamping as the swing would let him: or the paper was brought beside him, and adjusted to his hand. It was in this state the tyrant signed his jealous order for the deaths of the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the gallant Earl of Surrey, the poet: the latter of which unfortunately took place.

#### PHRENOLOGY.

A devoted disciple of Spurzheim told a gentleman, the "bumps" of whose cranium he had diligently examined, that the organ of "*locality*" was peculiarly prominent. "Very likely;" replied the other, "I was many years in the *local militia*."

#### FLINT SOUP.

THE four mendicant orders of the church of Rome carried the art of beggary to the highest perfection. One of these holy beggars was accustomed, in traversing Normandy, to demand a dinner of a poor farmer; but upon one occasion had the misfortune to arrive when the farmer and his wife were occupied in their grounds, and having carried their dinner with them, had left the cupboard bare. The friar was hungry, and hunger is ingenious. Addressing the eldest of the three children, a girl of eight years, he asked her if she had ever seen flint soup? "No, father," replied she, with gaping mouth of curiosity. "Bring me a good round fat pebble."—Soon found.—"And the small soup kettle full of water." Placed on the fire, and the pebble amidst.—"Our pot begins to boil; perhaps you have a cabbage in the garden?"—"Yes, father, and carrots."—A good child; bring some. "No bread?"—"No, but there is a little flour."—"Good, good." After a long pause, "Perhaps you could find a little morsel of butter?"—"Yes, father, for I did not eat it all."—"My dear, we shall have an excellent flint soup." It was indeed, an excellent soup meagre, and the friar desired that the pebble might be preserved for another occasion.



P. 226.

## THE SLAVE'S REVENGE.

A TALE.

(For the Parterre).

[The following tale is founded upon circumstances that happened at no very distant period in the island of Jamaica, and which the writer imagines can be easily traced through the mask necessarily imposed on them, by any one acquainted with the original facts].

THE colony of Jamaica is divided by a tremendous mountain ridge, which traverses the whole island, and separates its two principal towns.\* The road which connects Spanish Town with the residence of the sovereign's representative, is of the most grand and romantic character. Cut by manual labour from the solid rock, it traces its path now at the base of some giant mount, which frowns above in towering grandeur; then at the edge of some tremendous precipice, into whose capacious bosom the streams from

the surrounding hills pour their fluid bodies with impetuous force, and dashing against the rocks which line the chasm, send upwards a splendid cloud of spray, which shuts from the gazer's eye the full depth of the terrible descent. To one of these, negro superstition has ascribed the rather awful name of "Devil's Cave;" and the passenger who looks down from his dizzy elevation, into the apparently boundless depth, may, without much stretch of imagination, fancy it to be the true passage to the infinite abyss. On the verge of this dreadful chasm the road, or ledge of rock, is so very narrow, that the start of his horse, even a false tread, would hurl the luckless traveller into eternity; and yet habitude has destroyed the idea of danger, and its passage is made at all hours and seasons, without fear or concern.

The estate of Algoa, which numbered on its plantations five hundred slaves, is situated at the commencement of this ascent, on the side of Spanish Town. It was the property of a gentleman, who, receiving it as an inheritance, had never seen or wished to see this source of his wealth, but had left the care of his slaves to the tyranny of an overseer. It is to

\* The whole ridge bears the name of "Mont Diablo."

this that the distresses of the negroes, in a country which teems with fertility, and upon whose face Nature has spread her beauties in wild and bounteous profusion, are mainly owing. The proprietor, who derives more pleasure from a residence in the mother country, to which he is endeared by early association and ties of family, or who is unwilling to expose his constitution, perhaps enervated by luxury and dissipation, to the influence of a tropical sun, commits his property to the hands of men, whose sole interests are vested in their salaries; and who frequently, elevated from the lowest state of dependence, abuse their new and strange authority, and exercise their tyranny in proportion to the meanness of their former state. Johnson, the Algoa overseer, had been raised from a servile station by his employer, on whose kindness and notice he had thrust himself, and had been further advanced by him to this place of trust. Unlimited power over five hundred fellow creatures roused his latent feelings of tyranny, which glowed more fiercely from their long restraint. Each day witnessed a repetition of the lash, and heard the cries of the wretched sufferers, whose anguish but sharpened his inhuman appetite, and gave zest to his cruelty.

Among the slaves was an African, whose parents had been snatched by the cruel hand of power from their native land, and had left as a legacy to their offspring, hatred to their white oppressors, and that crafty cunning, which is natural to the Negro character. This man had, by some misfortune, incurred the dislike of his overseer, who visited on him the slightest fault with terrible severity. He had long groaned under the lash of this heartless tyrant—had murmured with his fellows—had cursed with them his oppressor, and cherished in his bosom the prospect of vengeance, which only wanted opportunity and circumstance to heighten to certainty. He had a wife, who had caught the eye of the ruthless monster, to whose licentious appetite the infamous morals of the country afforded a terrible example, and a ready encouragement. Saba was drafted to another property, and the triumph of the overseer was complete.

The bad state of moral feeling leads that degraded female class to imagine, that honour is attached to their infamous intercourse with the whites; and the exemption from labour, which their master's partiality secures, is a strong incentive to the delusion. Saba had borne unflinchingly the lash—his scarred flesh

had quivered beneath its daily infliction—he had murmured, but not resisted; but this was a spark, to light up in the breast of the injured slave the smothered flame of vengeance. This roused his fury, and determined him to revenge his own and his companions' suffering.

Saba had heard that Johnson would pass the mountain ridge about the close of day, and he determined to destroy him on his passage. With a single companion he laid wait, about six miles from Algoa, for his victim, who was approaching in all the confidence of security.

The sun was just setting, and the night would soon have shut from his eyes surrounding objects. The dark clouds which were spread in the west, like a mantle to receive the sinking orb, gave promise of a storm, which in the tropics is neither a mild nor a transient visitor. Johnson had just urged on his horse through the bushy pass, along which he was proceeding, when a pistol discharged before his head, made the startled animal recoil on its haunches, and hurl his unprepared rider from his seat. A wild shout burst from the lips of the successful African as he rushed with a malicious grin upon his prostrate prey. The cowardly wretch entreated for the mercy which he knew he deserved not, and his shrieks of terror and vain implorings for life, were re-echoed as if in mockery by the hills. The negroes bore their victim to the verge of the "Devil's Cave." He guessed their purpose, and in the agony of his despair made the most extravagant promises for the safety of his life. They enjoyed his terrors, and mocked his entreaties; and seeing all hope from supplication vain, he tried resistance; but the grasp of an injured husband bound his limbs, and baffled his utmost exertions; and with Herculean strength Saba hurled him into the yawning gulf—a shrill cry burst from the lips of the overseer as he descended—then all was still, and the murderers departed to their huts.

Johnson was soon missed: from his known cruelty, it was suspected that he had been destroyed by the Algoa negroes, and a reward was offered for the discovery of the murderers. The companion of Saba, tempted by the offer, upon a promise of pardon, disclosed the whole transaction. Saba was arrested, tried, and found guilty upon his associate's evidence, and condemned to death. The morning after the passing of the sentence, was witness to his execution,



and numbers of the slaves thronged the approach to the scaffold.

The prisoner advanced with dauntless air through the crowd, assembled from pity, curiosity, or malice. His eye wandered through the groups, as if seeking some old acquaintance, from whose friendship he would so soon be separated—perhaps to impart his last wishes, or receive the approbation of his conduct. He seemed to search in vain; and with deep dejection in his look, he was on the point of ascending the fatal ladder, each step of which would conduct him nearer to destruction, when suddenly uttering a shrill cry, he darted towards a solitary slave, who, impelled by an unfortunate curiosity, had come to witness the execution. It was the informer,—it was the man to whose treachery Saba was about to become a victim. The wretched betrayer had seen the movement, and foreboding the cause, had attempted to escape vengeance by flight. In an instant he was prostrate on the earth, beneath the grasp of his powerful and injured foe, who drawing from his carelessly examined garments a concealed knife, plunged it into his heart. In another instant Saba had been seized, and led to the death which awaited him: he mounted the scaffold with a proud consciousness of having achieved a glorious object,\* and his features were brightened with a smile of satisfaction. The cord was adjusted, the signal given, and this unfortunate victim of tyranny and revengeful passion ceased to exist.

S. ROBERT DUNBAR.

## NAVAL FRAGMENTS.—No. II.

### THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

WHEN I returned to the quarter-deck, I found the officer of the middle watch waiting to relieve me; but my thoughts were so much engrossed with the expected story of the fisherman, which he promised to narrate to us before I went down to the captain, that, instead of going to my hammock, I reseat myself in a coil of rope close to the mizen-mast; and after we had each of us taken a glass of grog to keep the cold out, the old man began his story thus:—

“Were I to go back, gentlemen, to 1729, the year in which I was born, I

\* Souls made of fire and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue.—YOUNG.

should probably speak of events in which, at this distant period, you cannot feel much interest, especially as they relate to the history of an humble French fisherman. It will, however, astonish you to hear that my ancestors were English; and little did our progenitors think, when, after the capture of Rochelle, they were induced to remain there, that the welfare of their children would be for ever blasted by the cold-blooded, unnatural decree of their own country. At the age of five-and-twenty I married the daughter of a respectable innkeeper of Rochelle, and with our small capital I purchased the sloop, of which there does not now remain the shadow of a shade. She was all we possessed in the world, and well and faithfully she served our purposes for a period of sixty years! We had five children—three boys and two girls; but they all died in their infancy, except the youngest, who was the father of my little boy here; and he was taken away from me in my old age, to fight under the banner of the Emperor. ‘Vive l’Empereur! mon fils!’—‘Vive l’Empereur! Vive Napoléon!’” responded the boy, as he drew from his bosom the little cotton tri-coloured flag, which, in the bustle of the day, had escaped the observation of every one else. I will not attempt, at this distant period, to describe the powerful effect which this little incident had upon the old man: he caught his grandson in his arms, clasped him with energy to his bosom, and it was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to renew his narrative.

“The father of this boy, gentlemen, was, ten years ago, the finest looking man I ever beheld. He was tall, athletic, and vigorous. He had the strength of a lion, with the docility of a lamb. My child,” said the old man as the tear glistened in his eye, “was both brave and generous. Mais hélas, messieurs — We carried on our humble occupation together, with every prospect of happiness. During the summer we helped to supply the market of Rochelle with the produce of our labour, and in the winter our sloop brought wine from Bourdeaux. We were one evening seated, after the toil of the day, upon a rude bench, which he constructed in the front of our cottage, when the fatal mandate arrived which made my only child a conscript. His wife—poor Annette!—was getting our evening meal ready; alas! poor thing, it was the last she ever prepared for us—they

took her husband away from her, and she died that night in giving birth to this boy.

“For sixty years everything had gone on so smoothly with me, that I was ill prepared, in my old age, to stand this blow—I felt it rankling at the very core of my heart. My cottage looked sad and mournful—my sloop looked deserted, and in sorrow I prayed to be taken to the grave where my daughter lay. But Providence willed it otherwise. After days and weeks of restless disquietude, I suddenly resolved on going to Paris. The Emperor, said I, is generous—he will hear the prayer of an old man, and restore his son to him. This idea gave me the energy of youth. I travelled to Paris on foot; and there the scene of bustle which everywhere met my astonished eye, lulled for a moment my resentment and my sorrow. It was just before the battle of Austerlitz. The boulevards were thronged with the gaudy equipages of the rich and powerful. Peers, councillors, and senators were crowding to the palace, to make their homage to the Emperor. Praise and adulation re-echoed from every street and square in the capital; and the military energies of France were in full preparation for war. Hurried along—I knew not whither—by the impetuous rush of the multitude, I found myself in the Champ de Mars, where thousands of the finest looking troops in the world were assembling amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the Parisians. In vain I cast my searching eyes along the ranks—my boy was nowhere to be seen. A sudden and convulsive movement announced the approach of the Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations. The countless multitude rushed simultaneously towards the post of honour. I was carried along with it—resistance was vain; and scarcely knowing what would become of me, I raised my eyes, and discovered my son in the body-guard of Napoleon. With the energy and vigour of my early days I made an effort to get near him, and at the moment he seemed within my grasp, I was borne away in another direction by a counter movement of the crowd. I called upon the name of my son, but my feeble cry was lost in the deafening shouts of ‘Vive l’Empereur!’

“Again the stream took another course, and I found myself within a few yards of the Emperor. My despairing cry of ‘Mon fils!’ opened me a passage—it caught Napoleon’s ear; he turned

round; I rushed forward, and throwing myself at his feet, besought him to restore my son to my arms.

“‘France,’ said Napoleon, ‘has need of all her sons. Grieve not, old man. These,’ he added, extending his hand towards the magnificent array before him—‘these are all my children!’ The air was rent with shouts of ‘Vive l’Empereur! Vive Napoléon!’ Overcome with grief, I turned from the Champ de Mars, and wandered to an obscure hostelrie at the other end of the town. The hopes which had sustained me on my journey were shattered, and I felt my frame sinking under the weight of my miseries. My child, my only child, was on the eve of quitting France. The glory of our country was to be purchased only by oceans of her blood. In my heart I cursed the ambition which robbed every cottage of its children—the wife and mother of her protector—the aged and infirm of their support.

“Slowly and in sadness I traced my feeble steps back to my home; but how changed was its aspect!—no longer the abode of contentment and happiness—no more, after our anxious toil upon the deep, was the glad song of the fisherman to enliven our frugal meal—no more the lively voice of our poor Annette to cheer us after the peril of some stormy day. Still I would not despair,—my little boy tied me to life. I looked forward with anxious hope to the return of his soldier-father, and joyed in my anticipations of presenting him his son. During my absence, my boy contrived, with a touch of paint, to make our old sloop look well again; he had, moreover, mended our nets: and, encouraged by the good example my child set me, I renewed my daily occupation.

“Thrice only did I hear of Jerome. Shortly after the glorious day of Austerlitz, when the star of our Emperor shone forth in all its magic brilliancy, I received the first tidings of my boy: he had distinguished himself on that bloody but memorable field—he had drawn upon himself the notice of his commanding officer, and was promoted. After an interval of some months, again I heard of his increasing fortune. Little did the Emperor consider, when he presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honour, that this was the soldier whom the poor old fisherman claimed of him in the Champ de Mars. These glories, gentlemen, raised my heart within me. Did not Ney, Davoust, and Lannes,

said I, rise from the ranks? and may not the humble fisherman live to see his son a general—a marshal of France!

“Alas! alas!—Honour and rank lead but to death. In the next battle—fired by the praise he had received, stimulated by ambition—my boy was foremost in the fight, and fell—covered, said the letter I received, covered with glory.

“It was then I felt in all its force the vanity of my aspirations. Humbled though I was, and little as I had to bind me to this world, I struggled to suppress my grief; and many a long winter's night, when the pitiless storm has dashed against the casements of my cottage, have I exerted myself to conceal the sorrows of my aching heart. *Le bon Dieu* has left me, said I, in this boy, the image of my child—for him shall my grief be forgotten—for him will I labour on; and for his sake have I continued to stem the tide of my affliction. But I felt the infirmities of age creeping on me; I had no longer the manly assistance of my son to lessen the dangers to which the appearance of your squadron exposed me. I could no longer venture, as we used to do, along the coast with the boldness and freedom of an expert mariner. My little voyages were protracted; my sloop, like myself, was almost worn out; and upon one occasion, a cannon shot from that black schooner of yours,\* struck us on our starboard bow, tore away our bulwark, and nearly deprived me of my boy. Yesterday morning we returned to Rochelle with a cargo of wine; the old sloop almost knew her way along the coast; and I had made up my mind, if God spared me my life, to work for my boy, until I earned enough to purchase a small *chasse-marée* for him. By that time I hoped he would be man enough to manage a vessel of his own, and his poor old grandfather might then sink in quietness to his grave.

“Mais, l'homme propose et Dieu dispose!—the event of last night has withered all my hopes. I have seen my poor old sloop—my friend, my companion for sixty years—broken, unmercifully broken to pieces, and her shattered remains burnt to the water's edge. 'Twas a sad sight, gentlemen, for an old man of eighty-three years to behold; and as the timbers crackled in the blaze, I thought my poor heart would break from its feeble tenement! and now what am I?—a broken-down captive in the hands of a powerful enemy.”

The old man checked himself; he

\* H.M.S. Arrow.

seemed to feel that his grief was hurrying him into expressions which he should not give utterance to; and raising his eyes, he touched his cap in silence, as an atonement for what he had already said. The recital of his simple narrative seemed to be a relief to his mind, and he thanked us with a modesty I shall never forget, for our kindness in listening to it.

To sleep that night was out of the question—in fact we had not much time to think of it, as it struck seven bells (half past three o'clock) just as the fisherman finished his story, and we were in one of those smart frigates the regulations of which obliged us to turn out of our hammocks every morning at five bells, just allowing those who had the middle watch a two hours' restless nap, amidst the almost suffocating fumes of the finer particles of sand which enveloped them from the dry, holy, stoned deck. I thought a good deal of the French fisherman; and my reflections carried me with delightful rapidity from the dark cockpit to the command of a noble frigate: I imagined myself in all the pomp of power and authority, looking with benign compassion on the sorrows of the poor old captive. I thought of the happiness I should feel in restoring to him the remnant of his property; in fact my aspirations carried me so far, that I actually dozed off into the visionary idea of being a post-captain, and to complete the fabric of my dream I was one of the finest post-captains in the service; when the hoarse voice of the master-at-arms, who shook my hammock until he almost shook me out of it, roared out, “Past five bells, Sir!” I then discovered I was but a younker. I had scarcely dropped into another nap—for I generally stood a second call—when the voice of the quarter-master roused me: “The first-lieutenant wants you on the quarter-deck, Sir.” I gave a spring from my hammock in right good earnest. Such a summons, and at such a time, boded nothing good; instead of looking forward to what I would have done in my dream, I looked back to what I had left undone in my waking moments; but my thoughts were too confused to take a distinct glimpse of anything retrospective. Dressing myself with amazing alacrity, for a second call in this case was quite out of the question, I was on the quarter-deck with the speed of lightning, when, to my horror, the first objects that met my eye were the signal-flags we had used the night before, lying in disorder abaft the mizen-mast; an empty black-jack; scraps of cheese and biscuit, and my Britannia-

metal tooth-cup—the sorry remnants of our middle watchers. The first-lieutenant, to do him justice, never passed over the delinquency of the youngsters; and I verily believe that one or two mast-headings in the morning sharpened his appetite for his breakfast. On the present occasion, he eyed me with a malicious grin, which had more of pleasure than reproof in it, and to give my midnight frolic its full effect, had given strict orders that the flags should not be touched. Habit had accustomed us to each other; that is to say, I knew my man; for I walked quietly to the Jacob's ladder, and slowly ascended the rigging to the main top-mast head, while he called out "Four hours, younker."

This sudden transition somewhat cooled the enthusiasm of my dreaming lucubrations, especially when I thought of the assistant surgeon, who lay snugly shrouded in his hammock, whilst I was trying the difference of the temperature between the cockpit and the mast-head. The moment the first-lieutenant descended to breakfast, I took the immediate liberty of descending also; and calculating the exact time he would take to masticate his hot roll—which, by the by, I had learnt on former occasions to estimate to a nicety—I ascended again, and had just resumed my elevated post when he returned to the quarter-deck. His first glance was at the mast-head. He called me down. "Well, youngster," said he, "have you recovered the effects of your middle watcher?" "I have," said I, rather meekly. "Very well; you may go down to your breakfast."

The worst part of the affair was, however, to come. The first-lieutenant had ordered the midshipman's black-jack to be thrown overboard, and the offender must be punished. I was tried by a court-martial, fined six for one, and received a feeling mark of the caterer's striking propensities, which again convinced me of the fallacy of my dream.

At twelve o'clock a boat with a flag of truce left the ship, under the command of my friend Mr. Elwin, with the fisherman and his son. I ran up to the main-top with my telescope, that I might uninterruptedly watch their progress to the land. A crowd of fishermen collected round the old man's cottage, as soon as they observed the boat leave our ship; but when they perceived she was pulling in towards the town, they all hastened to welcome the old man's arrival; and at two o'clock he was restored to his aged wife, a heart-broken bankrupt.

*U. S. Journal.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTESS.

BY C. STUART.

"I was bred a lady, and must have my state through the prejudice of education."  
*Inconstant, Ins.*

ON the 4th of October, 1829—I love to be particular in dates—a coach and six drew up before the shop of the well-known jeweller, M——, Rue St. Honoré. The equipage was covered with a profusion of gilding and heraldic devices, and the liveries of the footmen indicated high rank in the possessor. The steps being adjusted, a lady, splendidly dressed, descended, and entered the shop, where all the attendants, and even M—— himself, were profuse in their attentions—anticipating every look and sign, and displaying before her the most costly diamonds and *pierreries*.

The lady, with the most lofty nonchalance, selected jewels to the amount of about five thousand pounds, which were immediately placed in a casket by the obsequious attendants, when, handing her purse to the jeweller, he found it contained a sum, somewhat exceeding three thousand pounds, and short of the requisite amount. The lady, with many graceful apologies, and a momentary flush of vexation, begged pardon for the mistake—desired M—— to lay the parcel by until she should call again with the money, and giving her name as the Comtesse de L——, departed with all the ceremony and splendour that marked her first appearance.

The coach passed up the Rue St. Honoré, in the direction of the Barrière Neuilly, turned by the Place de Louis Quinze, and finally stopped at the house of a celebrated physician in the Rue de Rivoli. The lady alighted here, and was shewn into the presence of the well-known Docteur N——, who, arising from his seat at a table covered with anatomical preparations, saluted her with his usual courtesies, and begged to know why he was honoured with this unexpected visit.

The lady, assuming an air of settled melancholy, replied, "I can hardly command my feelings, to tell you the cause of my unhappiness. My dear husband, the Comte de L——, during the early years of our marriage, was all that a fond wife could desire; my slightest word, hint, or sign was sufficient inducement for him to obtain any object of my wishes; but latterly the scene has changed," (here her voice became nearly inarticulate through grief,) "he has become

moody, sullen, and reserved; at times breaking forth into violent fits of rage without any apparent cause, thus making my life a perpetual scene of misery—in short, dear doctor, I more than suspect he is touched with insanity, and it is on his account that I now visit you, to obtain your advice, which I consider of more weight than that of any other member of the profession.” (here the doctor, much flattered, made a low, disclaiming bow), “especially as the dreadful secret has been concealed from all his family, not even his brothers and sisters having the slightest intimation of it.

“The following circumstance, doctor, has especially influenced my present visit. My dear husband, the *compte*, wishing to support the honour of his house, sent me last spring to the noted jeweller M—, Rue St. Honoré, with a *carte blanche*, to select ornaments to wear at the approaching festival. I at first hesitated; but finally, urged by his earnest protestations, went to-day, and chose a few to a trifling amount, more to please him than myself; as he delights, the dear *Compte*,” (here the lady sobbed), “in seeing me splendidly dressed and supporting my rank. But, from the many similar instances I have observed, I have not the least doubt, that, on being reminded of the fact, he will pretend utter incredulity, and on being assured of its truth, burst into those terrible paroxysms, which but too clearly indicate the cause of his disorder. Therefore, dear doctor, favour me with your best—kindest advice—and—and—excuse the feelings of a wife;” (here the lady applied her handkerchief to her face, and was silent).

The doctor, crossing his leg, and supporting his chin upon his gold-headed cane, began to cogitate, with his eyes half-closed, and his body inclining forward at an angle of forty-five degrees. “Hum—madame, confine him—yes, madame, we must—a clear case, madame—the humours, which, had they been pituital or salivary, would have been expectorated, having become sanguineous and melancholic, have retrograded upon the cerebellum—hem—m—and, collecting within the parietal developments, have partially obtunded the organ of memory, and occæcated the mental perceptions—yes, madame—water-gruel and flagellation”—(here the lady’s tears redoubled), “beg pardon, madame, tell the worst—always best—what says Galen? ‘Non decipiendum sed monendum;’ but excuse me, madame, while I make the necessary preparations.”

So saying, he arose, rung a bell, and

directed his valet to see his chariot at the door, and to order Jean, le porteur, and François, le cocher, to attend him immediately; “and, hark’ee,” said he in an under tone, “tell them to bring all my apparatus des lunatiques, dépechez, and let them follow in my chariot. I will avail myself of the carriage of the comtesse,” (the lady made a bow of acknowledgment), “and be careful to remain in the ante-room till I call aloud.”

The servant retired, and in a few minutes announced every thing ready. The doctor entered the carriage of the comtesse; his own chariot followed at a short distance behind. During the ride, he used every argument to assuage the grief of the lady, which would burst forth at times with increased vehemence, until the honest *médecin* himself, hardened as he was to the details of his profession, became affected by sympathy. It seemed as if every tranquil moment only added to the violence of the succeeding paroxysm.

Passing down the Rue St. Honoré, they reached the jeweller’s, M—, before mentioned, when the lady pulled the string of the coach and alighted. Upon entering the shop, she desired M— to take the packet of jewels, and accompany her in the coach, assuring him of his pay as soon as she reached the hotel of the comte, adding, with a fascinating smile, that he could have no apprehensions, since the jewels were still in his keeping. The jeweller, with a low obeisance of flattered vanity, took the parcel into his hands, insisted upon handing Madame la comtesse into the coach, sprang in himself, and the coachman snapping his whip, the equipage rolled magnificently down the Rue St. Honoré.

After a drive of a mile and a half, and crossing the Boulevards, they stopped at a splendid hotel in the Place du Trône, celebrated in history as the site of the Bastille. The jeweller, with his packet, alighted first, then the doctor, and lastly the comtesse. The doctor making a sign to his myrmidons, they remained in the hall, while the lady ushered the jeweller and doctor into an ante-room, until the *compte* should be apprised of the arrival of his visitors. After a short interval, she returned, and directed them to follow her. Ascending a splendid flight of stairs, she pointed them to the apartment of the comte, at the same time receiving from the jeweller the package of diamonds, hinting to him to present his bill to the comte, who was ready to satisfy him.

Upon entering the room, an elegant *chambre carrée*, they found a fashionably dressed gentleman, engaged in writing at an *escritoire*. He arose at their approach, and seemed to regard them with a look of astonishment.

"Symptoms to a hair!" ejaculated the doctor, in an under tone.

"To what am I indebted," said the comte, "for the honour of this visit?"

"I believe I am addressing the Comte de L——," said the doctor.

"The same," replied he, with a slight bow.

"My name is N——," rejoined the doctor, after a pause.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you," said the comte.

To be so coolly and sensibly received by a madman, was a circumstance beyond the doctor's comprehension; the comte shrunk not from his fixed gaze, which, from custom immemorial, has been known to enthrall the insane, nor did any "gaucheries" betray the "compression of his cerebellum." However, the doctor determined to persevere until some symptom should manifest itself, to justify calling in his *posse comitatus*.

"Were you never—that is to say—have you never been—hem—Monsieur le Comte—afflicted with a violent vertigo, or headache, proceeding from—a—hem—pressure of the cerebral particles? indeed, sir, you look pale—let me feel your pulse—there it is—unsteady—tremendous acceleration! ah!"

"Sir!" replied the comte, who had yielded his hand in passive astonishment, "your language is entirely incomprehensible—explain yourself, sir, or I shall order my servants to shew you the door."

"Now don't be getting warm," replied the doctor, coolly, delighted at what he thought unequivocal symptoms; "don't fly into a passion; we all know your situation; a little touched," (pointing to his head), "just as your wife, the comtesse, said—very sensible at times," (aside to the jeweller).

"My wife?" almost gasped the comte, "this is beyond all endurance! I have no wife—and, sir, let me tell you—"

"Poor man—poor man—just as she said—forgets his nearest friends and relations. I suppose, then, M. le Comte, you do not remember the jewels you ordered for the comtesse against the coming *fête*, of M. M——? nor your repeated solicitations against her will? nor—"

"*Mon dieu! que deviendrai-je?*" almost yelled the comte, leaping up and throwing down his chair in his fury, as the jeweller advanced obsequiously,

with his bill, a foot long, in his left hand, making a sweeping courtesy with his right.

"Now, now," said the doctor, first in a deprecating, then in a violent tone, as the incensed comte approached him, "you had better be quiet—all ready to seize you in the ante-chamber;" then, as he rushed to the bell and rung it furiously—"no use—servants know your situation—won't come."

And the comte, fairly exhausted by passion, sunk into a chair.

"By what authority do you invade my house? and who are you?" he exclaimed.

"You'll know soon enough—got 'em outside—strait-jacket and all—here!" cried the doctor, stamping his foot.

The men stationed without, burst in with cords, canvas, and all the apparatus for confining lunatics, and made a rush upon the astonished comte, who, at the moment of their entrance, drew a concealed pistol and fired it at the doctor. The ball grazed the left side of his head, carried off a curl of his periwig, and so jarred his "cerebral developments," that he fell completely stunned.

The rest rushed upon the defenceless comte, and overpowered him. They then slipped a strait-jacket upon him, and bound his legs with ropes, preparatory to carrying him to the doctor's *maison de santé*.

The doctor himself recovered immediately from the stunning effects of the shot, and superintended the operations with all professional precision, "bearing," he said, "no ill to the *pauvre comte* for what he did, *mente non compote*, and labouring under a mental plethora of sensibility."

But the cries of the comte were loud and long; he roared, foamed, and grinned at the benevolent doctor, and was in a fair way to occupy a cell in any *maison de santé* with due lunatic propriety, when the neighbours and passers by, alarmed at his outrageous cries, poured into the chamber from all quarters, and among them his intimate friends, the Duc de C—— and the Vicomte de S——.

"On seeing them, the comte suddenly burst into tears, and entreated them to free him from his confinement, assuring them of his sanity of mind in such convincing terms, that the vicomte could hardly be restrained from drawing his sword, and making an example of the doctor on the spot.

"*Ecoutez moi, donc! Ecoutez moi!*" was all the terrified man of physic could utter.

His story was told—the jeweller's coincided—but where was the lady?—and the casket?—

\* \* \* \* \*

About two years afterwards, I made an official visit to the *conciérgerie*, to attest the dying confession of a female, who had been arrested by the police as an agent of the Carlists, and had taken poison at the moment of apprehension. She was evidently sinking fast, and yet her eyes seemed to grow more lustrous, and her speech more articulate and pathetic, as the lividness of death overspread her beautiful countenance. There was a wild and fearful energy in her manner, as if she dreaded that life would fail ere she could unburden her conscience of its secret load.

She began—"My name is Madeline Alaine, otherwise Jeanne Patignon, otherwise the *Comtesse de L—*."

#### CASTIGATIONES.—No. 1.

(For the Parterre).

It has been jocosely remarked, that *Editors* are not creatures of flesh and blood, and that they have no sympathies.—We think otherwise.

The Editors of our Magazines are not deficient in sense and judgment; but their good-feeling is sometimes indulged at the expense of their readers. How else may we account for the strange articles which now and then find a place among first-rate contributions?

In the New Monthly Magazine for October, there is a paper headed "*Recollections of the Author of Waverley*," the reading of which filled us with special wonder. The writer, once (if the whole story be not a fabrication,—and we should be sorry to say it is) paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, who treated him with great condescension and kindness. His guest, soon after, sent the illustrious author an antique ring, and received in return a most gracious letter, from which the following is said to be an extract:—

"Allow me to assure you how much I am obliged for the ring you sent me, and flattered by the accompanying note. I think with you, that the head on the stone is a Julius Cæsar, as the date, illegible as it is (!) farther convinces me."

Now we can only say, that if Sir Walter did write such egregious nonsense as this, the publication of it in a popular Magazine, ought to operate for ever as a warning to great men who suffer small people to creep into their confidence. But it is hardly possible to

believe that Sir Walter did write it. How could one so well versed in mediæval antiquities be so ignorant of those of an earlier date, as to be in doubt about the remarkable portrait of the great dictator? Why there is scarcely a school-boy who would fail to identify it. Then, as to the date, every body the least versed in antiquities knows that dates, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, are not found even upon Roman coins, except on one or two remarkable ones. As to dates upon gems of the description sent by the writer to Sir Walter, the thing is too absurd to need a single remark here.

The writer then goes on to inform us, that he paid a visit to Melrose Abbey, where "a raven" had built her nest in the ruins, her young ones disturbing the silence of the sacred place with their "screaming."\* On this, we have only to remark, for ravens, read jackdaws; but the raven, the crow, the rook, and the jackdaw, are always confounded together by cockneys; and the writer is one of that tribe, as will be further seen.

The paper goes on to state, that the writer, in the autumn of 1828, joined a shooting party at Abbotsford; and that, though he could not boast of being a crack shot, he nevertheless went out with shot-belt and double-barrelled gun, (how imprudent to trust such a man with firearms!) as if actually bent on slaughter. Well, the fowling-piece of one of the party (perhaps it was the gentleman's own piece which he was *trailing* after him on full cock, in the usual manner of a London exquisite), exploded, and lo! the charge went through Sir Walter's hat! The author of *Waverley*, rejoicing that the careless booby had not blown off his head, lifted his hat, through which, says the writer, the ball had passed, without injury to the wearer.

We have heard of some sportsmen who boasted that they could bring down grouse upon the wing with a single bullet, but we were really not prepared for this last story, and were foolish enough to believe that our northern friends killed their feathered game with *small shot*—not with *musket-balls!* K.

#### THE SORROWS OF SLEEPINESS.

A PROSAIC EPIGRAM.

"I do not deny, my dearest Jane," said the blooming, sentimental, and, in spite of herself, buxom Eliza, "that I seem to

\* Ravens *croak!*—Printer's Devil.

enjoy all I could wish—money—society, and if I can believe those wicked creatures, the men—some beauty, and more than three devoted lovers. Yet—I take high heaven to witness—(Eliza's half-stifled sobs were here audible)—I am supremely miserable!"

"And wherefore so, my Eliza?" responded Jane.

"Oh! my dear girl," replied Eliza, "I am such a horrid creature—have such a milk-maid constitution, from the father's side of our family, that I sleep soundly every night, do what I will! It is this unfortunate circumstance which prevents my obtaining that elegant languidity, that inexpressibly interesting absence of red in one's cheek,—that heroine-like complexion, upon which I doat to distraction. I am as healthy as if I had no feeling! I read the most delightful novels; and, though my mind is occupied with the distresses of the hero or heroine, I sleep as soundly—(can you believe it?)—as if I did not at all sympathise with either! Nay, I even fell asleep last night at twelve o'clock, though I had only two volumes remaining, out of the eleven, to peruse of Clara St. Clair's 'Woes of the Soul, or the Sorrows of Satisfaction.' So inveterate is my propensity, that when Henry laughed, and behaved so cruelly to me the other day, though I wept sincerely about it, yet that very crying set me asleep like a child; and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, rallied me so upon it!"

"I did not think she would have done a thing so cruel," observed Jane.

"It was cruel, indeed," replied Eliza; "but she tells me a hundred times, that though I try as much as I please, I shall never resemble any of my favourite heroines, so long as I have good health—an appetite for food—ruddy cheeks, and sound sleep. Now, I am determined to part with all these, if she be in the right, as I almost think she is. Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all the virtues of romances. I constantly fancy myself as being run off with,—persecuted,—or in some one or other of these interesting situations; yet I can't, for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes, after laying my head on my pillow!"

"To be sure"—at this juncture, simpered the blue-eyed and pale-faced Angelina Miranda Drippingsip, who had kept a half pitying, and half scornful silence, during the former part of the conversation, which took place in the saloon of Mr. Bull's library—"to be sure, there is

something vastly interesting and romantic in that high souled sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling, which keeps the eyes wide open, through the whole of a long winter's night; which damps the downy pillow with tears, strews the feather couch with thorns, and deprives its possessor of the vulgar oblivion of sempstress-like sound sleep!"

"Ah! my dearest Angelina," replied Eliza, "with what elegance and feeling you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed with this nocturnal invader as I am!"

"No," answered Angelina Miranda Drippingsip; "I rarely sleep above an hour during any night, and that only at intervals."

"Oh!" exclaimed the outrivalled Eliza, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me; yet, I am sure, it is not for want of feeling, for, at this moment, I could shed tears by pailfuls! Pray how did you conquer vulgar sleep so far as you have done, my Angelina; and how shall I be able to do so also, and so become worthy of your lofty friendship?"

Miss Drippingsip replied,—“I drink strong tea—have a nervous habit—and sleep all the forenoon!”—*The Cameleon.*

#### HORRORS OF THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

We have often heard intelligent and well-meaning people remark, as they sipped their wine: "Ah! things will not improve, until there comes a good stirring war! We have too many idlers."—To the good folks who entertain such an opinion, we venture to recommend the perusal of the following account which Colonel Napier gives of the assault of Badajoz:—

"The night was dark but clouded, the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former, lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched, from their lofty station, the approach of enemies whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined from the walls; the British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction, as the others were to pour it down; and both were alike terrible for their strength, their



discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

“Former failures there were to avenge, and on either side such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajoz was become a point of honour, personal with the soldiers of each nation. But the strong desire for glory was, in the British, dashed with a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge; and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage: for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like *Cæsar's* centurion, who could not forget the plunder of *Avaricum*, were heated with the recollection of *Ciudad Rodrigo*, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found a cause of excitement; the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and, in the pride of arms, none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury. At ten o'clock, the castle, the *San Roque*, the breaches, the *Pardaleras*, the distant bastion of *San Vincente*, and the bridge-head on the other side of the *Guadiana*, were to have been simultaneously assailed, and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division; and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then every thing being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the *San Roque* with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made. But a sudden blaze of light, and the rattling of musquetry, indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle. There General *Kempt*—for *Picton*, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present: there General *Kempt*, I say, led the third division; he had passed the *Rivillas*, in single files, by a narrow bridge, under a terrible musquetry, and then re-forming, and running up the rugged hill, had reached the foot of the castle, when he fell severely wounded, and being carried back to the

trenches, met *Picton*, who hastened forward to take the command. Meanwhile his troops spreading along the front, reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and, with incredible courage, ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells, rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks the enemy plied his musketry with a fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts, and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the fallen weights. Still, swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all being overturned, the French shouted victory; and the British, baffled, but untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat re-formed, the heroic Colonel *Ridge*, springing forward, called, with a stentorian voice, on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside the first, by the grenadier officer *Canch*, and the next instant he and *Ridge* were on the rampart, the shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement, sent from the French reserve, then came up; a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired; but *Ridge* fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory. During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, which was discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, about five hundred in all, had descended into

the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels. For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight; then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or disdainful their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation; into this watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said that above a hundred of the fusiliers, the men of Albuera, were thus smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which being rough and broken was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men: yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division were destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions; and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach, many also passed between the ravelin and the counter guard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pour-

ing in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible: and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together, and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets; and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder barrels exploded unceasingly.

"Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping; but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that, in one of these charges, the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades; for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded even into a narrower space than the ditch, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued.

"At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Colonel Andrew Barnard had, with prodigious efforts, separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such, that no command could be heard distinctly, except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations: order was impossible! Yet officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out, as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts, Colonel Macleod, of the forty-third, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war, if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered; and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up to the fatal ruins, that when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, and, continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. But there was no want of gallant leaders, or desperate followers. Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad; while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, 'Why they did not come into Badajoz?'

"In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas, of the engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the forty-third, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him, and although there was a

deep cut along the foot of this breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers, at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth! Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive, but unflinching, beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for, of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early into the ditch had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

"About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault; for he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion, for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the distant flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders; then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased; many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, and some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

"All this time the third division was lying close in the castle, and either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana, the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire, for General Walker's brigade having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard-

house, at the barrier-gate, undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops immediately springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic-stricken, threw down the scaling-ladders. Nevertheless the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *cunette*, which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, the latter were found too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. Meanwhile the fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

"Fortunately some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and then drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them, from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back; half the fourth regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

"In the last of these combats General Walker leaping forward, sword in hand, at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoners was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive, and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier, nor the deep ditch, nor the high

walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder, a French reserve, under General Viellande, drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, and pitching some men over the walls and killing others outright, again cleared the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the thirty-eighth as a reserve, and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, about two hundred strong, arose, and with one close volley destroyed them.

"Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches, but the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield; and meanwhile the detachment of the fourth regiment, which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated, for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen; yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards. However, the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town, and in their progress captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; but the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps; a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder.

"There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse, by attacking the ramparts from the town side, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally General Viellande, and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning upon summons, to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had with great readiness

pushed through the town to the draw-bridge ere they had time to organize further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult's army, and they reached him in time to prevent a still greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness, which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! on the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of!

"Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault; sixty officers, and more than seven hundred men, being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; about six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred! And how deadly the strife was, at that point, may be gathered from this: the forty-third and fifty-second regiments of the light division, alone, lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

"Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than a hundred square yards. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured with-

out shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men, for the garrison stood and fought manfully, and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, or of O'Hare, of the ninety-fifth, who perished on the breach, at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the ninety-fifth, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Caneh, or the resolution of Ferguson of the forty-third, who having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent, many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that never will be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves, ere they could bear testimony to what they saw; but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to the battle than those who stormed Badajos.

"When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

All good Englishmen must turn from this horrible picture, with a feeling of gratitude to the Almighty, that our seagirt island is yet unexposed to the calamities which befel the unhappy Spaniards—that while other countries have been desolated by invading and contending armies, England has not been the theatre of such long and sanguinary wars.

## MISCELLANIES.

## HAYDN AND HIS WIFE.

THE celebrated Haydn delighted in telling the origin of his good fortune, which he said he entirely owed to a bad wife. When he was first married, he said, finding no remedy against domestic squabbles, he used to quit his bad half, and go and enjoy himself with his good friends, who were Hungarians and Germans, for weeks together. Once, having returned home after a considerable absence, his wife, while he was in bed next morning, followed her husband's example; she did even more, for she took all his clothes, even to his shoes, stockings, and small clothes, nay, every thing he had, along with her. Thus situated, he was under the necessity of doing something to cover his nakedness; and this, he himself acknowledged, was the first cause of his seriously applying himself to the profession which has since made his name immortal. He used to laugh, saying, "I was from that time so habituated to study, that my wife, often fearing it would injure me, would threaten me with the same operation, if I did not go out and amuse myself; but then," added he, "I was grown old, and she was sick, and no longer jealous."

## BREAD IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

THE following is the account given by Harrison of the fare of the labouring classes in the reign of Elizabeth:—"The bread throughout the land is made of such graine as the soile yeeldeth; nevertheless the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie of wheate for their owne tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours in some shires are enforced to content themselves with rie or barlie; yea, and in time of dearth, manie with bread either of beanes, peasen, or otes, or of altogether, and some acarns among; of which scourge the poorest doe soonest taste, sith they are least able to provide themselves with better, and I will not saie that this extremitie is oft so well to be seene in time of plentie as of dearth; but if I should, I could easilie bring my trial." He concludes thus—"The artificer and labourer are driven to content themselves with horse-corn, beanes, peasen, otes, tares, and lintels." This was nearly as bad as the peasants of Norway, who in times of scarcity mix the bark of trees, usually the fir-tree, with their oatmeal; they dry this bark before the fire, grind it to powder, mix

it with some oatmeal, then bake it, and eat it like bread: it is bitterish; and affords but little nourishment."

## BLARNEY.

THIS is the name of a castle, about three miles from Cork. Adjoining to the inhabited mansion, there was formerly a large square tower, with a winding stone staircase to the top; the floors were all gone, but the stone roof was entire; it was the custom here for all strangers who ascended to the top of the tower, to creep on their hands and knees to the corner-stone of the highest pinnacle, and kiss the same; by virtue of which, the parties ever after were said to be endowed with extraordinary powers of loquacity and persuasion. Though nobody could have believed that kissing the stone had any such effect, the custom was followed, through innocent mirth, and it accordingly became a common saying at Cork, of any prating fellow, "he has been at Blarney;" and hence the phrase, "none of your blarney."

## BIRMAN CUSTOMS.

AT Martaban should any man wish to separate entirely from his wife, with or without her consent, the children of the marriage, and his clothes, gold, ornaments, &c. are taken by her. Should a wife desire separation, but the husband not, she must pay to him double the expense he was put to by the marriage. When a child has attained the age of seven days, its head is shaved, and an entertainment is given: at the same time, some old astrologer inspects the horoscope, and having foretold a fortunate hour, he bestows a name on the child. The visitors then each present it with a piece of money or something of value. The Martabaners generally burn their dead, in compliance with the Buddhist ordinances. The poor do not burn the body of a person who has died suddenly, but expose it to birds and dogs. The reason is not known, but perhaps the expense of large quantities of wood and earthsoil, which would be required to consume a body which has not been wasted by disease, may be the cause of the custom. The corpses of priests are burned in the manner described by Captain Symes and by Dr. Carey, in the Asiatic Researches, by being placed on a pile of billets, amongst which are some of odoriferous woods; it is fired by means of rockets let off at a distance, and which reach the pile along a wire stretched for the purpose.



P. 242.

### THE CHALLENGE.

(For the Parterre.)

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

*Othello, Act 3, Scene 3.*

MONSIEUR de L— was an agreeable, sprightly old gentleman of the ancien regime, but he had one very great failing—he was intolerably jealous. This, however, will not excite the wonder of our readers, when they hear that Madame de L— was a very agreeable sprightly dame, full twenty years younger than her husband.

Many a wicked young Parisian took delight in teasing the poor old gentleman, and fanning the flame which the considerate and humane always endeavoured to stifle.

“Ah! my dear Monsieur de L—, what a happy man are you! How is your amiable and lovely spouse?” were the constant exclamations and questions with which he was saluted, whenever he encountered a young friend in the streets.

Monsieur de L— always, in his heart, wished the quærists at the devil; but politesse obliged him to receive them graciously—in truth, he made himself very miserable; and more than once thought of closed windows and doors, and a pan of lighted charcoal, after the favourite method of his countrymen, when bent on suicide. But, somehow or other, he altered his determination from day to day, and lived on. He always found an excuse for delaying the ceremony. A new Vaudeville was announced—they were preparing a grand opera with music, that he could not die without hearing, or some great savage from Zealand or Timbuctoo had just arrived, to astonish the Parisians with his outlandish performances, so the charcoal fumes were not put in requisition, and Monsieur de L— continued to exist.

When we say that our old Monsieur was jealous, it will scarcely be necessary to add, that he kept a sharp eye upon Madame, who, as may be supposed, was very much annoyed at it; but she found relief in the consciousness that his suspicions were groundless. She might, perhaps, have sometimes innocently thought,

that as she was yet young she might outlive her ancient partner, and have the good fortune to meet with a somewhat younger husband—but then this was all in perspective—merely in perspective: she was a Frenchwoman—witty, lively, gay, but not corrupt. But to proceed with our story.

Monsieur de L— was one evening returning from a visit to a friend in a distant quarter of the city, and had arrived in sight of his residence, when he saw, with some surprise, a man under the windows of his drawing-room, to which he ever and anon directed an anxious look. Rage took possession of the old Frenchman. His first thought was to rush upon the fellow and annihilate him upon the spot, but then he had no weapon. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it would be better to wait, and have further proof of his wife's supposed infidelity. Concealing himself in a gateway, he saw, while his frame quivered with rage and indignation, the object of his suspicions clamber up with the agility of a monkey, and enter an open window.

Monsieur de L— waited no longer; he rushed into the house and encountered the intruder in the drawing-room.

The enraged husband, forgetting his natural politeness, instantly commenced a torrent of abuse, which the intruder received with great coolness. Of course this only increased the rage of the abusing party: it was a marvel that Monsieur de L— did not go out of his wits at that moment. His almost unintelligible splutterings at length subsided, and addressing the violator of his honour in a calm determined tone; he said:—

“Monsieur, you have wounded a Frenchman where he is most vulnerable—you have invaded my dwelling to dishonour me”—here his voice faltered, and his lips quivered; but recovering himself, he continued—“The Bois de Boulogne at five to-morrow morning! Pistols!—you understand me, eh?”

“Perfectly well, Monsieur,” replied the stranger—“at five precisely, I will meet you—you will bring a friend with you?”

“No,” rejoined Monsieur de L—, sternly, “I will possess no one with the hateful story—we will meet alone, if you please.”

“Agreed,” said the stranger bowing: “Good evening, Monsieur;” and with all possible sang froid he proceeded down stairs, leaving the poor old Frenchman a prey to the most torturing emotions.

The professed novelist would here sprinkle the page with a triple row of stars, while the writers of newspaper-paragraphs would inform us, that the scene which took place between Monsieur and Madame, after the departure of the gallant, may be “better imagined than described.” It will be sufficient to inform our readers, that at the appointed hour Monsieur de L— arrived at the Bois de Boulogne with pistol in hand, and dire revenge in his heart. He had been pacing up and down about ten minutes, when he beheld two persons approaching.

“The villains!” exclaimed the old Frenchman, “they are come to assassinate me;” and he resolved to fire upon the pair as they advanced, when one of them called on him to surrender in the name of the law!

Monsieur de L— stared with surprise, for he now perceived that neither of the men was the fellow who had appointed to meet him. That surprise was greatly increased, when the police (for such they were) informed him that he was arrested on suspicion of a design to commit highway robbery.

Our old Frenchman was overwhelmed with rage, grief, and mortification, from which he had not recovered when he stood before the prefect at the Bureau de Police.

Luckily for Monsieur, the prefect was an acquaintance of his, and a shrewd clever man, who saw through the affair in a moment.

“Monsieur de L—,” said he, “you appear to have fallen into a sad error. I strongly suspect that the man whom you thought your rival was a thief, and that he has given information to the police in revenge for your having thwarted his designs upon your property.

Scarcely had he spoken when Madame de L— entered the office in breathless haste, and confirmed the prefect's suspicions. She had risen immediately on the departure of her jealous spouse, and then discovered what she had overlooked in the turmoil of the preceding evening—that the stranger had possessed himself of several valuable portable articles, as he passed through a room in his way down stairs.

Poor Monsieur de L— was stung with self-reproach, he saw that he had been the dupe of groundless jealousy, and, embracing his wife, swore that he would never again doubt the purity of her conduct.

E. F.



## THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

A few hundred yards from the small stream which, known by the whites under the appellation of "Line Creek," divides the territory of the Muscogees, or Creek confederacy, from the state of Alabama, stands, or rather stood, a ruined cottage of logs. Travelling through the wilderness several years ago, I passed this desolate spot. The walls, blackened by the smoke of many fires, and in part already decayed, stood tottering to their fall; the roof was entirely gone; a part only of the chimney was left, built in the custom of that country, of split sticks, and thickly plastered on the inside with mud. The fences had fallen around a small field, which shewed traces of former cultivation, and was now fast filling up with briars, plumb bushes, and sedge grass, where the still evident marks of the hoe and the cornfield gave proof that human beings had once found there a home. The mists of night were closing around us; the dark magnolia forest which frowned on the secluded spot, and the thick and gloomy swamp of the Line Creek, which stretched its unhealthy morass almost to the door, gave to the whole scene the stillness and horror of death. Although habited during a journey of many days to the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, I was struck with the peculiarly lugubrious aspect of the scene, and with an undefinable feeling of melancholy. I stopped my horse, to survey it more at leisure. My companion, who had ridden a few yards in advance, not hearing the accustomed sound of my horse's tramp, turned his head to learn the cause of my lingering, and rode back to the spot where I had halted.

"Here," said he, "is Riley's grave. Remark that small mound of earth resembling the heap of soil accumulated from a fallen tree, and which is, in truth, the effect of the trunk to which those decaying pinknots once belonged; there the murderer fell, and there he lies buried."

Not being so familiar with the legends of this wild region as to remember the story of the man whose crime and death had given a name to this lonely scene of desolation, I inquired into his history, and listened in deep and silent interest to a tale of revenge and remorse, strongly illustrative of the aboriginal character.

Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain

belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a "half-breed," and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full-blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father as allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favour of the United States in the dissensions among the Creek nation, and, after the breaking out of war in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved by his activity of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, and Riley's name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people honoured with the thanks of his "Great Father," and sat down to cultivate his fields, and pursue the chase as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoting himself to his *one* wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy.

About this time the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the West. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure, and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries.

Of this class was L—. I knew him formerly, and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him, and "eyes unused to weep" glistened in bidding "God

speed!" to their old associate. L— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage, and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot upon which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace.

Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always control his passions before their out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L—, was treasured up by Riley, with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions, and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements.

The story of L—'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe but simple—"blood for blood"—and he "might run who read them." On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them.

"Fathers!" said he, "I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me, and I slew him. That honour which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live. My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall,

and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him."

Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backward so composedly as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins now mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe; she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband. The Indian shuns the spot, for he deems that the spirit of the murderer inhabits it. The traveller views the scene with curiosity and horror, on account of its story, and, pausing for a few moments to survey this lonely and desolate glade, hastens on to more cheerful and happy regions.

With this short narrative we put spurs to our horses, and, hurrying along the road, in a few moments found ourselves beyond the gloomy and tangled forests of the creek.

## SECLUSION.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre).

"Now should I have lain still and been quiet: I should have slept; then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves."  
Job iii. 13, 14.

1.

Oh! for a lone, a lonely tower,  
Built in that ancient hour,  
When dark Chaldeans parleyed with the stars;  
And, overlooking earth,  
And things of mortal birth,  
Traced Wisdom in her own celestial characters!

2.

Alone it *must be*—all alone ;  
 All stamped by time its swarthy stone ;  
 Imperious in its height, and massive in its  
 mould ;  
 A challenger of grim decay,  
 Imperishably old !  
 I would not have the gillyflower  
 Presume to glitter on that tower :  
 Nor the fulsome ivy dare  
 (Like a band of revellers  
 O'er their father's sepulchres)  
 With riotous luxuriance impair  
 The pile so grandly old, so venerably bare.

3.

But the bent may wave in the window-sill,  
 O'er the velvet moss, when the wind is shrill ;  
 And a yew, whose berry a bird in her bill  
 Brought (ages ago) to that desert tower,  
 Rooted above its embattled roof,  
 Outspread like a pall's funereal woof,  
 Be the Anarch Lord of its desolate hour.

4.

An elder tree of dateless age,  
 On the green mound, the grassy stage  
 That bears that lonely tower of time,  
 Around, hath leave to launch  
 Each labyrinthine branch,  
 And sing to the sad gales in sympathetic chime.

5.

And I would sit in secrecy,  
 With nothing for the ear or eye,  
 Save streams that sob along their melancholy  
 shore,  
 And the mysterious wind, with all his wild  
 unlettered lore ;  
 Or rain slow ringing from the eaves ;  
 And the fitful flutter  
 Of the red, dry, ghostly leaves,  
 When the first savage mutter  
 Of the heath and the forest discloses,  
 That the hurricane giant no longer reposes.  
 Let them huddle, and whisper, and pant by the  
 door,  
 As if, on the warm hearth, they heard  
 Sounds that their shrivelled veins bestirred,  
 And fain, ere they perished, would feel no more,  
 The rain that shall rot them, the tempest that  
 tore.

6.

Gloomy and dull must my chamber be,  
 Just enough light to suffice to see  
 That the sable yew, and the elder tree,  
 Are fairer than aught that they hide from me.  
 And through the tall thin casement bars,  
 The sun should look at me o'ercaust and shy,  
 From amidst the huge artillery  
 Of a sullen, solemn, heavy sky ;  
 Or the moon be abandoned of all her stars—  
 Thus brooding lone, my fancy might explore  
 What tales the tempest brings from city, wood  
 and moor.

January 17, 1834.

## ASTRONOMICAL SPECULA- TIONS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

“ ASTRONOMY, geography, and the use  
 of the globes.” Every card or circular  
 of every schoolmaster or schoolmistress,  
 advertiseth the willingness and capability  
 of the said master and mistress, for a

reasonable stipend, to infuse the afore-  
 said particles of knowledge, with innum-  
 erable other particles, together with  
 all sorts of classical information ; to say  
 nothing of morals, manners, accomplish-  
 ments, and the inculcation of the “observ-  
 ance of the strictest cleanliness,” into  
 the head of every juvenile, of whatever  
 capabilities, that may be consigned to  
 their charge. This is undoubtedly desir-  
 able, and the only drawback is its  
 utter impossibility. Indeed the profes-  
 sions of this species of the human race  
 have always appeared to me as wildly ex-  
 travagant as those of a romantic lover  
 partially intoxicated, and their under-  
 takings about as feasible as those of the  
 worthy knight of La Mancha. Did  
 they propose to give the mere sketch or  
 outline—the technicalities of those sci-  
 ences, one or two of which it takes the  
 life of man to master—it would make  
 the thing appear more probable, more  
 decent, more conscientious ; but perhaps  
 their familiarity with the arithmetic may  
 have the effect of expanding the imagi-  
 native faculty in an outrageous degree,  
 and hence the riotous and unchecked  
 flights of fancy in which they indulge  
 in their advertisements and other lucu-  
 brations for the cajolement of soft-heart-  
 ed mothers and softer-headed fathers.  
 Ay, cajolement ! I fearlessly repeat the  
 word. What care I for them ? I am  
 “grown up” now—free, emancipated—  
 “they shall never whip me more !”

I cannot say that I ever liked or felt  
 attracted toward the (*par excellence*)  
 sublime study of astronomy ; at least  
 not further than was barely necessary  
 for the comprehension of its more attrac-  
 tive neighbour, geography. It is too  
 vast, too stupendous a study for a mind  
 of moderate calibre, requiring one of a  
 somewhat Miltonic cast and dimensions  
 thoroughly to comprehend its grandeur  
 and its glories. I get (like Robert  
 Montgomery) out of my latitude amid  
 infinite space, and experience a puzzling  
 and uncomfortable feeling of vasty vague-  
 ness, which I cannot possibly mistake  
 for the essence of the “true sublime.”  
 I can admire and feel the beauty of the  
 quiet night, with her multitudes of stars  
 or worlds, and our world's lamp—the  
 moon—hanging in the midst. I can  
 invest them with kindly influences and  
 attributes, imagining how they are glad-  
 dening the route of the wayworn wanderer  
 over the solitary waste, or glittering on  
 the path of the home-bound mariner. I  
 can imagine the thousand lovely dells,  
 and silent streams, and peaceful cottages

"embowered in trees," that they are complacently looking down upon, making beauty still more beautiful; I can imagine the manifold tribes of lovers they are surveying walking in quiet happiness, or tremulous joy, or pouting coyness, or sheepish bashfulness, beneath their beams, engaged in all sorts of speculations; from plans for the realization of the most extravagant bliss, down to the most feasible and economical means of purchasing household furniture. I can imagine the multitudinous race of youthful poets who are standing on innumerable balconies, with folded arms and upturned eyes and upturned hair, with a mixture of hazy inspirations inflating and leaden dullness pressing upon their pericraniums, jumbled up with confused notions of power and Byron and might and majesty, until the chilling night-dews check the formation of incipient sonnets to Venus, Jupiter, or "fiery Mars," by hinting that they may catch a cold; and they walk into their chambers, and stalk from the contemplation of immensity unto their pier-glass, to contemplate how they may have looked should any proprietors of petticoats from adjacent windows, have made them the objects of their terrestrial speculations, while they were picturesquely gazing on things celestial. I can imagine all this and much more, while lolling lazily out of the window, on a moonlight night, in a speculative mood; but when I come to view those heavenly bodies scientifically—astronomically—arithmetically—touching their size, distance, density, specific gravity, etc., together with considerations respecting the centripetal and centrifugal forces by which their motions are regulated, my imagination, as the sailors say, is "taken all aback!" It is making mere matter-of-fact work of it, subjecting the objects of one's love, wonder, and unbounded admiration, at once to "cold, material laws," to weight and measurement, and divesting them of all their beautiful and poetical properties.

Mythologically considered, I love the planetary bodies well. Literature cannot do without the gods and demigods, and full and half-bred divinities of former times. Beautifully has Schiller said, in his *Wallenstein* (as beautifully translated by Coleridge)—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion;  
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Or forests by slow stream, or pebble spring,  
Or chasms, or wat'ry depths; all these have  
vanish'd,

*They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.  
And to you starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits, or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend; and to the lover  
Yonder they move—from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down; and even at this day  
'Tis Jupiter who brings what's'er is great,  
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair."*

No more need be added on this point. "The words of Mercury are harsh, after the songs of Apollo."

I entertain another quirk or notion against astronomy, except when studied for practical purposes. Though humility be a good thing, a sense of extreme littleness is not; and when we turn from the tremendous—the astounding study of astronomy, to consider what we are in connexion with what is, we become ludicrously small, even when viewed through that powerful magnifier—our own estimation. In the study of natural history, when we read of thousands of insects inhabiting a drop of water, or colonizing a green leaf, we are Brobdignagians, the least of us. But when we come to consider that this "great globe" itself, with all its storms and tempests, its thunder and fierce lightning, is, as regards size, a mere trifle to that of surrounding bodies, and, compared to them in quantity, as a grain of sand to its brethren of the seashore, the consideration has a depressing and not an elevating effect. In such a case, what are we who strut and fret about, and take upon us "pride, pomp, and circumstance?" What is our glory or grandeur—our wit or wisdom—our civic, literary, or military fame? Why, we are comparatively smaller than we can possibly comprehend. Shakspeare is a midge, and Napoleon a thing too diminutive to be thought of. Our virtues and our vices sink into insignificance, as, who should trouble themselves about the virtues of a grasshopper, or the vicious propensities of a caterpillar, or enter with interest into the humours, whims, foibles, and eccentricities of a mite? We lose our distinctive qualities as men and women, and become a mass of animalcules. It is discouraging to think of it.

Again, to a certain class of minds, such as have never thoroughly been able to master the perplexities of the multiplication-table; the billions, trillions, quintillions, and so on, with which astronomy abounds, is perfectly incomprehensible. They read of a billion or so of miles, but have about as clear an idea of the distance implied, as they have of the occult mysteries of duodecimals. They

have a vague idea, perchance, that it may be as far as China and back again, but nothing more. For my own part, I had always looked upon the enumeration of the sum total of the national debt of England, as the most august and imposing mass of figures that could be brought together for any conceivable purpose. Why, look now, it becomes comparatively an unostentatious unit, as it were, a mere fraction. "The distance of the star Draconis appears, by Dr. Bradley's observations, to be at least four hundred thousand times that of the sun, and the distance of the nearest fixed star not less than forty thousand diameters of the earth's annual orbit; that is, the distance of the earth from the former is at least 38,000,000,000,000 miles, and the latter not less than 7,000,000,000,000 miles. A cannon-ball, supposing it could preserve the same velocity, would not reach the nearest of the fixed stars in six hundred thousand years!" There is goodly work enough to upset any moderate man's notions of time and space. Had this cannon-ball taken its departure in the time of Cheops, or even Cheops' grandfather (if the imagination can roam so far back into the dense blackness of the past), it would even now be merely at the outset of its journey. Cheops' grandfather dandles young Cheops on his knee: he in turn grows up, waxes in years, builds the everlasting (in our frail acceptance of the word) pyramids, lives to an antediluvian age, dies, is buried, and forgotten; successive generations spring up and pass away; states rise and fall; empires expand and decay, and expand again, up to this present 1834, and yet this cannon-ball, that has been travelling all this time with inconceivable rapidity, is, as it were, but a hop, step, and jump on its way towards the nearest fixed star! This way of thinking will never do. It diminishes our ideas of the sombre stateliness of the past, and makes "hoar antiquity" a thing of yesterday. The by-gone glories of departed empires, looming with added grandeur through the indistinct and spectral past, must seem, to a mind familiarized with such unscionable notions of time and space, but as things that had existence an inconsiderable time ago, last week, or the week before. Let us leave this speculative star-gazing, and turn our attention to our own snug little portion of the solar system, with all its infinite varieties of men, manners, customs, and countries. Abandon astronomy to Doctor Herschel and other lineal descendants of the Chal-

dees, who had devoted themselves to it, and it alone; and therefore may deduce from it some great and useful results. It is not necessary that our artisans, lawyers, poets, clergymen, and agriculturists, should have the motions of even the primary planets revolving in and adding their head-pieces. And as for the sweeteners of our life and tea; the makers of our pies and the mothers of our children; it is not fitting that they trouble themselves about the relative distances of the fixed stars. Let them rather go on as they have done; inventing fashions, quoting Byron, working lace, multiplying albums, and fulfilling their destinies.

### HISTORICAL GLEANINGS.

(For the Parterre.)

"History is philosophy teaching by example."  
Lord Bolingbroke.

#### DUTCH COURAGE.

IN the year 1673, when the French troops under the command of the Duke of Luxemburgh were wasting Holland with fire and sword, the principal men in Amsterdam assembled for the purpose of considering the expediency of sending the keys of their city to the French commander. Several of the council were anxious that this should be immediately done; when the burgomaster Tulip indignantly rose from his seat, upbraided them with their cowardice, and advancing to the window, threatened to call in the people, who were waiting outside to hear the result of the deliberation. The assembly, dreading the fury of the populace, came to the determination to resist their enemies, and the city was placed in a state of defence. Tulip, shortly afterwards, was going the night rounds upon the ramparts, and desirous of testing the fidelity and courage of the sentinel, did not reply to the challenge, when the man fired, and shot him dead.

E. M. A.

#### PRISONERS DURING THE CIVIL WARS.

ON the day that Charles the First was beheaded, several of the royalist prisoners made their escape from confinement. The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Loughborough contrived to get out of Windsor Castle, and Sir Lewis Dives got away from Whitehall. On the first of February Lord Capel escaped across the Tower moat. The Duke of Hamilton was soon captured by some troopers, who re-

cognized him, notwithstanding his disguise, as he knocked at the door of an inn in Southwark. Lord Capel crossed the Thames, and the watermen tracked him to a house in Lambeth, where he was recaptured. Colonel Middleton, who was a prisoner at Newcastle, broke out of confinement, and fled into Scotland. "Sir Kenelm Digby," says Selden, "was several times taken, and let go again, during the civil wars. At last he was imprisoned in Winchester-house. I can compare him to nothing but a great fish, that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the bait; at last, therefore, we put him into some great pond for store." E. M. A.

CROMWELL.

THERE is little doubt that the Protector always went privately armed; indeed, we have many strange stories of his having done so. In the year 1655, Cromwell being recommended by his physician (Dr. Bates) to take violent exercise, acted as his own coachman, and drove his carriage in Hyde. Upon one occasion the horses suddenly took fright, and threw the Protector from the coach-box on to the pole, when he was dragged some distance before he could be extricated. A pistol, which he carried in his pocket, went off, but luckily did him no injury. Much wit was exhausted by the cavaliers upon this accident, and songs were made and sung upon the Protector's bad coachmanship. E. M. A.

### FEUDAL VIRTUES.

FEUDAL times are those of gigantic vices, and of no less colossal virtues. Great wrongs are then committed; but great examples of benevolence are, perhaps, from that very circumstance, as common. They present a picture in which the figures are bold and the expression forcible, if the colouring be not harmonious, nor the design possessed of chasteness and unity. The lights are scattered, yet vigorous and dazzling and intense; but the shadowing is proportionably gloomy and sombre, though not unpicturesque. Like the baronial mansions, the relics of these ages, which still brave, in sullen, hoar magnificence the destructive ravages of time, and the sacrilegious hand of "Improvement," they frown, from the lofty height of Antiquity, upon the smiling, but comparatively tame landscape presented by the aspect of modern manners, as contrasted with their barbaric grandeur. Comfort was

not then understood. Security was the paramount object of desire. All the modifications of society and manners, and all the gradations of rank, were coloured by this feeling—this wish and aim. The wind might whistle through the dreary hall unheeded, if the crannies by which it entered were impervious to a foe; and the exhalations of the castle ditch, how pestilential soever, were unnoticed, if that moat was broad and deep enough to set besiegers at defiance. Still, with all their inconveniences, to these ages the imagination turns with fondness:—they were rude;—but they were poetical! B.

### CIVILIZATION.

WHAT is Civilization? Is it a relish for learning; a taste for the fine arts; a more refined humanity, or a knowledge of vastly more extended limits to varied enjoyments than uncivilized life admits of?—It is all these; for all these are but component parts of the great aggregate of wants and acquirements, which we dignify by the name of Civilization. A definition, to be either clear, striking, or correct, must, however, be no less comprehensive than the above series, but also much more forcible, because much more brief.—Let us try to arrive at one for the term in question.

What then contra-distinguishes an early from an advanced stage of society; or, in other words, a savage and a civilized period in the history of nations? The substitution of the energy of the mind for the vigour of the body: mental strength for that which is purely corporeal; thought for power, argument for force.—But the intellectual capabilities of foresight, memory, imagination and cunning, or arrangement of plan, are often found developed, in a state of semi-barbarism, in a great, or even greater degree of vigour than we find them ever able to attain under the culture of experience, and the care of study.—True:—But let us look to the *application* of these powers, granting that they are sometimes possessed in equal strength in either state of society, or that they are inherent in our nature, and only ask for circumstances of development. Amusement is the pursuit of all.—The desire for it can only be reckoned second to the physical appetites of our frame.—"Good, ease, content, whatever its name," is the ultimate object at which all aim; for pleasure is but the sensation we receive from amuse-

ment. This, then, is our standard of character—the only infallible, because the only *universal* one. The human sacrifice—the captive's torments—an annihilating warfare waged against the brute creation, and perpetual hostilities and deadly combats, are the amusements of uncivilized or savage life—the *only* ones. Of those of a state of civilization, the latter form but a part: The gratification of taste—the refinement of intellect, the more tranquil excitation of the senses speaking to the mind, are the predominating ones. Literature—Philosophy—Science, though ostensibly pursued from different motives, and cultivated for different ends, yet ultimately verge to this centre, from which they had radiated; for they only furnish, through the medium of *utility*, the means of enjoying pleasure, or, in other words, *amusement*. Civilization is, then, it appears to me, best measured by the modifications of our amusements—It is—a taste for refinement in pleasure.

A.

## FIRE AND WATER;

OR, THE PIRATES' NIGHT-CRUISE.  
A SCENE ON THE SEA-COAST.

BY W. LEGGETT.

"I am beset and stunned,  
And every sense bewildered. Violent men!  
If ye unto this fearful pitch are bent—  
When such necessity is pressed upon me,  
What doth avail resistance?"

*Joanna Baillie.*

A gusty September day was drawing to a close; and the prospect from the little cabin on the sea-coast, where our story opens, was unusually bleak for the season. The house was situated in a nook, at the foot of a range of high hills, which bounded the view on three sides, while on the fourth nothing met the eye but the monotonous ocean, for ever rolling its surges to the shore. The hills, behind the cabin, were sandy and barren, and afforded scanty nourishment to the dwarf pines and cedars which clothed their ridgy sides. Whatever soil of a more fertile kind once covered them, had been washed by many a storm to the area below, which was enclosed and cultivated as a vegetable garden, and yielded hardly enough to pay the labourer for his toil.

The day in question was blustering and cold, and contrasted strongly with the previous one, when not a breath of wind had mitigated the fervor of the sun,

which glared on the burning waters and sparkling sands, till the air quivered like the atmosphere of a furnace, and objects seen through it had a vibratory and dazzling appearance. But with that suddenness of change, so frequent in our climate, this sultry day was succeeded by one uncomfortably cold, and a person might almost fancy he had passed in a night from September to January, or from the torrid to the frigid zone. A dense volume of smoke poured from the chimney of the little cabin, and diffusing itself over the hill in the rear, added to the indistinctness of the dusky landscape. The ocean was roughened by billows, which, at a distance, leaped and tumbled in multitudinous confusion, and as they approached the shore, extended into long curling ridges, which rolled up and broke upon the beach, with a sullen and melancholy roar. The sky was overcast, and a driving scud floated so low, that it seemed to touch the summit of the hills as it hurried by. As night approached, the wind grew more chilly, and it had that damp and clammy feeling which characterizes our easterly storms.

At some distance to the left of the cabin, a group of seamen sat on the beach, under the lee of a spur or projection of one of the hills. At anchor, opposite to them, just beyond the break of the surf, lay a small schooner, the size and model of which, her taunt, raking masts, sharp bows, and general trig appearance, shewed she was one of those fine sea-boats, in which our hardy pilots cruise off for weeks together, and brave all the vicissitudes and perils of the sea. She lay rolling and heaving in the swell with an easy motion, and floated on the surface, as light and buoyant as a cork. A small boat, painted in the same fashion with the schooner, was hauled up, and turned bottom upwards on the beach, furnishing a rest, against which some of the men carelessly leaned, while others trimmed a fire, the smoke of which rolled up from the midst of the circle.

"We shall have a gale to-night," said one of them, as he eyed the weather, and held the back of his skinny hand to the wind, with the knowing air of an experienced seaman; "it will blow great guns before morning."

"Yes, and I'm thinking," said another, turning his eyes seaward, "that yonder black privateer-looking craft in the offing had better stand out for sea-room, instead of backing and filling round here, like a cooper round a water-cask. If she don't mind her weather-helm,

she'll be slap ashore before she's much older."

"She's a regular beauty, any how," observed a third. "She's as trim as a lady, and sets the water like a duck. She stays like a top, too, and lays dead up in the wind's eye. Now do but mind her spring her luff."

"She's a suspicious craft, [though]; d—n my chainplates, if she is n't," said the first speaker, who was a rough, red-faced man, somewhat stricken in years, with small gray eyes, that twinkled deep in their sockets, and a mouth like a mackerel's; "I hauled my wind, and ran under her counter: but she did n't want a pilot—no, not she!—and did n't even tip me a thank'e for my pains."

"What thundering short tacks she makes!" said another of the group. "There, she's heaving about again. Ay, that's the way to rub her copper bright, and keep all hands busy, like the devil in a gale of wind."

"They'll have business enough on their hands, if old Chase gets the word I sent up," replied the elderly man. "If the cutter only runs down to take a look at that brig, she'll bring her to in short order, and make her sing small."

"Here's a hulabaloo!" said the one who had before spoken of the beauty of the craft, which furnished the theme of conversation. "Can't a vessel lie off-and-on for a day or two, waiting, perhaps, for some word from her owner or consignee, without being suspected as a pirate?"

"Pirate or no pirate, you mind my words," said the old man; "if the cutter comes down, yonder black and rakish-looking chap will be off like a shot off a shovel."

"I wish the honest fellows aboard of her could hear you palaver, Bill Sneering; if they would n't clew up your jaw-tacks, I'm mistaken. They'd shew you their papers, and you might n't find it easy to read them, either."

"Honest fellows, do you say?—honest devils! A set of piratical rogues, I'll engage, with fingers like fish-hooks, that hold all they touch. And see, yonder's the fellow that has been staying at Jim Fisher's cabin these three days past—just the time when the queer-looking craft has been dodging about. I should n't wonder if he had something do with her."

"Small helm, Bill, small helm! What's the use of yawing about in that style? There's no telling which way you'll drive next. What has the young man done, that you must let fly a shot at him?"

"What? why what is he doing here, alone, and without any acknowledged business? Why does he bear away when any one sheers alongside of him, as if he was afraid to shew the cut of his jib? And why does he keep such a bright lookout for that brig from morning to night, tacking when she tacks, and watching all her motions, as close as a shark does a Guinea-ship? I tell you what, that 'mawphrodite yonder is either a smuggler or pirate, and that young fellow has more to do with her than he cares to have known."

"Come, side out for a bend!" said one of the group, rising to his feet. "Avast, Bill Sneering, and take a turn o' that. Come, lads, let's freshen the nip all round, and then be off. It is time we were under way."

So saying, he drew from underneath the boat a bottle and tin cup, poured out a draught, and tossed it off. As he finished, he drew a long breath, and attested the excellence of the beverage with a hearty smack. The others either did not understand the meaning of this eulogium, or were not disposed to trust their comrade's evidence. Every man chose to judge for himself, and that the decision might rest on a proper foundation, they gave the matter a full trial, each helping himself to such a portion of the contents of the bottle as might leave no doubt as to its quality. This grave business duly despatched, they turned their boat upon its keel, ran it into the surf, and returned to their little schooner, the white canvass of which soon glanced at a distance, like a sea-bird on the edge of the horizon.

In the meanwhile, the individual who had been, in part, the subject of conversation among these pilots, continued to walk along the beach, pausing now and then to gaze seaward over the wide waste of billows, which tossed their foaming crests about, like a turbaned host in all the confusion of a slaughterous fight. He was a pale young man, of a slender figure, and rather above the middle size. His mouth had a mingled expression of sweetness and irascibility; the one, probably, the effect of natural temper, and the other of ill health. His brown hair clustered thickly round a high and pallid brow, on which the lines of anxious thought were imprinted.

The vessel to which he occasionally turned his gaze was such a craft as a seaman's eye delights to look upon. Her long and graceful hull, of unmingled blackness, was formed on the best model



of marine symmetry; and her spars ascended to a height which, to an unpractised observer, might seem to threaten continual danger. She was of that description of vessels which combine the character of brig and schooner. Forward, she was a brig; and her sails, gradually decreasing as they rose one above another, dwindled at last almost to a point, and presented an appearance like the surface of a pyramid. Aft, her mast was formed of one long taper spar, (a noble stick!) which raked so far over that it seemed in danger of falling, and yet supported a sail of such extent that it might have furnished a main-course for a frigate of the largest class.

The motions of this vessel had in truth something in them well calculated to attract attention. At one time, with her yards braced sharp to the wind, she would stretch far out at sea, until the proportions of her figure were lost in the cloudy atmosphere, and she appeared but as a speck on the verge of the ocean. Then squaring away before the breeze, she would thrash along at a furious rate towards the shore, nor haul her wind until she seemed on the very point of plunging among the breakers. Her yards would then swing round, as if by sail magic, and in a moment, with every one braced up, she would again plough her seaward course, her taper spars bending like wands under their pressure, and her keel leaving behind a broad track of snow-white foam to attest the velocity of her motion.

The manœuvres of this vessel strongly attracted the attention of the young man on the beach. It might have been that the abstract beauty of the spectacle won his admiration; for surely there are few objects of more true grace and majesty, or that are connected with more interesting associations, than a stately and well-managed bark, defying the turbulence of the ocean, and compelling even the adverse gale to speed her on her way. Or the interest with which he viewed her, might have been because there was nothing else on which his eyes could repose with pleasure. The hills behind were rough and sterile, and looked dark and gloomy through the heavy air; the shore was sandy and uncultivated, save one little plot; and the sea, in all its wide extent, except that solitary bark, presented nothing to his view but a desolate prospect of black and tumbling waves—deep calling unto deep, with a wild and melancholy sound.

Even the one object of interest which his eye dwelt upon, soon faded from sight. The graceful movements of the vessel grew indistinct—her neat proportions were swallowed up in the increasing dusk of evening, and the stranger at length turned, and pursued his way to the little cabin.

It was a low-browed building, of rude exterior. Its side and roof were blackened by many an easterly storm, the dampness of which had also caused them to be overgrown by a species of moss. Implements stood about, which denoted the occupation of the inhabitant. A net was stretched on poles to dry; a skiff lay bottom upwards near the house; a rake, such as are used in taking oysters, leaned against the eaves; and various rods and other kinds of fishing-tackle were scattered round. Within, however, the aspect of things was more cheery. The furniture was of the simplest sort, and every thing was humble; but the greatest neatness pervaded the cottage, giving to it that air of true comfort without which, neatness can never exist, and shewing that the part under female superintendence, at least, was properly conducted. And thus it always is. There is no condition of which woman is not the better angel. How poor an abiding-place this world would be, were her care withdrawn! Men may manage the business of existence, but its elegancies are her handiwork. He may throw her off in the hours of strife and tumult; but how few would be his intervals of peace and repose, without her smile to enliven his hearth, and her hand to smooth his pillow? The other ingredients in the cup of life he may mingle himself, but she drops into it its balm.

Soon after reaching the cabin, the stranger joined the fisher and his family at their simple repast, of which he partook with an appetite he had earned by his walk. He then retired to his own apartment, and drawing a little table to the fire, threw fresh fuel on the expiring flames, and sat down before them. The wind roared dismally round the corners of the house, and the roar of the ocean swelled the mournful wail. These sounds, perhaps, gave the tone to his thoughts, the shadows of which mounted to his face, and betrayed their nature. He leaned his head on his hand, and his contracted brow and compressed lip, shewed he was revolving painful subjects. Once or twice, as the casements jarred, or the wind swept in an abrupt and louder gust, he started from his

chair ; but becoming aware of the nature of the noise, he sank down again, with a glow on his pale cheek, as if ashamed of his nervous trepidation. A vessel of water, and another containing some fluid of a different kind, stood on the table ; and the stranger at length turned, and with a precipitate and flurried action, as if determined to dispel his unpleasant meditations, poured a draught from these, which he hastily drank. He then threw himself back in his chair, and closed his eyes, and his countenance wore the constrained look of one who endeavours to force his mind into a new channel, against its natural tendency. It is not for us to unveil the young man's thoughts and shew his naked heart. If the reader is charitable, causes enough for his uneasiness may be readily imagined, without resorting to any injurious to his character. If he is of a different disposition, a wider field is before him.

The stranger's musings at length took a more agreeable turn. His brow relaxed, his lip curved into a smile, and his breath came in easier respirations from a bosom that no longer heaved with painful emotions. But in the midst of his more pleasant thoughts, the shrill sound of a whistle interrupted their current. A window of his apartment opened towards the ocean, and he turned to see whence the sound proceeded. He perceived that the moon had struggled through the rack of clouds, and was shedding a dim twilight upon the earth. By this light he saw the brigantine, which all day had been lurking on the coast, now again standing towards the shore. He knew it was the same vessel, though her well-modelled form was but imperfectly shewn in the feeble illumination. She ran boldly towards the land, and approached so near the beach that the stranger deemed she must inevitably ground ; but she suddenly rounded to, and her fore-topsail was hauled so as to present its forward surface to the wind, which had the effect to keep her stationary. A boat was then lowered from her stern, and brought to at her gangway, and three shadowy figures descended to it, and pulled stoutly to land. The boat flew through the water with great velocity, and as she drew nearer, her crew became more distinctly visible. While two of them stretched to the oars, the third stood at the helm and guided her course. He seemed a tall, strong man, rudely dressed, and a leathern girdle buckled round his waist, sustained a cutlass and a brace of pistols. Before

the keel grated on the sand, he sprang to land, and strided towards the cottage. He was followed by one of the men, while the other remained to guard the boat. The young stranger, who was watching their movements, here lost sight of them for a moment—the next, they stood within his apartment.

"Ha! have I found you at last?" said the leader, in a low but energetic tone. "I have sought you far and near—but now you are mine!" His olive complexion grew darker, and his black eyes glittered as he spoke. "It is well you are up and ready; I had otherwise dragged you from your bed."

The young man sunk trembling and shuddering to his feet.

"No cowering, wretch!" resumed the other; "you have played the woman long enough; be a man now, and meet boldly the fate which cannot be averted."

The young man rose to his feet, as if about to rush from the room; but the grasp of his foe tightened on his shoulder, and he sunk again into his chair. He then thought he might alarm the house; but the hand of his enemy was pressed upon his mouth, while a pistol, which he drew and cocked with the other, was pointed to his head.

"Speak one word," said he, "utter one sound, or make one effort to escape, and you die on the instant." He uttered this in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and hoarse with rage. "Come, follow me," he added; "I have no time to waste on such a wretch. Remember! one faltering step, a whisper, or a glance aside, and a bullet whistles through your head."

The young man rose, like one under the influence of a spell, and followed his dark foeman, as he passed with noiseless stride out of the house. He was himself followed by the attendant, who, like his superior, held a cocked pistol, ready to fire on the first doubtful sound or motion. They reached the boat, the prisoner was thrust into it, and it was shoved off. A dozen strokes of the oars set them alongside the brigantine. They mounted to her deck, the boat was dropped and run up, and the vessel filled away. All this was done in profound silence. The prisoner was now permitted to move about the deck uncontrolled; but the keen eyes of his stern enemy, as he stood near the helm, and directed the course of the vessel and the motions of the crew by signs, were riveted on his victim.

The brig stood out to sea, and cut through the water at a rapid rate. The

cabin of the fisherman on the shore was already undistinguishable from the dark background of hills, and these also had lost their distinctness of outline, and were fast vanishing in the gloom. A cry of "sail ho!" from aloft first broke the silence. It was not necessary to follow this announcement with the usual questions. The vessel reported rushed into plain sight, as she opened a point of land that had concealed her. As the eye of the commander of the brigantine rested on her, a tremor shook his frame. For a moment he stood studying her through his glass; then dashing it on deck, he addressed rapid orders to his crew. All hands were immediately busied in making sail and working ship. Though the wind whistled wildly through the cordage, a ring-tail was added to the mainsail, and every sail that would draw was set. It was soon evident that the strange vessel was chasing the brigantine, and it became necessary that all hands should assist in working the latter, to which end the lookouts were called from forward and aloft.

"Here! let this trembling wretch go on the fore-topsail-yard," cried the commander. "He can report if any other sail heaves in sight, or at any rate he will there be out of the way. What, coward! do you shrink? Nay, then, by heaven! you shall go. Here, Tom, take this pistol, and follow him up the rigging. If he refuses or falters, shoot him dead."

The poor object of this persecution shuddered, and cold drops of sweat bedewed his forehead; but opposition would have been worse than useless, and in the hope that some turn might yet release him from this dreadful thralldom, he began to climb the shrouds. He trembled so violently, that this would not have been an easy task had the brig been lying at rest; but she was now pitching and rolling heavily, and it seemed to him, as he was swept to and fro through the air, that the next motion would inevitably hurl him into the sea. At last, however, he reached the topsail-yard, and attempted to seat himself on the dizzy perch. But he looked down, and saw the waves whirling and boiling below, while the narrow and unsteady vessel seemed to glide away from beneath him, and the mast to fall over of its own weight. His head grew giddy; a deadly sickness came over his fainting soul, and he would have pitched head foremost to the deck, had he not been upheld by the strong arm of the man who ascended with him. An expression of sympathy

struggled to his hard face, and seeing that the prisoner, if left to himself, would soon lose his hold and be dashed to pieces, he fastened him to the topmast, by passing a bunt gasket strongly round his body.

The strange vessel in the meantime was fast overhauling the brigantine. In vain the latter crowded sail. It but buried her deeper in the sea, without increasing her speed. She next attempted to weather on the pursuer, and braced every thing as sharp up as it could be hauled; but the stranger lay as close to the wind as the chase, and that expedient was also vain. The brig tried the pursuer's sailing on all tacks, in hope to find her weak on some point, and thus obtain an advantage. She squared away; she braced first on one tack, and then on the other; she tried her with the wind on the bow, a-beam, on the quarter, every way—and every way the stranger out-sailed her. The gale was now blowing a piping note, and the scud dispersing before it, allowed the moon to shine down between the higher clouds. The commander of the brigantine called his crew aft, and addressed a few earnest words to them. The conference lasted but an instant, when the men were seen hurrying forward, and directly after issued from the caboose, each bearing a blazing faggot in his hand. With these they set fire to the vessel in various places; then lashed the helm, lowered a boat from the lee quarter, where their motions could not be seen by the vessel in chase, and jumping into it, pulled under cover of their own brig towards the shore. The fire soon caught the dry and pitchy deck and light bulwarks, and spread with fearful rapidity. The unhappy young man on the yard looked down on the scene, without the power to release himself from his dreadful place of captivity. Even could he have loosened the knot which bound him there, and which was but drawn the tighter the more he struggled, his situation would have been little improved. The deck was already a sea of fire. It had caught the sails, and towered up in a pyramid far above his head. He writhed in agony and strove to shriek, but it seemed as if the flames which roared around him had scorched his throat, and deprived him of the power of utterance. He felt his flesh shrivel and crack in the intense heat, and his garments as he moved chafed the skin from his body. The sails, however, were quickly consumed or blown off in blazing fragments

into the sea; but the wind, which then visited his cheek, brought no relief, but added tenfold anguish to his blistered flesh. He turned his seared eyeballs towards the shore, and they fell on the boat, midway, the inmates of which were rendered visible, and their savage features shone with horrible distinctness, in the glare of the burning vessel. His foe, towering above the reef, stood in the after part, and his face was turned with an expression of fiendish joy, as it seemed, towards his writhing victim, whose agonized motions he could discern in the hellish light. From this maddening sight the tortured wretch turned towards the pursuing vessel—but she had desecrated the boat, and changed her course! All hope of rescue now died within him. The flames were fast eating into the mast at the deck, and streaming up the dry and greasy spar with appalling fierceness, while their roar and crackling sounded to his frenzied ear like the exultation of infernal spirits waiting for their prey. The shrouds, too, were on fire, and the pitch that boiled out from them added to the fury of the conflagration. The victim saw that his fate was near at hand, and ceased to struggle. Again the heat came up with scorching power, and a thick pitchy cloud of smoke wrapt him for a moment in its suffocating folds. It passed away, and he could see again. The shrouds were quite consumed, save a few blazing ends, which waved round him like the whips of furies; and the flames, which had lingered for a moment round the thick body of rigging at the mast head, were now climbing the topmast, and had almost reached the spot where he was bound. At this moment the brig rolled to windward, and he felt the mast tremble and totter like a falling tree. She slowly righted and lurched to leeward—the mast cracked and snapped—he felt his body rush through the air—the spar fell hissing into the ocean—the cold water closed over his scorched and shuddering body—he threw out his arms, and made one more frantic effort to release himself—the knot that bound him suddenly gave way—and—But we will let him tell the result in his own words.

On the following morning, the young man was seated in the same apartment of the fisherman's cabin, to which we have already introduced the reader. Writing materials were before him, and his pen was busy in addressing a letter to a friend. We have an author's privilege of looking over his shoulder, and

take the liberty to transcribe the following passage of his epistle:—

THE LETTER.

"I shall return to town immediately, for I do not find the sea-air is of any advantage to my health; and this sudden change of weather will render the hot streets of the city endurable, while here I am actually shivering with cold. My malady is not one, my dear friend, which sea-air or change of climate can remove. It is seated, not in the body, but in the mind; and wherever I go, I meet with something to remind me of my loss. Even the simple, but kind wife of the humble fisherman with whom I lodge, does or says something twenty times a day to make me feel what I have suffered in the untimely death of my poor Eliza. No matter—I shall soon follow her.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The limits of a letter will not allow me to tell you of a strange adventure I had last night. I was both burned to death and drowned; but the particulars of this sad accident I must reserve for our meeting. You will conjecture that this happened in a dream—and it was the wildest dream that the fancy of a sleeper ever framed. It is curious how much real torture, and for how long a time, one may experience in a half hour's slumber. I have a very vivid idea, now, of what the martyrs must have suffered, and am amazed at their fortitude. My dream was suggested, probably, by a conversation among some sailors, which the wind wafted to my ears, though it was not intended for them. You will smile when I tell you out of what slender materials my sleeping and feverish brain created a conflagration and an ocean. When I waked, in all the horror of a double death by fire and water, I found that in my slumber I had overthrown a pitcher into my lap, and that my feet were toasting something too close to a fire, which had blazed up after I fell asleep. I ought to mention that I had taken a rather larger draught than usual of my opiate mixture. Of such shreds dreams are made."

ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

BY A CANTAB.

No. 1.

I am a friend to the exposition of the weak sides of great men, inasmuch as it reads them a valuable lesson on their own infallibility, and tends to lower the mole hills of conceit that are raised in

the world as stumbling-blocks along every road of petty ambition. It would, however, be but a sorry toil for the most cynical critic to illustrate these vagaries otherwise than so many slips and trippings of the tongue and pen, to which all men are liable in their unguarded moments, from Homer to Anacreon Moore, or Demosthenes to my Lord Brougham. The worst effect of a good-humoured *expose* will be to raise a laugh at the expense of poor humanity, or a merited smile at our own dulness and mistaken sense of the ridiculous.

To commence with the Ancient Poets. — The ghosts in Homer are afraid of swords; yet Sibylla tells Æneas, in Virgil, that the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons.

In painting alone we have a rich harvest. Burgoyne, in his *Travels*, notices a painting in Spain where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a *pistol*!

There is a painting at Windsor of Antonio Verrio, in which he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ's healing the sick.

In the Luxenburg is a picture of Reubens, in which are the queen-mother in council, with two Cardinals and *Mercury*.

There was also in the Houghton Hall Collection, Velvet Brughel's Adoration of the Magi, in which were a multitude of figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness. The Ethiopian King is dressed in a *surplice with boots and spurs*, and brings for a present a gold model of a *modern ship*.

N. Poussin's celebrated painting of Rebecca at the Well, has the whole back ground decorated with *Grecian architecture*.

The same artist, in his picture of the Deluge, has painted *boats*, not then invented. St. Jerome, in another place, with a *clock* by his side, a thing unknown in that saint's days.

A painter of Toledo represented the three wise men of the East coming to worship, and bringing their presents to our Lord upon his birth at Bethlehem, as three Arabian or Indian kings; two of them are white, and one of them black; but, unhappily, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, their legs being necessarily a little intermixed, he made three *black feet* for the negro king, and but *three white feet* for the two white kings; and yet never discovered the mis-

take till the piece was presented to the king, and hung up in the great church.

The monks of a certain monastery at Messina exhibited with great triumph a *letter written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand*. Unluckily, this was not, as it might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion a visitor, to whom this was shewn, observed, with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was *not in existence till several hundred years* after the Virgin had ascended into heaven.

In the church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, is the picture of a Virgin and Child, whom an angel is entertaining with an air upon the *violin*!

So also in the College library of Aberdeen, to a very neat Dutch missal are appended elegant paintings on the margin, of angels appearing to the shepherds, with one of them playing on the *bagpipes*.

There is a picture in a church of Bruges, that puts not only all chronology, but every thing else out of countenance. It is the marriage of our Saviour with St. Catherine of Sienna. *St. Dominic, the Patron of the Church, marries them!* the *Virgin Mary* joins their hands; and, to crown the anachronism, *King David* plays the harp at the wedding!

Albert Durer represented an angel in a *flowered petticoat*, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

In a picture painted by F. Chello della Puera, the Virgin Mary is placed on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a paroquet, and about to help herself *te coffee* from an engraved coffee-pot.

Paul Veronese placed Benedictine fathers and *Swiss soldiers* among his paintings from the Old Testament.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes, listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters which were stretching out of the water, *red!* having probably never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anachronism, he extricated himself, by observing, that the whole affair was a *miracle*, and that thus the miracle was made still greater.

In the Notices des MSS. du Roi VI. 120, in the illuminations of a Manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms are two persons *playing at cards*; and under Job and the Prophets are *coats of arms* and a *windmill!*

In the collection of the French King there is a celebrated picture, in which our Saviour is represented at table in the castle of Emmaus with two of his disciples, one with a slouched hat, with broad brims hanging over his back, and a huge chaplet round his waist. They are served by a man who wears a kind of handkerchief, which only covers half his head, his arms naked to the elbow like a cook, his coat open, standing by a page who has a little hat with a feather in it, and is dressed in the Venetian fashion. We may judge whether this picture, the work of an admirable painter, is adapted to time and place.

Mr. Strutt has detected some singular improprieties of our Saxon painters. He thus writes:—"They were far from having the least idea of any thing more ancient than the manners and customs of their own particular times. They put our Saviour, Noah, Abraham, and *King Edgar*, all in the same habit; and in some MSS., in the reign of Henry VI., are exhibited the figures of Meleager, Hercules, Jason, &c. in the full dress of the great lords of that prince's court.

J. P. JUN.

## MISCELLANIES.

### CURIOUS MODE OF FISHING.

THE fishers on the north side of the lake of Scodra, catch a kind of fish called *Scoranza*, in the following manner:—At a certain season of the year, the place is visited by vast flocks of a particular species of crow, which is regarded as sacred. The inhabitants then place their nets in the rivers and lakes; the Greek Priests, or the Turkish Imans, come to give their benediction to the work; and while this is doing, the crows remain silent and attentive spectators on the trees in the neighbourhood. A quantity of corn, previously blessed by the priest, is then thrown into the water, and instantly attracts the fish in multitudes to the surface. At this instant the crows dart down upon them with fearful cries; and the fish, terrified by the noise, rush into the nets in myriads, and become the prey of the fishermen. A part of the capture is regularly allotted to the crows and the priests, as a reward for their services, and this secures the punctual return of both at the proper time.

### NEGRO IRISHMEN IN THE WEST INDIES.

MONTSERRAT had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrafted on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaught man, on arriving at Montserrat, was, to his astonishment, hailed in vernacular Irish by a negro from one of the first boats that came alongside—"Thunder and turf," exclaimed Pat, "how long have you been here?" "Three months," answered Quashy. "Three months! and so black already!! *Hanum a jowl*," says Pat, thinking Quashy a cidevant countryman, "I'll not stay among ye;" and in a few hours the Connaught man was on his return, with a white skin, to his emerald isle.

*Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies.*

### ANTS IN GRENADA.

THEIR numbers (says Mr. Montgomery Martin) were so immense, as to cover the roads for the space of several miles; and so crowded in many places, that the prints of the horses' feet were distinctly heard amongst them, till filled by the surrounding multitudes. They made bridges across large and rapid rivers with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every kind of cold victuals, all species of vermin, particularly rats, and even the sores of the negroes, were exposed to their attack. A premium of 20,000*l.* from the public treasury was offered to the discoverer of any effectual method of destroying them, and the principal means were poison and fire. By mixing arsenic and corrosive sublimate with animal substances, myriads were destroyed; and the slightest tasting of the poison rendered them so outrageous as to devour one another. Lines of red-hot charcoal were laid in their way, to which they crowded in such numbers as to extinguish it with their bodies; and holes full of fire were dug in the cane grounds, which were soon extinguished by heaps of dead. But while the nests remained undisturbed, new progenies appeared as numerous as ever, and the only effectual check which they received was from the destructive hurricane, which, by tearing up altogether, or so loosening the roots of the plants where they festled, as to admit the rain, almost extirpated the whole race.



P. 258.

### THE SIEGE OF SOLEURE.

THE town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, and along the fertile and romantic vale of Balstal. It is the capital of the canton which bears the same name, and is watered by the beautiful river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honour of having been built originally by our great father Abraham; and its public repositories exhibit inscriptions and medals, that give it the highest title to antiquity.

Hugo Von Bucheg was a venerable burgher and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as father of the council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed no wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed, which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child, Ellen. She had early lost her mother, and had spent her time almost as she pleased, in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering plants for her collections, and accumu-

lating a stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness. It must not be supposed that this life of freedom was without system. It was consistent with Swiss habits and opinions. "My daughter," said the old Bucheg, "is studying the wisest book in the world—that of nature." And so thought Ellen; for, except a common school education, she had had few advantages; yet her mind had expanded beyond her years, and every object filled it with new thoughts and associations.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheering society. The last plea he could not resist, and Ellen was, for the first time, separated from her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto her life had demanded but few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside.

Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze upon the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not till her health and spirits drooped, that she gained permission to walk at sunset. At first the rapidity with which she moved along, was almost free from thought. It was recovered liberty; and to gaze upon the heavens, the waters, and the woods, to feel that she could leap from rock to rock, could sing her favourite songs, and disturb no one, was rapture.

As she was returning home, a neat little edifice, which was built for a place of public worship, arrested her eye. With slow steps she wound her way through the burying-ground, and entered the door of the house. It was perfectly plain, and had none of the picturesque decorations of a Roman Catholic chapel. Ellen was educated in the reformed religion, and the place was sacred to her. She knelt down, and thanked the Supreme Being for her recovered liberty. "My aunt is a good, pious woman," thought she, as she returned home, "and will not object to my coming here to say my prayers every night." When she made the proposal, however, the invalid objected.

"If you were a Roman Catholic," said she, "there would be some sense in walking a mile to say your prayers."

"But if I can pray better there than anywhere else, where is the harm?" said Ellen.

At length the aunt consented, and it was the only relaxation from constant attendance that she possessed. Soon, however, Ellen found it expedient to repair to the chapel to say her morning prayers; and she arose an hour or two earlier, that she might be back in time to take her station in the dark and confined chamber of her aunt when she awoke.

Slight as was the circumstance, it associated her mind with all that was sublime and beautiful in devotion. When the glorious sun arose, it was, to her, like the Creator lifting the curtain of the night, and coming forth from the darkness of his pavilion. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the notes of the shepherd's pipe, to the tinkling bells of the herds of cattle, and heard their deep, sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton:

"Parent of Good! these are thy works."

Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children, who ran to meet their parents returning from a day of labour—to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door; and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she perceived she should be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless, and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the animals sprang furiously from the rest, and rushed towards her. She looked around; a frightful death seemed inevitable. To escape by flight was impossible. At that moment the report of a gun struck her ear, the animal staggered, groaned, and fell dead at her feet. A sickness came over her, and she knew nothing, till she found herself supported by a young man dressed in a military uniform.

"You have saved my life," she exclaimed.

"It was a fortunate shot," said he, smiling. "I don't often make as good a one, for I have been out all day and have not brought down any game. My uncle's house is not very far distant; may I conduct you to it?"

"I must go to my aunt's," said Ellen, "but I shall need your assistance to get there."

He raised her up and gave her his arm, and they stood a minute to gaze on the powerful animal that lay stretched before them. The ball had entered his heart. Not a drop of blood was visible.

"This will make a feast in the valley," said the youth; "I will give a *fête* in honour of your safety, will you not witness it?"

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to gain her aunt's consent. At the door the stranger bowed and left her.

The impression upon the young girl's mind was deep and lasting. That night her aunt's illness greatly increased. A despatch was sent for her father; but, before his arrival, his sister had breathed her last. She went no more to the chapel, but returned to Soleure with her father.

Two years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. "He saved my life,"



said she ; " I hope I shall see him again." But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of imagination. Leopold, Duke of Austria, was approaching Soleure with the avowed resolution of besieging its walls. An inordinate thirst for victory had taken possession of his mind. He believed it glory to conquer even the innocent and free ; and he swore to his brother, the emperor, to plant the Austrian standard on the towers of Soleure.

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were for the first time separated ; the thunder of the cannon, which made even the earth tremble ; the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded ; all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety ; at one moment in search of her father, and, the next, administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer ; and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth, that the enemy were repulsed, and had retreated to their encampment. Scarce had Ellen rejoiced in this intelligence, when she beheld her father approaching, supported by his friends. " Merciful Heaven ! " she exclaimed, " you are wounded."

" Come with me, my child," said he, " and thank the Supreme Being for this respite from our calamities. My wound is nothing, but you will bind it up."

With the tenderest care she applied the emollients necessary ; then, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm, and listen to him.

" We have," said he, " this time, defended the walls of Soleure and repulsed the enemy ; but they will return to the attack with new vigour. Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place ; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there is but one obstacle. I know what fate awaits you from a rude and victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource— you must repair to Leopold. He is

brave and generous. You will be safe from insult, and I, free to do my duty as a soldier. Away ! it is my command. Answer me not ! Give this letter to the duke. God bless thee, my dear, my only treasure !"

Ellen sunk upon her knees and pressed her father's hand to her lips ; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out, he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce ; and at length faded away.

" Now I am childless," said he ; " I have only to die for my country."

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army, sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised, and an officer entered and informed him, that a young woman, the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission.

Leopold looked exultingly upon his nobles. " Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes ? " said he ; " does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution ? Let her enter, and we will shew her that our blood is warmed only by glory."

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen, dressed in the plainest manner, entered. She approached the duke and bent one knee to the ground. " Noble prince," said she, " I come to you as a petitioner to claim your protection ; " and she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

" My lord ! " said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near, " support this young woman to a seat." He then unfolded the letter, and read :—

" MY NOBLE PRINCE—

" She who brings you this letter is my only child—all the treasure I possess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to you, relying on your honour. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins ; but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that

Being who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts.

“BUCHEG, *Magistrate of Soleure.*”

A deep silence prevailed. At length the duke said, “Upon the line of our encampment let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your grey hairs, bleached in the service of your country, are a pledge of security. Yet one more I desire—it is your son. I take him for a hostage. You know that I love him as if he were my own. Therefore, by the value of the pledge, he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young count?” continued the duke; “I miss him unwillingly from among my friends.”

“He is at his post,” answered the father; “I expect him every moment. In the mean time suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as for your kindness to my son.”

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, “You have heard, my dear child, the command of the duke. I hope you will trust yourself to me.”

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down, and her heart beat with violence.

“You wonder, my young friend,” said the duke, “how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I give her in trust to yours; and thus is the mystery explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need rest and refreshment. Therefore I request you to see that she is properly lodged and guarded.”

With what delight did the young count receive this command! A tent was immediately devoted to the *protégé* of the duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed, “I have found him at length—the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my waking and sleeping hours! Alas! how have I found him! in arms against my country, against my father and my fellow citizens! Al-

ready his name has inspired me with terror, for he has been first in the attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country? Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver; and now I find him my bitterest foe.”

Her tears fell in torrents. There is no calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had erected was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days, and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as sentinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognised in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and though, since that event, he had often thought of her, his was an active and busy life, and he had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building. Man yields to present emotion, but woman can live on ideal happiness. He fully believed that he should see her no more, and had ceased to think of her; whereas she had considered her destiny as united to his, and looked forward with confidence to the moment they should meet. It was not with indifference that the young man now beheld her. A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read his influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied, and wished it were his duty to share it with her. “But this can never be,” thought he. “To-morrow, soon as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father. Would that I had never seen her, and then I should have gone cheerfully to the battle!” A new idea struck him. Perhaps Ellen might have influence enough to persuade her father to surrender, without risking fruitless opposition; at least he would make the attempt. With cautious steps he approached the curtain, and spoke in a low voice.

“Who calls?” said Ellen.

“It is your guard, Count Papenheim,” said he. “May I ask a conference with you? I have business to communicate respecting your father.”

Ellen made no reply; and, raising the curtain, he entered. The traces of tears were still on her face.

“I come,” said he, “to inform you, that early to-morrow morning we attack

the walls of Soleure. They must fall ; all opposition will be useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your citizens deluge the streets ; but it is all in vain. I come, then, to beg you to use your influence with your father to spare this useless conflict. Write, and I will see that he has the letter before morning. Tell him that we know the state of the town ; that it is without ammunition ; and that the walls are tottering. By resisting, ruin is inevitable ; by capitulating, he may obtain honourable terms."

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat, pale, trembling, and shrinking from his view ; but, as he proceeded, the colour mantled in her cheeks ; and when he had ended, she stood erect. " Rely not too much on the weakness of our resources," said she ; " it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think that if my father would listen to terms, he would have sent me, his only child, among his enemies for protection ? No ! he will shed the last drop of blood for his country ; and were I to propose capitulation, he would spurn my letter. You must do your duty ; but remember that it is against the innocent you war ; and make not the life you once preserved," continued she, bursting into tears, " valueless, by taking that of my father."

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man appeared for a moment to forget his errand. At length he said, " I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with my duty, shall be guarded with my own."

" You will know him," said she, " by his white hair, by his firm yet mild demeanour, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But," added she, with dignity, " every citizen resembles him in this determination ; all are my fathers or brothers."

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might of man.

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushes along, destroying and laying waste the country through which it passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased its waters to an alarming height ; and besides deluging the country around, its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurned all restraint. The greatest consterna-

tion prevailed throughout the army. All were in motion. The only hope that remained was from the bridge that bound both shores. It was built of stone, and they hoped it might resist the force of the waters, and, to secure this object, was their immediate aim. It was necessary to load it with immense weight ; and Leopold ordered men and horses to this post. " It is our only chance," said he ; " if the bridge gives way we are lost."

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene. The darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore the frightful death that was approaching. The Austrians, who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need ! There was but one, and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that the danger reached its crisis. The bridge tottered to its base, yet it still stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose, the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and, amid the howling of the storm, and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way, and the waters rushed over them !

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open, and the inhabitants issued forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats. Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and, by their flaming torches, discovered the victims who were sinking. Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, conveyed to the town, and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in the hands of the enemy, and not a possibility of preventing it. " Shame ! shame !" he cried, " unheard-of cruelty, to seize such a dreadful moment of public calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for human life—to condemn their fellow beings to a second death ! My brave soldiers and companions ! would that you had sunk beneath the wave ! It is frightful ! it deserves revenge, and shall have it—bloody revenge ! The walls of Soleure shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay with his life this horrible outrage ; and as for

Bucheg—ha! well thought of," cried he, starting up, "have I not the weapon in my hand that will pierce his heart? The ungrateful wretch! Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderness of a parent? did I not give my word to protect her? His baseness exceeds human comprehension. Go!" he exclaimed to one of his attendants, "bring the girl here. Her father shall bitterly repent of his outrage."

"My noble lord, and prince," said the young Count Papenheim, his eyes sparkling with fire, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, "I am the youngest of your guards; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your plighted word, not to withdraw your protection. You are just and good; do not in a moment of anger commit a deed that you will for ever repent." At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity awaited her. The father of the young count gazed sternly upon him. "What means this unwonted excitement?" said he. "Is it for mercy only you plead? I marked your confusion the first time you saw this young woman in the pavilion of the duke; what am I to believe?"

"My dearest father," said the count, seizing his hand, "it was not the first time that I had seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the valley of Lauterbrunn that I met her. I knew not her name; and though I have often thought of her, had given up all expectation of seeing her again. I see, my prince," continued he, raising his eyes to the duke, "that you hear my acknowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is now too late for concealment. I love her, and, kneeling, implore your mercy for her."

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and cast gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still; even the storm was hushed, and the roaring of winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had supported herself to the utmost; but, overcome by terror and emotion, was sinking to the ground, when the young count rushed forward to support her.

"Away!" exclaimed the duke, "they shall both be put under guard."

At that moment a page entered, and informed the duke that his army were returning with the magistrate at their head.

"Oh! my father!" exclaimed Ellen, springing forward.

The duke and his nobles gazed upon each other with astonishment. "Let him enter," exclaimed the duke, sternly.

In a moment the venerable Bucheg appeared before him. "My lord," said he, "I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their forlorn situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I have one condition to make. Twelve of our citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents of these victims to humanity. When Soleure is no longer free, I shall be no more; but I die willingly for my country, confiding in the protection you have promised to my daughter."

Overcome by the magnanimity of Bucheg, the duke sprung from his seat, and threw his arms around him. "My heart will cease to beat," said he, "and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate! and you, ye nobles! hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the Emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent state. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls, not as a conqueror, but as a guest, and, with your permission, plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to future generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom.

"But I have another duty to perform. Count Papenheim! my old and well-tried friend! will you grant a request from your prince?"

A smile from the old man said more than words.

"My new-found friend!" said he, addressing Bucheg, "will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for your son-in-law? If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say." The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty, that she cast on the young count, as, with a soldier's impetuosity, he threw his arms around her, spoke no aversion even to the unprepared father.

"Take her, then," said he, "it is all mystery; but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy."

From this time Soleure has been

joined to the Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free and independent state.

### SARDINIAN FEUDS.

THE inhabitants of Terranova (says Captain Smyth, in his interesting work on Sardinia) are rather tall, strong, active, and well proportioned; they have, in general, long faces, dark heavy eyebrows, and small black eyes. They rarely look a person directly in the face, but view him askance; they never fail to shake hands when they meet, yet during the ceremony each looks over his left shoulder, and they remain with their faces directed to opposite parts, during the whole conversation. Nor is any town in Europe disgraced by a more bloodthirsty set of miscreants; the life of a fellow-creature is considered so trifling an object, that on becoming in any degree burthensome, he is dispatched without ceremony or comment. As these assertions would bear the appearance of invective rather than observation, I will add an anecdote or two, of outrages committed by members of the infamous family of Putzu. Pietro, the elder brother, was actually holding the situation of British vice-consul when I visited Terranova, though, I am happy to add, they have since met with at least part of the punishment they long deserved. Ten years ago, this knot of murderers defied the power of government; but becoming disunited among themselves, they lost ground, and are now so broken, as to be somewhat more amenable to the laws.

Captain Pasquale Altieri anchored his vessel, bearing the British flag, in the gulf of Terranova, and finding that one of his passengers had decamped in the night with some valuable goods, waited on Pietro Putzu, the *British consul*, to solicit redress. Putzu begged Altieri to give himself no further trouble on the subject, for as he was well acquainted with the various roads, he would himself go on the pursuit. He accordingly sallied out on horseback, accompanied by a huge and fierce mastiff; overtook the unfortunate wretch whom he was in quest of, and with his dog worried and finally murdered him. He then secreted the stolen property, and returned to Terranova, pretending his search had been fruitless.

Leonardo, the brother of the "Consul," having without any known provocation, conceived an enmity against a

man, who was not only his friend, but his "compare" also, waylaid him in a by-road, and shot him, as he rode past with his wife. The victim fell from his horse, and the afflicted woman on her knees endeavoured to stanch the blood; but the villain rushed on them, and drawing forth a long knife, stabbed the dying man in various places; brutally remarking to the woman, that a husband was easily replaced. The horrid scene concluded by the assassin drawing the knife, yet reeking with the blood of his friend, between his lips, previous to returning it into the sheath; he then walked off, leaving the poor widow insensible from terror and affliction. This ruffian, after having committed numerous other outrages, is now only in exile at Maddalena, within sight of the scenes of his guilt. When Mr. Craig questioned him respecting the murder of his "compare," he very freely told the whole story; and added that he never saw so furious a dying man in his life, for he kicked with such violence while being stabbed, as to make a large hole in the ground!

The occurrence that ended the career of this detestable family, exhibited a singular exertion of cunning and ferocity. Andrea Scaccato, a "capo pastore" possessed of considerable property, had been marked as an object of resentment by Leonardo, Pietro, and G. M. Putzu, and vain was every effort on his part to avert his doom. To conciliate such powerful and implacable enemies, he patiently suffered the grossest insults; had married one of his sons into the Putzu family, and had become "compare" to the very wretch who compassed his murder. As Scaccato had two sons, fine, spirited youths, residing with him, and was moreover popular in the district, it was deemed imprudent to attempt assassination by the usual ambush system, since retaliation might be feared; it was therefore determined upon, to massacre the whole family at a blow. G. M. Putzu being captain of the provincial militia, it was planned, that under pretence of having received secret orders from government, to arrest the Scaccatos, he should select the most hardened of his dependants, together with some carabinieri. On obtaining admittance into the dwelling, they were not only to destroy the whole of its inmates, but also the "brigadiere," or commanding officer of the soldiers, which would serve as a proof that Scaccato had resisted; as well as enable the Putzus to assert, without fear of contradiction, that he had

called them out, instead of their having summoned him. On the fatal night the assassins presented themselves at the house, and demanded admission in the king's name; a desire instantly complied with by the master, though against the opinion of his wife, who suspected danger. On his opening the door, poor Scaccato was shot dead, and a musket ball was discharged at one of the sons, the ball from which passed through his heart and into the breast of his wife, who was beside him. Another son, on receiving the first shot, fell on his knees, and addressing himself to G. M. Putzu, piteously exclaimed, "Oh! godfather, spare me only till I confess, and make my peace with God." The brute tauntingly replied, that this was not a time to prate about confession, and drawing out his pistol, shot the unhappy youth through the head. As the rest of the family had escaped during the scuffle, nothing remained but to fire a general discharge at the place where they had posted the "brigadiere." He, however, apprehensive of treachery, had previously retired; and the Putzus were not a little astonished when, on remounting their horses, they discovered him to be one of the party. Meantime, Dame Scaccato, on recognising the voice of L. Putzu, had immediately conjectured the purpose of the visit, and with instinctive presence of mind, caught up her youngest boy, and hid him beneath a tub; then with efforts, described as preternatural, forced a passage out, though dreadfully wounded in the attempt. Two or three of the assassins pursued her; but the darkness of the night, and the intricacy of the thickets, were the means of saving a life that proved most important; since she has succeeded in crushing her blood-stained enemies, by extraordinary personal exertions, and the powerful assistance afforded her by the following fortuitous incident. The very day previous to the assassination, Scaccato took his wife to a copse behind the house, and throwing aside some grassy clods, exposed a jar containing about 4000 scudi in gold: "These," said he, "are the savings of a life of unremitting industry, which I have carefully hoarded against the hour of need, and have now divulged the secret, lest some accident should suddenly cut me off, and leave you in ignorance of such a resource." With this supply of money, and the prompt interference of several friends, Dame Scaccato pursued her opponents with such vigour, that G. M. Putzu

was executed at Sassari, in 1823; Leonardo and Pietro were exiled to Maddalena, and five others fled to the mountains, under sentence of death. After thus accomplishing the exposure and fall of the Putzus, the meritorious and spirited widow has retired into a convent, determined to pass the remainder of her life in devotion.

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### STANZAS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the Parterre).

In that sorrowful season of anguish and ill,  
When the spirit is shadowed and lonely;  
When the flowers in the valley, the sun on the hill,  
Would dishearten our bitterness only;  
'Tis lovely to loiter along the dim dell,  
Where the cold misty streamlet is flowing,  
And blasts through the hazel-bush mournfully swell,  
Red leaves on the fallow grass strowing.  
And the gloomy gray stole of a wintery sky,  
And the light half obscured by the shadows,  
Seem kindlier far to the tear-bedimmed eye,  
Than the sunbeam o'er emerald meadows.  
For Nature, we see, seems to suffer distress,  
When the sunbeam of summer forsakes it;  
And the pang that we felt, grows insensibly less,  
When we find that another partakes it.

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### UTILITY OF DULNESS.

DULL, timid, and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society; the mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure; a sort of trifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without. They are the seasoning of society—somewhat liberally sprinkled to be sure. They give a *gout* and flavour to the social circle, which even Attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become *tame* without them. A dull uniformity would prevail, and we all know by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried sprightliness, unshaded mirth, and unrelieved brilliancy. Deathlike dulness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks. Once in compounding a set of squibs I forgot to mix up with the positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one

explosion, bright no doubt, but transient also, and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up, were both bright, sparkling too, and much more lasting; besides, they did not scorch me. Dull men are, then, to society what charcoal is to squibs. F.

### INDOLENCE OF GENIUS.

IDLENESS and indolence, for they are not equivalents, are, to the man of genius, what rust is to the polished metal. It is lamentable to think on the ravages they have made in the finest minds, eating so deeply into them that they have at last become, as it were, incorporated with their very essence: often too that species of indolence is nourished, and even has its rise, from the self-same source as the noblest of mental peculiarities. To indulge in contemplation, for *itself* only, is one of the most alluring of pleasures. The bright and beautiful ideas which present themselves to a mind so engaged, give as much delight to the individual to whom they are suggested, even though they perish at the moment of their birth to make room for the embryo creations which crowd after them in quick succession, as though they were chronicled on tablets of brass, or the ever-during monument of a nation's memory. I speak of the delight felt at the moment of their creation, not of the permanent and strengthening pleasure received from their reiteration when preserved, or the applause of crowds when popular. Some laborious writers instantly seize these evanescent wanderers, and, with patient industry, pin them on paper, as a butterfly collector does his specimens; but they are not, nor do they in general deserve to be, the authors whose memories are cherished with the deepest love, and whose works are graven on the fleshy tablets of a thousand congenial hearts. In reading their works we think they have rendered us all they could give, and left us nothing to regret; that they have drawn their wine to the lees, and spun their airy web while a single particle of material remained. There is in this, wherever displayed, a sordidness, even where no pecuniary profits could be reaped, which revolts us. It is an ambition distinct from, and grovelling below, that noble thirst for fame which has caused the transcription, at least of mighty works, though, some will hold, the *composition* of none. An author of this description resembles a painter who would admit of no shading in his pic-

tures, but filled every corner of his canvass with gaudy lights and glaring figures,—on the ground that he could not afford room for what was in *itself* without expression. These considerations may serve to reconcile us to the imputed indolence of many living and deceased writers. There is now no want of authors, nor of books: let then poets enjoy their solitary thoughts unmolested; the world is already rich enough in their productions! F.

### CASTIGATIONES.—No II.

(For the Parterre).

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for July last, contains an interesting memoir of Sir Edmund Verney, the king's standard-bearer at Edge-hill. This gallant Royalist perished in that sad conflict: his body, it is said, was never discovered, but a hand was found among the slain, and recognized by a ring on one of the fingers. This story is in all probability true, and no man will deny that it is an affecting one. But the other circumstances connected with the capture and recapture of the royal banner are variously told, and the writer of the memoir in question has drawn his information from writers of one party only—that of the cavaliers.

In the first place, we are told, that when Charles erected his standard upon the castle-hill at Nottingham, Sir Edmund observed, as he fixed it in the earth,\* that "by the grace of God, the man who wrested it from his hand should first wrest his soul from his body." Now we very much question, if the large standard set up at Nottingham was that which Sir Edmund bore so gallantly at Edge-hill. This, in fact, being a *standard*, while that which Sir Edmund bore in the field was a *banner*; but, as every body knows, the two names have long since been confounded. The writer of the memoir quotes Lloyd, who tells us that the knight slew sixteen men with his own hand. This is a genuine cavalier boast: with such a banner, Sir Edmund must have had quite sufficient to do to defend himself from attack, and preserve his charge.

But the best portion of the story is to come. The author of "*Britannica Virtutis Imago*," printed at Oxford in 1644,

\* It was fixed in the *rock*, which was with considerable difficulty perforated to receive the staff.

gives an account of the capture and recapture of the royal banner, and is followed by the writer of the memoir, who says:—

“It was entrusted by Copley (the man who, probably, dealt Sir Edmund his death-blow) to one Chambers, secretary to the parliamentary general, who, guarded by an escort of three cuirassiers, and as many arquebussiers on horseback, endeavoured to carry it off the field. As they were thus making their way, Captain John Smith, a soldier of note, and captain-lieutenant to Lord John Stewart’s horse, attended by one Chichley, groom to the Duke of Richmond, rode by; but conceiving the banner which was rolled up to be merely one of the ordinary colours of the king’s life-guard, and that so strongly guarded, he was willing to avoid an encounter. Whilst pondering on what step he should pursue, a boy on horseback called out that the enemy were carrying off the standard. This intimation to a man of Smith’s established gallantry was not thrown away; and shouting, “Traitor, deliver the standard!” he immediately attacked the secretary, who was on foot, and wounded him in the breast. Bending over to follow up his thrust, a cuirassier struck him on the neck with his pole-axe through the collar of his doublet; when, at the same time, his companions discharged their pistols at his face. The death of the cuirassier by the hand of the captain terminated this unequal contest, for, on his fall, the rest presently fled, leaving the subject of contention in the hands of their gallant victor,” &c.

The reader is requested to go over the preceding paragraph attentively. He will perceive that the secretary, to whom the standard was confided, was on foot, and that he was the first man wounded, though six horsemen were around him. Captain Smith bends forward to repeat his thrust, when he is struck with, what?—why, a pole-axe! In the name of all that’s wonderful, what had a dragoon of that period to do with a pole-axe? Such a weapon could have been of no use against a long, cutting broad-sword. Then, and only till then, the other troopers discharged their pistols in the captain’s face, who, *mirabile dictu!* not only escaped, with his brains, but was not even blinded by the explosion.

Great, indeed, must be the credulity of the man who could believe this story. We are sorry to see a writer at the present day endeavouring to perpetuate the absurd tales of violent partisans of the Royalists. A great author has wisely

remarked, that it is the duty of a reader to “weigh and consider,” not to run mad with the taking opinions of one author, until he has compared him with another. The writer of the memoir, which has called forth these remarks, is evidently among the infatuated few who believe the cavaliers to have been paragons of virtue. That many good men fought and fell on either side, during that unhappy period, there is little doubt; but the majority consisted of the idle, the dissolute, the worthless, and the violent. We shall only add, in conclusion, that the account of the recapture of the standard is very differently given by the author of the “History of the Stuarts in England.” This writer says, that Smith with two others disguised themselves with orange-coloured scarfs, and riding towards the party who were carrying off the standard, persuaded them to give it up, as it was not fit that a *perman* should be the bearer of it. The secretary believing Smith to be of the republican party, gave up his charge; and the captain rode off in triumph, and presented it to the king, for which he was knighted. K.

## THE AUTHOR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

### THE INTRODUCTION.

“Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail,  
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
Where in nice balance truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise.”

I walked out one summer afternoon, to amuse myself after the troubles of a long and toilsome day, spent in poring over musty volumes of the law. As I rose from my fatiguing studies, and breathed the fresh, free air of heaven, I enjoyed that natural cheerfulness which is always felt when the elastic mind soars from the object to which it has been bound down, and sports away at pleasure through the regions of fancy. After having groped among the shadowy labyrinths of ambiguous science, wearied and bewildered in its mazy path, I rejoiced to be in a lighter sphere, amid merriment and bustling adventure—where the brilliant confusion gave a livelier character to my meditations, and the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls who passed by me, imparted a sweeter sensation to my mind.

It had been extremely warm and sultry, but now a light breeze cooled the



air; the pigeons pecked and cooed and sported about in the shade; a privileged dog might now and then be observed trotting along behind his master, panting and tired, with his tongue hanging from his unclosed mouth, and those unpoetical animals in the records of our Common Council, denominated—hogs, grunted through their long and dreamless slumber, in all the glory of independence and mud.

It is an old maxim, that something may be learned in whatever situation we are placed. The darkness of a solitary dungeon improves the contemplative disposition, and the mid-day splendour of the city is replete with instruction.

The vast and wonderful variety of face and figure, which on every side met my view, afforded an amusement for my ramble, of which I did not fail to take advantage.

Sometimes brushed by me the smart beau, ready dressed, and polished for his lady's eye; his new, shining hat, upon a head each particular hair of which possessed its assigned station, like well disciplined soldiers at a military post. In dark contrast behind him dragged the lazy sweep—wrapping his dusky mantle around his gloomy form, the personification of a moonless night. The man of broad dimensions waddled before the thin, consumptive, meagre wretch—poverty and plenty, emblematic of the rapid vicissitudes of life. Bullies, thinking of thunder and lightning—Dandies, thinking of nothing but themselves—and fools, thinking of nothing at all, went one after another before my observing sight. Editors, composing extemporaneous editorial articles—Players, conning over their half-learned parts—Lawyers, calculating what no one but lawyers could calculate—and Doctors, in rueful, but resigned anticipation of their patient's demise, passed by, and disappeared like Macbeth's visions in the regions of Hecate. Now came a crowd of

“Noisy children just let loose from school,”

in high glee at having escaped from the vicissitudes of the mimic world—some from the troubles of incomprehensible ancient languages, and lines terrible to scan—and other young literary Bonapartes, who “had fought and conquered” whole troops of mathematical problems, who had surmounted obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and laboured far up the rugged hill of science, in spite of the brambles and shadows with which it so

plentifully abounds. Then I beheld the philosopher, in his ordinary habiliments, scrupulously plain, careful to owe no portion of his celebrity to the vanities of dress—his brow clouded with a sublime frown, which spoke of crucibles, air-pumps, powerful acids, and electrical machines—pacing his steady way, with measured strides—all science and severity from head to foot. After him came the poet, in a poetical dress, with short sleeves to his coat, short legs to his pantaloons, and short allowances for his hunger—his hat was put back from his forehead in negligent grace—there was no awkwardness in his moving attitudes—no rose upon his thoughtful cheek—and no cravat around his neck; but bewildered, Byron-like, and brimful of imagination, and wrapped up in splendid visions, invisible to all but himself—through the various multitude he pursued his unerring career,

“In lofty madness, meditating song.”

The richly dressed, fashionable belle dashed by me like a blazing meteor, sparkling and flashing in transitory brightness—and in bashful beauty, like some softly passing dream, followed the sylph-like figure of a charming girl, with eyes cast down in the modesty of merit, and cheeks blushing at the earnest gaze which their loveliness attracted. It passed away from before me like the evanescent hopes of youth, and gave place to a person who monopolized all my attention. It was the short, prim form of a middle-aged, negligently dressed man, who wore an air of drollery, entirely irresistible. As he passed, maiden purity and philosophic sternness lent the tribute of a smile, and the little boys paused from the fascinations of their hoops and marbles to look and laugh. The clouded visage of misfortune, by his ludicrous appearance, was cheated into a temporary illumination, and in the wildness of my disenthralled fancy, methought the very birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, or, in plain English, the pigeons and the pigs, gave a glance of merry astonishment upon the object of my notice.

His coat (for although he was an author, he had a coat) had once been of handsome black cloth, but its charms had vanished “like fairy gifts fading away”—many winters had scattered their snows upon the shoulder-blades and elbows, from the pinnacles of the latter of which peeped something not very white, concerning which I had my

own peculiar calculation. The collar, I mean of his coat, for that of his shirt had long since retired to the dignity of private life, beneath the complicated folds of his slovenly cravat—I say, the collar of his coat, by long acquaintance with the rim of a hat, venerable on account of its antiquity, had assumed a gloss which was by no means the gloss of novelty; and a dark brown waistcoat was buttoned carelessly around a body that seemed emptier than the head upon which it had depended for support. His pantaloons,

“Weak, but intrepid—sad, but unshuffled,” were shrivelled tightly over a brace of spindleshanks, withered, weary, and forlorn, that would have put Daddy Longlegs to the blush. Uncleaned pumps covered every part of his feet but the toes, which came forth to enjoy the fresh summer breezes, shoes and stockings to the contrary notwithstanding. A pair of tattered kid gloves, “neat but not gaudy,” fluttered about his hands, so that it would be difficult immediately to discover whether the glove held the hand, or the hand the glove.

But it was not the dress which gained him so many broad stares and oblique glances, for our city annually receives a great increase of literary inhabitants; but the air—the “*Je ne sais quoi*”—the nameless something—dignity in rags, and self-importance with holes at the elbow. It was the quintessence of drollery which sat upon his thin, smirking lip—which was visible on his crooked, copper-tinted, and snuff-bedaubed organ of smelling, and existed in the small eyes of piercing gray.

As I love to study human nature in person, and have always believed the world was the best book to read, I formed a determination to become acquainted with him of the laughable aspect, and proceeded to act in conformity thereto. I was striving to hit upon some plausible method of entering into conversation with him, when Fate, being in a singular good humour, took it into her whimsical head to favour my design. As I walked by him, near the end of the pavement, when the multitude were by no means so numerous, and their place was supplied by the warbling birds, the bleating lambs, and all those sounds which constitute the melody of country breezes, with a slight inclination of his pericranium he turned towards me and spoke.

“Pray, sir, can you favour me with the hour?”

“It is four o'clock,” answered I, “I

believe—but am not sure; walk on with me, and we will inquire of yonder gentleman.”

“You are excessively good,” said he, with a smile, which gave much more expression to his face—“I am afraid I give you an infinite degree of trouble; you are enjoying rural felicity, poetically correct—pray, do not let me interrupt you.”

As he spoke the clock struck.

“Fortune favours the deserving,” I remarked, as a continuation of the converse so happily commenced.

He spoke with more familiarity—“Upon my honour, sir, you are very complimentary: if everybody thought of me as you do, or at least, if they thought as much of my productions, I flatter myself I should have had a watch for myself.”

“I’ll warrant me,” I replied, “many have the means of ascertaining time better than yourself, who know not how to use it half so well.”

“Sir,” said he with a bow, “if you will buckle fortune to my back—but you don’t flatter me—no, no. My excellent, good friend, you have much more penetration than people in general. Sir, I have been abused—vilely, wretchedly; da—, but I won’t swear, I don’t follow the fashions so much as to make a fool of myself; but on the honour of a perfect gentleman, I do assure you, sir, I have been very strangely used, and abused, too.”

“I have no doubt, sir,” observed I, “but that your biography would be interesting.”

“My biography—you’ve hit the mark; I wish I had a biographer—a Dunlap, a Boswell, a Virgil, or a Homer—he should begin his book with the line

—*Multum ille et terris, jactatus et alto,  
Vi superum.*’

I have been a very football, sir, for the gods to play with.”

“*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ,*”

said I, willing to humour the pedantry which I already began to discover, “but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.”

“Aha! sir,” he exclaimed, with a gentle squeeze of my hand, “I know what you are—some kindred spirit—one of those kind, high beings who come upon this world ‘like angel visits, few and far between.’ I see it, sir, in your eye,” continued he, with a gesture that might have spurred even Miss Kemble to new exertions. “I see it in your eye

—charity, benevolence, affection, philosophy, and science. Ah! my dear sir, I know you are better than the rest of mankind; you've done a great deal of good in the world, and will do a great deal more—

' You portioned maids—apprenticed orphans blest—

The old who labour, and the young who rest:  
Is there a contest? enter but your door,  
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more;  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place;  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race."

"Sir!" ejaculated I, not very well pleased with this last slash at my beloved profession—

—"Or, perhaps," continued he, with increasing rapidity of speech, "you are a lawyer, my dear sir,—the grand path to political glory—sweet occupation; to put out the strong arm, and save drowning innocence; to hurl the thunderbolt of eloquence against proud and wealthy oppression; to weave a charm of safety around defenceless beauty; and catch clumsy, and otherwise unconquerable power in your mazy net of law—Pray, sir, can you lend me a shilling?"

I handed him the money, and he turned to be off, when I seized him by the arm, and asked him where he was going? He laid one hand upon his receptacle for food, and with the other pointed to a tavern, before which hung the sign "Entertainment for Man and Horse."

"My dinner—my dinner—my dinner!" said he, "I haven't eaten a particle these three weeks; poverty and poetry, sir, go arm and arm, sworn friends and companions, through this vale of tears; one starves the body and the other rarefies the soul—my way has been rough and rugged as the Rockaway turnpike road, and misfortune jerks me along as if life went upon badly made cog-wheels. Will you be so kind as to lend me another shilling? I want a dinner for once in my life—beefsteaks and onions, butter, gravy, and potatoes—

*'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'*

It will be a grand era in my political career."

There was something so exquisitely whimsical in the fellow's demeanour, that I determined to spend the afternoon in his company. I never shall forget the look and squeeze which he bestowed upon me when I proposed that we should adjourn to the inn, and dine together at my expense. He seized hold of my hand, and drew himself up erect in all the enthusiasm of poetic madness—

"Sir," said he, informing me that he could not speak, with a rapidity of pronunciation, which reminded me of a horse running away—"Sir, Mr. a-a-a—my dear, dear friend—my tongue falters—I can't speak—I'm dumb—gratitude has shut up the sluices of my heart; and the cataract of my oratorical powers is dried up—*pro tem*. But it will come directly—Stop till I get in the house—

*'Arma virumque cano;'*

that is to say, I'll tell you my history; but just at this moment," continued he, smacking his lips, and his little eyes dilating with the eager anticipation of epicurean delights, yet to come—"just at this crisis,

'Oh! guide me from this horrid scene,  
These high-arched walks, and alleys green:'

then, with a slight pause and smile,

'Let's run the race—he be the winner,  
Who gets there first, and eats his dinner.'

As he spoke, he pulled me forcibly by the arm, and I found myself in a neat, clean room, with the hungry poet fastened close to my side. The conversation which occurred between us, and the history of his literary vicissitudes, must be the subject of the next chapter.

## THE HUNGARIAN GIRL.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

A year and four months after I had parted from Constance, I again arrived at Seid. Ah! how my heart beat, when from the height above the town I saw the line of hills that mark the course of the Danube, and rise above the cottage of Constance. When I had last been there, it was the sweet season of autumn—now it was the depth of winter, and a long continuance of rains had inundated a great part of the country, and rendered the roads almost impassable. Although my patience, as may easily be imagined, made me leave Seid early next morning, the state of the country was such, that it was nearly three in the afternoon when I reached the heights that look down upon the river. Had the cottage of Constance been visible, I should have seen nothing else; but a turn in the bank screened it from the view, and I paused an instant to look around me. When the mind is in a state of great agitation, it seizes with avidity any pretext that may give it a moment's repose; and I lingered for a few minutes gazing upon the grandeur of the river. It was rolling below me, red and mighty, covering all its lower banks, sweeping the

bases of the opposite hills, and bearing on its bosom wrecks of its ravages and power. I remembered how near to it was Constance's cottage, and I put spurs to my horse; in a moment I saw it beneath me, and the next I was at the garden gate.

How my heart palpitated! I dismounted from my horse, opened the gate, and led him through. It struck me that there wanted something of that air of neatness and arrangement which I had remarked formerly, and I trembled lest it was the hand of Constance that was wanting. As I shut the garden gate, and led my horse along the little path that leads to the door, my feelings became insupportable. I felt as I could fly forward, and yet my limbs almost sunk beneath me; my whole frame trembled, and in the open air I gasped for breath. I was within a few paces of the door, and my agitation increased; there seemed an air of negligence around; I saw grass growing betwixt the stone steps, and two gray ravens were hopping near me, as if unaccustomed to the sight of man, the destroyer: for a moment I thought they might be tame, and the property of Constance; and as an experiment, I threw a small pebble at them, but they croaked and flew across the river. The noise I had made in so solitary a place, shutting the gate, and walking with my horse on the pebbles, I thought should have attracted some one to the window; but all seemed silent. I wanted courage to proceed, and leant upon my horse's neck for support. In a few moments my energies returned: I walked resolutely up to the door and knocked. No one answered; I heard no sound within, and my heart died within me: I determined to look in at one of the windows; and I walked round to the window of the room where we had supped, and which looks down upon the river. Never shall I forget that moment of anguish;—the room was unfurnished; two or three remnants of broken chairs remained, and fragments of glass from the paneless windows strewed the floor. I let go the bridle of my horse, and sunk upon the ground. My hopes then were all crushed;—the hopes I had lived upon. Constance was gone; probably her mother was dead, and she married. Heaven then had answered my prayer for her happiness: but she was lost to me. "Ah, Constance!" I exclaimed, "where hast thou found a heart that love like mine?—but it has ever been thus." When I had some-

what recovered from the intensity of my pain, I walked round her former dwelling. It was nearly dusk, and dreary was the scene; the river flowed swiftly by, dark and turbulent. I could no more see the spot where I had once stood with Constance, for the water covered one half of the orchard. The rain had ceased, but the sky was heavy and gloomy, and seemingly but resting from its work; the night was gathering in. I led my horse into a small out-house, and then returned to the cottage; the door yielded to my touch, and I entered it. I had never been but in one of the rooms, but I went through them all; there were only four. Here I thought was Constance's room; a broken picture-frame yet hung upon the wall; and I knew Constance could paint. I opened the window, and stood gazing upon the swollen river, until it was hardly visible, and then returned to the parlour. I determined that I would pass the night in the cottage. I spread my saddle-cloth upon the floor, flung myself upon it, and gave up my thoughts to Constance and misery. And was this the end of my hopes and dreams? I was in the room we had supped in; there stood the table, and there sat Constance. Since I had parted from her, I had nurtured her image in my innermost soul,—not only as a dear recollection, but as a star of hope, that I trusted might cheer the rest of my days. I had travelled in wild and distant lands, but Constance had ever been my companion;—I had lain down in solitary places, and communed with Constance;—in my waking and my sleeping hours, her fair countenance and angelic form had ever been present to me; I had listened to the melody of her voice; I had walked by her side, and felt the pressure of her hand, and the softness of her cheek; but it was all past,—and for ever. Sometimes my thoughts were wrested from Constance, by the rushing sound of the river, and the noise of the rain, which now poured a deluge. I was certain the stream was approaching nearer, but I felt indifferent though it should sweep me away. At length my eyes closed in slumber,—I sat at supper with Constance and her mother, and I thought we had met, never more to part. The good mother joined our hands, and blessed us; and I was drawing Constance gently towards me, when the scene changed. I was in the midst of the roaring river, —I buffeted it with one arm, and held Constance with the other. "Fear not, my

love," I said; "we shall reach the bank:" but she answered, "Never." Again the scene changed, and I felt myself running swiftly, almost flying, over wide plains, by moonlight, holding Constance by the hand; and we stopped among the catacombs of Constantinople, and I was alone, and searched everywhere for Constance, but I could nowhere find her. In every direction streams opposed my progress, and at last I sat down in the midst of a marsh, and tried to sleep, but the cold would not let me. I awoke, and at first thought my dream was true, for I was lying amidst water. It was the dawn, and I immediately perceived that the Danube had risen as high as the cottage. I instantly went to the door, and found it surrounded with water; the rain fell in torrents, and it was just light enough to discover the way to the house where I had left my horse. I vaulted upon him, and galloped from this scene of desolation and wretchedness. For many months after this I continued my wanderings; but never did the remembrance of this night of disappointment and bitterness leave me. "Where is Constance?" was the question I constantly asked myself. All my desire was to discover her. I looked in the face of every one I met. In cities, I mingled with the throng of the gay, and with the crowds of the wretched; and everywhere I scrutinized like an inquisitor. Sometimes I thought I saw before me a form like that of Constance, and then I would run swiftly forward, but stop ere I reached it; for I always discovered that it wanted something of the perfection of the form I sought. At times, too, a face would arrest me; but that illusion was still more fleeting. Once, in the street of a Mahomedan city, a veiled female approached: there was something in the form and gait that powerfully reminded me of Constance; and as she passed, I thought I discovered through her veil some resemblance in her features. She addressed a few words to one of her attendants; and though she spoke in an eastern tongue, I fancied the voice was that of Constance. I rushed forward a few paces, but reason came to my aid, before my temerity had endangered my life. It could not be Constance. This woman was a Mahometan, and spoke a different language from Constance; but the incident had so disordered me, that I was obliged to sit down upon the steps of a mosque, and it was some hours before I could recover myself. On an-

other occasion, I was on board a bark, which sailed swiftly with a side wind, in one of the Grecian bays. Another bark approached, sailing as swiftly. As it came near; I perceived upon the deck a form which seemed to realize that of Constance. A man stood beside her, in soldier's uniform, and it was the uniform of Austria. The face, too! it was surely the face of Constance. I stretched out my arms, and cried "Constance!" but the wind, and the rustling of the sails, drowned my voice. The vessel rushed by, and I was left to conviction and misery. Some months after that circumstance, I found myself at Vienna; and standing one day on the quay, I saw a boat on the eve of departure for Belgrade. A momentary impulse, one of those which belong to destiny, impelled me to go on board, and in a few minutes I was approaching the former dwelling of Constance. About noon of the sixth day, I discovered the heights, whose shapes were, alas, too distinctly engraven on my memory; and towards evening, I saw reposing beneath them that cottage which awakened within me so many mingled recollections of happiness and pain. The association which reminds us of past happiness is more painful than that which recalls subsequent misery; and the appearance of nature reminded me but too forcibly of the first day I had beheld these scenes; for autumn was again yellow on the fields; the river, gentle and transparent, kept its channel; and the evening, soft and serene, was like that on which I had said farewell to Constance. Our boat was floating close to that side of the river where the cottage was situated; and, as it approached, I started to see a female standing in the orchard. She approached the bank. I gazed intently upon her; a fearful agitation seized me, my breath came quick, my eyes were ready to start from their places—it was Constance's form—it was her face. "It is Constance! It is Constance!" I cried, and sprung from the boat, and the next moment I had pressed her in my arms. Tell me, ye who can anatomize the human feelings, what were mine at that moment? Joy had in an instant succeeded to misery. A moment before, and life was worthless; now it was inexpressibly dear. Light had flowed in upon a soul of darkness and despair, like the sun when it bursts from an eclipse upon a drooping world. I told Constance my story. "We have never left the cottage," said she. Have

I been under an illusion? thought I —has all my past agony been a dream? At last, the truth flashed upon me. I had mistaken another for the cottage of Constance. Let no man say that all our miseries are our own making: we are the sport of circumstance, and the playthings of destiny. "The inhabitants of that cottage," said Constance, "left it for fear of the floods; it is nearer the river, and lower than ours;" and I soon discovered that the height of the river had been the cause of the deception, by preventing me from discovering the want of features, whose absence would otherwise have led me to detect my error. I told Constance the adventure in the Grecian bay, when I thought I had seen her: "Ah!" said she, "it might be my sister: her husband died, and she sailed from Constantinople with my brother for Smyrna, to take possession of some property. Constance's mother still lived; but her feebleness had much increased; and it seemed as if Constance would soon be released from her filial duties, and her sacred resolutions. She was more beautiful than ever. Her lips were not less rosy, nor her eyes less lustrous; and while she had lost nothing of the charm of youth, something of reflection had mingled with its vivacity, and spread over those graces an interest, which added to their charm and seduction; and when I again beheld that form, I wondered that another should ever have had power to create an instant's delusion. I live within half a league of Constance, and I see her every day, and every day she becomes more dear to me; and if destiny do not step in to destroy my happiness, Constance will be mine. Destiny cannot be moved, else I would say, "Destiny, be kind: suspend, at least, thy mission." But her dark chain is already spun, and it is winding round us all.

#### PEG-TOP.

I never see a group of urchins playing at peg-top, without being reminded of the days when, a joyous-hearted school-boy, I found delight in this game. I well remember one boy, who had a top of awful size, weight, and length of peg. I never saw such a plaything before or since. It was made of hard box-wood, and was as smooth at the summit as an egg; there was no ornament about it, but it had a spike or peg as long as the beak of a heron, and as sharp as an awl.

Woe to the tops, which refusing to spin, were laid in the magic circle to be pecked at by the others, if this huge thing was performing a part in the game! The giant, to be sure, sometimes got within the ring himself; but the other tops bounded from his hard polished sides without injuring him, and he always came out unhurt. But when the contrary was the case, the boys used to tremble as the string was wound around the monster: then they held their breaths; the spinner raised his arm, and like the swoop of a bird of prey, down came the huge top, splitting in halves the unfortunate upon which it alighted, and dancing about on its long spike, as if in triumph. This leviathan, one morning, after splitting half a score of tops, suddenly refused to spin, and flew into the pond, from which it was never recovered, to the very great joy of all the boys except the owner.

B. Q. T.

#### MISCELLANIES.

##### MONSIEUR DE MALSAIGNES.

A French gentleman informs us that the anecdote which we gave in No. 13, from the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes is not quite correct. It would appear that Malsaignes' adversary pinned him to the door; and finding that he could not on the instant disengage his sword, prudently retreated a few paces out of harm's way. In the meanwhile, Malsaignes, brandishing his weapon, gloried in the advantage which he imagined he had acquired; and addressing his antagonist, said: "Ha! Monsieur, you can have no exit but through the door, and then I shall repay your thrust with interest!"

##### PORTUGUESE BEGGARS.

As both rich and poor wear cocked hats, the mendicant, upon encountering a passenger of promising exterior, uncovers and asks charity for the love of God; this salutation is returned by the person accosted, who, perhaps, demands change, at the same time unpocketing a half vintin, a coin equal in value to a half-penny. The beggar, upon receiving this, draws forth a long purse, which is often seen stored with different coins, and presents the other with ten rez; the charitable donation then follows, usually to the amount of a tithe of the change; the donor is desired, in return, to live thirty thousand years, and the parties separate, each taking off his hat, as at meeting.



P. 274.

## ANDREW THE FISHERMAN.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

*(For the Parterre).*

OLD Geoffery Chaucer quaintly tells us, that the fairies had forsaken England in his days, and archly ascribes their departure to the

“ ———— Greate charitie and prayers  
Of Limitours, and other holy freres.”

So that it must have been at some very distant period that the fairies performed their gambols in our green fields and meadows, long ere the “father of English poetry” had seen the light. To that remote period our legend therefore relates.

In those rude days there lived on the coast of Cornwall, a fisherman named Andrew. Like many of his profession at the present hour, he had a numerous family, and was very poor; two things which turn the most patient souls into grumblers. Our poor fisherman toiled from morn till night, and could yet scarcely make both ends meet; and no marvel either, for one-third of the fish he caught went to his lord the baron, and the other third to the neighbouring

convent, so that Andrew had to support himself and his numerous fry out of the remainder.

The fisherman had encountered a succession of ill-luck through the summer; and when that season was passed, and autumn with its storms arrived, he began, not without reason, to tremble at the thought of winter. He was returning one evening from the shore with his heart saddened by gloomy forebodings, when he encountered, in the rude pathway among the rocks, a little odd-looking male figure, leaning on a staff. Andrew was carrying two fish; they were all that he had caught that day, and their size was anything but respectable.

“My son,” said the little old man, in a shrill voice, “I am in deep distress—my family are starving, and the townspeople refuse me relief: for charity’s sake give me one of your fish, or we must perish.”

“Give it to you!” said the astonished fisherman, “’tis as much as my head is worth! Why don’t you go to the convent? they have enough to spare there.”

“The porter bade me begone from the gate,” rejoined the old man, weeping; “have pity on me.”

"Alas, father," replied the fisherman, "my own family have need of these fish; but I must bear them to my lord the baron, or I shall be driven with my little ones from the hut I now hold."

The old man sighed, and then spoke again in accents more piercing than at first.

"We are starving," said he, "we are starving! but half of what you carry, would save a whole family from perishing. O, have pity!"

Andrew was moved at the old man's distress, but he feared to yield to his feelings, and remained irresolute, while the other continued to supplicate; at length the fisherman's humanity prevailed, and he presented the smallest fish to the distressed one, who muttered a few hasty words by way of thanks, and disappeared with a rapidity quite astonishing for one of such apparent age. Andrew watched him out of sight, and then bent his steps to the castle with the remaining fish. He arrived at the gate just as the baron and his lady were returning from hawking.

"Ho! ho!" cried the baron, espying Andrew with his solitary fish: "What have we here? But one sorry fish for our larder!"

"Most gracious lord," replied the terrified fisherman, "'tis all I'm able to bring you. I have had ill luck this week. My nets, too, were broken in the late storm."

"Ill luck!" echoed the baron in a fierce tone. "Ay, by St. Bride, methinks thou hast; but it must be mended, sir fisherman, or worse is in store for thee!"—with these words he spurred his horse, and entered the castle in high dudgeon.

But the lady was one of the gentlest of her sex. She lingered behind; and promising to speak a few words in his favour to her stern lord, presented Andrew with a goat, and sent him home with a lighter heart than he had brought with him.

The fisherman slept soundly that night, and arose betimes in the morning. As he bent his steps towards the beach, where he had hauled up his boat on the preceding evening, his thoughts recurred to the old stranger, whom he had relieved at such hazard.

"What," thought he, "if it should be some vassal of the baron, who is thus set to entrap me, or some malicious goblin, who —"

He was suddenly interrupted by a sharp voice, which called him by his

name, and seemed to come from the cleft in a rock just above his head.

"Man or devil—be thou what thou wilt,—what wouldst thou have with me?" inquired Andrew, though his trembling voice shewed that the salutation had alarmed him.

"Listen," said the invisible one. "The elves of the rock and the moor have power to reward thee for thy humanity. Disguised as one of thy race, I yesterday obtained from thee that which should have been thy lord the baron's. Fear not, but mark me. To-night, when the evening star rises above the Druid's stone on the cliff yonder, put off to the sunken rock where the Argosie foundered. Take a fish-spear with thee, and the faeries will give thee back ten-fold."

"But how shall I contrive to —"

"Peace!" cried the voice pettishly; and Andrew walked to the beach musing on what he had heard.

The fisherman toiled in vain all day: not a fish struggled in his net; and he returned to his hut disconsolate, though determined to try the experiment recommended by his elfin adviser.

As the evening star was rising, Andrew entered his boat and rowed towards the wreck. It was a perfect calm: the unruffled waters reflected the countless stars which spangled the heavens, the sea-birds were at rest, and all nature appeared to slumber. Andrew was awed by the unusual stillness, and fear by degrees crept upon him. He began to think that he might be the victim of the elves, who were known to be sometimes spiteful to those whom they condescended to honour with their notice. Then again, the spirits of the gallant crew that had perished on that fatal rock, might take umbrage at his visit. However, he had gone too far to recede, and therefore determined to test the elves' knowledge of fishing, come what would of it. Once or twice his heart misgave him, as he thought of the strange stories he had heard of these capricious beings, and how they had decoyed people away and plunged with them into the flood! It was all very natural in that superstitious age that he should have a few misgivings, notwithstanding the fair promises of his unearthly friends.

Andrew at length arrived at the sunken rock, and looked around him. Behind were huge cliffs; and upon one of them stood a Druidical monument, over which the evening star was shining brightly; a wild and rugged country stretched



beyond the rock-girt shore : before him was the wide expanse of ocean, upon which no object now appeared.

"Well, here I am," said the fisherman, throwing down his oars, and casting his small anchor on a portion of rock which appeared just above the water ; "what will follow?"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a lambent flame, at first no bigger than that of a taper, appeared in the stern sheets of the boat, and gradually increased in size, waving backward and forward with the night breeze. In a few seconds it assumed a very brilliant hue, and seemed to burn more steadily. The astonished fisherman's hair stood an end ; but the fear which was mingled with that astonishment greatly subsided, when he beheld in the water around him a countless number of fishes of all descriptions, disporting themselves in the light which gleamed from his boat. Andrew seized his spear, and the staff bent as he dragged into his boat an enormous fish, which he had pierced as it lay with its head out of the water gazing at the light. Another and another followed ; in fact they were so numerous, that Andrew contented himself with picking out the best and largest fish, and at length began to think he had got enough ; when lo ! the scene was changed, and creatures of the most grotesque shape supplied the place of those of the description he had captured. Crabs, lobsters, cray-fish, star-fish, and all the monstrous tribe with and without shells, sprawled in hideous mazes before the fisherman, who perceived that each moment some object still more uncouth than the others made its appearance.

At length a nondescript creature, ten times the size of the largest crab, rose to the surface of the water, and commenced a series of antics which baffle description. Its monstrous ugliness at first terrified the fisherman ; but when it began its pranks, Andrew nearly tumbled out of the boat with a violent fit of laughter. The baron's jester was a great posture master, but this *thing* had a command of limb perfectly miraculous.

"'T is a most rare monster !" cried Andrew, grasping his spear ; "could I but take him alive, I should become rich by showing him to the townspeople—he would do well to enact the devil in Father Lawrence's mystery—I'll not lose *him* at any rate."

With these words he poised his spear, and taking deliberate aim, plunged it into the creature's back. A loud and

piercing shriek immediately followed, and resounded along the shore, startling the sea birds from their roosting places. It was answered by violent screams of unearthly laughter, which so terrified the fisherman, that he fell down senseless in his boat. When he recovered, he found the moon, which had just risen, shining brightly upon him, and his boat, which had drifted to the shore, half-full of fine fish ; but he had not secured the *monster* !

From that evening every thing went well with Andrew the fisherman. He always took enough fish to satisfy his lord the baron, the cook of the convent, and his own family ; and was therefore a contented and a happy man.

A. A. A.

### FRAGMENT.

Is sin only a *term*,  
Supplying what's not tangible to sense ;  
A phantom to check children, who, grown up,  
Remember it, but wonder they could be,  
So, by hobgoblins, terrified ? Do men  
Stand godfathers to one another's deeds,  
And give them names by which they shall be  
called,  
But signify nought further ? Or did God  
(Dread Master !) throned on adamant and gold,  
Stamp in tremendous tablets words of flame  
Bright as his sun, and as himself eternal,  
Whereby (deep graven on the gates of each)  
The territories stand of life and death,  
Marked off by everlasting boundaries ?

H. G.

### THE AUTHOR.

CHAP. II.

THE NOVEL.

"Now mayors and shrieves all hushed and satiate lay,  
Yet eat in dreams the cnstard of the day,  
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep."

THOUGH no spirit is so lofty but that starvation can bend it, yet in the tranquillity of our replenished bodies we are always wicked enough to enjoy the extravagant emotions which agitate authors and other hungry individuals, when by any strange variety of life they happen to get a good dinner.

My friend, who had delighted me, with his volubility of speech, no sooner perceived that the preparations were ended, than he fell upon his defenceless prize like a lion on his prey. Poetry and prose, fanciful quotations and lofty ideas, for a time were banished from his busy brain. Our conversation, the whole burthen of which had at first been borne

by him, was now lost in the superior fascinations of beefsteak and onions; and a few unintelligible monosyllables, uttered from a mouth crammed full of various articles, were the only attempts made toward an interchange of soul.

The enthusiasm of his attack began at length to abate, and the fire of anticipated delight to give way to an expression less anxious and fluctuating. The discomfited steak lay before him mangled and in ruins. The onions shed a fainter perfume from the half-cleared dish—and the potatoes were done in the strictest sense of the word. The sated author threw himself back in the chair, and exclaimed, "The deed is done—the dinner is eaten!—*Fidus Achates*—my beloved friend—I feel I know not how—a strange combination of various sensations gives me a new confidence to brave the storms of life, or to look back upon the dangers already passed. And now, that I am comparatively composed, and have time to think, you will do me the favour to answer me—what, in the name of all that's beautiful in prose, poetry, or real life, induced you to give this strange conclusion to a hungry day?"

"Because," I replied, "your face pleased me more than all the others which I saw—there was talent and taste in your very dress."

"Ah, come," said he, casting a slight glance upon his well-worn garments, "that won't do—I am perfectly aware that my external appearance is by no means prepossessing; but what of that? 'she must marry me and not my clothes.' I cannot help it, if fate, in her unequal distribution of mutual effects, gives you a pair of breeches whose use is to come—and me one whose value has passed—I don't feel ashamed of what a superior power has done for me. It is the mark of merit to be poor. Homer was poor—Johnson was poor—and I am poor. Besides, a rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven—that's flat."

"If poverty," said I, "is a passport through the happy gates, then—"

"Then," interrupted he, "I should have been there as soon as I commenced my literary life; for though self-praise is no recommendation, I flatter myself I am as poor as any man in New-York, and what's more, I confess it—I'm proud of it!"

"After dinner," said I.

"O, you're a wag—but rich or poor, I've had my hopes and disappointments as well as the rest of mankind. Sunshine and shadow have chased each other over

my path—and now, by your kindness, I am warming myself in the rays of benevolence and friendship. Ah, it is a treat for me, I do assure you, to find the true feeling of generosity—the real, genuine virtue, cleansed from the ore of vanity and ostentation, and so unlike the pompous charity of the common world,

'Not to the skies in useless colmas lost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;  
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,  
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.'

"You are the man of my mind, and to you I will speak my sorrows, although my parched lips almost refuse them utterance"—and he cast a sidelong glance at an empty bottle which stood near us on a table. I took the hint, and called for some wine. He swallowed a glass full, smacked his lips, and assuming a serious and important air, thus commenced the narrative of his literary horrors:

"Sir, my name is William Lackwit, Esquire. I am an author, whose greatest failure has been in not getting his works into notice; but a fatal oblivion seemed always to engulf my productions in its lethean stream—and fate, I do sincerely believe, has been trying upon me some philosophical experiment, to see how many privations human nature could bear. I have been tossed about, sir, like a juggler's ball—and in all the poetical labyrinths in which I have been lost, memory cannot behold

'One solitary resting place,  
Nor bring me back one branch of grace.'

"I was cast upon the world when about seventeen years of age, and possessing a vast share of vanity, which, by the by, is the staff of an author's life, I determined to write for a living. Animated by the fame of great men who had lived before me, I plunged deeply into literary madness, and fell a victim to the present prevailing epidemic, the *cacoethes scribendi*, which is now sweeping many young gentlemen from professional existence. I wrote for the newspapers, but made no noise—heard no approbation—and 'last, but not least,' received no pay. Sometimes, perchance, a very particularly complaisant friend would laud the little offsprings of my pen; but it did not gain me bread and butter, and could not satisfy the cravings of hungry nature. With a full heart and an empty stomach, I relinquished my attempt, and bade farewell to my sweet lyre, in a manner that, I thought, could not fail of attracting universal sympathy. I walked out the next morning, expecting to meet many a softened heart and friendly hand; but

the belman heaved his unaltered cry as he did the day before; the carts rattled along with their usual thundering rapidity; the busy crowd shuffled by me as if I was not in existence; and the sun shone upon the earth, and the changing clouds floated through the air, exactly as they were wont to do before I determined to shed no more music upon an unfeeling world.

"At length I recovered from my disappointment, and issued a little paper of my own; but it dropped dead from the press, as silently as falls the unnoticed flake of snow: no buzz of admiration followed me as I went; no pretty black-eyed girl whispered '*that's he*' as I passed; and if any applause was elicited by my effort, it was so still, and so slyly managed, that one would scarcely have supposed it was there.

"Something must be done, thought I—while the great reward of literary fame played far off before my imagination—a glorious prize, to reach which no exertion would be too great. I walked to my little room, where a remnant of my family's possessions enabled me to keep my chin above the ocean of life. In the solitary silence of my tattered and ill-furnished apartment, I sat me down upon a broken bench, and lost myself in '*rumination sad*,' as to what course I should next pursue. Suddenly, and like a flash of lightning, an idea struck me with almost force enough to knock me down—I'll write a novel—I'll take the public whether they will or not—'*fortuna favet integros*;' and if fame won't come to me, I'll go to fame. I don't wonder that I did not succeed before. The public want something sublime, and I'll give it to them wholesale. I'll come upon them by surprise; I'll combine the beauties of Addison with the satire of Swift, Goldsmith's sweetness, and Pope's fire. I'll have darkness and storm; battle, treachery, murder, thunder, and lightning: it *must* take. The author of a novel like this, will make an immense fortune. Old ivy-grown castles, moonlight landscapes, Spanish feathers, and Italian serenades, floated in brilliant confusion through my enamoured fancy. Daggers and despair, eloquence, passion, and fire, mingled in a delightful cloud of imagination, and heaved and changed in the dim and dreary distance like a magnificent vision of enchantment, which only wanted the breath of my genius to fan it into shape and exquisite beauty.

"At it I went, '*tooth and nail*,' and

watched over my young offspring with as much fondness as a mother bends over the cradle that contains the only boy. Already I began to hold up my head, and think how differently people would look at me if they only knew who I was, and what I was about to do. The splendid dresses, the ten-dollar beaver hats, turned upside in a basin of water, the handsome canes, and polished Wellington boots, which daily obtrude themselves upon my eager eye as if in mockery of my miserable apparel, I began to look upon as objects already my own. Was I thirsty and hungry while musing on the variety of macaronies and cream-tarts, cocoanut-cakes and coffee, in a confectioner's shop? '*Only wait*,' thought I to myself, '*only wait till I get out my new novel*.' Was my coat threadbare and my hat old? '*Only wait for my new novel*.' Did a coach and four dash by me, footman taking his ease behind, and driver with new hat and top boots? '*Drive away, coachee*,' thought I, '*drive away*; but only wait for my new novel.' Extreme impatience kept me on pins and needles till my work was done. 'T was indeed '*a consummation devoutly to be wished*.' A kind of restless anticipation kept me in continual excitement till the development of my greatness, or what was the same thing, the publication of my work.

"At length it was finished, and off it went, two volumes duodecimo, with a modest blue cover, and its name on the back. Long enough, thought I, have I laboured in obscurity, but now—I pulled up my collar (it was a long time ago) and walked majestically along in all the pride of greatness incog.

"Alas! alas! 'twas but a dagger of the mind. It dazzled for a moment before my enraptured sight, and left me again to descend into the nothingness from which, in fancy, I had risen. Although it was printed and published, with a preface artfully acknowledging it to be unworthy public patronage; although I wrote a puff myself—do you know what a puff is?"

"An author's opinion of his own works, expressed in a daily paper, by himself or his friends," I answered.

"Right," continued he; "although I wrote a puff myself, informing the public that rumours were afloat that the new novel, which created such a sensation both abroad and at home, was from the well known pen of the celebrated William Lackwit, Esq., poet, editor, orator, and author in general—although

I paid the editor of one of our most fashionable evening papers six shillings for reading it himself, and six and sixpence for recommending it to the perusal of his subscribers, '*credat Judæus appellas*'—it 'went dead,' as the Irishman says; a newspaper squib, a little pop-gun of a thing, first brought it into disrepute, and a few would-be critics ridiculed it to death. Herbert and Rogers, merchant tailors, lost a customer, and I a fortune, and my unhappy book was used to carry greasy sausages and bad butter to the illiterate herd, who took more care of their stomachs than of their heads, and liked meat better than mind. Oh, that ever I was an author! oh, that ever I panted after literary fame! I have chased the rainbow reputation over crag and cliff. I have waded through rivers of distress, and braved storms of poverty and scorn, to get one grasp at the beautiful vision; and though I see it yet, as lovely and as bright as ever, yet still it is as cheating, and still as far from my reach. My next trial was of a higher nature, which, after we have again partaken of your excellent Madeira, I will relate to you"—

And he proceeded to describe that which I shall lay before the indulgent reader in the next chapter.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.

SATIRE ON THE AWFUL PREVALENCE OF  
BIOGRAPHIES.

BY WILLIAM COX.

He is a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.—*Shaks.*

Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nab'em*, a person who has a very *taking* way with him.

*Tom and Jerry.*

PERHAPS there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbour, and expect to have his own written in return; interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information, carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper intend to take

the Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favour—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pickpockets, horse-jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiae of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every-day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked, just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat, that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulatory power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honourable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honourable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily ad-

monished that he will "have old Hays (as he is affectionately and familiarly termed) after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

"Bring forth the secret man of blood!"

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without stop or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of un-savoury miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim, "you're wanted!"—or how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity, that makes him "here and there and everywhere," at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet:

"Long may he live! our city's pride!  
Where lives the rogue but flies before him!  
With trasty crabstick by his side,  
And staff of office waving o'er him."

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humour of Halleck, the American—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany; and if ever he can be prevailed upon to pub-

lish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair:

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer  
That raised emotions both of hate and fear;  
And where his glance of 'apprehension' fell,  
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, fare-  
well!"

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes, his slightest action is watched and criticized; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city-hall. The room was crowded in every part; and as he entered, with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat-pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odour was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much, of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee,  
thou prince of constables—thou guardian

of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn, "wanted and must go,"

"May'st thou fall  
Into the grave as softly, as the leaves  
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,  
Beneath the small sigh of the western wind,  
Drop to the earth!"

## ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

### NO. II.

BY A CANTAB.

THE following are a few specimens of the genuine English bulls committed by the more refined class of inadvertents. What says the great colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson?

"Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,  
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy."  
And again:

"Shakspeare has not only *shewn* human nature as it is, but as it would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed."

"Every monumental inscription should be in Latin, for that being a dead language, will always live."

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,  
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead."

COWLEY.

"Then down I laid my head,  
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead.

Ah! sottish fool, said I."  
"Silence and horror fill the place around,  
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."

MILTON.

"Who will tempt with wandering feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
Or thro' the palpable obscure, find out  
His uncouth way."

"But now lead on,  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here."

DRYDEN.

"A horrid silence first invades the ear."

POPE.

"Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,  
*Herself* the ninth."  
"When first young Maro in his noble mind  
A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd."

HOME.

"Beneath a mountain's brow the most remote,  
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod."  
"The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound."

Many admirers of Shakspeare have, doubtless, discovered a few of the following anachronisms and palpable errors.

In "Macbeth," we hear of *cannon* and *dollars*.

In "King Henry V." the Turks are put in possession of Constantinople, which did not fall into their hands till upwards of *thirty years* after Henry's death.

In "Henry VI." *Michiavel*, who was not born till 1469, is twice introduced. *Printing* is also prematurely mentioned.

In "King Lear," we have a plentiful crop of blunders. *Glo'ster* talks of not standing in need of *spectacles*. We have *Turks*, *Bedlam-beggars*, *St. Withold*, a *Marshal of France*, *dollars*, *paper*, &c. &c. There is an allusion to the old theatrical *moralties*; and *Nero*, who did not live till several hundred years after *Lear*, is mentioned by *Edgar* as an *angler in the lake of darkness*.

The anachronisms in "Henry IV." are very numerous. We find *pistols*, *silk stockings*, *gilt two-pences*, *ten-shilling pieces* a ballad with a *picture* on it, evidently alluding to the wood-cuts on these compositions. The game of *shrove-tide* or *slide-shrift*, which was not invented before the reign of Henry VIII. Mention is also made of *John Chogan*, jester to Edward IV., and of *Arthur's Show*, though not introduced till a long time afterwards.

In "Anthony and Cleopatra," Anthony talks of *packing of cards*, and deals out his *knives*, *queens*, *kings*, *hearts*, and *trumps*, as if he were a whist-player.

In "Cymbeline," we find mention of the recreation of *bowling*—of *paper*—of *rushes* strewed in apartments—of a *striking clock*—and a *chapel*, as a *burial place*. *Cymbeline* is made to knight *Bellarion* and his sons on the field of battle, by *dubbing* them according to the fashion of the middle ages.

The scene of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" lies at Athens, in the time of Theseus; yet we find the mention of *guns*, *French crowns*, and *French crown-coloured*

*beards—of coats in heraldry—new ribbons and pumps—marks of Jack and Gill, &c.*

In the "Comedy of Errors," mention is also made of *ducats, marks*, and of several *modern European kingdoms*, and of *America—of a striking clock—of Lapland sorcerers—Satan*, and even of *Adam and Noah*. In one place *Antipholes* calls himself a *Christian*.

Any one who will take the trouble of following Mr. Douce in his march through Shakspeare's Plays, will discover numerous other anachronisms and errors.

### CROCODILE ISLAND.

My favourite inn at Oxford was the Golden Cross. The Angel was admirable in its way, the Star celestial, and the Mitre fit for an archbishop,—but the snug room on the left of the inner court of the Golden Cross was superior to them all. There seemed to be more comfort there than in the gaudier apartments of its rivals, and the company one met with was generally more inclined to be social. About eight o'clock in the evening was "the witching time o' night," for at that hour the multitudinous coaches from the North poured in their hungry passengers to a plentiful hot supper. In these hurried refectons I invariably joined. Half an hour very often sufficed to give me glimpses of good fellows whom it only required time to ripen into friends. Many strange mortals I saw, who furnished me with materials for thinking till the next evening; and sometimes I have been rewarded for the wing of a fowl by a glance from a pair of beautiful bright eyes, which knocked all the classics, and even Aldrich's logic, out of my head for a week. Three coaches, I think, met at the Golden Cross. There was very little time for ceremony; the passengers made the best use of the short period allowed them, and devoted more attention to the viands before them than to the courtesies of polished life. I made myself generally useful as a carver, and did the honours of the table in the best manner I could. One night I was waiting impatiently for the arrival of the coaches, and wondering what sort of company they would present to me, when a young man came into the room, and sat down at a small table before the fire, who immediately excited my curiosity. He called for sandwiches, and rum and water, and interrupted his active labours in swallowing them only

by deep and often-repeated sighs. He was tall, and strikingly handsome. I should have guessed him to be little more than one or two and twenty, had it not been for a fixedness about the brow and eyes which we seldom meet with at so early a time of life. I was anxious to enter into conversation with him; for, as I have said, I was greatly interested by his appearance. I thought I knew the faces of all the University; and I was certain I had never met with him before. He had not the general appearance of a gownsmen; he was tastefully and plainly dressed; obviously in very low spirits; and finished his second tumbler in the twinkling of a bed-post. As the third was set down before him, I had just given the preliminary cough with which a stranger usually commences a conversation, when a rush was made into the room by the occupants of all the three coaches, and the Babel and confusion they created prevented me from executing my intention. On that occasion I did not join the party at the supper table. I maintained my position at the corner of the chimney, very near the seat occupied by the youth who had so strongly excited my attention. The company was more than usually numerous; and a gentleman, closely muffled up, finding no room at the principal board, took his station at the same table with the stranger. The intruder threw off one or two cloaks and great coats, and untied an immense profusion of comforters and shawls, revealing the very commonplace countenance of a fat burly man, about fifty years of age, with great staring blue eyes, and a lank flaxen wig of the lightest colour I had ever seen. This personage gave his orders to the waiter in a very imperious tone, to bring him a plate of cold beef, and a quart of brown stout, and exhibited various signs of impatience while his commands were executed.

"Cold night, sir," he said, at length addressing the youth. "I've travelled all the way from Manchester, and feel now as hungry as a hunter."

"It takes a man a long time to die of starvation," replied the other. "Men have been known to subsist for ten days without tasting food."

"Thank God, that has never been my case. I would not abstain from food ten minutes longer to save my father from being hanged.—Make haste, then, waiter!"

The young man shook his head, and threw such an expression of perfect mi-

sery into his handsome features, that his companion was struck with it.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you are unhappy, in spite of being so young. You haven't wanted meat so long yourself, I hope. Waiter, what the devil's keeping you with that 'ere beef?"

"Worse, worse," replied the other, in a hollow voice. "Youth is no preventive against care, or crime, or misery, or—murder!"

He added the last word with such a peculiar intonation, that the traveller started, and laid down his knife and fork, which he had that moment taken possession of, and gazed at him as if he were anxious to make out his meaning.

"Don't judge of me harshly," continued the youth; "but listen to me, I beseech you, only for a moment, and you will confer a great obligation on a fellow-creature, and prevent misery of which you can have no conception."

The man thus addressed remained motionless with surprise. He never lifted his eyes from the deeply melancholy countenance of the narrator; and I must confess I listened with no little earnestness to the disclosure he made myself.

"At sixteen years of age," he said, "I found myself a denizen of the wilds. Shaded from the summer heats, by magnificent oaks of the primeval forest, where I lived; and secured from the winter's cold, by skins of the tiger and lynx, I had not a desire ungratified. Groves of orange-trees spread themselves for hundreds of miles along our river: coconuts, and all the profusion of fruits and flowers with which the Great Spirit saw fit to beautify the original paradise of man, supplied every want. The eaglet's feather in my hair, the embroidery of my wampum belt, pointed out to my followers where their obedience was to be rendered; and I felt myself prouder of their unhesitating submission, and the love with which they regarded me, than that the blood of a hundred kings flowed in my veins. I was Chief of the Chactaws and Muscogulges. My mother was of European origin: her grandfather had visited the then thinly populated regions of North America, in company with several hundred bold and heroic spirits like himself, whose aspirations for the independence and equality of man, had carried them beyond the dull cold letter of the law. His name yet survives in Tipperary; his boldness was the theme of song; and the twelve dastard mechanics, who, at the bidding of a judge, consented to deprive their country of its ornament

and hero, and to banish him, with all the nobility of his nature fresh upon him, were stigmatized as traitors to the cause of freedom. In spite, however, of their cowardice and meanness, they could not resist displaying the veneration in which they held him, by entwining his wrists with massive belts; and even around his legs they suspended majestic iron chains, which rattled with surpassing grandeur whenever he moved. He had not been long in the new land to which his merits had thus transferred him, when his name became as illustrious in it as it had been in his own. The name of O'Flaherty is still, I understand, a word of fear to the sleepy-eyed burghers of the law-oppressed towns. But his course was as short as it was glorious. In leading a midnight attack on the storehouse of some tyrannizing merchant, he was shot in the act of breaking open a box which contained a vast quantity of coin. He fell—and though he lived for several weeks, he kept his teeth close upon the residence of his followers. He died, as a hero should die, calm, collected, fearless. Even when the cord with which they had doomed him to perish was folded round his neck, he disdained to purchase an extension of his life by treachery to his friends. 'An O'Flaherty,' he said, 'can die—but he never 'peaches.' He left a son, who was worthy of his father's fame. Like him he was inspired with an indomitable hatred of tyranny and restraint; with a noble and elevating desire to bring back those golden days, when all things were in common—when man, standing in the dignity of his original nature, took to himself whatever pleased his fancy, and owed no allegiance to the debasing influence of the law. From this noble stock my mother was descended; and when her beauty and the heroism of her character had raised her to be the consort of the Forest King, she seemed to feel that she was just in the situation for which she was destined by her nature. The pride of ancestry, and the remembrance of the glorious achievements which had rendered the names of her forefathers illustrious, beamed from her eye, and imprinted a majesty upon her brow, which we seek for in vain in females of inglorious birth. Attakul-kulla, which, in the puerile language of the whites, means the Little Carpenter, was my father's name. On his head, when going forth to battle, he wore a paper cap of the most warlike form, surrounded with miniature saws, and surmounted with a golden gimlet. When I was born, the



infinite nations, and kindreds, and tongues which confessed his sway, made every demonstration of satisfaction. The Muscogulges, the Simmoles, the Cherokees, the Chactaws, and all the other powerful tribes which bordered on the stately Alatomaha, sent deputies to the royal residence to congratulate their monarch on so auspicious an occasion. But, alas! this universal rejoicing was soon turned into mourning. Amongst those who came as ambassadors from the neighbouring powers was Sisquo Dumfki, the rat-catcher, from a kingdom on the banks of the majestic Mississippi. This man was the most celebrated drinker of his nation. The strongest casine\* seemed to have no more effect upon his senses than the purest water. At all feasts and solemn entertainments he was the champion of the Chicasaws. His fame was not unknown to the leaders of our tribe. My royal father burned with a passionate thirst for glory—and also for casine. In the happiness of my birth he challenged Sisquo Dumfki to a trial of their strength of stomach. For five days and nights they sat unceasingly swallowing the delicious fluid—five days and nights the calumet sent forth its smoke—never for one moment being lifted from the lips, save to make room for the cocoa-nut shell in which they drank their casine. Sleep at last seemed to weigh heavily on the eyelids of my royal father—he was longer in the intervals of applying the goblet to his mouth—and at last his hand refused its office—his head sank upon his shoulder; and his generous competitor, satisfied with the victory he had gained, covered the imperial person with a robe of leopard skin, and left him to his repose. Repose!—it was indeed his last repose—he opened his eyes but once—groaned heavily—then shouting ‘Give me casine in pailfuls,’—for the ruling passion was strong to the latest hour—he became immoderately sick, and expired. I am afraid to state how much had been drank in this prodigious contest; but it was said by the court flatterers on the occasion that they had consumed as much liquid as would have supplied a navigable canal from lake Ouaquaphenogan to Talahasochte! I was an orphan; and though the death of my father had now raised me to a throne, I was bound by the customs of our nation to revenge it. In this feeling I was bred; I was allowed,

even from my infancy, to drink nothing weaker than casine; my victuals were all seasoned with the strongest rum; so that by the time I was sixteen years of age, my head was so accustomed to the influence of spirituous liquors, that they were harmless to me as milk. Sisquo Dumfki was still alive, and still remained the unrivalled hero of his tribe. His death was decreed by my mother the very hour my father died; for this purpose she imbued my infant mind with unmitigated hatred of the murderer, as she called him, of my father, and taught me the happiness and glory of revenge. She talked to me of attaining her object by the hatehawk and tomahawk, doubting, perhaps, that in spite of the training I had received, I should still be vanquished by the superhuman capacity of the rat-catcher; but I was confident in my own strength, and sending a trusty messenger to the encampment of the Chicasaws, I invited him to a solemn feast, and challenged him to a trial of strength. He came. You may imagine, sir, to yourself the feelings which agitated my bosom, when in my very presence, on the spot which was the scene of his triumph, I saw the perpetrator of a father’s murder. Such, at least, was the light in which I had been taught, since the hour I was first suspended on the aromatic boughs of the magnolia, to regard the proud, the generous, the lofty Sisquo Dumfki. How ill-founded was my hatred of that noble individual, you will discover in the sequel of my story.

“On this occasion he did not come alone. At his side, as he stood humbly before me, and paid his compliments to the queen, my mother, I marked with palpitating heart and flushing cheek, the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. Her limbs, unconcealed by the foolish drapery in which the European damsels endeavour to hide their inferiority, were like polished marble, so smooth and round, and beautifully shaped. Round her middle she wore a light bandage, embroidered with the feathers of the eagle, and this was the sole garment she had on, save that her head was ornamented with a beautiful diadem of heron’s plumes. She was so young, so artless, and so ravishingly beautiful, that she took my heart captive at the first glance. I had at that time only twelve wives, selected by the regent from my own peculiar tribe; but several other nations had for some time been importuning me to choose a score or two of consorts from the loveliest of their maidens, and

\* Casine, a sort of usquebaugh, in great request among the Indians—and a very good tippie in its way.—*Experto crede.*

I had for some reason or other delayed complying with their requests. But now I was resolved to marry the whole nation, so as to secure this most beautiful of her sex. Alas! was it not madness thus to give way to these tender emotions, when the first word she uttered conveyed to me the appalling certainty that she was the daughter of my deadliest foe—of the very being whom it had been the sole object of my education to enable me to drink to death! But a second look at the enchanting girl made me forgetful of every feeling of revenge. I spoke to her—I found her soft, sweet, delightful,—a daughter of the pathless forest,—stately as the loftiest palms that waved their plumed heads in grandeur to the sky, and pure as the spiral ophrys, with its snow-white flowers, which blossoms so tenderly at their feet. Her name was Nemrooma, which in your language means the spotless lily—mine, I must inform you, was Quinmolla, the drinker of rum.”—

Here the young man paused, and sighed deeply. I confess I was intensely interested by the manner in which he related his story: the traveller to whom he addressed himself, was apparently fascinated by the wild beauty of his eyes; for the beef still lay untasted before him, and he could not remove his looks, even for a moment, from the countenance of the Indian king. “The feast was at last prepared,” he continued, “and Sisquo Dumfki and myself were placed in conspicuous situations, but still far enough removed from the spectators to have our conversation private. We drank, and every time the casine hog-head was replenished, the lovely Nemrooma flitted towards us with the cocoa bowl. I retained her hand in mine, and gazed upon her with an expression in my glances, that sufficiently betrayed the interest she excited in my heart. She did not seem displeased with my admiration, but hung down her head and blushed, with such bewitching innocence and beauty, as rendered her a thousand times more enchanting in my eyes than ever. When we had now drunk unceasingly for three days, I said to my opponent, ‘It grieves me, O Sisquo Dumfki, that this contest must be carried on to the death. Even if you are victorious in this trial, as sixteen years ago you were with my illustrious parent, you have no chance of escaping with your life. I myself, till I became acquainted with your noble sentiments, thirsted for your blood; and now that I

know you all that a chief should be, my soul is tortured with regret that it will be impossible to save you.’ With an unmoved countenance the hero heard me declare, as it were, his condemnation to certain death. He drained off the bowl which he happened to have in his hand, and replied, ‘Death comes only once—the Great Spirit rejoices in the actions of majestic men. There are casine and tobacco in Elysium.’ But I was resolved, if possible, to preserve my friend from the destruction prepared for him by my mother. ‘Sisquo,’ I said, ‘let us delay the conclusion of our contest till some fitter opportunity. If you would save your life, and make me the happiest of kings and of mortals, pretend to be overcome by the casine, and ask to be left in this tent to sleep. I will place round it a body of my own guards, with orders to prevent all emissaries from the queen from entering it under pain of death. In the meantime I will wed your daughter, if it seems good to you; and when by this means you are connected with the royal house, your life will become sacred, even from the vengeance of an offended woman.’ ‘It seems good to me,’ he replied, ‘O mightiest potentate on Alatomaha’s banks; and well pleased shall I resign the victory to you, in hopes of concluding a whole week with you on some future opportunity. With regard to Nemrooma—what is she but a silly flower, which will be too highly honoured by being transplanted into the gardens of the mighty Quinmolla?’

“In pursuance of this resolution, the noble Sisquo Dumfki assumed every appearance of total inebriety; he hiccupped, sang, roared, and finally sank down in a state of apparent insensibility. I confess I was astonished at the absence of Nemrooma on this interesting occasion. She came not near to cover her father with skins or leaves, and the duty was left to me of casting over him the royal mantle, and turning his feet towards the fire. With an expressive grasp of the hand, I left him to provide for his safety; for my mother, I was well aware, would take every means in her power to put him to death, in revenge for his victory over her husband. On issuing from the tent, I was hailed victor by ten thousand voices; the whole combined nations which owned my sway, seemed delirious with the triumph I had achieved. No conqueror returning from a successful expedition, with the imperial robe purpled to a deeper

dye with the blood of thousands of his subjects, was ever received with such an enthusiasm of attachment. Calling aside the captain of my guard, I gave him the strictest injunctions to allow no one to enter the tent in which my illustrious competitor reposed, and proceeded to the wigwam of the queen. She was smoking when I entered; and the clouds which circled round her head, gave to her piercing black eyes, the likeness of two brilliant stars shining in a lowering heaven.

"He is dead?" she said; "my son would scarcely venture into the presence of his mother, if the murderer of his father was left alive."

"No, my mother, I replied, 'he is sunk in deep sleep, and we are sufficiently revenged by having conquered at his own weapons the hero of the Chicawsaws.'

"He sleeps!—'t is well. It shall be my care to see that he never awakes—the tomahawk in a woman's hand, is as sure as poisonous drug in the bowl; for, mark me, Quinmolla, no powers can persuade me, that the glorious Attakulla met with fair treatment at the hand of his rival at the feast. Have I not seen him often and often drink not only for five days, but for weeks and months together, and start up from his debauch as fresh as if he had been bathing in the warriors' streams in the shadowy land? Tell me, my son, that Sisquo Dumfki has for the last time seen the light of day.'

"I cannot,' I replied; 'it goes against my soul. He trusts me—why should I be faithless as the hyena or the white men!—No, mother, let him live, for my spirit burns with admiration of the beautiful Nemrooma.'

"The feather in thy hair was torn surely from the pigeon's wing, and not the eagle's. What! hast thou no fear of the wrath of your father, whose form I often see gloomily reposing beneath the shadow of the stately palm-tree which he loved the most—fearest thou not, that rushing from the land of spirits, he blast thee to the earth, with the sight of those frowning brows, which no mortal can look upon and live? Away! thou art unworthy of the blood of a thousand forest kings, who, long ere we removed to these plains, reigned on the shores of the eternal Sire of Rivers;\* and unworthier still, since you prefer your love to your revenge, of the ancestry of

the Milesian lords, the O'Flaherties of the Tipperary wilds.—I stood astonished at this torrent of indignation, but my rage was at length roused as she proceeded,—'Nemrooma! and what seest thou in that paltry girl to wean thee from the nobler passion of vengeance! But cease to cherish fantastic hopes— the setting sun of yesterday went down upon her death.'

"What! hast thou dared to blight the lily which I intended to carry in my bosom—how? when? where?"

"The Alatomaha is broad and deep,' replied my mother, 'a canoe is frail and slight—ill may a maiden's arm contend with an impetuous river. Alone in a fragile bark—unused to the paddle—she was floated down the stream.'

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, losing all respect for her dignity, in the rage that seized me on account of her cruelty, 'you shall dearly pay for this. Ere the palm-trees are gilded seven times with the morning and evening suns, expect my return, and to suffer for your crimes.'

"I rushed into the open air as I spoke, and leaving tents, wigwams, friends, and subjects far behind me, I darted into the thickest of the forest, and pursued my way to a winding of the river, where I kept a canoe constantly prepared for my fishing expeditions. In it I found a supply of provisions, my rods, and lines; my war-club, and my bow with poisoned arrows. I embarked, and pushing out into the middle of the stream, I pursued my way as rapidly as I could, in hopes of overtaking the beautiful Nemrooma, or perhaps of seeing her on the bank, if she should have been fortunate enough to swim to land. I kept my eyes intently fixed on every bend of the stream, in case her canoe should have been stranded, but in vain. All that day I kept on my course, and began to fear that ere I should overtake her, she would be carried down to a bluff in the river, which we had called Crocodile Island, and in that case I knew there was no hope of her safety. How peacefully, O Alatomaha, glided thy glorious expanse of waters, bearing the vast shadows of the umbrageous oaks upon their bosom, while thy banks were made vocal by the music of unnumbered birds! Little did such a scene of placid beauty accord with the tumultuous throbbings of Nemrooma's agonized breast. I thought what must have been her feelings while floating past those magnificent scenes, clothed with all the verdure of luxuriant nature, and en-

\* Mississippi—father of rivers.

livened with the glittering plumage of the various people of the skies, which glanced for a moment across her, like glimpses of sunshine, and then flitted once more into the shadows of the woods. The banks were also ornamented with hanging garlands and bowers, formed, as it were, for the retreat of the river divinities, of the most beautiful shrubs and plants. And here and there the eye was delighted with the large white flowers of the ipomea, surrounded with its dark green leaves.

“But all these enchanting sights were insufficient to divert my thoughts from the probable fate of the beautiful Nemrooma. All night I plied my course, and, in the morning, could still discover no trace either of the girl or her canoe. About noon, was I made aware, by the extraordinary sounds which saluted my ears from a distance, that I was approaching the Crocodile lagoon. Inspired by fresh anxiety to overtake her, before entering on that fearful scene, I plied my utmost strength, and at a bending of the river, was rewarded for all my labours and anxiety, by a view of the tender bark only a short way in front. Before I could place myself at her side, we had entered the dreadful lake, and the placid water was broken into a thousand ripples by the countless multitudes of the alligators which inhabited the place. The noise they made was of the most appalling description, Terrified at the perilous situation in which she was placed, the lovely girl uttered a scream of joy when she saw me, and had only self-possession enough to step from her own canoe into mine, when she fell down in a state of insensibility, from the violence of her contending feelings. No sooner was her frail bark deserted, than it became the object of a fearful battle to the monsters of the deep. A crocodile of prodigious size rushed towards the canoe from the reeds and high grass at the bank. His enormous body swelled; his plaited tail, brandished high, floated upon the lagoon. The waters, like a cataract, descended from his open jaws. Clouds of smoke issued from his nostrils. The earth trembled with his thunder. But immediately from the opposite side a rival champion emerged from the deep. They suddenly darted upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marked their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commenced. Sometimes they sank to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water became thick and discoloured.

Again they rose to the surface, and their jaws clapt together with a noise that echoed through the surrounding forest. Again they sank, and the contest ended at the bottom of the lake; the vanquished monster making his escape to the sedges at the shore. The conqueror now directed his course to the canoe. He raised his head and shoulders out of the water, and putting his little short paws into the boat, he overturned it in an instant, and, in a few moments, fragments of it were swimming about in all directions. When Nemrooma saw the horrid scene, she clung convulsively to my arm, and in some degree impeded my efforts to effect our escape. I cautioned her to be still, and pushed with all my force towards the entrance of the river out of the lagoon. But, alas! fortune was here against us. It was the time at which myriads upon myriads of fish take their course up the river; and, as the stream is shallowest at this place, the crocodiles had chosen it as their position to intercept their prey. The whole water, for miles on each side, seemed alive with fish. The line of crocodiles extended from shore to shore; and it was the most horrid sight I ever witnessed, to see them dash into the broken ranks of the fish, and grind in their prodigious jaws a multitude of the largest trouts, whose tails flapped about their mouths and eyes, ere they had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws—their rising with their prey, some feet upright above the water—the floods of foam and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour issuing from their distended nostrils, were truly horrifying. Anxious to escape, I now began to paddle towards the shore of the lagoon, in order to land and wait till the army of fish had forced their passage; after which, I concluded, it would be easier for us to elude the satiated monsters; but ere we had got half-way across the lake, I perceived we were pursued by two of an unusual size. From these escape by flight was impossible. They rapidly gained upon us, and at last one of them, raising himself out of the water, was just preparing to lay his paw upon the canoe, when I discharged an arrow, which luckily pierced his eye. With a roar of mingled rage and pain, he sank below the water, and left me to prepare for the assault of his companion. With a tremendous cry, he came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee-quarter

with open jaws, and belching water and smoke, that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. Leaving the bow to the skilful Nemroona, I seized my club, and beat him about the head, and kept him for a few minutes at a distance. I saw, however, he was making preparations for his final spring; his mouth was opened to a fearful width, when an arrow struck him directly on the tongue, and pinned it to his jaw. He shouted as he felt the pain, and darted off, no doubt, in quest of assistance. I shot to the bank with the speed of lightning, lifted the almost fainting Nemroona from the canoe, and led her to the foot of an immense magnolia, which I perceived at no great distance. Before we left the river, however, we saw a prodigious number of crocodiles gathered round the boat, and one of them even crawled into it, and we heard our last hope of safety take its leave in the crash of its breaking sides, as it crumbled into fragments beneath the unwieldy monster's weight. The shore, I was aware, was also the resort of incredible multitudes of bears. Our provisions were exhausted, our arrows left in the canoe, and we could see no possibility of avoiding an excruciating death." The narrator here stooped for a moment, and the traveller, breathless with interest, said to him, "For God's sake, tell me, sir, how you got safe off!"

Whilst the stranger prepared to reply, I took advantage of the pause to look round the room. The supper table was deserted. The passengers had all paid their reckoning, and the waiter was standing expectingly at the corner of the sideboard.

"How we got safe off?" replied the Indian chief; "that's just the thing that puzzles me, and I thought you might be able to assist me."

"I assist you?" said the traveller; "how is that possible?"

"Coach is quite ready, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"The fact is," rejoined the young man, "I have just got to that point, in a tale I am writing for next month's *Blackwood*, and curse me if I know how to get naturally away from the Crocodile Island."

"Coach can't wait another moment, sir," said the waiter; "supper, two and sixpence."

"Supper!" exclaimed the traveller, "this d—d fellow, with his cock-and-a-bull story, about being king of the jackdaws, or kickshaws, or Lord knows

what, has kept me from eating a morsel."

"Coachman can't wait a moment, sir."

"I tell you I haven't tasted a mouthful since I left Birmingham."

"You can't help me to a plan for getting the young people off the island?" said the youth.

"May the devil catch both of them, and a hundred crocodiles eat every bone in their skins!"

"Two and sixpence for supper, sir," said the waiter.

"Two hundred and sixty devils first!" cried the traveller in a prodigious passion, buttoning up his cloak and preparing to resume his journey—"let that infernal Indian king, who is only some lying scribbler in a magazine, pay for it himself, for I'm hanged if he hasn't cheated me out of my cold beef, and drank every drop of my porter to the bargain."

"All right, gentlemen," said the coachman in the yard.

"All right," replied the guard; "tsh! tsh! ya! hip—ts! ts!"—and the half-finished outside passenger was whirled along Corn Market, and over Magdalen Bridge, at the rate of eleven miles an hour.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## MISCELLANIES.

### AURICULAR CONFESSION.

LOUIS the Fourteenth once asked a priest, if a penitent confided to him the knowledge of a plot that was forming to take away the life of his king, he would inform him of the danger? To this question the Confessor replied, "No, Sire; I would throw myself before your Majesty to ward off the blow; but were you certain to fall by the hand of the assassin, I would not betray the confession."

### THIEVES' VINEGAR.

DURING the great plague in London, in the year 1666, four thieves, availing themselves of the public calamity, took the opportunity to plunder the houses of the dead and dying, yet notwithstanding, they escaped the infection themselves. On it being inquired how they thus ensured their own safety, it was found that they constantly carried about them sponges of prepared vinegar; which preparation future apothecaries adopted in all infectious cases, and sold under the denomination of *Thieves' Vinegar*.

## PUNCH.

THE liquor called *punch* has become so truly English, that it is often supposed to be indigenous in this country, though its name at least is Oriental. The Persian *punj*, or Sanscrit *pancha* (i. e.) *five*, is the etymon of its title, and denotes the number of ingredients of which it is composed. Addison's *fox-hunter*, who testified so much surprise when he found that, of the materials of which this "truly English" beverage was made, only the *water* belonged to England, would have been more astonished had his informant also told him, that it derived even its name from the east.

## A STRANGE STORY.

"ONE thing," says Bishop Hall in his travels, "I may not omit, without sinful oversight: a short, but memorable story, which the Greffier of that town, though of a different religion, reported to more ears than ours. When the last inquisition tyrannised in those parts, and helped to spend the fagots of Ardena, one of the rest, a faithful confessor, being led far to his stake, sung psalms along the way, with a heavenly courage, and in victorious triumph. The cruel officer, envying his last mirth, and vexed to see him merrier than his tormentors, commanded him to keep silence: he sings still, as desirous to improve his last breath to the best. The view of his approaching glory created his joy; his joy breaks out into a cheerful confession. The enraged officer causes his tongue to be drawn out to its full length, and to be cut off near the roots. Bloody wretch! To thee it was music to hear his shrieks, but torment to hear the music of his pious joy. The poor martyr dies in silence, and rests in peace. Not many months after, this butcherly officer had a son born with his tongue hanging down upon his chin, like a deer after a long chase; which never could be gathered up within the bounds of his lips. O, the divine hand, full of justice and retribution!"

## ABYSSINIAN BARRISTERS.

IN courts of law, whether held by the governor of a province or by a subordinate magistrate, the plaintiff and the defendant stand up with their dress tied round their middle, leaving the upper part of the body naked; a custom which is observed even in the severest weather. The *tawerkas*, or lawyers, stand on either side of them, pleading in a loud tone of voice their several causes; during which process wagers of mules, cows, sheep,

and gold, are continually laid by these orators, that they will prove such and such charges contained in the libel; and in all cases the forfeit becomes the perquisite of the presiding judge. They also bind themselves in a similar way not to speak until their antagonist shall have finished his address; but, as often happens, the falsehoods related by the one incense the other to such a degree, that, although he holds his mouth with his hand, he forgets himself, and exclaims, "A lie!" He is instantly addressed by the governor's servant, whose office it is to watch for such slips, and is obliged either to give bond for the payment of his bet, or to submit to personal restraint.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

## CURIOUS PARALLEL.

THE history of the world, says a writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, is ever exhibiting the same phenomena: 3,000 years ago, a colony came from a distant commercial country, and obtained permission to establish a factory on the north coast of Africa, and ended by reducing the people of the country to subjection. In modern times the very same thing has been done on the coasts of India. It may be doubted, however, whether the British will equal the Carthaginian dominion in permanence; it is certain that a chief cause of the fall of Carthage was her alienating the affections of her African subjects by excess of taxation, in consequence of the expensive wars in which the ambition and lust of dominion of some of her leading men engaged her. We should take warning: if once our government is felt to be oppressive in India, our dominion there is gone.

## AN ABSENT MAN.

M. de Brancas was very deeply in love with the lady whom he married. On his wedding-day he went to take a bath, and was afterwards going to bed at the bath-house. "Why are you going to bed here, Sir?" said his *valet-de-chambre*; "do you not mean to go to your wife?" "I had quite forgotten," he replied. He was the Queen-mother's *chevalier d'honneur*. One day, while she was at church, Brancas forgot that the Queen was kneeling before him, for, as her back was very round, her head could hardly be seen when she hung it down. He took her for a *prie-dieu*, and knelt down upon her, putting his elbows upon her shoulders. The Queen was, of course, not a little surprised to find her *chevalier d'honneur* upon her back, and all the by-standers ready to die with laughing.

## THE AUTHOR.

(Concluded from page 279.)

## CHAPTER III.—THE PLAY.

“Fierce champion, Fortitude, that knows no fears  
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears;  
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake,  
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling’s sake.”

My eccentric companion proceeded in his story, gathering new animation as he recapitulated the battles which he had fought, and the victories which he might have won.

“For a long time, sir, after the melancholy catastrophe of my novel, I was completely discouraged. I felt an indifference towards the world. I had soared so high upon the wings of hope that the fall almost broke my heart; but soon the disappointment began to lose its bitterness, and I received a consolation (which, wicked as it was, I could not repress) in discovering that hundreds of unsuccessful authors were exactly in my condition: then I remembered that as great fame, once acquired, would be everlasting, I could not expect to acquire it without immense trouble and assiduous application. Gradually I shook off the hateful fetters of gloomy despair, and, like some deluded slave to a false woman’s charms, I allowed cheating hope to lead me captive again. My brain began to effervesce with exuberance of imagination, and gave promise of something more exquisite still. Novel-writing was out of the question: I had manufactured one, and if the public did not like it, they might let it alone; and so they did—the more shame for them.

“I felt as proud as Lucifer in my defeat, and was resolved never to compliment with another, the world who had used my last so villainously. No, thought I, I’ll write a play, and give Shakspeare and Otway a little rest. If I cannot get in the great temple one way, I’ll try another; and, with increasing avidity, I went at it again. It was not long before I began to entertain the idea that my mind was peculiarly adapted for dramatic writing. I was not formed to wade through the dull drudgery of novel descriptions—to expatiate upon little rivulets, tinkling among big rocks—and amorous breezes making love to sentimental green trees. In my present avocation, the azure heavens, the frowning mountain, the broad ocean, the shadowy forest, and ‘all that sort of thing,’ would fall

beneath the painter’s care: skies would be manufactured to give light to my heroes, and cities would sprout up, in which they could act their adventures. My play would present a great field for triumph, and ‘young, blushing Merit, and neglected Worth,’ must be seen, and consequently admired. Now would the embodied visions of my fancy go to the hearts of the public through their ears, as well as their eyes, and genius would wing its sparkling way amid the thundering acclamations of thousands of admiring spectators. ‘Now,’ said I to myself, ‘I have the eel of glory by the tail, and it shall not escape me, slippery as it is.’

“With a perseverance which elicited praise from myself, if from nobody else, I mounted my Pegasus, and jogged along this newly discovered road to immortality. The external and common world melted from my mind when I sat down to my task, and, although it was evanescent as poets’ pleasures generally are, few men enjoyed more happiness than I—as the tattered trappings of my poor garret seemed dipped in the enchanting magnificence of my dreams, and I roted in visions of white paper snow-storms, and dramatic thunder and lightning. I sought every opportunity for stage effect—to have trap-doors and dungeons, unexpected assassinations, and resurrections more unexpected still.

“My undertaking seemed very easy at first, but I soon found myself bewildered amid difficulties seriously alarming. At one time I brought a whole army of soldiers on the stage, and made them fight a prodigious battle, without discovering, till half the poor fellows were slain, that the whole affair had taken place in a lady’s chamber! This was easily remedied, but I experienced infinitely more trouble with the next. I had formed a hero, in whom were concentrated all the virtues, beauties, and accomplishments of human kind: a real Sir William Wallace—gigantic in person and mind—who never opened his lips but to speak blank verse—who did not know that there was such a person as Fear on the face of the globe, and could put a whole army to flight by just offering to draw his sword. It was my design artfully to lead him into the greatest extremes of danger, and then artfully to lead him out again; but, in the paroxysm of my enthusiasm, I at length got him into a scrape, from which no human power could possibly extricate him.

“His enemies, determined not to give

so terrible a fellow the slightest chance of escape, had confined him in a tremendous dungeon, deep, and walled around on all sides by lofty rocks, and mountains totally impenetrable. To this dreadful abode there was only one little entrance, which was strictly guarded by a band of soldiers, who were ordered never to take their eyes off the door, and always to keep their guns cocked. Now here was a predicament, and I knew not what to do. The whole of the preceding was so beautifully arranged, that to cut it out would be impossible. Yet there he was, poor youth, without the slenderest hope of freedom, cooped up among everlasting mountains, beneath which Atlas himself might have groaned in vain. What was I to do? He must be released. The audience would expect it, as a common civility, that I would not murder him before their eyes. It would have been ungentle to a degree. At length I hit it, after having conceived almost inconceivable plans, and vainly attempted to manage ponderous ideas, which were too heavy for my use. I proposed to introduce a ghost—a spirit, which would at once please the pit, and be a powerful friend to the imprisoned soldier.

“At the dead of the night, when he sat ruminating on the vicissitudes of life, and spouting extemporaneous blank-verse soliloquies (at which I had spent many midnight hours), the genius of the mountain comes down in a thunder cloud, and thus addresses the pensive hero.—You will be pleased to observe the rude and natural dignity of language, which it was a great point with me to preserve.—

*Genius.* Hero of earth, thine eyes look red with weeping.

*Hero* (*laying his hand upon his sword*). Who says he e'er saw Balamoosa weep?

*Gen.* Nay, hold thy tongue, and shut thy wide-oped jaw:

I come to save thee, if thou wilt be saved.

*Hero.* I will not perish, if I help it can; But who will cleave these cursed rocks apart, And give me leave to leave this cursed place, Where lizards crawl athwart my sinking flesh, And bulfrogs jump, and toads do leap about?

*Gen.* I—I can do what'er I have a mind: I am the genius of this lonesome place, And I do think you might more manners have, Than thus to speak to him that is your host.

*Hero.* If thou art really what thou seem'st to be,

Just let me out of this infernal hole. Oh! my dear fellow, take me hence away—  
‘My soul's in arms, impatient for the fray!’  
Take me from deeds I've often thought upon,  
Down deep in dreadful dungeons darkly done!

“The alliteration in the last line melts the tender heart of the genius: he waves his hand in the air; his cloudy throne streams thunder and lightning from every

side; instantaneously a convulsion ensues; the stage becomes the scene of general conflagration; a number of small imps and little devils, fiery-breathed dragons and red-nosed salamanders, are seen sporting about in the confusion, till the whole explodes, and out walks my man, through a prodigious crack in the mountain, which heals up after him as he goes along. The consternation of the guards may be imagined, but unless I had the MS. here, I could not attempt to describe it.

“At length it was written, rehearsed, and advertised, and its name, in great capitals, stared from every brick wall and wooden fence in the city.

“Delightful anticipations of immortality began to throng upon my mind, and I could almost hear the various theatre cries of ‘bravo,’ ‘encore,’ and ‘author.’ With some trouble, I had prepared a very handsome speech, to be spoken when I should be called out, and practised bowing before a looking-glass with great success. Indeed, by the time the evening of representation arrived, I was prepared for every triumph which fate could have in store for me; and I had vowed an unalterable determination not to lose my firmness of mind in the heaviest flood of prosperity that could possibly pour in upon me.

“The evening arrived—a fine, cool, moonlight night. The stars twinkled upon me as I hastened to the theatre, as if congratulating me from their lofty stations in the sky; and the most refreshing breezes played around my head, methought, whispering soft nonsense in my ear. I walked with a proud step to the door, entered majestically, and took my seat modestly.

“The house was already thronged with ladies and gentlemen, with their various appendages of quizzing-glasses and bamboo canes; and frequent murmurs of impatience buzzed around, by which I felt extremely flattered. The end of my troubles seemed already at hand, and I thought Fame, on her adamant tablet, had already written ‘William Lackwit, Esquire, Author in general,’ in letters too indelible for time itself to erase. Fear faded away in the dazzling brilliancy of that smiling multitude, and my soul floated about in its delicious element of triumphant hope, with a sensation such as arises after a good dose of exhilarating gas.

“Alas! ‘t was but a dream!’ I soon perceived that Fortune frowned on my efforts, and had taken the most undis-



guised method of blasting my hopes. A most diabolical influenza had for some time raged in the city, which on this very evening seemed at its height. A convulsion of coughing kept the whole audience in incessant confusion; and with the most harrowing apprehensions, I listened to noises of every description, from the faint, sneeze-like effusion of some little girl's throat, to the deep-toned and far-sounding, bellow of the portly alderman. Besides this, I had the pleasure to observe some of my most devoted enemies scattered, as if intentionally, through the critical pit, scowling in ten-fold blackness upon the scene, and apparently waiting, in composed hatred, an opportunity to give me 'the goose.' Meditation raged high, as I observed these significant and threatening appearances, and I could scarcely have been in greater trepidation if I had been attacked with hydrophobia itself.

"The curtain rose soon, and my first characters appeared; but, fire and fury! I did not recognize them myself!

"The play proceeded, and a scene ensued which gentlest moderation might denominate 'murder, most foul.' My dear sir, you can have no idea of it. They had cut out my most beautiful sentiments. The very identical remarks which I had intended should bring the house down, were gone, and 'left not a trace behind.' One recited a speech which was intended to have been spoken by another, and he spouted one that should not have been spoken at all. My finest specimens of rhetoric failed, from their clumsy manner of delivery, and all my wit missed fire. Oh! if you could have seen them, like a pack of wild bulls in a garden of flowers, breaking rudely over all those delicate bushes of poetry, and trampling down the sweetest roses in the field of literature. The prettily turned expressions, which should have been carefully breathed upon the audience, with a softened voice and pensive eye, were bawled out in an unvaried, monotonous tone of voice, and a face as passionless as a barber's block. The whole play was destroyed.

"There was nip, and snip, and cut, and slish, and slash,' till the first act ended, and then was a slight hiss. 'Cold drops of sweat stood on my trembling flesh;' but I pulled my hat fiercely over my beating brow, and, angry and desperate, prepared for the brooding storm. On my mountain scene I laid my principal dependence; and if that failed me, 'then welcome despair.' At last it came;

there was the dungeon, and a man in it, with a wig, which covered the greatest part of his real hair, and a face sublimely cut and slashed over with a piece of coal. Instead of the beautiful countenance which had gleamed upon me in my poetic vision, there was a thin, hump-backed little fellow, with a tremendous pair of red whiskers, and a pug nose! My facsimile of Sir William Wallace with red whiskers and a pug nose!! Sir, it threw me into one of the most violent fevers I ever had. Besides all these, 'his face was dirty, and his hands unwashed;' and he proceeded to give such a bombastic flourish of his arm, and his voice rose to such a high pitch, that he was hailed with loud laughter, and shouts of 'Make a bow, Johnny—make a bow,' till my head reeled in delirious despair.

"But the language and stage effect might redeem the errors of the actor, and I remained in a delightful agony for the result. Lazy time at length brought it upon the stage; but oh, ye gods! what a fall was there! As the thunder-cloud and genius were floating gracefully down, one of the ropes cracked, and the enchanter of the cavern hurt his nose against the floor, notwithstanding a huge pair of gilt pasteboard wings, which spread themselves at his shoulders. He got up, however, and went on till the explosion was to have taken place: then he waved his wand, with an air which was not intended to have been resisted; but, *miserabile dictu!* the crack would not open, and Bamalooosa trotted off by one of the side-scenes, amidst hoots of derision from every part of the house.

"The green curtain fell. A universal hiss, from 'the many-headed monster of the pit,' rung heavily in my ears. I had seen my poor play murdered and damned in one night, and it was enough to quench all future hopes of literary eminence. I rushed, desperate, from the spot, not choosing to stay for the farce; and, in the confusion of unsuccessful genius, I kicked two little red-headed fellows into the gutter for asking of me a check.

"In the anguish of my disappointment, I dreamed a combination of every thing horrible, to tantalize and terrify my poor tired brain; and I arose with a head-ach and a heart-ach, and no very great opinion of any one in the world, but myself.

"You have convinced me that generosity has not taken French leave of every bosom, and I shall always look back upon the moments I have spent with you as bright exceptions to those of my past life. And, now," continued he,

pocketing the remaining bone, putting a couple of potatoes in his bosom, and taking a long draught of wine—"and now, I trust, we are square: you have provided me a dinner, and I have treated you to 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul.' If I see you again, 'I shall remember you were bountiful; if not, God bless you and yours.'"

He gave me a hearty shake by the hand, and darted from the room. I caught a glimpse of his figure as he passed the window, and saw the poor author no more.

## ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

### No. III.

BY A CANTAB.

IN "King John," we find *cannon*, with *half-faced groats* and *three-furthing pieces*, &c. *Cards*, too, are introduced, and *Basilisco*, a character of the time of Shakspeare. The *Dauphin*, too, is gifted with a fore-sight somewhat above his fellows, seeing that he alludes to a *volley of shot* before *gunpowder* was invented.

O! bravely came we off,  
When with a *volley* of our needless *shot*  
After such bloody toil we bid good night.  
*Act. V. Scene 5.*

The Danish history has placed "Hamlet" in fabulous times long before the introduction of Christianity into the north of Europe. There is, therefore, great impropriety in the frequent allusions to Christian customs. Hamlet swears by *St. Patrick*,\* and converses with *Guilderstern* on the *Children of the Chapel of St. Paul's*. In several places *cannon* are introduced, and a good deal of the theatrical manners of Shakspeare's own time. We have a Danish *seal royal* long before seals were used—A *University* at *Wittemburg*, *Swiss Guards*, *Serjeants*, or *Bailiffs*,—*bells—ducats—crown-pieces—modern-heraldry—rapiers—modern fencing*, &c.

Among the *Dramatis Personæ* of many of Shakspeare's Plays, we find a curious medley of ancient and modern names. At

\* How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by *St. Patrick* (observes Mr. Warburton) I know not. However, at this time, all the northern world had their learning from Ireland, to which it had retired, and there flourished, under the auspices of this Saint. But it was probably said only at random, for he makes Hamlet a student at *Wittemburg*. Mention is also made of the *clock striking twelve—of Sunday—a half-penny—Julius Cæsar—Our Saviour's birth—Paris—Hercules—ducats—Jephthah, Judge of Israel—Month of May—St. Valentine's Day*, &c.

*Ephesus* we have *Pinch*, a schoolmaster; at *Mitlene*, *Boult*, a clown; and at *Athens*, *Snug*, *Snout*, *Quince*, &c. English names are also given to foreigners. Thus at *Vienna* we have *Froth* and *Elbow*; in *Navarre*, *Dull*, *Costard*, and *Moth*; and in *Illyria*, *Sir Toby Belch*, and *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*. But these, strictly speaking, are not anachronisms, but perhaps justifiable licenses; for he could not so well have transmitted the humour of such characters as the above to an English audience under the disguise of foreign names, though it must be admitted that more English characters, as well as names are sometimes introduced. Nor is Shakspeare always responsible for such whimsicalities, for they are occasionally to be traced in the materials whereof his Plays were constructed; and others belong to those authors whom he had only assisted in dramas, the whole composition of which has been erroneously ascribed to him.

A talent for discriminating human characters, and delineating their traits with perfect accuracy, is one of the rarest gifts of Heaven; and whoever possesses that talent in an eminent degree, will not fail to produce performances that will obtain a high degree of applause, whatever may otherwise be the defects. Shakspeare, who possessed this happy talent in a degree superior to that of any other of the sons of men, has, notwithstanding the *innumerable errors and defects* that abound in his works, obtained a degree of celebrity that nothing else could ever have given him; and which, notwithstanding the attacks of snarling critics, will continue to increase as long as the language in which he writes shall be understood.

The most whimsical of the French Scriptural *Damans* or *Mysteries*,\* was the exhibition of *Noah* as a ship-builder preparatory to the *Deluge*. He is discovered assisted by a large gang of *Angels* working as his journeymen, whose great solicitude is to keep their wings out of the way of their hatchets, &c. At length, the whole of them strike for wages, until the arrival of a body of *gens-d'armes* immediately brings them to order, by whom they are threatened to be sent back to Heaven, if they do not behave themselves.

\* One of these *Mysteries* has for its subject the election of an *Apostle* to supply the place of the traitor *Judas*. A dignity so awful is conferred in the meanest manner possible to conceive. It is done by drawing *two straws*, of which he who gets the longest becomes the *Apostle*. *Louis Chocquet* was a favourite composer of these *religious* performances.

## NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END, translated from the German of Carové, by Sarah Austin.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY, by Mary Howitt.

WE do not think with Rousseau, that fables should be kept from children; on the contrary, we hold that good and intelligible moral lessons may be conveyed in these little fictions. It is preposterous to suppose that they can be mistaken or misinterpreted by an ordinarily intelligent child. The young miss or master who requires to be told that animals have not the gift of speech, should certainly not be suffered to peruse fables; but we never yet met with a child who could not discover the moral of every fable in the spelling-book.

The first of the two little works under notice is "*The Story without an end*," a small volume of exceeding beauty, embellished with twelve exquisite engravings on wood. The story conveys an excellent moral, and is well worthy the perusal of "children of larger growth." The illustrations shew to what a height of perfection the art of wood engraving has arrived in this country: each cut is a perfect gem. This little tome will have many admirers; it is a literary curiosity.

The "*Sketches of Natural History*" are a series of poems for "youthful minds," illustrated by numerous cuts, which, though not of so high an order as those of the foregoing work, are, nevertheless, clever and spirited specimens of wood engraving. Many of the little poems are pleasingly written; but we are most taken with the apologue of "*the Spider and the Fly*," which we give below.

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

AN APOLOGUE.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,

"T is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,  
And I've a many curious things to shew when you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains-drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,  
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,  
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what can I do,  
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,  
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,  
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,

Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

And now dear little children, who may this story read,

To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:

Unto an evil counsellor, close heart, and ear, and eye,

And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

In taking leave of these pretty and instructive little volumes, we would hint to such of our friends as have "given hostages to fortune," that they will not meet with objects more deserving their notice, as Christmas presents, than "*The Story without an end*," and "*Sketches of Natural History*." For the latter we have only to express our regret, that the name of Howitt should ever have been connected with less pleasing subjects.

## ON CONVERSATION.

It is strange, considering the great portion of our life that is spent in society, and the dependence of our happiness upon the power of thus spending it, the small number who know how to converse.

Conversation is at once the bond which holds society together, and the ingredient which renders it pleasant. It is true, that so gregarious an animal is man, even a mute gains upon our affections and becomes indispensable to us, if any connexion of birth or affiance, or the necessities of business, bring us constantly together. There is a fine example of this in Sir Walter's story of the two drovers—neither of them men with many ideas, or great power of expressing even their limited range, yet going on most sociably together, whistling as they went. I have known two divinity students live, during the entire course of their academic career, in the same apartment, each immersed in his books the whole of the long winter evening, serving each other at meal-times rather by the intervention of signs than of words, yet dearly attached, as the events of their after-life clearly shewed. Nay, I am by no means certain, that had not the affections of Jeanie Deans been pre-engaged, even the mute attentions of Dumbiedikes would not have been successful at last. In these instances, however, we remark no more than an instinctive aversion to solitude, and a clinging to the object which redeems us from it, that man shares in common with the brutes.

By society, is meant those wider reunions of human beings, in which the interchange of ideas expands the mind, at the same time that the necessity of mutual deference smoothes away its harshnesses. No one who has had the ill-luck to be seated at dinner next to some monosyllabic neighbour, who replies to the first attempt to draw him into a conversation with "No"—to the second with "Yes"—and to the third with "Perhaps;" and who has felt the load of discomfort which lies upon the heart, while sitting amidst an assemblage of such non-intercourse gentlemen, in a room dimly lighted with half-snuffed candles, can doubt of the importance of small-talk to the well-being and comfort of society.

There are a great many causes, each of which is singly capable of rendering one unable to discharge this social duty. Some are prevented from talking by sheer stupidity. Others, who have ideas

enough, are hindered by constitutional phlegm—they like to follow out the trains of thought which cross their brains, and are too indolent to care for the amusement of their neighbours. These are comparatively happy in their silence; but there is a class of mortals who are anxious to join in conversation, but who never can hit upon a subject. People of this kind sit upon thorns the whole time that they are in company, fretting under the consciousness of appearing stupid and uninteresting. They are deserving of our pity, for their annoyance is simply the consequence of a constitutional want of readiness and self-possession. Those, on the contrary, who are kept silent, by a resolve never to say any thing but what is striking or profound—who allow the conversation to flag while they are straining after some witticism, are only suffering the just punishment of their vanity, when they undergo such mortification.

It is not every one who can talk, that is capable of holding conversation. Some, from an overflow of animal spirits, chatter on continually, never inquiring whether their hearers are amused, nor greatly caring for their admiration, blest in the consciousness that their tongues are wagging. Others enter into company with a desperate resolution to be amusing, and a long stock of common-places, with which they overwhelm every one who comes within the sphere of their attraction. What some persuade themselves is conversation, is in reality nothing else than the engrossing consciousness of their own projects and actions overflowing in talk. None of these people converse—they only hold soliloquies in public.

Nothing more annoys and surprises men of genius, than to see persons, whom they regard as of plodding natures and limited capacities, preferred to themselves as companions, and taking the lead in conversation. We have often discovered this jealousy in their carping and cavilling at such persons. They are in the wrong to be astonished, for the essence of that genius upon which they pride themselves, is the depth and richness of its emotions, its susceptibility of being engrossed and over-mastered by its own conceptions. Now, it is quite in the order of nature, that a person who has but a limited range of ideas, and can easily command his shallow feelings, should, like a certain American hero, be "always ready for action." His thoughts are neither so grand nor so subtle, as to leave him at a loss for words,

and he is always aware of his situation for the time being. But men of genius are not only mistaken, they are shewing a weakness and unworthiness of nature, when they allow their annoyance at being outshone by such a person to lead them to decry his peculiar talent. Although of a lower grade than those with which they are endowed, it is nevertheless of rare occurrence, and great utility.

He who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he hath never used.

It is not meant to deny that there is both pleasure and profit in having access and habitual intercourse with men of genius. There is always something in a man's most trivial words and actions expressive of his character, and it is impossible to associate with a man of high mind, and not be continually receiving suggestions and impressions which instruct and elevate us. The mistake on our part lies in thinking that these can be obtained by meeting him once in crowded society—that he is like a schoolmaster or a comedian, ready to fulfil his vocation at a moment's warning—that he is not rather like a seer, over whom the spirit comes, possessing him, he knows not how, nor can forebode when. The mistake on his part lies in supposing that he must vindicate his situation in society as other men. Every man takes his place in company in virtue of some peculiar title—one because he is rich—another because he is talented—a third because he is amusing—a fourth because we like him. Let no one attempt to lay claim to a place which is not due to him, or go about to cozen people by false pretensions.

This last paragraph, we are half inclined to suspect, has been a kind of digression. To return: the young of either sex have rarely much talent for conversation. Their consciousness of life is too overpowering. Nevertheless, they have a power of making themselves agreeable to each other, which amply compensates for the want. It is a bad sign when a very young person possesses that power of ready but unimpassioned alternation of discourse which forms the charm of conversation in people of more advanced years. It is customary to call precocious children hothouse plants, but the term is scarcely applicable here. A hothouse plant is one which, by too liberal an application of heat and moisture, has attained an unnatural degree of succulence. It is too luxuriant for its strength—it withers away from want

of stamina. But young persons, such as those of whom we are at present speaking, are unnatural in the other extreme—they are withered before they begin to blossom. They have the green leaves of youth without its nourishing juices. They remind us of what the nursery tales relate concerning fairy changelings—withered, peevish, insatiable old persons, with the form and helplessness of infants.

Few men are good at conversation. They are in general too technical—their talk is overcharged with indications of their profession. Even those who have devoted themselves to no active business have favourite pursuits, literary or otherwise, which give a monotonous colouring to their conversation. Such as are free from all these faults, have a worse habit—that of talking politics. This subject, as it is in general discussed, is the most sickening and drivelling of all. Men who really take an interest in the matter and understand it, find that it is a serious study, and are anxious in their hours of relaxation to lay the burden aside. It is uniformly those who know only a few cant phrases by rote, who insist upon introducing the subject on all occasions. "Damn it," said Squire Western, "let us talk about politics—something that we all understand."

Ladies who have passed the age of thirty-five, and, according to rule—though there are some exceptions—married ones, make the best conversationists. We can approach them without a constant and intrusive reference to the difference of sex, while they retain all that gentleness and feminine delicacy which forms their principal charm. Whether the sphere in which they have moved be limited or extensive, so that it be not vulgar, they have picked up a mass of observation, which men intent upon one object have no idea of. Their minds, unfettered by an artificial education, have associated and arranged their store in an original and pleasing manner. They possess a light, graceful versatility, and the power of giving a direction to the conversation, or suggesting topics, without seeming to do so. They form, in virtue of this talent, the cement of society—the formers of the character of youth. There is a fascination about them which we want words to express.

We may be pardoned, if we devote a few sentences as a tribute to the memory of one of the dearest of these gentle friends—to one who, if she did not exactly correspond with the ideal picture now

drawn, had qualities of a yet higher kind to redeem her deficiencies.

Amelia — was the wife of a retired army surgeon, residing in a country town; the mother, although yet a young woman, of a large family. Her husband, a man of erudition, and somewhat overstrained notions of honour and delicacy, had married her before she was out of her teens; a beautiful girl, deep read in poetry and romance, yet with a vein of the humorous in her composition, which prevented her from becoming *fade*. He had laboured assiduously to cultivate and strengthen her mind. In the town which they inhabited there were about half-a-dozen families, living like themselves upon a narrow competency, all of them a slight degree more refined, and better educated than the shopmen and artisans by whom they were surrounded. Amelia's husband endeavoured, as his family increased in numbers, to eke out his slender income by receiving a few young gentlemen as boarders. Several of the neighbouring country gentlemen intrusted their sons to his care; and as there was a number of absentee proprietors in the county, finding him and his wife superior persons, they were glad of such an accession to the narrow range of their summer society. Amelia's feeling of what constituted a proper deportment in society, had been formed theoretically, upon the model of Shakspeare's and Richardson's heroines. The cool observant character of her husband had taught her to look on the realities of life, to see her real situation in society, yet without injuring her natural and acquired gentility of mind. The mingling with the county families, and a delicate discerning tact, enabled her to conform to the simplicity of modern manners. A turn of mind acquired by having been, in a great measure, the instructress of her own children, and afterwards invested, along with her husband, with a joint surveillance over their young boarders, rendered her rather fond of teaching, while the fruits of her reading and observation enabled her to discern that the attainment of her wishes depended mainly upon her concealing them. She became a kind of missionary for the propagation of refinement of thought and action—we use the expression in its worthiest sense—in the circle in which she moved. We were all attached to her, by her goodness of heart, and attracted by her powers of conversation. Her beneficial influence is attested to this day by the peculiarly urbane tone which pervades the society

of the town in which she lived,—by the success and happiness in after-life which many of the friends of our youth, now widely scattered through the world, gladly confess they owe to her. Our good Amelia had, it is true, a little of the pedant about her; her character was in accordance with her natural disposition, but it had been formed under rather adverse circumstances. She knew her worth to the full extent, and piqued herself upon it. Yet we have often wished that there were more Amelia —'s in the world. G.

## MISCELLANIES.

### REGRET.

AN habitual drunkard, having found in a dream a cup of excellent wine, set about warming it, to enjoy it with more *gout*. But just as he was about to quaff this delicious draught, he awoke. "What a fool am I," said he, "why was I not content to drink it cold?"

### THE DUKEDOM OF NORMANDY.

THE Normans, or North-men, from whom so many of our English nobility claim descent, were northern pirates, who about the middle of the 9th century, infested the coasts of England and the English channel. They invaded France, and three times besieged Paris. At length, Charles the Simple, in 912, entered into a treaty with Rollo, their chief, giving him his daughter in marriage, and settling upon him the province then first called Normandy, with the title of duke, requiring him to do homage for it. Rollo was then baptized by the name of Robert, but known to the Normans as Haro, or Ha Row. He was succeeded by his son, Richard I.; he by Richard II.; he by Robert II., who, by Herleve, or Her-lot, a mistress, had the renowned William, who obtained the crown of England.

### CURIOUS CUSTOM.

WHEN Poland was a kingdom, some of its laws and customs were odd enough. When any person was convicted of having slandered another, he was obliged in open court to prostrate himself on the ground, lying between the extended legs of the party whom he had unjustly accused, and there to confess, with a loud voice, that in publishing or asserting what he had asserted against the person then standing over him, *he had lied like a dog*; and then at three several and distinct times, to bark as loud as he could, after the fashion of the animal he had just mentioned.



P. 301.

## THE VICTIM OF A NAME.

FROM THE FRENCH.

—  
IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

UPON the left bank of the Danube, about seven miles from Vienna, stands the Abbey of Kleusterneubourg, a superb edifice, erected in the middle of a valley; the surrounding hills are clothed to their very tops with rich vineyards, and hundreds of farm-houses lie thickly scattered in the vicinity, whose tiled roofs peep from among the deep green foliage of numberless fruit-trees. It is almost impossible to convey to the mind, by language, an idea of the abundant and joyous prosperity of this territory, and the appearance of the inhabitants is in perfect harmony with the luxuriance of their natal soil; on every side you meet comely and buxom women, athletic men, and large, ruddy-faced, healthy-looking children. Go where he may, a smile of good-nature welcomes the stranger, the ready and pleasant salutation bids him "good speed" upon his journey, and if he manifests the least inclination to rest for a few moments on his way, the farm-

house door is opened with hospitable alacrity, and he is shewn into the "best room," with an eagerness of courtesy that leaves no doubt of the pleasure felt in entertaining him. There he finds, upon a table covered with the whitest of napkins, two huge flagons always ready filled with wine, and a moment suffices for the production of a noble slice of ham, and an admirable salad; so much is hospitality the habit of this open-handed peasantry. The annual fête of the vintage exhibits still more strikingly this beautiful custom of universal courtesy to strangers. Upon the day of its celebration, the inhabitants of the village and their guests repair to a rustic pavilion, already erected for the purpose, near which a tall tree, stripped of its foliage and branches, and from whose top are suspended evergreens, flasks of wine, fruits, and ribbons of the gayest colours, serves as a signal to the neighbouring villages, indicating the time and place of the festival. At noon an immense repast is served up in this pavilion, of which only the men partake; but as soon as it is ended, the young fellows set out in a body for a farm, at which the maidens have

assembled, and all return in procession to the arbour, which by this time has been cleared for dancing. An orchestra of twenty or thirty violins, horns, and flutes, plays the favourite waltzes of the country, and the pleasures of the festival are seldom closed until the first rays of the next day's sun begin to dim the lustre of the torches.

It was near the close of day, during the progress of one of these rustic celebrations, and not far from the abbey of which mention is made, that a young man of, perhaps, nineteen or twenty years, mounted upon a superb Arabian, and followed by a servant without livery, endured, without listening to, the conversation of an elderly personage, whose sober nag walked leisurely by the side of his own fiery steed. Both were dressed simply in black, and there was nothing to indicate them as any thing more than two gentlemen in easy circumstances, returning from a ride; a father and son, perhaps, or it might be, a tutor and his pupil; unless, indeed, it might have been perceived, that a father would have shewn more interest in the melancholy abstraction of his son, or that, in the second case, the pupil would have exhibited a more contemptuous impatience of his tutor's lecture. In the present instance might be noticed, on the one hand, the obsequious tyranny of one who plays the spy upon the mind as well as of the actions, and persecutes the spirit with his wearisome attentions, even in the silence to which it flies for refuge; on the other, a determined inattention, against which the monotonous garrulity of the speaker wasted itself in vain.

On a sudden, the spirited Arabian as he slowly pranced along, champing the bit, and tossing aloft his beautiful head, pricked up his ears, and uttered a long, loud neigh; and his rider, warned by the sure instinct of the noble creature, that some object was near to which he ought to give attention, raised his eyes, and beheld at a distance one of those crowned trees which have been described as giving token of the vintage fête; and he had ridden but little farther, when his ear caught the distant sound of the flutes and horns. Although he appeared to reject the efforts of his companion to arouse him from his melancholy, still there evidently was not in his breast a hopelessness so fixed as to prevent him from accepting the chance of relief, thus falling accidentally in his way, and exclaiming, with a sad,

but gentle smile, "A fête; let us join the party;" he put spurs to his steed, and set off at a gallop through the close standing trees, heedless of the branches that swept him as he passed, and taking no thought, either in ridicule or compassion, of the terrors of his companion, who toiled painfully after him in his rapid course. Upon reaching the scene of the festivity, he beheld a picture of singular interest and beauty. In the centre of the rustic pavilion numbers of smiling young men and maidens, their eyes sparkling with delight, and their cheeks glowing with health and excitement, were gaily moving in the dance, while all around, the elders of the village, seated, with silver tankards in their hands, followed, with approving smiles, the winding movements of the waltzers. In a corner was seated an old noble of the vicinity, whose daughter, in honour of the day, had opened the ball with the handsomest of the vintagers; here and there were scattered some monks from the abbey, who discoursed sagely with the farmers, touching the abundance of the crops; while others, whose heavy eyes and drowsy attitudes gave suspicion of a deep acquaintance with the wine-cup, were, perhaps, muttering their monastic chants to the sound of the lively music. For a moment the eyes of the young man rested with an expression of interest and delight, upon this scene of general and simple joy: like one in a burning fever, who plunges his arms into the cool waters of a shaded spring, it seemed as if he delighted to bathe his soul in the pure, fresh atmosphere of thoughtless happiness by which he was surrounded. But a fatal voice soon recalled him from his dream of forgetfulness. Undoubtedly it was not by premeditated and ignoble spite that he was actuated who tore him from his pleasant thoughts; he was governed simply by the reckless pedantry of a heavy moralist, who goes on his way with head erect, never looking where he plants his foot, or knowing what minute, but beautiful existence may be crushed in its solemn fall. The old man, seeing the pleasure his companion took in looking upon the scene that has been described, could not lose so fine an opportunity of pressing home his lesson; he drew near, and with the self-contented smile of one who knows that what he is going to say cannot be controverted, "You see," he observed, "that happiness is every where, if men would but find it where it is;" and, having thus spoken, he betook himself again to watching the



dancers, without perceiving that the youth looked at them no longer; that his head was once more sunk upon his breast, and that his eyes, fixed upon the ground, beheld nothing but himself and his own surpassing wretchedness. Silence would long have remained unbroken, if the elder personage had not felt curious to discover the salutary effect of his words in the countenance of his companion; and it would be difficult to describe the extent of his foolish surprise, and equally foolish anger, on perceiving a result so different from his expectancies; but it seemed as if his authority over the young man were limited to petty teasings, and unwelcome assiduities; for he gave no utterance to his feelings of dissatisfaction, and only said, with an air of peculiar deference, "Why not join the dance? it would serve, perhaps, to dissipate—;" his speech was cut short by a profound sigh from the melancholy youth, who turned away without replying; but, at the moment when the elder was expecting an ungracious refusal, he saw him leap quickly from his horse, and, while he descended more slowly from his own, the youth stepped behind a large tree, and, almost instantly reappearing, said, with an air of calm but simple dignity, "You see that I am not ungrateful, and I hope you will announce, that I accept, with proper acknowledgment, the pleasures which are granted to me." There was in his manner of uttering these words the resolution of a man who knows that he must die, yet submits patiently to all the means of cure that are proposed to him, useless though he knows them, that he may, at least, escape the charge of having sought his own destruction; and, having thus spoken, he advanced toward the dancers. Before he had made a dozen steps it was apparent that his presence created a sensation; numbers of persons, the monks, the farmers, suddenly stood up, the musicians played-out of time, and the dancers hesitated in their movement. This general attention was acknowledged by a gentle smile, and an inclination of the head; but in a moment it was arrested by a gesture of prohibition from the elderly companion. His motion, and the expression of his countenance indicated to the assembly, that no especial notice must be taken of the young man's presence, and such is the habit of obedience with the Austrians, that in a moment all things resumed their course; the dance, the music, and the mirth were at once renewed, and no one ventured to indulge his curiosity even by

a look. This blow struck not less keenly upon the morbid feelings of the youth than that which had preceded it, but his pride forbade all manifestation of his chagrin; he continued to promenade the rustic ball-room, and, to complete his conquest over his own heart, resolved to take a part in the festivity; and advancing to one of the most beautiful of the dancers, he asked her hand for a waltz.

"I cannot," she replied frankly, and without the least shew of embarrassment; "here is my partner for the whole evening," pointing, as she spoke, to a tall, well-made vintager, who was standing at her side. The peasant coloured, and casting a hasty and somewhat fearful look around him, he said, in a low and hesitating voice, "No, no; dance with his—with the gentleman; I resign you to him very willingly."

The girl looked at her partner with surprise, and then sought for a confirmation of his request in the eyes of an old woman, who stood near, and who, in like manner, casting a furtive glance around, to note if she were observed, gave an assenting gesture. The young man gathered from the surprise of the girl, and the embarrassment of the other two, that he was known to them, but not to her; he felt grateful to them for thus displaying, so far as they dared, their kindly and considerate feelings; and he began at once, in the intervals of the dance, to speak of them to his blooming partner, that they might know from her that their courtesy was not unacknowledged.

"That good old lady is your mother, I presume?"

"Alas no," she replied; "she is the mother of my partner; my mother came from France."

At these words the young man started with a keen emotion, and the girl, delighted with her new partner, so much more graceful and attentive than her first, perceived, with surprise, that he lost the time; but he rallied in a moment, and fixing upon her his eagle eyes, he resumed, in a lower tone, "And are you, too, a Frenchwoman?"

"Oh, no," she answered; "my father is a Hungarian, and I was born in that country also."

"But your mother is here, I suppose? shew me which is she."

"Alas! sir, she is dead," replied the girl; and she, too, in her turn, seemed troubled and confused.

The look of the young man immediately lost its keenness, and was with-

drawn from the face of his charming partner, upon which it had been fixed with an expression of the deepest interest and curiosity; he became once more sad and gentle, but she deceived herself when she imagined that it was for her his sympathy was awakened. She could not imagine that her last words had extinguished a hope; a vain hope indeed, that of beholding eyes that had looked on France.

"Yes," she continued, "it is nearly two years since we lost her; my father could not bear to remain longer where she had lived, and therefore we left Presburgh more than a month ago, and came to live here, in the environs of Vienna."

This fact accounted to the young unknown for her ignorance of his person; but he made no reply, and the waltz was ended in silence. When he had led her to her seat, he saw his elderly companion whispering to the old woman, who bade the young girl sit down by her side, but never turned her eyes upon him, and he removed to a little distance, easily divining the orders his officious companion had imparted, but returned almost immediately, as if with a desperate resolution to know the full extent of his subjection and misery; he saw by the gestures of his lovely partner, that she was asking concerning him, and he could readily perceive too, that her inquiries were evaded and forbidden. "They proscribe my name," was his bitter reflection, "from the innocent curiosity of this peasant girl, because a drop of French blood mingles in her veins!" But he made no comment upon what was passing before him, not even by a look of anger, and vaulting upon his proud Arabian, he darted from the spot like an arrow, crying to the groom. "To the palace—to Vienna," but with the accent of one who exclaims, "to prison, to the torture, the dungeon, and the tomb."

The next day four persons were assembled in one of the vast gothic saloons of an ancient palace. He who seemed to be the first in rank, was seated in a large and magnificent *fauteuil*, with his elbow resting upon a table, and his head supported by the hand; another sat before a desk covered with papers, in the perusal of which he appeared to be absorbed, and the remaining two were standing before the first; one of these was the elderly companion of the sad young man in his adventure of the preceding day. The old man seated at the table (for he was an old man), after a

long silence, raised his head, and with an air of deep melancholy, exclaimed, addressing that one whom the reader already knows:

"Indeed, baron, I do not know what to do; you tell me that *he* appeared delighted with his ride, and you, doctor, assure me that to-day he is more depressed and miserable than ever."

"It is," replied the doctor, "because my instructions have not been followed."

"And yet," returned the old man, "he is free—he goes where and when he will."

"It is true," answered the physician, "that his chain is lengthened; but he sees and feels it still. If it cannot be removed, it must at least be hidden."

"What can I do more?" said the old man.

"Much," was the reply; "he can be left alone, and above all, in his rides."

"That would never do," exclaimed the baron, with the desperation of a courtier who sees his post in danger.

"Would it be prudent?" said the old man, turning his eyes upon the silent personage, who seemed attentive to nothing but his papers; "would it be prudent?" he repeated with a sigh.

"I do not know," said the physician, firmly, "whether or not it would be prudent, but humanity requires it; he must have liberty of mind as well as of body, or he must die."

"No, sir," exclaimed the old man, with sudden and startling energy, rising from his seat, and striding rapidly across the chamber, "no sir, he must *not* die; *he*, too, die of prison and captivity! It must not, shall not be. Let them say what they will—reproach me; make war upon me, if they choose, but he shall *not* die; it is enough to have killed —."

And here he broke off abruptly, perhaps at the awful name that rose to his lips, or it might be at the quick glance of him who seemed to read the despatches of the day. This man, after a moment of silence, and another glance at the sad expression of the old man's face, said with a low voice, and a look of regulated sympathy, "All can be arranged as the doctor would have it: since he thinks freedom essential to the health of his patient, let him go free; the baron shall attend him no longer; he shall ride out alone, and as it pleases him."

"Do you think this possible?" the old man eagerly exclaimed.

"Certainly," replied the other, with a smile in which one more acute and ob-

servng, would have detected a commentary upon the word.

"I thank you," cried the old man, joyfully; "this is but another service to be added to the long list of what I already owe you; once more I thank you, heartily:" then, turning to the physician, he added, "this will content you, I hope, doctor; you will convey this good news to him at once, will you not?" and so saying, he withdrew, smiling graciously upon him who had relieved his anxieties, and not remarking either the consternation of the baron, or the abstraction of him he had last addressed.

As soon as the door closed upon him, the man with the papers said drily, "Well, sir, you can go and do as the emperor has commanded you."

The physician fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, and exclaimed with energy, "My lord, in pity do not destroy your gift;"—but the other cut him short with a haughty look and gesture, and in another moment he was alone with the baron.

"And I, my lord,"—cried this functionary, with a pitiable aspect of despair.

"You," replied the minister, "you will have the goodness to go and inform the first officer of the police (*chief de la police*) that I wish to see him instantly."

What passed at this interview has perhaps never been disclosed; but the result of it was, that a few days afterward the sad and handsome young man was riding *unattended* in the environs of Kleusterneubourg, with nothing to indicate that he was the subject of a moment's consideration to the ever active and suspicious police of Austria. He was now mounted upon a beautiful and perfectly trained Andalusian, and he rode freely forth, giving himself up, body and soul, to the liberty of solitude, having no part to play, a spectacle to no one, and free to indulge in mirth or sadness at his own good pleasure, to cast his eyes upon the ground in melancholy reverie, or to raise them to the sun in lofty aspirations, as if to demand from him freedom, life, and hope. Such was the tenor of his actions and emotions, and already he experienced from his ride an accession of health and vigour, to which his frame had been long a stranger, so little does youth require to convert sadness into joy. Upon a sudden, as he pushed at full gallop along a thickly shaded avenue that pierced the forest, he heard a loud cry from the opening of an alley by which the avenue was intersected, and looking to the spot, saw a

young girl starting back just in time to save herself from being trampled under his horse's feet. He reined up instantly; but with that habitual feeling of annoyance and chagrin with which he always met those who could address him by the name which was at once his glory and his curse, he was vexed to see the girl fix her eyes upon him with a look of recognition, and to hear her exclaim, with a smile and a voice yet tremulous through terror, "Ah, monsieur, how you did frighten me!" Her look announced that she remembered him; but the simple title of monsieur might leave the inference that she did not know who it was she thus addressed. Doubting, fearing, and yet not without hope, he looked at her in turn, and soon became conscious that the lovely face before him was not altogether unfamiliar to his eyes. She guessed what was passing in his mind, and exclaimed frankly, "What, you have forgotten me! But I remember you right well."

There was in this little speech a dash of rustic coquetry, which, with the freedom and simplicity of the reproach it conveyed of his ingratitude in forgetting her so soon, won from him a smile, and he replied in the same spirit, "It is true that I am guilty of not knowing who you are, but not of forgetting that I have before seen that charming face."

The young girl blushed even through her smile; and approaching the now quiet animal on which he rode, she placed her hand upon his neck, and looking up with bewitching simplicity into the face of the young man, she said, "I was your partner in the dance at Kleusterneubourg."

Under the impulse of an involuntary movement on the part of his rider, the horse started a little to one side, and a shade passed over the brow of the young man. The poor girl stood motionless, looking terrified and unhappy, and when he said, in a grave and severe tone, "I remember; you are the daughter of a Frenchwoman, are you not?" She could scarcely answer from trembling, "Yes, monsieur." "You are a Hungarian?" "Yes, monsieur."

But this exact remembrance of their former conversation, pleasing as it might have been to her a moment before, had not the effect to call back the smile to her downcast eyes, so deeply was she affected by his tone and manner. The young man noticed her depression, and wishing to atone for his momentary harshness, he said, playfully, "And do

you come to walk often in this forest?" "I pass through it every day," she said, with a little air of pique, "but I never come to walk in it; I pass through it every day on my way to the abbey, for medicine for my poor father, who is very ill."

This reply was simple enough, and conveyed information of the most ordinary character; but there are beings in whose hearts a single word suffices to call up an echo of despair, and such was he to whom the answer of the young girl was addressed. It brought a deeper shade to his brow; and he repeated, bitterly, and speaking rather to himself than to his companion, "You go to seek medicines for your sick father—for your father, whom you are permitted to see every day,—for your father, who will soon be well."

"I hope so," she exclaimed, raising her eyes to heaven.

"And I—go, and forgive me for having detained you a moment from the performance of a duty so sacred."

Thus speaking, he gave his horse the spur and darted away at full speed, leaving the poor girl so astounded at his abrupt departure, that when he turned into the first alley that crossed the avenue through which he rode, he saw her standing motionless upon the spot where he had left her, with her eyes fixed upon his receding form.

#### CHAPTER SECOND.

It is probable that the adventure thus concluded left no trace, or, at least, no emotion in the heart of the singular being whom it befell; for, during many subsequent days, he rode in other directions, remote enough to prevent him from coming to the spot again, yet not so far as to give room for the suspicion that he avoided it of purpose. Some weeks afterward, however, the solitude of the forest attracted him there once more, and the regularity with which his time was divided, made his arrival to take place at almost the same moment as before. As he cantered down the avenue, he heard, at the intersection of the alley, the quick breathing and footsteps of a woman, and he drew up to let her pass; but the runner stopped, as she came close to him, and exclaimed, with the *naïve* frankness of sixteen, "I was certain it was you, although you have a gray horse now, instead of that beautiful black on which you rode when you were here before."

"You saw me, then, at some distance."

"Yes, through the trees; but I was

not quite sure it was you, and that made me run."

"To see me!" said the young man, amused, and not displeased, by her charming simplicity.

The poor girl blushed, and a tear trembled upon her long and downcast eyelashes; she made no answer, and he, taking pity of her confusion, and striving to overcome his habitual taciturnity, continued:

"And your father; is he better?"

"Oh, much better," said the young girl, with a grateful look; "it is not sickness, it is an old wound that gives him so much trouble."

"Your father, then, has been a soldier?"

"Yes, monsieur, until 1815."

It would seem that every word spoken by this simple child had a peculiar and affecting signification for the young unknown. This 1815 struck sadly upon his heart, and he added, with a severe and disdainful look,

"And your father is a Hungarian?"

"You know I told you so before," she answered, approaching nearer to him.

"Adieu, adieu," he cried hastily, "your father is waiting for you;" and he rode away as quickly as before, without even turning his head to see whether the poor peasant girl watched him in his flight.

That day he certainly did bear with him the memory of his rencontre with the peasant girl; but, without doubt, it was only that vague impression with which any incident may be invested by repetition. Nevertheless, when, two days afterward, he met her again at the same hour and place, his mind was struck with the coincidence; and when she hastened to join him, exclaiming, with an air of anxious curiosity, "You did not come yesterday;" he became aware that a deep and powerful interest had sprung up in the heart of this young girl, of which he was the object. Perhaps she had hoped, perhaps awaited his coming, and, for the first time, he was not displeased with the idea that his movements had been watched. Was it because he felt convinced that she knew not who he was? Or was it that the natural and open frankness of her curiosity delighted him, contrasting, as it did, with the world of system and constraint by which he was surrounded? It would be difficult to explain the cause, so imperceptible are the modes in which the heart receives the first approaches of that mysterious passion, by which its very nature is at length subdued and changed. Nevertheless his feelings were

as yet but little affected, and if he came again and again for many days in succession, it was simply because the peasant girl was right when she averred, that the forest rides were, by far, the most beautiful to be found in the neighbourhood of Vienna. Thus a whole week passed away, each day of which saw them meet for a few brief minutes; but, as yet, no more intimate relation sprang up between them, unless it were the habit of meeting. He had learned nothing more of her, than that her name was Catherine, and her father's, Tillman; and that the convalescence of this latter was rapidly and steadily advancing. The least change of occupation in the young unknown, the most trifling incident in the life of the peasant girl, might have been sufficient to break this habit, and leave to both no more than a vague remembrance, without emotion or regret, had not a word, which might have been sooner uttered, called up again one of those abrupt explosions by which their first interviews had been broken, and which Catherine already perceived no longer. The day on which it happened was a Saturday: at his approach, Catherine ran to meet him, with a charming expression of discontent upon her pouting lips.

"Do you know," said she, that I am vexed? they want me to go on a party of pleasure to-morrow."

"How is that?" asked the young man, smiling at the phrase she had employed.

"Madame Apsberg, you know, she whom you took for my mother, has invited me to the fête at her village, and my father has given leave that I shall go."

"Well," replied the youth, still smiling.

"Well!" she returned, pettishly, as if vexed at his want of comprehension; "well! if I go there to-morrow, how can I come here?" To any other heart than his, these words would have been the complete avowal of an attachment, of which she who felt it was yet ignorant; but to him they conveyed nothing more than the expression of a pleasure in his society, for which his gratitude was due; and to shew that it was not withheld, he did more for her than he had ever before done for any other, he appointed a time for their next meeting; saying, with a pleasant kindness,

"Well, then, it shall be on Monday."

"Oh yes, on Monday," she answered, with an air of gesture and delight; "but early, very early, for I have so much to say to you."

"Yes, early," he replied, with a cheerful smile; and, as she parted from him,

smiling in her turn, "Adieu, Catherine," he cried, waving his hand.

"Adieu, monsieur;" then stopping suddenly, and returning to his side, she added, with her accustomed graceful *naïveté*, "but you have never told me your name yet."

"My name," he cried, starting and casting upon her a look of trouble and despair; "*my name*," he repeated, bitterly; and then, after a long and dreadful pause, "I have neither name nor place."

At this wretched look, this incomprehensible reply, the poor girl started back with terror, as though she thought him mad, yet, with the most touching expression of tenderness and pity; and he, seeing the effect of his words, perceiving that even the little happiness, of which he might partake, was, at every moment, in danger of destruction upon the rock of his cruel destiny,—he sorrowed for himself, for the grateful habit of forgetting his own misery in the converse of this innocent and lovely creature; and, as he slowly rode away, he exclaimed, in a despairing voice, "Oh, why did you ask me for my name?"

Peace was not in his breast as he returned that day to Vienna; his feelings were those of one condemned to death, just awakened from a dream of life and liberty. With a stern and resolute integrity he surveyed the aspect of his probable destiny, and severely condemned himself for being turned aside even for a moment from the rigid and joyless course he had marked out; but this condemnation had less reference to the grief which he himself endured, than to that which he must cause; for at length his eyes were opened to the real nature of the relation existing between him and the peasant girl. He recalled her every look, each word, each movement, and there discovered love, love from which he ought to fly; which could end only in despair; for he felt that it would be a crime to link with his own hopeless destiny, the life of any other human creature. He condemned himself; but he could only pity Catherine. How should he act? Should he return no more, and leave her to expect him, long for his coming, waste the weary hours in lamenting his neglect? That would be cruel and ungrateful. Should he meet her once again, and bid her farewell for ever? This appeared both just and easy; pretexts for the discontinuance of their meetings could be readily assigned, and the poor girl would be spared the

misery of hope deferred and every day deceived. He felt and acknowledged this to be the preferable course, and yet he determined to adopt the other; for, in probing the secrets of his own heart, he began to fear that it would require less of courage to abandon Catherine at once, than to behold her grief, and sustain his resolution through a parting interview.

Having thus resolved, he remained at Vienna on the Monday appointed for the meeting, until long after the hour at which he felt assured that Catherine would have returned to her father's house; then he mounted his horse, and rode into the forest, certain of being alone at the well-known spot, the memory of which was henceforth to be for ever graven on his heart. His progress was so slow that darkness was around him ere he reached the corner of the avenue; yet Catherine was there. The moment he appeared in sight, she waved her handkerchief; and he, with a mixed feeling of delight and shame at his own weakness, yielding to the impulse of the moment, rode swiftly toward the place where she was standing. As soon as he was near enough to hear, she exclaimed aloud,

"Oh, how very late you are!"

"Have you been waiting for me?" he said.

"Yes, ever since the morning, and I had so many things to say to you; but now I must go, for my father is expecting me, and no doubt wondering what has become of me. But, to-morrow!"

"To-morrow?" said the young man doubtfully. "To-morrow? I am afraid

"Oh," she cried, interrupting him, "to-morrow I can wait as long as you please; I will arrange matters on purpose."

And with these words she darted away before he had time to speak, even if he had possessed the power and the will.

The next day he was first at the rendezvous. There is in every human event a fatal moment, in which all is established or destroyed; if he had not seen Catherine on the preceding day, they would never have met again; having seen her, it was decreed that they should now meet always: and since he had permitted himself to be led, by the simple witchery of this artless girl, although unwittingly, into the way of love, he was now prepared to move forward in it, of his own free will, and with the boldest progress. His heart would not permit him again to inflict upon Catherine that long and weary watching, in which had been dis-

closed to him the whole extent and power of her innocent passion; this time he was first at the place of meeting. Catherine had not reproached him for his delay, nor did she now thank him for his promptness; subdued and controlled as she was by the tyranny of a sentiment, of whose nature she as yet was ignorant, it never occurred to her that the object of her love could in any thing have motives and feelings different from her own, and she doubted not for a moment that his lateness of the day before and his early arrival now, were both results of a similar necessity. For the first time he had dismounted from his horse, and was walking rapidly along the alley by which she came to meet him. At first she did not recognise him in this new position, and stopped short in her advance; but in a moment her doubts were put to flight, and she ran to meet him, exclaiming,

"What are we to do? my father is quite well again; and I have no excuse for coming out to meet you every day; how are we to manage now?"

Should he have replied, "Alas! we are to meet no more?" who would venture to ascribe to an unvitiated heart of twenty, this cold and miserable reply? who that reads this tale will condemn the weakness of him who had not strength and courage so to answer? He was silent, as if he could not, or dared not propose any mode or time of future interviews, or perhaps feared even to attempt it. She too, was silent, but it was only that she might the better recall, ere she proposed to him, all the plans she had imagined.

"This is what I have thought," she said: "before my father was taken ill, he was in the habit of going out every night, and never returned till late; within the last few days he has resumed this habit, and now the evening is the only time when I am free. Are you too at liberty after sunset?"

"At liberty!" replied the youth, with a thoughtful and melancholy smile; "I at liberty!" Then he seemed to shake off the reflection that oppressed him, and added, looking affectionately at Catherine, "I will be at liberty, at least for you."

"Well, then," she answered gaily, "at night I can come, after seven o'clock: not here, for the vintagers all pass this way in returning from their work, but a little farther in the wood, at a solitary place, where no one ever comes; walk with me, and I will shew it to you."



P. 313.

### THE VICTIM OF A NAME.

And thus speaking, she placed her arm within that of her companion, and led him gently forward; while he, yielding to her guidance, and smiling on her with his melancholy eyes, could not help exclaiming—

“ Ah, Catherine, how good and lovely you are !”

He could not have said more, even in giving utterance to his real thought, and telling her at once how much he loved. They reached the secluded spot; the way to it was described and pointed out; and Catherine made him see how easily it could be gained or left without the risk of observation, yet how impossible it was for any to approach without being seen by them. Then they returned in silence to the place where they had met; and there standing by his horse, which he had fastened to a tree, the young man saw a mounted officer apparently waiting his return. The blood rushed into his face at sight of this intruder, but the haughty look with which he gazed upon him, shewed that it was not for himself or his own situation that he blushed.

“ Mylord,” the officer began : but the frown and gesture of the person he addressed, warned him that the title was unwelcome at the moment; and with the ready quickness of a practised courtier, he resumed, “ my lord the archduke wishes your attendance, sir.”

A look of haughty and displeased surprise gleamed for a moment in the eyes of the unknown; but noticing the eager curiosity with which Catherine surveyed them both, he checked the utterance of what was passing in his mind, and answered, cheerfully, “ It is well, sir; within the hour I will wait upon him, and I thank you for the information.” The officer bowed profoundly, and rode off at full speed without another word. The young man then turned to Catherine, who gazed upon him with an aspect of astonishment and fear, and in a low voice said, “ I thought he said, ‘ my lord,’ to you !”

“ And if he had, you would, of course, have been astonished ?”

“ I do not know; but I am very glad that it was not you he meant.”

“ You heard, then, that it was not I ?”

“ Oh, yes, certainly; but still you are

a courtier," she added, retaining the timid look and tone which had now usurped the place of her former undoubted confidence.

"A courtier? no, not exactly that—"

"An officer of the archduke's suite, is it not?" said Catherine, with somewhat less embarrassment.

"Yes—something of the kind."

"But your rank is not very high, is it? You are not a colonel? Not a major? You are—"

"A sub-lieutenant, you would say, perhaps," said the young man smiling.

"Oh yes," she answered cheerfully; a sub-lieutenant; I thought it must be that."

And he, easily perceiving why she had fixed upon this rank for him, that it was in the hope of a not too great inequality between them, of a parity of station which should not take away from her all possibility of being loved and happy, he could not deceive her; and they were about to part without another word, when Catherine suddenly exclaimed,

"But how did he know that he would find you here?"

"This question struck the young man with a sudden and painful surprise; he cast his eyes around with a piercing and indignant look, and repeated thoughtfully,

"How, indeed, did they know that?"

"You surely have not mentioned it to any one?" said Catherine, as if gently chiding him for an indiscretion which she knew would never be repeated.

"Mentioned it to any one!" he echoed; "is there any to whom I can speak of you or myself?" as if she knew, or could comprehend the secret of his existence. Then, he added, "But have you not yourself spoken of our meeting?"

"I!" she said, casting down her eyes, "I have not even told it to my father; I should not have owned even to my confessor, that I see you every day in the forest, if he had not asked me whether I were not in love with somebody."

And the poor girl was so frightened and ashamed, and he so occupied with the single idea which perplexed his mind, that neither of them recognised the complete avowal of attachment so openly conveyed in these last words.

"But you did not tell him who I am—my name?" said the young man eagerly.

"Your name?" she answered, sadly, and with downcast eyes; "your name?"

"True, true," was his reply, as he

remembered that she had not a name to murmur even in her dreams, to call upon in her distress; "you are right, and I must hasten to Vienna, and there learn who it is that has betrayed me. Farewell, Catherine!" and as he moved away without a parting look, she began to weep, and answered with a sob, "Adieu monsieur."

He turned, saw the big drops stealing down her cheeks, and whispered tenderly, "Remember, Catherine, to-morrow!"

A bright smile, beaming through tears, was Catherine's only reply; and she saw him depart, relieved at once by the hope of the next day's meeting, from the doubts and fears through which she had just passed. Not so with the young unknown. He racked his brain in conjecturing how or by what perfect system of espionage he had been traced so readily to the rendezvous. The thought that his actions should be the subject of idle discourse, of the small talk of the courtly circle, it might be of jesting and laughter, excited him even to rage; rather than undergo that, it were better, he thought, to see the maiden no more; and such would have been his resolve, had the archduke spoken a word to indicate that his secret was known. Such was the feeling with which the young man entered his presence.

"My son," said the archduke, "I have sent for you, to give you a piece of advice."

"I am here to receive it," was the cold and suspicious reply.

"Listen to me then, and do not suspect me of wishing either to hurry you on to the undertaking of measures which may not have entered into your views, or to turn you aside from such as you have conceived. I speak to you, as with the voice of a navigator who has just completed his voyage, and who makes known his discovery of a hidden and dangerous rock, without knowing whether his hearer intends or not to embark."

These words, and the deep emotion with which they were uttered, at once wrought a change in the feelings of him to whom they were addressed, and he listened, now, with deep and respectful attention. The archduke continued—

"A man sought and obtained an interview with me this morning; as soon as we were alone, he placed in my hands a written paper, which I read carefully, as he requested; when I had finished, he began, 'my name is—'; but I allowed him to go no farther, tell-



ing him that I would forget what I had read, and had no wish to know who he was. He looked at me for some moments in silence, took back his paper, and went away with the simple remark, 'you are right; it is to another that I must address myself.' My son, you are that other."

"I!" cried the youth, with a look of astonishment.

"Yourself. You can, perhaps, guess what the paper contained. There is no permanence in the condition of France, and it may be that old, faithful friends——"

An exclamation of wild delight from the youth interrupted the speaker; proud hopes and lofty thoughts beamed in his eyes, as he uttered the loud cry of "France! noble, beautiful France!"

"It may be, too," the archduke went on, "that restless intriguers, without either power or character——"

A second cry, but one full of despair, burst from the lips of the young man; and the archduke, alarmed and astonished in equal degrees at the violence of his rapidly changing emotions, hastened to add,

"My son, my son, I have said more than I meant; situated as I am, I can give no opinion; I am utterly powerless, except to inform you of facts. When the man left me, I looked from the window, and saw him pass to the other side of the court; there he was met by another man, with whom he stopped to speak for a few moments; that man is a monk of the abbey at Kleusterneubourg, a well-known tool of the minister. Your frequent absence alarms me; I know not how your time is employed; but I thought myself bound to tell you what I had seen, and I have done so, with as little delay as was possible."

"And I can ask nothing more," said the youth, in a sorrowful tone; "the future has but two issues for me, France or the grave; and who can tell whether the choice will be left to me?"

The old man and the youth whom he had called his son then parted. But this conversation had driven all thoughts of Catherine from the mind of the latter; it continued long to engage his thoughts, and he soon came to the conclusion that it had no reference to the events in the forest, but that the messenger of the archduke had found him so readily only by chance, or by the aid of some casual indications. In these and a thousand conflicting ideas, he passed away the re-

mainder of this and the whole of the next day.

Two days afterward, an interview of a totally different character was held between the baron and that taciturn minister of whom mention was made in the early part of this history. Having requested an audience, the baron marched into the great man's presence, and in a whisper, with a look of profound wisdom, began:

"Well, my lord!"

"Well, monsieur le baron!"

"Well!" said the baron; "he went out at seven o'clock last evening, and did not return till long after midnight."

Seated as he was, the minister could not help laughing outright in the face of his visiter; and he, fully impressed with the belief that his tale was no less than a great secret of state, which might in its consequences shake the continent to its foundations, seeing it thus received, could not resist for a moment the fear that the minister's senses were gone, or that he intended to get up a general war, or perhaps even that he was about to betray his imperial master. The truth never flashed on his mind; to wit, that he himself was a fool, and was treated as such. But a fool is always a dangerous animal; a blockhead kills you by accident, rashly handling the gun which perhaps would remain undischarged in the hands of an assassin; a blundering fool disconcerts oftentimes the deepest laid schemes; and so it befell with the shrewd minister and the idiot courtier.

"Well," said the former, "he went out last night, and he will go out again to-night, and to-morrow, and every day, if he thinks proper."

If he had stopped here, all would have been well; but a moment of vanity intervened, not unmixed with contempt, and he went on:

"Things must take their natural course; after meetings in daylight, come meetings in darkness; it is the way of all love-adventures; and what is there alarming in this, especially when the fair-one is perfectly artless, and tells what passes to her father-confessor, who tells all, in his turn, to me. Go baron, you are almost a simpleton to be so frightened at nothing."

The courtier expressed his thanks for this confidence by a profound bow, and withdrew, thinking himself one of the trusted and favoured few, from whom nothing was kept secret; and events shewed, in time, how a word in the

mouth of a fool may become worse than the sword or poison.

CHAPTER THIRD.

OUR story advances now to a point of time three months later than that, with the event of which the last chapter concluded. The young unknown, (for he was still a mystery to the peasant girl, although probably not for a moment to the attentive reader), was with Catherine at the usual place of meeting; the sun had been long set, and the night was without a moon. Scarcely had he arrived at the spot, when Catherine drew close to him, not, however, as was her wont, to throw herself into his arms with passionate haste, but slowly, calmly, and with an air of gravity such as he never had known her assume before. Her first exclamation was uttered almost with solemnity:

"I have something to tell you to-night; but not here."

"Where then, Catherine!"

"In my father's house."

"In your father's house, my dear child? And why must it be there? You are perfectly incomprehensible."

"There you will understand."

A keen and hitherto unfelt emotion sprang up in the soul of the youth at this moment. It assuredly was not fear for his life, nor yet of being drawn into a snare; but it seemed to him that his presence within that humble abode would be adding insult to the wrong he had already inflicted upon its inhabitant; that every object within its walls would proclaim, "here is a name dishonoured, a trust betrayed, the gray head of an old man covered with sorrow and shame."

"Here, Catherine, here," he exclaimed; "we are alone; tell me what it is you would say to me, here."

"No," she replied, firmly, but sadly: "I can speak only there."

"Let us go then," he cried, "since it must be so; your wishes shall be obeyed."

She took him by the hand, and without a word they repaired to her father's house. They entered; a lamp was burning within, but no person awaited their coming. Catherine took up the lamp, and still holding his hand, ascended a narrow stair-case which led, as her companion supposed, to her own sleeping apartment. A single glance sufficed to correct his mistake. A rapier hanging against the wall, a musket and pistols over the foot of the bed, a sabre lying upon a small table, a few maps and books,

an uniform scarcely hidden within a recess, all proclaimed the room to be that of a man, that of the veteran father. The young man gazed around him in silence for several moments, and then fixing his eyes upon Catherine, seemed trying to read in her face the cause of her bringing him here. She, too, returned his gaze, until tears came to obstruct her view; then, with a deep sigh, but with the look and voice of one whose resolution is taken, she said:

"Yes, look at them well, and then hear what I have to say. You see these arms, these pistols, that sword; they tell you that this is the resting-place of an old soldier; of one who has never feared to hazard his life in defence of his honour. My father is a Hungarian; one of those proudest of all the people of Austria, with whom an unblemished name stands in the place of that wealth which fortune denies. Nay, speak not, nor cast down thine eyes; thou knowest him not; it was not to thee he confided his treasure, nor is it by thee he has been betrayed; but he must be known to thee now."

With these words she drew back the curtain behind which the partly-concealed uniform was suspended.

"Look," she continued; this is not the dress of an obscure soldier of fortune; it is the garb of an officer and a gentleman; but not of one who has gained rank by courting the favour of princes. My father comes of a lofty race, his honours were gained in the battle-field, and this, the proudest of all, was bestowed by the hand of the great hero of France."

Thus speaking, she took from the wall, where it hung near the head of the bed, a decoration, and placed it within the hands of the youth, who, falling upon his knees, uttered a loud cry, and covered the ribbon with passionate kisses and tears.

"This cross of the legion of honour, my father received from the hand of Napoleon, on the field of Smolensko, where Austria fought, with Prussia, under his banners. It is a cross of the great emperor; now tell me, now that I have proved my father to be like yourself, an officer and a gentleman, tell me what name I must give to your child when it sees the light."

The young man rose from his knees; and there was a wildness both in his words and in his look, which filled Catherine's heart with terror.

"Thy child!" he exclaimed; "thy

father! mine too! Oh wretch, wretch that I am!"

Then he burst into tears afresh—hot, bitter tears of remorse and anguish; he beat his head and his breast, and the agony of his emotion was so dreadful, that the poor girl, wild with terror and grief, fell at his feet, exclaiming, "Oh, pardon, pardon; forgive your unhappy Catherine."

In a moment the youth grew calm; but it was with the stern calmness of utter misery. He raised her from where she knelt at his feet, and said, "Tomorrow I will see you again; then all shall be made clear, and you shall be saved."

Did Catherine understand this word "saved," as it was meant by him! Perhaps not; but be that as it may, when she was left alone, her heart was elated with hope and joy.

Early next morning, the doctor was called to the young man, whose health appeared to be his peculiar charge. The scene of the previous night had wrought its effect on his frame; he was pale, though fever burned in his restless eyes, and a nervous tremor pervaded his limbs. The physician was struck with alarm; and advancing hastily to his side, exclaimed, with an air of deep interest, "Gracious heavens, my lord! You are suffering dreadfully!"

"No, it is nothing, be not alarmed. We will speak of that presently. In the meantime, I have something of more importance to think of."

There was a pause; he walked rapidly backward and forward several times, apparently lost in thought; then stopping abruptly before the physician, he said:—

"Doctor, I stand in need of a friend. May I find him in you?"

The answer was brief, and spoken with deep and sincere emotion.

"You may."

"Well, then," he continued, giving his hand, which the physician grasped warmed and kindly, "since you are my friend, I have a service to ask; understand me, doctor, a service which can be expected only from the truest of friends, or from a hireling who is paid and despised."

"My lord," said the physician, "there is nothing you may not require of me. Speak on."

The young man appeared somewhat embarrassed, and there was a pause of a few moments: but he soon recovered himself, and continued—

"Perhaps, doctor, I shall ask more

than a service; it may be that I shall need your counsel as well as your aid."

"I am ready."

"Well, then, doctor— I must speak—it is of a woman, young, lovely—an angel of truth and innocence—a poor girl who must be saved; and who has a right to every kindness and care at my hands."

As he had continued to walk rapidly, he did not perceive that at the word "woman," the face of the doctor had totally changed in its expression of friendly interest, nor yet the sad smile of pity that hovered upon his lips, as the disclosure was finished. But receiving no answer, he stopped suddenly, and added—

"You are surprised, doctor, at what I have told you?"

"No, my lord," was the grave and sorrowful answer.

"The service that I require of you will prove dangerous, perhaps."

The physician looked at him with a slight expression of surprise and resentment, and said—

"There will be no danger in it, assuredly."

"Then you are displeased at my asking it? it is enough; let it drop; we will say nothing more on the subject."

"My lord," answered the physician, "command me; I am ready to comply with your orders."

"Oh, doctor," said the young man, sorrowfully, "this is not what I expected from you: I thought you had promised to be my friend!"

"And it is precisely because I wish to deserve the name, that in this matter I can act only in obedience to your commands."

"For heaven's sake, doctor, explain yourself."

"If I were nothing more than your friend, I would; but my duty to others will not permit me to do that. Nevertheless, as I said before, I am ready to execute your commands."

"Alas, doctor, am I deceived in you? I fancied there was one, at least, in whose heart—. But enough; since I have no friend, I must seek for a tool, whose services money can buy. I will detain you no longer, sir."

"It will be better thus," said the physician, with a profound bow, as he left the room.

The young man followed him with his eye. He had never opened his heart to this gentleman, but he had always esteemed him trust-worthy and good, and treasured him up, as it were,

in reserve, for the first occasion in which he should stand in need of a faithful, devoted friend.

"It is but another deception," he thought; "nevertheless, it is bitter."

Well would it have been for him if this fatal day had witnessed no other and greater!

After a few moments of painful thought, a few sighs of vexation and disappointment, he passed his hand over his brow, as if to disperse the unwelcome thoughts that still harassed his mind, and then ringing the bell, requested the servant, who came at its summons, to send for the baron. Disappointed in friendship, he was fain to resort to the most abject servility.

"Baron," said he, when that person made his appearance, "you will seek and hire, somewhere in the city, a small house, in a retired situation. You will furnish it neatly but simply."

"For a lady?" said the baron, with his coarse smile of intelligence.

The youth gave him a look, but the question did not surprise him; he ascribed it merely to the quick apprehension of base minds, always ready to understand and perform servile actions. But the truth was, that the secret to which the elue had been foolishly yielded up by the minister, in a moment of weakness, and which he had since ferreted out in all its details, had become at last too weighty to rest in the baron's own keeping; hitherto he had merely given a hint, now and then, to one or two of his intimate friends, just to excite their envy and wonder at his superior knowledge; but now he could hold no longer. Besides, he fancied that, seeming to know all, he should at last gain the confidence of the young man, whose movements were to a certain extent his peculiar charge, and whose haughty reserve had so often repulsed his attempts at greater freedom of intercourse. The fault of the minister was about to produce its effects.

"For a lady," the young man coldly replied.

"And I suppose," said the baron, with a shrewd, knowing look, "that in hiring this house I am not to give in the name of your highness as tenant; nor yet, I presume, would your highness care to have that of Catherine Tillman mentioned."

"Catherine Tillman!" exclaimed the youth; "what of her? Who has dared to speak or even to think of her? From whom have you learned that name?"

The terrified baron stammered, hesi-

tated, and wished he had been less ready to shew his knowledge; but, with still greater vehemence, the young man continued:—

"Speak—answer! By what infamous treachery—from what detestable spy have you learnt aught of her? Wretch! villain! speak!"

"My lord," answered the baron, indignant at being accused of a baseness of which he was really innocent, simply because its performance had not been entrusted to him—"My lord, you must ask his excellency the minister; he can answer your questions."

"He! Is it he?" Then, after a moment of fearful silence, he added, "Be gone, sir, leave the room instantly." And as soon as the door was closed, he threw himself into a chair, and clasping his hands over his eyes, exclaimed—"Monstrous, infamous baseness! detestable villany!"

But the blow, severe as it was, had yet to be followed up by another of deeper infliction. As he was sitting, absorbed in thought, the door of his room was opened, and the physician again stood before him.

"Oh, doctor," the young man exclaimed, "you knew of this, and yet you withheld it from me. Is it thus you perform the part of a friend?"

The friend would have explained all, but the physician feared.

"How could I tell you without dreading the consequence to your health, to your very life, that the innocent girl to whom you had given your heart, from whom you had no reserve, was a spy, and betrayed all that you said or did to a vile priest in the pay of the government?"

The mischief was done; to this had the foolish confidence of the minister come, enlarged and improved by the baron. With a fearful cry, the unfortunate youth fell prostrate upon the floor, as if struck by the hand of death, and lay motionless there, with his eyes fixed, and murmuring once or twice, in a low voice of despair and horror, "Betrayed by her! by Catherine Tillman!"

The physician rang for assistance, the victim was laid on a couch, and, in process of time, they succeeded in calling him back to life. The wild glare of his eyes passed away, and, as the night drew on, powerful opiates triumphed over the fever that raged in his exhausted frame.

The next day he was so far restored as to be able to ride out in a carriage with his physician. The character of

the patient seemed now totally changed : heretofore he had always been silent, grave, and reserved; but now he was full of discourse, excitement, and animation. It appeared as though he was striving to keep away thought by incessant action and change. He declaimed, disputed, argued; flew from subject to subject; from the objects around him to sciences, arts, battles, and great political movements; pouring out, with inconceivable fluency, as it seemed, the pent-up thoughts of his whole previous life. They returned, and the physician was just on the point of quitting his patient, urging him to seek repose for an hour or two, when a servant came in, and spoke in a low voice to the former. It was to announce the return of an unknown man, who had called at the palace several evenings past, seeking an interview with the young man, but had never before found him within. The physician was glad to be furnished thus with something that might divert the mind of his patient, trifling though he presumed the stranger's business to be, and directed the servant to give him admittance. He was a man of about fifty, tall, and erect, with a rugged and war-worn visage; he advanced without speaking, and placed in the hands of the youth a paper, which he drew from his breast. Its contents, instead of allaying, as the physician had hoped, the excited mind of his patient, seemed only to give it new force; a fierce delight gleamed in his eyes as he read, and when he had finished, he broke out in a species of phrenzy:—"Yes, I will go; the design is glorious. I alone, with my sword, for France and the crown of a hero! France is my mother, and she calls me with a voice from the grave. She is fettered like me, and I only can break the chains. If we fail, it is but a bullet aimed at the heart, and the destiny is achieved. I, too, can die; but there can be no St. Helena without a Marengo, an Austerlitz. We shall see."

His hearers, astonished, gazed upon him without a word, as he strode rapidly from one side of the room to the other, with head erect and gestures abrupt, and full of a terrible meaning. On a sudden he stopped directly in front of the stranger, and said,—

"What is your name?"

"The Captain Tillman."

The effect of these words upon the fiery spirit to which they were addressed, was like that of water on flame. "Tillman!" he repeated, turning suddenly

pale, and sinking at once into apathy. A single instant sufficed to recall to his mind the archduke's warning, the relation existing between this man and the monk of the abbey at Kleusterneubourg, and between the same monk and Catherine. He beheld, in father and daughter, only the agents of an infamous system of *espionage*, of which he was the object, and of which the paper he had just read was designed as the consummation; scorn, misery, and despair, struck at the seat of life, and again he fell on the floor without sense or motion.

Tillman rushed from the room, loaded with curses by the physician, shocked and astounded at what he had seen, and hastened to bury his mortification and grief in the solitude of his own humble dwelling. Up to this moment the secret design of which he was the agent, the hope which had just been destroyed in his very sight, had engrossed his thoughts so, completely, that nothing within his own household had received the least share of his attention. This night he returned much sooner than usual. Supposing that Catherine had retired to rest, he proceeded at once to his own room, taking the light which he found burning in the lower apartment, and which he presumed she had left by mistake; but as he passed the door of her chamber, he saw that it was open, and looking within, found the apartment unoccupied. Catherine absent at this late hour! The incident was suspicious. He called aloud, but no voice replied: seized with terrible doubts, he rushed forth into the wood, armed with his sword, for his intent now was not merely to find but to surprise. With this purpose he no longer called on his daughter's name, but glided between the trees, silent, watchful, and brooding on fearful designs. At length, through the dim obscure he perceived a white, motionless object. Like a tiger creeping upon its prey, he advanced slowly, without the least noise, and at last came near enough to make out the form of a woman; but she was alone, leaning against a tree, in an attitude of deep grief. As her father approached, she lifted her eyes, and rushing into his arms, exclaimed, "At last you have come."

"No, he is not come," replied Tillman, with a terrible voice, and thrusting her from him.

"Oh, my father! my father!" she cried, falling upon her knees at his feet, "have you slain him, then?"

"Not yet," he replied; "but he will come in good time."

"No, my father," she cried, in the depth of her sorrow, "he will come no more; he abandons me to despair."

"Thou liest!" fiercely exclaimed the old man.

The unfortunate girl, who indeed hoped that her words were not true, burst into sobs and tears; and then was rehearsed, not for the first time, the dreadful scene of an outraged parent and guilty child—a scene of threats, reproaches, curses and misery. The old man would have renounced his daughter and driven her from his door, had it not been for the hope of vengeance to be wreaked on the head of another; and if, when he demanded the name of her seducer, she had not answered him simply, "I know it not." His wrath was augmented at this reply, esteeming it nothing less than an insolent falsehood; but, perhaps, other thoughts came into his mind when she continued firmly, "If I knew, I would never disclose it to you, though you should slay me here, on this spot; but in truth, I know not his name;" for he merely answered, "It matters not; I shall find him out:" and then, without saying another word, he began to march up and down with long strides, while his daughter sat motionless on the earth. Thus the night passed away; and when morning came and no one appeared, the old man, taking Catherine by the hand, returned with her to the humble dwelling from which hope and joy were now banished for ever.

Days passed in one uniform course; at evening the captain went forth, armed with his sword, to watch near the spot where his daughter had waited the coming of her seducer; there he remained until midnight, and then returned. Catherine watched too, but it was the expression of Tillman's face; she was a prisoner; and the only moments of comfort that lightened her sorrow, were gained from the gloomy and almost ferocious look which told her, night after night, that the hand of her father was not yet red with the blood of her faithless lover. She believed him base; the thought of his perfidy withered her heart, but she loved him still, and hope still whispered at times, that perhaps he would yet return. An event, which neither supposed to be in the least connected with their affliction, was soon to afford the key to the singular history of their misfortunes.

One evening a stranger appeared at the door of the old soldier; a stranger, at least, to Catherine. Tokens of recognition were exchanged between her father and this unknown, and the former commanded his daughter to leave the room. She obeyed; but a vague suspicion of some fearful relation between the stranger's coming, and that which engrossed all her thoughts, induced her to listen to their discourse. A name was first mentioned, with which she had long suspected her father's political schemes to be in connexion, and then the stranger went on:

"It is all over; his life is despaired of. Our meetings are useless now, and they must be given up. Some of us even think it imprudent to stay longer in Austria; there is reason to fear that the government is advised of our plans, and that nothing but fear of what the young lion might do if aroused, has so far protected those who designed to break open his den. When he is dead, its vengeance will have no check."

"You speak truly," said Tillman, "and flight will no doubt be prudent. But come what may, I shall remain. I have a duty that keeps me here, and must be fulfilled."

Catherine heard no more. At first she had trembled with fear at the thought of leaving Vienna; now she dreaded the stern purpose for which, as she well knew, her father determined to stay. During the rest of the day, he was even more silent and gloomy than she had ever beheld him; at evening he went out, and at midnight returned, still silent and gloomy. She saw that as yet he had not found what he sought, and arose to go to her chamber. He too, arose, and closing the door, commanded her by a sign to be seated again. She breathed a prayer for herself and her child, and obeyed, with a sinking heart.

"Catherine," said he, "does your betrayer know of your situation?"

She blushed and cast down her eyes, which were filled with tears.

"Speak," continued her father; "does he know?"

"He does."

"He knows it, and comes not! He is worse than a villain; a monster, a wretch who abandons his child."

"Catherine," he resumed, "this must not be. Listen to me; your father assumes your cause, pledges to you an honour that never was stained. Your father renounces his own vengeance to save you; he swears to forgive the man

who has wronged him, provided he shall be found worthy to be forgiven; your father demands the name of that man, to bestow it upon your child!"

Catherine knelt at his feet, struck to the heart by this solemn and dreadful forgiveness, to which she could make no return, for she could only reply, as before, "My father, I know it not."

Tillman scarcely knew how to believe in this ignorance, and Catherine, anxious to satisfy him of its truth, and touched by his moving appeal, informed him of all that had passed between her and her unknown lover; she told all that she knew; that he was an officer, and no doubt belonged to the suite of the archduke Charles. When she had done, the old man replied:—

"That is enough; we shall find him out, if your story is true."

From this day, a new course of life was begun by Catherine and her father. On the morrow they went to Vienna together; they visited all the chapels frequented by the great lords of the court, all the reviews, the resorts of fashion, in short, wherever a hope existed of finding him whom they sought. Day after day was consumed in patient, but fruitless search; each day only served to enhance their grief, to add strength to their despair. At last they were forced to abandon their efforts; the state of Catherine's health began to forbid these long and wearisome walks, and for some days they remained at home, silent, languid, and wretched.

One night the father went forth alone into the forest, wandering there for hours, scarcely knowing his own motive or purpose, but led on, perhaps, by that vague feeling, which, in the absence of all rational hope, clings to a random chance, a remote possibility. On his return he ascended to Catherine's room, where she lay on her bed, too much indisposed in body to keep her feet, but too sick at heart to enjoy the blessing of sleep.

"Catherine," said the old man, "there is one chance remaining—the last, the only one—for which I require a single effort of courage and strength. Vienna beholds to-morrow a grand but mournful solemnity; every nobleman in the empire, every officer in the service, of whatever rank, will surely be there. You too, my child, must be present."

"I will go," replied Catherine, without asking where. Places were nothing to her, for whom the whole world contained but one single object.

They went. Arriving, soon after the

break of day, at the capital, they presented themselves at the vestibule of a palace, before which crowds had already assembled, waiting, like them, for admission. The gates were thrown open, and multitudes poured, slowly however, and with profound silence, into a vast court, and thence into rich and lofty saloons; but Catherine and her father beheld only the gorgeously dressed soldiers who kept their guard at the doors. They arrived at length at a room, the windows of which were closed, and the walls hung with black, while the only light that pervaded its ample space, was that of numberless torches. Catherine looked into the room, almost unconscious of all around, and beheld, without understanding the scene, a number of officers passing in turn by the side of a platform covered with sable cloth; each bared his head as he slowly marched by, and bowed with an air of deep and solemn respect. The sight affected not her; she had griefs of her own more mighty than theirs. A few moments after the archduke appeared, and the sudden reflection that he whom she sought would be found, if at all, among the officers of his train, aroused her perception to full and anxious acuteness. She saw the old man, illustrious by his rank, walk slowly and feebly toward the platform, tears coursing each other over his wrinkled cheeks; and, spite of her own desolation, she sympathized with the grief that weighed so heavily on the head of the aged. When he reached the foot of the platform, and stooped to pick up a branch of cypress, with which he sprinkled the holy water over the couch that rested upon it, her eyes followed his movement, and suddenly, with a supernatural strength, she thrust aside two men who were standing before her, and straining herself to her utmost height, with her eyes fixed, her lips extended and pale, without either exclamation or tear, she pointed with one hand to some object of fearful interest, at the same time pressing her father's arm with the other. He too fixed his eyes on the spot, and beheld the wan but beautiful face of the corpse, to which all these honours were paid.

"He?" was the old man's wondering cry.

"He!" she replied; and, like an overstrained cord that snaps, she fell as one dead at her father's feet.

Assistance was instantly rendered, the poor girl was borne into one of the nearest apartments; and a physician was summoned; the same who has already

been more than once mentioned in this narrative. He recognised Tillman with horror, and would have withdrawn, but benevolence triumphed over his indignation, and he remained with Catherine. As soon as the room was cleared of all but the girl, her father, and the physician, this latter poured out upon Tillman the full measure of his contempt and his detestation, accusing him of being a spy, the pander of his own daughter's shame, the murderer of the noble youth whose corse was then lying in state, and last, and most monstrous of all, of coming, with fiend-like malice, to gaze on the ruin himself had contributed to effect. To all these reproaches, Tillman replied with the simple truth, and the truth prevailed. Catherine had, indeed, revealed all she knew to the priest, but it was in confession; and if there had been treachery, it was not she, but the priest who had betrayed. Catherine did not know even the name of her lover. It was true that he had once spoken with that monk, in crossing the court of the archduke's palace; but the monk was from him that the veteran had received the medicines which restored him to health. The whole plot of this terrible drama was now disclosed; and nothing remained save tears and the bitterness of regret, for a noble spirit thus early and fatally crushed, for the doom of that young heart, whose hard fate it was to reap only anguish and death, from its single attempt to escape the sorrows by which every other hope of its existence had long been withered.

Catherine awoke, at length, from her swoon, and beheld in the eyes of her father, which were fixed upon her, tears and the tenderest aspect of pity and love; he stooped over her prostrate form, kissed her pale lips, and said, "My daughter, thy child shall find a father in me, and he shall bear the name of his own."

"Do you know it, then?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," the old man replied: "he shall bear the name of NAPOLEON!"

### NOTES OF A READER.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE DEFTERDAY BEY.

OF the cruelty of this Turkish grandee, who has married a daughter of Mohammed Ali, numerous anecdotes are related in Egypt. He has, it is said, a tame lion, usually lying at the foot of his divan, which, although mild towards its master,

is still sufficiently ferocious to terrify his visitors. Sometimes he allows it to worry his slaves, calling it off, perhaps, just as it is about to kill the wretches. Similar habits are attributed to Tippoo Sultan. This savage, at present, governor of the Delta, piques himself on the simplicity and primitiveness of his manners, and his entire freedom from European habits and notions. During the period of his command in the Upper Country, a soldier robbed a poor woman of a little milk. The woman, not foreseeing the result, laid her complaint before the bey, who demanded her to point out the culprit. This being done, the soldier was ordered to be laid upon the ground, and have his body ripped open. The milk being found in his stomach, the bey paid the complainant, and dismissing her, observed: "The robber has been punished; but had he been discovered to be innocent, the same punishment would have awaited you." It is the custom of this barbarian, who always moves surrounded by the terror of arms, to ride abroad accompanied by a number of Mamalukes (or domestic slaves), each of whom carries a thousand sequins in his girdle; that should he be compelled to fly, which, considering his decided hostility to the pacha, is by no means improbable, he might still be provided with money for his immediate use. During the Syrian campaign, six of these young men, dreading the effects of his ferocity, examples of which they daily beheld, made their escape, and took refuge in Ibrahim's camp. Being discovered, however, they were immediately apprehended, and conveyed back to Cairo. Here they were commanded to appear before their inexorable lord, in the great hall of the palace, where they found him encircled by a number of blacks, armed with drawn swords. They were not long in learning their fate. He commanded them to take every man a sabre, and attack each other in his presence, until five of their number should fall; promising life, and a thousand sequins to the victor. The Mamalukes obeyed; ranged themselves three and three; and, having been trained to the use of arms, and uniting skill with courage, fought desperately, shedding their blood like water, while the Defterday sat calmly on his divan, enjoying the spectacle. At length, after a long and sanguinary struggle, one only remained the victor over his unhappy companions. Exhausted and bleeding in every limb, he raised his eyes towards his master, to receive the promised pardon; but, at



this moment, the bey gave the nod to one of the black slaves, who stood behind him, and the head of the Mamaluke immediately rolled along the floor. On another occasion, two of his military slaves, quarrelling, drew their swords in his presence; at which, his anger being kindled, he commanded their heads to be struck off. The Mamalukes, however, mindful of the recent fate of their companions, resolved to sell their lives dearly, drew their pistols, and aiming at the head of the tyrant, were about to rid the world of such a monster, when the interposition of other of his slaves enabled him to escape into the harem. Reckless and desperate, as knowing escape impossible, the Mamalukes, now joined by several others, who all had wrongs and insults to revenge, pursued and besieged him in his private apartments, where, but for the speedy arrival of a party of soldiers from the citadel, he would then have paid the forfeit of his innumerable barbarities and crimes. With this assistance he succeeded in repelling the assailants, who, in their turn, were shut up and besieged in one of the turrets of the palace, forming the powder magazine. Here they held out during several days, fighting desperately; but, at length, finding their numbers decrease, and being entirely destitute of provisions, they set fire to the powder, and blew themselves up, with the tower in which they had taken refuge.

#### NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

"By heaven!" cried my father, "I have not one appointment belonging to me which I set so much store by as I do by these boots."  
*Tristram Shandy.*

I never knew but one man who was really attached to hessian boots. It was my friend S—, and his attachment amounted almost to reverence. He always wore them, summer or winter. Although a martyr to the gout, his respect for hessians overcame all desire for an easy shoe, when his fit was at the highest. I have seen him writhe with pain under the infliction, and yet smile complacently at the polished calf of his favourite leather. When night came, a stranger might observe his ruffled temper, as he encountered the boot-jack and slippers; they were to him the heralds of departing bliss. He sighed as he drew them off; and woe to the person whose business it was, if the boots were not in readiness in the morning at the moment he required them! Yet he was not punctilious in dress; he wore not hessian boots for their smart-

ness; he cared little whether they were clean or dirty; his love had a deeper root—it sprung from gratitude.

It is extraordinary how chance or mishap may suddenly bring to light the most inestimable qualities in very common, and, to all appearance, very trifling things. Hood has immortalized a wig as "a life-preserver," a property few could have guessed at. The wearer, falling into the clutches of some wild Indians in the back-woods of America, was sentenced to be scalped; and the operation was quickly performed—but the knife passing fortunately between the skull and the frizzled top-knot, the artificial scalp came off in the Mohawk's grasp, thus leaving the proprietor minus only of his wig!

To pass from the head to the heels, it would be difficult to conceive how a pair of hessian boots could have rendered so important a service to my friend S—; yet they did. They were a life-preserver to him, and he treasured them accordingly—but let him tell his own story.

"I dare say," said he to me one day, after an affectionate glance downwards, "I dare say you wonder at my fondness for hessian boots, but I am bound to them from respect to myself and family. But for these bits of leather, sir, I should not be standing before you at this moment: they saved my life, sir. Thirty years ago, (it was the winter of 18—), I was riding a little cross-grained chestnut cob over my own farm, when the beast making a sudden start, I was thrown off my guard and off the horse at the same moment. Well! instead of standing still, (the horse I mean), as he should have done, he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, across a forty-acre field; and what is worse, sir, my right foot hanging in the stirrup, he dragged me along with him. Luckily for me, there had been a heavy fall of snow, which doubtless saved me many broken bones; but, what was a hundred times more fortunate, I was wearing hessian boots, sir. Well—when he had got to the opposite hedge, what with rolling and tumbling over and over, I had become a perfect snow-ball; and luckily for me again, there was a ditch, which as I slid in, my foot slid out—out of my boot I mean; and away went the cob, boot, and all. Well—there I laid, a senseless lump of snow; and, heaven knows, but for one circumstance, I might have laid there till the thaw came. It so happened that my eldest boy was out, wan-

dering about with a gun shooting rooks and crows, and such like, and passing near the spot where I laid, he up with his gun at what he thought was a crow on the edge of the bank. Now what do you think it was? it was nothing more nor less than my left hessian boot, the only visible part about me: rather a critical moment, you'll say, if I could have known the rights of it; but luckily for me, I was insensible. If I had moved my foot the least in the world, he'd ha' shot me as sure as a gun; but the boot was quiet; so he was doubtful about wasting a charge of powder and shot, and crept up towards it, holding his gun ready all the while. Well! in course he knew his father's boot, when he came close; and wondered how it came there. Well, he tugged and pulled, but all to no purpose—there it stuck; he little knew at the moment, that his father's leg was inside. However, by this time assistance was at hand; my horse, it appeared, had excited some surprise at home, where he had found his way, with my boot hanging at the stirrup; so one and all set out in search of their master; but my belief is, they'd never have found me, if my hessian boot had not shewn itself above the snow. Well, sir! I was carried home, and thawed inside and out, and, luckily for me, very little damage was done. Now, sir, I conceive my life was saved, in the first place, by my right boot coming off; and, secondly, by my left boot keeping on; and I'll only appeal to you as a man of feeling, whether, after such a warning as this, it does not become me to wear hessian boots for the rest of my life!" M. N.

### HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

(For the Parterre).

"History is philosophy teaching by example."  
*Lord Bolingbroke.*

#### SATIRICAL MEDALS

Were much in vogue during the seventeenth century. Charles the Second was greatly annoyed at the medallie lampoons levelled at him by the Dutch, whose works of this description were very numerous; and in his declaration of war against the States of Holland, expressly mentions them, observing that they were circulated with the consent or connivance of the Dutch authorities.

E. M. A.

#### COLONEL KIRK AND JUDGE JEFFERIES.

JEFFERIES used to boast, that he had hanged more men than all the judges

since William the Conqueror; and yet his avarice allowed many to escape. Those who had nothing to give, were condemned without mercy; the only possible mitigation for which they could hope, was perpetual slavery in the plantations of America. As to the monster Kirk, it would seem that human blood was more coveted by him than gold. The horrible stories related of him, are scarcely credible: with one (his treatment of a young woman who petitioned for her brother's life), the reader must be well acquainted. It is said, that at Taunton, he ordered nineteen wounded men to be hung, without permitting their relations to speak to them, and commanded military music to be played while they struggled in the agonies of death. In another town, he invited his officers to dinner, near the place where some of the condemned rebels had been ordered to be executed. Ten of the unfortunate creatures were turned off, while Kirk and his fellows drank a health to the king. Ten more followed, with a health to the queen; and ten, while they drank to the health of the ferocious Jefferies! A man was hanged up *three times* at Taunton, and was as often asked if he would confess that he had done amiss; but he refused, and finally suffered. "Jervaise, a hatter," says Echard, "was offered his life if he would say 'God save King James;'" but this he refused, and was accordingly executed. A Captain Ansley also met his death with great fortitude. It is probable that the resignation with which many who had taken part in the rebellion, submitted to their fate, tended much to inflame Kirk, and urge him to fresh cruelties.

E. M. A.

### LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

THE greatest objection urged against the popular literature of the present age, is its lightness; or as some harsh critical censors will call it, flimsiness. That such is, to a certain extent, the character of most new books that come from the press, is certainly not to be questioned; but there is room for a doubt, whether the fact is one to be censured or changed. Modern literature is something like modern architecture; books and houses are both constructed with an especial reference to the short term of their leases, and with very good reason. The ancient folios, like the old Gothic edifices, were intended for long duration; and both have, in many instances, out-

lived their original purpose, and been suffered to fall into neglect and ruin. But the lath-and-plaster volumes of our time are not proof against the elements, and have little more than an ephemeral existence. This, however, is any thing but an evil; for so prolific has the press become, that if one book in a hundred outlived a year, libraries would be too small to contain them, and human existence altogether too short to acquire even the rudiments of learning. Besides, new books, like new buildings, receive all the progressive improvements of the age; and novelty contributes, in the one case, to the health and cleanliness of the mind, as in the other, to those of the body. There are no lumber-holes in either, for dust, rubbish and cobwebs; and prejudices, like rats and mice, get a notice to quit on each new re-edification. The older structures, both literary and architectural, may have possessed more grandeur, magnificence, and minuteness of detail; but the modern are lighter, more commodious, and better adapted to the wants and habits of the people for whom they are designed. M. N.

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## MEDICAL SCIENCE IN PERSIA.

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SIR Harford Jones, in his narrative of the British mission to Persia in 1807, gives the following whimsical anecdote, as serving to shew the extent to which Persian physicians may be confided in as restorers of health. A great khan of the royal tribe was afflicted with leprosy. The king took much interest in his welfare, and consulted the hakim bashi, or court physician, as to what could be done for his relief. This learned person recommended that the patient should swallow, daily, a certain quantity of china-ware, ground to powder. The disease, however, was obstinate, and did not yield to the remedy, whereupon the king took it into his head that the fault lay in the quantity, and so ordered the patient to swallow a double dose of the same. This, too, produced no amendment. The hakim bashi was consulted again, and ascribed the want of success to the china not being old enough, and the consequence was that some of the oldest and finest pieces of china in the palace were ground to powder in quantities, and administered to the khan; of course, with exactly the same result as before. The hakim bashi now gave his opinion that the disease was caused by

impurity of the blood; the only sure method to remedy which was, to draw blood from the patient and then put it back again; that is, cause him to drink it. This prescription was followed, and, aided perhaps by the old china, soon cured the the poor khan of his leprosy, and all his others troubles besides, by sending him post-haste to his grave.

### CURE FOR THE DROPSY.

THE same writer says that the caliph Al Wauthek, being afflicted with dropsy, brought on by intemperance, was placed with great ceremony by his physicians in a large oven, constructed on purpose, and heated as highly as he could possibly bear it. The caliph found, or imagined he found, much relief from the first experiment, and therefore concluded to try it a second time, ordering the oven to be made several degrees hotter than before. In this he was obeyed, but perceiving that the heat was beyond his endurance, he called to the attendants to take him out; but, before this could be done, the unfortunate caliph was baked to death.

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## ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

### No. IV.

BY A CANTAB.

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To particularize a few literary errors and anachronisms in conclusion.

Marville informs us, that one George Vicelius has given as a book of Plutarch, the Life of Charlemagne, written by Donatus Acciaroli, because it is sometimes joined to the Life of Plutarch by that author.

Palavacini, in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on M. Lansac, ambassador of Charles IX. to that council, bestows on him a collar of the order of the Saint Esprit; but which order was not instituted till several years afterwards by Henry III.

Quintus Curtius, though a polished historian, has committed many gross geographical blunders. He takes Arabia Felix for the deserts of Arabia, and conveys the rivers Tigris and Euphrates through Media, where they never yet ran.

D'Aquin, the French king's physician, in his Memoir on the Preparation of Bark, there takes *Mantissa*, (which is the title of the appendix to the History of Plants, by Johnstone,) for the name of an author, and who, he observes, is so

*extremely rare*, that he only knows him by name.

Baronius committed a strange error. In his Martyrology of the 24th January, he notices a Saint *Ximoris*, of whom St. Chrysostom and St. Jerome speak very highly; not reflecting that *Ximoris* is not a proper name, but an appellative which signifies a couple, or a pair; and the fact is, that one of these holy doctors spoke of two St. Martyrs, and the other of two Saints. A friend having pointed out this gross blunder, Baronius suppressed the edition as fast as he could, which has made it so rare.

Simon Grymeus (says Marville), mistook the celebrated geographer and astronomer Ptolomy, for one of the Kings of Egypt of this name.

Lord Bolingbroke imagined, that in those celebrated verses beginning with "*Excludent alii*," &c., Virgil attributed to the Romans the glory of having surpassed the Greeks in historical composition. According to this idea, those Roman historians whom Virgil preferred to the Grecians, were Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that Virgil died before Livy had written his history, or Tacitus was born.

The erudite Struvius advises, those who would learn the history of Ethiopia, to read the Ethiopic history of Heliodorus. The critic could not have read the work which he so warmly recommended, for this history is well known only to be a *Romance*, consisting of the adventures of two lovers!

Prosper Marchand has recorded a ludicrous mistake of Abbe Bizot, one of the principal medallist historians of Holland. Having met with a medal (struck when Philip II. sent forth his *invincible Armada*), in which was represented the King of Spain, the Emperor, the Pope, Electors, Cardinals, &c., with their eyes covered with a bandage, and bearing for inscription the verse of Lucretius:—

O cæcas hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

Prepossessed with the false prejudice, that a nation persecuted by the Pope and his adherents could not represent them without some insult, he did not examine with sufficient care the ends of the bandages which covered the eyes, and waved about the heads of the personages represented in this medal, but rashly took them for asses' ears, and as such had them engraved!

A French translator, when he came to a passage of Swift, in which it is said

that the Duke of Marlborough *broke* an officer; not being acquainted with this Anglicism, he translated it *roué*, as if the officer had been broken on a wheel.

A literary blunder of Thomas Warton is worth recording, as a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion:

A Faucon brode in hand he bare,  
For he thought he wolde thare  
Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *faucon brode* means a falcon bird, or a hawk; and that Saladin is represented with this bird on his fist, to express his contempt of his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a Gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback, with hawks on their fists; he plunges into feudal times, where no gentleman appeared on horseback, without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough, but skilful Ritson, inhumanly triumphed by dissolving the magical fancies of the more elegant Warton, by explaining a *faucon brode* to be nothing more than a broad *faulchion*, which was certainly more useful than a bird in a duel.

The facetious Tom Brown committed a strange blunder in his translation of Gelli's "*Circe*." When he came to the word *stærne*, not being exactly aware of its signification, he boldly rendered it *stares*, probably from the similitude of sound; but the succeeding translator more correctly discovered *stærne* to be red-legged partridges!

Mabillon has preserved a curious literary blunder of some pious Spaniards, who applied to the Pope for consecrating a day in honour of *Saint Viar*. His Holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one. The only proof brought forward for his existence, was this inscription:—

S. VIAR.

An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the Catholic calendar, by convincing them that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient surveyor of the wards, and he read their saintship thus:—

PRÆFECTUS VIARUM.

An anecdote has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough, when their ignorance was so dense. A rector of a parish going to

law with his parishioners about paving his church, quoted this authority from St. Peter:—"Paveant illi, non paveam ego;" which he construed, "*They are to pave (the church) not I.*" This was allowed to be good law by a judge, himself an *ecclesiastic* too! J. P. JUN.

## MISCELLANIES.

## TURNING A FACULTY TO ACCOUNT.

IT is related of Sir Boyle Roche, that no man of his day enjoyed more esteem, on account of his perfect urbanity and amiable qualities in private life, or excited so much laughter by the oddities of which he was unconsciously guilty, in parliament. Of these the following are specimens:—He said, one night, during a stormy debate, that it was impossible for a man to be in two places at once, unless he was a bird or a fish! An opposition member having moved, that for the purpose of illustrating one of his arguments, an enormous mass of official documents should be read, Sir Boyle Roche, with the most profound and unaffected gravity, proposed that as the clerk at the table would not be able to get through the papers before morning, a dozen or two of the committee-clerks should be called in to his assistance. "The documents may be divided among them," continued Sir Boyle; "and as they can all read together, the whole will be disposed of in a quarter of an hour." His speeches, on important topics, were prepared for him by Mr. Edward Cooke; and, as his memory was particularly retentive, he seldom committed himself, except when he rose to utter an original remark. One night, being unprepared with a speech, and yet feeling a strong inclination to deliver his sentiments, he retired to a coffee-house, in order to mould them into the form of an oration. While engaged in this fruitless attempt, he was accosted by Serjeant Stanley, a ministerial member, whose custom it was to rise, towards the close of a discussion, and deliver a long harangue, ingeniously compiled from the speeches of those who had addressed the house before him. For this debate, however, he was in a situation to speak earlier than usual, having with great labour, produced an original composition; prior to the delivery of which, he had stepped into the coffee-house, in order to refresh his memory by looking once more through the manuscript. This, unfortunately for himself, he hap-

pened to drop, on retiring. Sir Boyle snatched it up; and, after reading it twice or thrice (so powerful was his memory), found himself master of the whole. Hastening to the house, he resumed his seat, and delivered the speech with admirable correctness, to the unspeakable amazement and mortification of the proprietor, who, it appears, had not succeeded in catching the speaker's eye. Meeting Stanley again at the coffee-house, in the course of the night, Sir Boyle returned him his manuscript, with many thanks for what he was pleased to term the loan of it; adding, "I never was so much at a loss for a speech in my life; nor ever met with one so pat to my purpose; and, since it is not a pin the worse for wear, you may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please."

## CAMBRIDGE WIT.

AT a college symposium, one of the party happened to tumble down, when a boon companion roared out, "How came you to fall,——?" "Not-withstanding," hiccupped the prostrate, attempting to rise and begin a speech, which was marred by a hearty laugh at its first long and unpropitious word. An imitator, thinking to play off the same successful humour, stumbled into the next jolly meeting of the same kind, when, being luckily asked the same question, he knowingly said, "Nevertheless"—and stopped, astonished that no laugh followed his joke.

## THE ENGLISH A POLITE PEOPLE!

You arrive at Paris: how striking the difference between the reception you receive at your hotel, and that you would find in London! In London, arrive in your carriage!—*that* I grant is necessary—the landlord meets you at the door, surrounded by his anxious attendants: he bows profoundly when you alight, calls loudly for every thing you want, and seems shocked at the idea of your waiting an instant for the merest trifle you can possibly *imagine* that you desire. Now try your Paris hotel. You enter the court-yard: the proprietor, if he happen to be there, receives you with careless indifference, and either accompanies you saunteringly himself, or orders some one to accompany you to the apartment, which, on first seeing you, he determined you should have. It is useless to expect another. If you find any fault with this apartment—if you express any wish that it had this little thing, that it had not that—do not for one moment imagine that your host is

likely to say with an eager air, that he will see what can be done—that he would do a great deal to please so respectable a gentleman. In short, do not suppose him for one moment likely to pour forth any of those little civilities with which the lips of your English innkeeper would overflow. On the contrary, be prepared for his lifting up his eyes and shrugging up his shoulders (the shrug is not the courtier-like shrug of antique days,) and telling you that the apartment is as you see it—that it is for Monsieur to make up his mind whether he take it or not. The whole is the affair of the guest, and remains a matter of perfect indifference to the host. Your landlady, it is true, is not quite so haughty on these occasions. But you are indebted for her smile rather to the coquetry of the beauty, than to the civility of the hostess: she will tell you, adjusting her head-dress in the mirror standing upon the chimney-piece in the little salon, she recommends “*Que Monsieur s’y trouvera fort bien, qu’un milord Anglais, qu’un Prince Russe, ou qu’un Colonel du—ieme regiment de dragons, a occupé cette meme chambre;*” and that there is just by an excellent restaurateur, and a cabinet de lecture; and then—her head-dress being quite in order—the lady, expanding her arms with a gentle smile, says “*Mais après tout, c’est a Monsieur se décider.*” It is this which makes your French gentleman so loud in praise of English politeness. One was expatiating to me the other day on the admirable manners of the English. “*I went,*” said he, “*to the Duke of Devonshire’s dans mon pauvre flac: never shall I forget the respect with which a stately gentleman, gorgeously appparelled, opened the creaking door, let down the steps, and—courtesy of very courtesies!—picked, actually picked, the dirty straws of the ignominious vehicle that I descended from, off my shoes and stockings.*” This occurred to the French gentleman at the Duke of Devonshire’s. But let your English gentleman visit a French “*grand seigneur!*” He enters the ante-chamber from the grand escalier. The servants are at a game of dominos, from which his entrance hardly disturbs them; and fortunate is he, if any one conduct him with a careless, lazy air to the salon.

*Bulwer’s France.*

#### THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

ON writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange

and a beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening in its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but, at the hundredth, you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and, at once, you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away, determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower, with which she presents you; perhaps, in the wild intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or, in an affectation of the Quixotic style, kneeling, with mock-heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in pretended jest; and the next time you meet, both are as reserved and as stately as ever. Till, at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you are left alone with the lady, you, quite unawares, find her hand in yours; a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld, “*A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.*”

#### 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 her left hand, because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.



P. 323.

### THE BEGGAR.

(From the French).

Nor long since, an old beggar, named James, was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manners, tone, and language, shewed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with a certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow-paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet, none of his fellow-beggars could relate

the least particular of his life. Only one thing was known: James never set his foot in the church, and yet he was a catholic. At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion; when the incense, ascending above the altar, rose with the vows of the faithful towards heaven; when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church: with an eager and contented eye, he contemplated from without, the solemnity which the house of God presented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the Gothic windows—the shade of the pillars, which had stood there for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion—the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church; ever inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face: some great misfortune, or some profound remorse, seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive ages of the church he might have been taken for a great criminal, condemned to banish himself from the

assembly of the faithful, and to pass, like a silent shade, through the midst of the living.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of an immense fortune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms. The old beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning the Abbé Paulin de St. C—, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbé Paulin, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and the misery which appeared in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with crape, were placed on a white-washed wall; a crucifix in ivory, of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with Gothic carvings; and among a few worn-out books lay a mass-book, with silver clasps; all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude, the latter cried out—

“M. Abbé, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man!”

“My friend,” replied M. Paulin, “a priest forgets none but the happy ones. I come to inquire whether you want any assistance.”

“I want nothing,” answered the beggar: “my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet.”

“A crime, an enormous crime; a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime, beyond pardon.”

“A crime beyond pardon! there does not exist any! The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man.”

“But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for? Pardon! There is none for me.”

“Yes, there is,” cried out the priest with enthusiasm; “to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine

goodness, it will not abandon you. Make your confession.”

Thereupon the priest uncovered himself; and after pronouncing the sublime words, which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the beggar.

“The son of a poor farmer, honoured with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition; I was raised to the rank of secretary. I was just turned of twenty-five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France: my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period. My ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp, the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from a crime! The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste; and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris, to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. I followed them, as a child of the house. Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together, tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer was myself. The father, the mother, four daughters (angels in beauty and innocence), and a young boy of ten years of age, were thrown together in a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Their trial commenced. The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent! yet the public accuser could hardly find motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found, who was the confi-



dant of their secrets and their most intimate thoughts; he magnified the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he! The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son, an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to curse his assassin, if ever he knew him. Resigned, and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the ninth of Thermidor. A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, caused the error to be rectified; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of those times had its course. This wicked informer—I am he! At the close of day, by torch-light, the fatal cart transported that noble family to death! The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a heroic and christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears, and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. They did not even once utter the name of their assassin. As it was late, the executioner, tired of his task, had entrusted a valet with this late execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet, on the way, begged the assistance of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man, is myself! The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles, still deposited here around me, are the witnesses of my guilt. After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labour of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that, despairing of divine goodness, I never dared im-

plure the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, M. Abbé, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters: here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, this book, these veiled portraits, were all taken from my victims. Oh! how long and profound has my repentance been, but how powerless! M. Abbé, do you believe that I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," replied the Abbé, "your crime, no doubt, is frightful: the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are immense. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by a new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbé Paulin de St. C— was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of men, when the beggar cried out.—

"Father, wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crime. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor." In his hasty movements, the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At this sight, the Abbé Paulin de St. C—let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!"

Immediately, the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an overwhelming emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning on his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his looks on the son of his masters, on the terrible and angry judge, who owed him vengeance rather than pardon, rolled himself at his feet, bedewed them with tears, and repeated, in a tone of despair—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavoured, without look-

ing at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out:—

“Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbé, dispose of my life! What must I do to avenge you?”

“Avenge me!” replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—  
“avenge me—unhappy man!”

“Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness?”

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, recalled to the mind of the priest, his mission, and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of the saddened son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strong accents of emotion:—

“Christian, is your repentance sincere?”

“Yes.”

“Is your crime the object of profound horror?”

“Yes.”

“Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grants you pardon! Finish your confession.”

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!  
N. Y. M.

### 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 it 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 either 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 upward 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 a height of about ten feet from the ledge; but here he found that all farther 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 a 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 attempts 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 piece 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 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 the most 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 that 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 meantime, 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 great 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 re-appeared 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.

#### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

(Translated from *Les Memoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantes*).

WHILE Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally, but the friend of France. M. de Strogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral Siniavin," said he, "is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral—you

will give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward, the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole, the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he, respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honoured with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction."

The prince augured favourably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost, if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General René, who perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French; which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did

not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded, as he was, by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is, a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident, which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aid-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the Pole, and said,

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"*Es Frances*, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated, that having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case: but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted that he was a Russian, and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed, and thrown into a room worthy

to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniard took him prisoner, he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon-door was closed on him he had fasted eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in, and left him to realize in its gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course; but to die at eighteen;—'t is sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat!"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and the words of the female, rose up on his couch, and with eyes only half-opened, said in *German*, "What do you want!"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? the thing is impossible."

## NOTES OF A READER.

### THE EVILS OF LITERATURE.

WE copy the following half-jesting, half-serious, but very beautiful thoughts, from the *American Monthly Magazine* for June, in which they form the conclusion of an admirable article, entitled "The Sins of Typography:" it is written by Mr. Simms, the author of *Martin Faber*.

"Could the Evil one have devised a better mode for making the innocent unhappy, than by making them independent of one another, in this way defeating the natural tendency of man, which is to society? The machine for casting darts was said by a savage warrior, long before our time, to be the grave of valour: now books, to my mind, are the burial places of thought; since they furnish opinions

ready made to our hands, and they prevent us from thinking for ourselves. Of old, when there were no books, men could not maintain opinions through successive generations,—they could only transmit the incidents of their history, and the exploits of their warriors,—hence it is that a simple and uneducated man is most commonly the profoundest and correctest thinker; as that which he ventures to utter, is that which he has tried, proved true, and tested by his own experience. Books preserve opinion, and as opinion perpetually changes its shape, and daily puts on new and contradictory forms, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that they must perpetuate error, and misrepresent continually, while they continue to defeat the purposes of nature. This is the true reason of human discontent and misery. And what, in another point of view, must be the evil fruit of this tree of knowledge, in the abridgment of social enjoyment, in the diminution of converse between the sexes—in the general curtailment of popular sports, without which, no people can be moral, and scarce any condition innocent—in the fettering of manners—in the inculcation of a habit of indifference to the claims of one another—in the habitual solitude—the sour melancholy—the eating sickness—the questioning and critical analysis of each other's language—and in the generation of that most grotesque monstrosity of all—a woman who chops logic, and presumes to be independent of her own petticoats. These evils are the evils springing out of books, and books only. Nor are these all. The dance ceases to go on under the old tree—the minstrel no longer gathers around him the wondering circle, made happy by his legends,—we learn to neglect the ancient grand-dam, whose stories of an evening chained us to the fire-side, and kept us from wandering away into forbidden places. Books are the substitute for all these—they make us wise, and they make us unhappy. They teach a thousand evil lessons. They instruct one to claim a higher seat than another—they beget pride, ambition, and a down-looking jealousy. They take from us our simplicity and leave pretension in its place. Nor are the satanics who first brought them into exercise, content even with this extended measure of human affliction. They bring with them a fearful and subtle demon, whom they call Science. This is the coldest monster of them all; and is the same, I am perfectly satisfied, whom the Germans call Me-

phistopheles. He goes farther than all the rest, and the first lesson which he teaches us, is, that our grandmothers were all liars—that they have taught us falsehood and folly. That what they told of spirits walking beside us, is not true—that the little green-coated fairies are not in the hill-side hollows—that the sun is no journeyer by day, and, like a wearied traveller, does not lie down at night in the far forests, to repose—that the rainbow is not the sweet promise of mercy from the perpetual Sire—that the stars are not born with us, and have no control over our destinies—and, more than all, that the winds at dusk do not bring us sweet messages from the friends whom death has carried away into other countries. These beliefs, forming a sweet faith, and taught us by our fathers, this demon, whom they call Science, irreverently denies. He would teach us other things, more congenial with the cold malignity of that dark influence whose cruel agent he is. But though these lessons have deceived and made wretched our people, they deceive not me! I will not hear to this demon—I will believe in our fathers, and I will not believe in these books. Ah, would that Marian Clifford were only of my way of thinking!"

#### ZIITO, THE SORCERER.

VERY extraordinary things are related of Ziito, a sorcerer, in the court of Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, and afterwards emperor of Germany, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This is, perhaps, all things considered, the most wonderful specimen of magical power any where to be found. It is gravely recorded by Dubravius, bishop of Olmutz, in his history of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus with Sophia, daughter of the elector Palatine of Bavaria, before a vast assembled multitude.

The father-in-law of the king, well aware of the bridegroom's known predilection for theatrical exhibitions and magical illusions, brought with him to Prague, the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole wagon-load of morrice-dancers and jugglers, who made their appearance among the royal retinue. Meanwhile Ziito, the favourite magician of the king, took his place obscurely among the ordinary spectators. He, however, immediately arrested the attention of the strangers, being remarked for his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth that stretched completely from ear to ear.

Ziito was for some time engaged in observing the tricks and sleights that were exhibited. At length, while the chief magician of the elector Palatine was still busily employed in shewing some of the most admired specimens of his art, the Bohemian, indignant at what appeared to him the bungling exhibitions of his brother-artist, came forward, and reproached him with the unskilfulness of his performances. The two professors presently fell into warm debate. Ziito, provoked at the insolence of his rival, made no more ado but swallowed him whole before the multitude, attired as he was, all but his shoes, which he objected to because they were dirty. He then retired for a short while to a closet, and presently returned, leading the magician along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Ziito proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his art. He shewed himself first in his proper shape, and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a stature totally dissimilar to his own; at one time splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then in a twinkling of an eye in coarse linen and a clownish coat of frieze. He would proceed along the field with a smooth and undulating motion, without changing the posture of a limb, for all the world as if he were carried along in a ship. He would keep pace with the king's chariot, in a car drawn by barn-door fowls. He also amused the king's guests as they sat at table, by causing, when they stretched out their hands to the different dishes, sometimes their hands to turn into the cloven feet of an ox, and at other times into the hoofs of a horse. He would clap on them the antlers of a deer, so that, when they put their heads out at window to see some sight that was going by, they could by no means draw them back again; while he in the meantime feasted on the savoury cates that had been spread before them, at his leisure.

At one time he pretended to be in want of money, and to task his wits to devise the means to procure it. On such an occasion he took up a handful of grains of corn, and presently gave them the form and appearance of thirty hogs, well fattened for the market. He drove these hogs to the residence of one Michael, a rich dealer, but who was remarked for being penurious and thrifty in his bargains. He offered them to Michael for whatever price he should judge reasonable. The bargain was presently struck, Ziito at the

same time warning the purchaser, that he should on no account drive them to the river to drink. Michael, however, paid no attention to this advice; and the hogs no sooner arrived at the river, than they turned into grains of corn as before. The dealer, greatly enraged at this trick, sought high and low for the seller, that he might be revenged on him. At length he found him in a vintner's shop, seemingly in a gloomy and absent frame of mind, reposing himself, with his legs stretched out on a form. The dealer called out to him, but he seemed not to hear. Finally, he seized Ziito by one foot, plucking at it with all his might. The foot came away with the leg and thigh; and Ziito screamed out, apparently in great agony. He seized Michael by the nape of the neck, and dragged him before a judge. Here the two set up their separate complaints; Michael for the fraud that had been committed on him, and Ziito for the irreparable injury he had suffered in his person. From this adventure came the proverb, frequently used in the days of the historian, speaking of a person who had made an improvident bargain—"He has made just such a purchase as Michael did with his hogs." M.N.

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## FRAGMENTS.

(For the Parterre).

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### TIME.

O Time! great Comforter! whose gracious gloom  
Soothes the sad past, and veils the griefs to come!

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### TRIED FRIENDSHIP.

When you stood  
In your great shame so tainted, that mankind  
Shook from your touch their raiment; and your friends,  
Like the pale ashes from a smouldering brand,  
Fell off on every side—I still was firm.

H G.

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## THE TRAVELLER IN SPIITE OF HIMSELF.

IN a neat and comfortable cottage in the picturesque village of Bastock, lived a middle-aged gentleman of the name of Samuel Holt. The clean white paling in front of the beautiful little flower-garden before his door, shewed he was a man of taste, while the coach-house and stables at the side, shewed that he might also be considered a man of fortune. He

was in truth in very comfortable circumstances. He had a considerable quantity of land—let to a respectable tenant; for he himself knew nothing about farming—and the rest of his property consisted in about fifteen thousand pounds, which was lent on mortgage to a very wealthy baronet. Mr. Holt might have altogether somewhere about a thousand a year. He spent it in the true style of old English hospitality. His house was never empty; friends, when they came, were so kindly treated, that they found it extremely inconvenient to go away;—and what with courtings in the morning, comfortable dinners, pleasant companions, and extraordinary port-wine, Mr. Samuel Holt was the happiest fellow in the world. His outward man was in exact correspondence to his internal tranquillity. He was stout, but not unwieldy; there was not a wrinkle on his brow; a fine open expression animated his countenance, and there was such a glorious ruddy hue of health upon his cheek, that his friends talked of him by no other name than Rosy Sam.

"Well, my boys," said Rosy Sam, one fine September evening after dinner, "we'll drink our noble selves—I don't think I ever shot better in my life."

"Your second bird was beautifully managed," said Jack Thomson: "I never saw any gun carry so far except once in Turkey, when the Reis Effendi shot a sea-mew at a hundred and fifty yards."

"With a long bow I suppose," said Rosy Sam, who disbelieved every story, the scene of which was not laid in England.

"No, with a long brass gun which went upon wheels."

"Well, well," replied Sam, "it may be all very true; but, thank God, I never saw, and never expect to see, any of them foreign parts."

"You may live to see half the world yet; and if I were inclined to be a prophet, I should say you will be a very great traveller before you die."

"I'd sooner be tried for murder."

"You may be both."

This last was said so solemnly that Rosy Sam almost changed colour. He passed it off with a laugh, and the conversation went on upon other subjects connected with Thomson's travels. All the evening, however, the prophetic announcement seemed to stick in poor Sam's throat, and when the party was about to separate for the night, holding the bed-candle in his hand, and assuming a degree

of gravity which can only be produced by an extra bottle, he said, "I'll tell you what it is, Jack: here in this cottage have I lived, man and boy, for two-and-forty years. I never was out of the county in my life, and the farthest from home I ever was, was three-and-thirty miles. If you mean to say that I am to be a traveller in my old age, the Lord have mercy on me, for a helpless dog should I be among the foreignians—fellows that can't speak a word of English to save their souls, poor devils—but poh! poh! man, you can't be serious."

"I am serious as a bishop, I assure you. You will travel for several years."

"Poh! nonsense! I'll be d—d if I do—so, good night." The party laughed at Sam's alarm; and retired to bed.

All that night Sam's dreams were of ships and coaches. He thought he was wrecked and half drowned, then that he was upset and had his legs broken by the hind wheel. He woke in a tremendous fright, for he fancied he was on the top of one of the pyramids, and could not get down again. He thought he had been on the pinnacle for several days, that he was nearly dying of thirst and hunger,—and, on starting up, he found it was time to rise; so he hurried down stairs with the utmost expedition, as he was nearly famished for his breakfast. He was met at the breakfast parlour door by his old servant, Trusty Tommy, who gave him a letter, and said, "This here letter is just come from Mr. Clutchit the attorney. His man says as how there must be an answer immediately, so I was just a comin' up to call ye."

"You would have found me knocking about the pyramids," said Rosy Sam as he proceeded to open the letter.

"Fie, for shame!" muttered old Trusty, "to make use of such an expression. Ah! as good Mr. Drawline says"—

"Devil take you and Mr. Drawline—Saddle the Curate this instant; and tell the gentlemen, when they come down, that I am forced to set off on business, but that I shall certainly be back to dinner."

In the utmost haste, and with no very pleasant expression, he managed to swallow three or four eggs, nearly a loaf of bread, and half a dozen cups of tea. His horse was soon at the door; he set off at a hand gallop, and left old Trusty Tommy with his mouth open, wondering what in the world it could be that induced his master to such unusual expe-

dition. The motive was indeed a serious one. Mr. Clutchit had discovered that there was a prior mortgage over the estate upon which poor Sam's fifteen thousand was advanced, and their great object now was to get the mortgage transferred to some unincumbered security. The seven miles which intervened between the lawyer and his client, were soon passed over. Hot and breathless, our poor friend, who was now more rosy than ever, rushed into the business-room of Mr. Clutchit. That gentleman, however, was nowhere to be found. On his table Sam saw a note, directed to himself—he opened it, and found the following words:—

"Dear sir,—By the strangest good luck I have this moment heard that Sir Harry is at present in London. I lose not a moment, as the coach is just starting, to obtain an interview with him there, and should strongly recommend your following by the eleven o'clock coach. Indeed, your presence is indispensably necessary. I shall only have the start of you by two hours.—Your obedient servant, J. C."

Sam threw himself into a chair in an agony of grief and wonder.

"That infernal fellow Jack Thomson," he moaned out, "is certainly more than human. They say they learn wonderful things abroad. He has learned the second sight. Little did I think two days ago, that I should ever have to hurry so far away from home. London must be seventy miles off at least—oh lord! oh lord! quite out of my own dear county—what is to become of me!"

While indulging in this moralizing fit the coach drove up to the door—Sam mounted, almost unconscious of what he did, and was whirled off before he had time to recover from his reverie. On arriving in London, night was rapidly closing in. The house where the coach stooped was a very neat comfortable sort of hostelry in the city, and our honest friend, before proceeding to any other business, solaced himself with the best dinner the bill of fare would allow. After refreshing himself with a solitary pint of port, he set out in search of Mr. Clutchit. But where to find that gentleman was the difficulty; he had left no address in his note to his client, and the people of the inn could not tell where the nine o'clock coach went to in London. They recommended him, however, to apply at various inns—The Dragon, the Swan, the Bull-and-Mouth, and a variety of other great coach caravanseries, the very



names of which were utterly unknown to the unsophisticated Sam. Away, however, he went, in total ignorance of his way, and much too independent and magnanimous to ask it. First one street was traversed, then another, and at last poor Sam was entirely lost. His great object now was to retrace his steps; but one turning was so like another, that he could not distinguish those by which he had come; and in the midst of his perplexity, he recollected that he had forgotten to take notice of the name of the inn at which he had dined, and of course could not ask any one he met to tell him his way to it. Tired out by his day's exertions, and very much dispirited, he resolved to go into the first house of entertainment he came to, and resume his search early in the morning. He accordingly went into the next inn that presented itself. He took particular pains this time to impress its name upon his memory. The Cabbage Leaf was the sign of this tavern, and it was situated at the top of one of those narrow little streets in the neighbourhood of the Tower. Honest Sam, it will be seen, had travelled in the wrong direction; but now he was too much harassed and wearied to recover his mistake. On going into the bar, he was told by the bustling little landlady that he might have a bed; but they were really so full, that he must submit to share his room with another gentleman. Sam comforted himself with the reflection, that necessity has no law, and consented to the arrangement. After a Welsh rabbit, and a glass or two of brandy and water, he was shewn to his apartment. His fellow-lodger came into the room nearly at the same time, and Sam was somewhat pleased to see he was of a very decent exterior. They entered into conversation, and his new acquaintance promised, from his knowledge of the town, to be of considerable use in furthering Sam's inquiries after Mr. Clutchit. He, however, told him, that he had some business to transact very early in the morning, and took the precaution on these occasions, especially in the winter, of shaving at night. He accordingly proceeded to shave himself; but poor Sam was so fatigued, that he fell asleep before he had finished the operation. On awaking next morning, he looked to his companion's bed, but it was empty. He had told him, however, that he should rise very early, so he was not surprised at his absence. On getting up, and searching for his inexpressibles, they were nowhere to be found. In their

place, he discovered those of his late companion; and after many strange surmises, and coming at last to the conclusion that he was robbed, he quietly slipt them on, and proceeded down stairs. His watch he had luckily put under his pillow, and there had not been above two pounds in his pockets; he found a few shillings in an old purse, a penknife, two keys, and a set of very fine teeth, carefully fitted up, and apparently never used, in the pocket of the habiliments which were left. These circumstances staggered him as to the predatory habits of his companion; and he resolved to say nothing on the subject, as he had still some hopes of the stranger's making his appearance as he had promised, and clearing up the mystery. He waited some time after breakfast with this expectation; and at last telling the landlady he should be back at a certain hour, he went out in hopes of falling in with his companion on the street. He walked down towards the river, and gazed with astonishment on the innumerable shipping. Wondering more and more at the strangeness and immensity of the scene, he thought of returning to where he had slept. Just as he was leaving the river, he saw several men go into one of the barges, and begin dragging the shallow part of the water. "What are those men after?" said Sam to a person who stood watching them. "They be draggin' for the body of a gentleman as was murdered last night, and the folks thinks that he was mayhap thrown into the river."—"Dreadful!" said Sam, turning pale at the horrid supposition. "I hope they won't find it; it would be the death of me." And shuddering lest they should pull up a mangled body in his sight, he rushed from the spot. On reaching the inn, he entered it, and was going into the bar, when two stout men rushed upon him, the landlady crying "That's the man," and threw him down with all their force. One held him by the throat, while the other handcuffed him in a moment. They then hustled him out of the house, forced him into a hackney-coach, and drove off at an amazing pace.

Sam was so much astonished at the rapidity of the whole transaction, that he could scarcely summon breath to ask his conductors what they meant. At last he said, "What the devil can be the meaning of all this? Is this the way to treat a country gentleman?" "How bloody well he sports the Johnnie," said one of the men to the other, without attending to Sam's questions. "He'll queer the beaks if the tide stands his friend, and

rolls off the stiff 'un." "No, there ben't no chance of that," responded the other, "for they've set to so soon with the drags. I'll bet a gallon of gin to a pint o' purl, he dies in his shoes, with his ears stuffed with cotton." "Do you mean me, you scoundrel?" cried Sam, who did not quite understand them, but perceived that they spoke of him rather disrespectfully. "Come, come, master, none of your hard words; we aint such scoundrels as to Burke our bedfellow homsomever." At this moment, at the corner of a street, Sam saw Mr. Clutchit hurrying as if on very urgent business. He pushed his head out of the window and hallo'd—"Clutchit, Clutchit! Here's a pretty go!" and held out his manacled hands. But his companions pulled him forcibly back, and he did not know whether his attorney had perceived him or not. Soon after this the coach stopt at a dingy-looking house, with iron gratings before the windows. "We gets out here, my covey," said one of the men, "but I dare-say we shall join company again on our way to Newgate."—"You insulting scoundrel," said Sam, "I hope never to see your ugly face again." "No, nor Jack Ketch's neither—but mizzle, mizzle, I say—his worship's ben waiting this hour." They then proceeded into a dark room, which was crowded with people. They all made way for Sam and his two conductors, till they stood directly in front of three gentlemen in comfortable arm-chairs. "Call the first witness," said one of the gentlemen, and immediately appeared the bustling little landlady of the Cabbage Leaf. "Is that the man who slept in your house last night?"—"It is, your worship; and little did I think such a bloody-minded villain"—"Hush! answer only to the questions that are put to you—About what o'clock was it when he came to your house?"—"About ten o'clock, the rascal"—Here Sam, whose astonishment now gave place to rage and indignation, started up, and said to the magistrates, "Harkee, gentlemen, I'll be d—d if I don't make you pay for this. How dare you"—"Officers, look close to the prisoner," said one of their worships. "I recommend you, prisoner, to say nothing till the examination is concluded." And Sam sat down again, wondering where all this would end. "You say the prisoner came to your house about ten o'clock—had you any conversation with him?" "No, your worship; he only had his supper, and two glasses of brandy and water."—"He then went to bed?"—

"Yes; I shewed him up to number nine."—"Was it a single-bedded room?"—"No, there were two beds in it."—"Describe its situation."—"It is just at the top of the first stair, which fronts the side door into the lane."—"Could that door be opened without wakening the house?"—"Yes; we never keep it closed with more than a latch, 'cause of the watermen getting quietly down to the river."—"Was the other bed in the same room occupied?"—"Yes; a gentleman slept in it."—"You saw no more of the prisoner that night. Well, in the morning, when did you see him?"—"He came down to breakfast, but seemed very low and uneasy."—"Did he say anything to you about his companion?"—"Yes; he sighed, and said he was sure he would never come back."—"When did he leave the house?"—"He went down towards the river in about half an hour."—"Very well—you may stand down. Call the next witness."

The chambermaid made her appearance. "On going into the prisoner's room this morning, what did you see?"—"Nothing particular at first; but in a little, I thought the beds and carpet more tumbled than usual. I looked into the other gentleman's bed, and there I saw the sheets and pillow marked with blood."—(Here the witness turned very faint.)—"Well, did you give the alarm?"—"Yes; I ran down and told Missus—but the prisoner had gone out."—"What did you do?"—"We told all the lodgers, and asked if they had heard any noise. One of them, John Chambers, heard heavy steps on the stair."—"Well, we shall examine John Chambers himself."

John Chambers, on being examined, said, that about three or four in the morning, he heard heavy steps coming down the stair, as if of a man carrying a great weight; the side-door into the lane was opened, and the person went out. He watched for some time, and heard a stealthy pace going up stairs again; after which he fell asleep, as his suspicions were quieted by the person's return.

A witness next appeared, who deposed, that, having an appointment with Abraham Reeve, the person supposed to be murdered, he proceeded to the Cabbage Leaf, and found it all in an uproar at the suspected murder. Abraham Reeve was by profession a dentist; and had that morning fixed to furnish the witness with a handsome set of ivories.

"Please your worship," said one of the officers who had conducted the unfortunate Samuel to the office, "on

searching the prisoner, we found this here in his breeches pocket;" and saying this, he held up a complete set of false teeth.

The magistrates upon this shook their heads, and a thrill went through the court, as if the murder were transacted before their eyes. The purse also was recognized by the landlady; and even the evidence of the person whom Sam had addressed by the side of the river, when they were dragging for the corpse, told very much against him. That witness stated, that the prisoner turned very pale when he saw what they were about; and after seeming excessively agitated for a long while, had said, as if unconsciously, "It will be death to me if they find him." The evidence, by various concurring circumstances, was very strong against our unfortunate friend. The magistrate cautioned him against saying anything to criminate himself; and asked him if he wished to make any observation before being remanded on suspicion. Thus adjured, Rosy Sam, who was, alas! now no longer rosy, essayed to speak.

"Upon my honour, this is a most curious business. All that I know about the matter is, that the man who slept in my room must have got up very early in the morning, and stolen my breeches. I am a man of fortune—my name is Samuel Holt, Esq., of Bastock Lodge—and as to stealing"—

But his harangue was here interrupted by a new witness, who exclaimed, "Please your worships, this swindler of a fellow cheated me last night of an excellent dinner and a pint of old port." And poor Sam, on looking round at his new assailant, recognized the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopt. Casting his eyes up to heaven, in sheer despair, he sat down in his seat, and muttered, "It is my firm belief I shall be hanged, because a cursed fellow of a dentist took a fancy to my breeches. But it all comes of travelling. May the devil take Jack Thomson!" But at this moment a prospect of safety dawned upon him, for Mr. Clutchit entered the office. "I say, Clutchit!" cried the prisoner in an ecstasy, "Just tell these people, will you, that I never murdered a dentist—confound his breeches—but that I am Sam Holt of Bastock—Rosy Sam."

Mr. Clutchit, thus addressed, bore witness to the respectability of his client, and begged to be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. On hearing the name of the missing individual,

he exclaimed, "O, he's safe enough—this very morning he was arrested at Westminster for debt, and is snugly lodged in the Fleet. A stout good complexioned man, a dentist, about two-and-forty years of age, and much such a figure as Mr. Holt."—"Just such a figure," cried Sam; "our clothes fit each other, as if the tailor had measured us both." Mr. Clutchit's evidence altered the appearance of the question, and a messenger was dispatched to the Fleet to ascertain whether the dentist was really there. In a short time he returned to the court with the following letter:—

"SIR,—I am sorry for the scrape my disappearance has got you into. On shaving myself last night, I cut my chin very severely, and had nothing at hand to stop the bleeding. On getting up very early to proceed to Westminster, I took my trunk down stairs, and put it into a boat; but recollecting I had left my dressing-case, I returned for it as gently as I could, for fear of disturbing the house. It was so dark at the time, that I find, in mistake, I had put on some clothes which did not belong to me. On landing at Westminster, I was unfortunately arrested at the suit of a scoundrel of the name of Clutchit, and sent off to this place. I herewith return you the things contained in your pockets; and would return the habiliments themselves, but just at present have no change of wardrobe. Yours respectfully,  
"ABRAHAM REEVE."

Sam was now complimented and apologized to on all hands; and though Mr. Clutchit spoke in no very kindly terms of the unhappy Abraham, owing, perhaps, to the manner in which he was spoken of in the note, Sam, who was now in the highest spirits, said, as they went out of the office together,—"He's not a bad fellow that same dentist—he has saved my neck from the gallows, and I'll be hanged if I don't pay his debt. But I say, Clutchit, only think what would have become of me if he had been drowned on his way to Westminster!" "Ah, my dear sir, you know nothing about the law. But come, we must talk on business. I have not yet seen Sir Harry, but have a note from him—that he expects us both to dine with him on board his yacht to-day, which is lying at Blackwall. You had better go and arrange matters with him in a friendly way, while I draw out the deeds, and make all right."—"Just as you please," said Sam; "but in the

meantime, my toggery is not just what I could wish, and my purse"——"Say no more, say no more. One can get every thing in London." And in the course of an hour, Sam found himself well-dressed, with two or three shirts and other articles in a carpet-bag, and fifty sovereigns in his pocket, for which he gave the lawyer his note. Rejoicing in his recovered liberty, and anticipating a comfortable dinner and quiet bottle once more, he presented himself on board the Tartar at four o'clock. Sir Harry was delighted to see him, introduced him to some friends who were on board, and in the happiest mood possible the whole party sat down to dinner. But Sam's hilarity was doomed to be of short duration. Before he had time to swallow the first mouthful, he perceived that the vessel was in motion. Sir Harry assured him they were only going a trip to the Downs to see the fleet, and would be back the next day; and Mr. Holt, who never took long to accept a friendly invitation, professed his happiness at the prospect of the voyage. But a dinner on board a little yacht of fifty tons, and in his nice parlour at Bastock Lodge, were very different things. A slight swell of the river made her motion very uneasy, and a lurch, which emptied a plateful of scalding pea-soup into Sam's lap, and diverted the point of his fork from its original destination—a kidney potatoe—to the more sensitive kidneys of his leeward neighbour, made him half repent his nautical expedition. When they had left the comparative smoothness of the river, and entered upon the open sea, which was heaving under a pretty tolerable breeze, Sam's feelings were of a very different nature from those of pleasure. After various ineffectual attempts to enjoy himself below, he felt that the fresh air was absolutely necessary to his comfort, and rushed upon deck. Here he was quite bewildered. The night was not entirely dark, but a dim lurid gloom spread itself all round the heavens, and even so unpractised an eye as poor Sam's saw that there was a storm in the sky. In the meantime, the wind blew fresher every minute, and the Tartar skimmed on the top of the waves one moment, and the other, sunk so instantaneously into the hollow of the sea, that Sam laid himself down upon the deck, partly to repress his sickness, and partly, perhaps, to conceal his fears. Meanwhile, mirth and revelry were going on below, and even the sailors appeared to Sam to be much

less attentive to the vessel than the exigency of affairs demanded. From time to time our friend lifted up his head, to satisfy himself whether the sea was becoming more rough, and laid himself down again with an increase of his alarm. At last he caught an indistinct view of some large dark object, heaving and tumbling in the waters; he kept his eye as steadily fixed on it as his sickness would allow, until he saw that it was a ship of large size: "I say, coachman!" he said to the man at the wheel, "mind your reins; there's a London wagon coming down hill, fifteen mile an hour!" The man, whose ideas were as thoroughly nautical as Sam's were terrene, paid no attention to his warning; but still Sam's eyes were fixed on the approaching object, and he cried out, in the extremity of alarm,—“Drive on, drive on, or pull to the side of the road; or, by ——, we shall all be spilt!” His exclamations produced no effect, and the ship drew rapidly near. He saw her as her huge beam rose upon the crest of a wave, and sank yawning down again, till her hull was entirely hid; but each time she rose, he perceived that she had greatly shortened the space between them. Sam cried out to the steersman, “You infernal villain, why don't you get out of the way? Do you not understand what's said to you, you tarry, quid-chewing abomination! See, see, she's on us!—she's on us!” He heard the dash of her bows through the foam, and while the bellying of her sails above sounded like thunder, a hoarse voice was heard through the storm, crying, “Luff—luff;” and the helmsman, now thoroughly awakened to his danger, turned the wheel; but it was too late. A scream, wild and appalling, burst from the crew, who were on deck, and the next instant a crash took place; the little vessel shook as if every plank were bursting, and Sam found himself battling with the waves. He soon lost all consciousness of his situation, and how long had elapsed, he did not know; but when he came to his recollection, he found himself in a warm bed, while a gentleman in naval uniform was holding his pulse, and several other persons anxiously looking on. “It's of no use, I tell you,” said Sam, with a rueful expression of countenance. “It's of no use—I'm a changed man. Yesterday I was nearly hanged, now I'm entirely drowned; and what's to happen next, Lord only knows. The last time I slept in Bastock, I had never been

forty miles from home, but now I suppose I'm at the other end of the world."—"Keep yourself quiet, sir, you are in good quarters," said the gentleman who held his pulse. "You are on board his Majesty's ship, Bloodsucker, 84, bound for the Mediterranean. Take this composing draught, and keep yourself quiet for a few days, and I have no doubt of your soon recovering your strength." And accordingly, in a very few days, Sam was able to go upon deck. By the ease and jollity of his social disposition, he soon made himself a favourite with the mess. On his first emerging from his cabin, he gazed with breathless astonishment at the prospect which presented itself—magnificent hills at an amazing distance, and a vast extent of level country, rejoicing in the sunshine. "Pray, sir," said Sam, to a tall romantic-looking gentleman in black, who was admiring the same scene, "what county may we be opposite now? Is it any part of Hampshire, sir?"—"Hampshire!" repeated the gentleman, thus addressed,—“These are the mountains of Spain. These hills were trod by Hannibal, and the Scipios, by the Duke of Wellington, and Don Quixote. This is the land of the Inquisition and liquorice. Yonder is Cape Trafalgar; there, in the arms of victory and Sir Thomas Hardy, fell heroic, one-eyed, Nelson! That is Cape Spartel. Hail, Afric's scorching shore, hot-bed of niggers! See! we open the Pillars of Hercules! These mighty portals past, every step we'll be on classic ground or water.”

(To be concluded at p. 346).

### MISCELLANIES.

#### PREPARING FOR AN EXPECTED EVIL.

FRASER, in his history of Persia, relates that an acquaintance of his, while residing in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighbouring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out, "Amaun! amaun! Mercy! mercy! I have nothing—heaven is my witness, I have nothing!" Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterwards confessed to him, that having understood the governor of the place to be meditating how he should possess himself of a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habitu-

ate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear a thousand strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion and agony, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.

#### THE IRISH AND THEIR DWELLINGS.

It was impossible, says the Author of the "Angler in Ireland," to travel even one day through the interior of Ireland without being forcibly reminded that I was in a perfectly different country, and among a totally dissimilar people, from those on the Saxon side of the Channel. The general aspect of the country through which I this day passed, as indeed, of the greater part of Ireland, has an unusually *bare* look in the eyes of an Englishman, and reminds him more of the interior of France than of the smiling fields of England. This naked appearance arises, in a great measure, from the absence of hedge and hedge-row timber. The usual fence in Ireland is a mound of earth, or, in some counties, stone walls. These earthen or stone walls are very often without any gateway even into the road. When the proprietor wishes to enter into the enclosure, he breaks down as much of the fence as will admit his little cart, and often blocks up the gap with the same car, turned up with its shafts in the air. Then the cabins of the peasantry appear to the newly-arrived Englishman very small, and, alas! very dirty and comfortless. There is no attempt at ornament in the architecture, nor any symptoms of a wish to keep neat what never could have been handsome. The walls and roof are too often going to decay, and blackened with the smoke that eddies out of the ever open door. There are no roses clustering round the porch, no jasmine climbing up the windows, no gay borders of flowers, such as frequently give so cheerful and pleasing an appearance to our rural cottages. In front of the Irish cabin is universally the manure-heap; and as universally, inside, may be seen or heard sundry pigs, who are every now and then violently ejected by the scolding mother or by the laughing child; *both* of them guiltless of wearing either shoe or stocking, and *the latter* very frequently as unencumbered with any other article of clothing. Yet out of these small, low-

roofed cots, you will not seldom see four or five fine tall fellows issue, bending almost double in order to escape under the puny doorway. It is difficult to imagine how they exist in such disproportioned dwellings.

#### CURIOS REVENUE.

THE government of the island of Jersey is vested in a governor, whose office is a sinecure, the duties being performed by a lieutenant-governor. This officer derives from his post a small revenue, raised by a tax upon the produce, which is mostly paid in kind. Some of the items of this tax are curious, and serve to illustrate the rapacity of the priests in ancient times, by whom they were originally imposed. He is entitled to one hundred and ninety-seven capons, two hundred and sixty-three fowls, two hundred and seventeen chickens, thirty-three geese, six hundred and eighty-four eggs, ninety-seven loaves of bread, and two hares, per annum. Luckily for him, there is no law or custom requiring him actually to devour all this abundance of provisions. N. Y. M.

#### ALL RIGHT!

DR. BUSBY, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

#### PEDIGREE OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

OUR pedigree hunters at the present day are constantly pretending to make discoveries which astonish and charm the ignorant, but excite the laughter and disgust of the intelligent. Their labours, however, are slight compared with those of the genealogists of former times. When Henry VII. had availed himself of the unpopularity of Richard III. to usurp the sovereignty, he employed a commission of learned Cambrians to prove his grandfather's (Owen Tudor ap Meredith) pedigree. This they effected through 100 generations, up to Brute, the fabled Trojan king of Britain! First they traced him to Prince Lewelyn, and thence to Coel, king of Britain, whose line they traced to Rbegaw, daughter of Lear, and wife of Duke Henwin, and by ten other steps back to Brutus, whose

name, say they, caused the country to be called Britain. His three sons—Lochrine had Loegria, England; Kumber had Kumbria, Wales; and Albanactus had Albania, Scotland. They also proved that, in the thirtieth degree, Henry was, on his mother's side, directly descended from Ruthven or Vortigern.

#### JOE MILLER.

"It is a fact not generally known," says Mr. Mathews, in his celebrated Monopolylogue, "that the well-known Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half-century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Joke, a well-known public-house in Portugal-street, Clare-market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr. Motley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this, the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come.

#### IMPUDENCE AND INNOCENCE.

THE late Mrs. Jane W——, of Scottish memory, was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work." "Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W——, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On her return home she mentioned the fact; remarking, "What a dreadful thing it was to be so deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so."



P. 339.

### THE DANISH ROVER.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(For the Parterre).

WE have but few details of the visits of those terrible enemies to England in the Saxon times—the Danes. Rome herself had then dwindled to a contemptible state, in which were enacted the same scenes of violence and bloodshed that distinguished her in former times, unchecked by the ridicule of the satirist, and the argument of the philosopher. Hideous tyrants, whose appetites for cruelty were sharpened by the sight of human blood; and empresses, in whom the crimes of Agrippina and Messalina were revived and concentrated, followed each other in rapid succession, while daring usurpers stalked across the tragic stage of empire, and vanished as they had appeared, like meteors.

At this period the history of the once mighty mistress of the world is one confused scene of infamy and crime; while hordes of barbarians threatened her with annihilation; England at the same time was exposed to the savage pirates of the north. Little, therefore, can be

known of the numerous descents of the Danes upon this island, notwithstanding the strange tales which have been related by our early historians. Many traditions have however descended to us, and among them the following.

In the reign of Ethelred the Second, Olaus, a Danish pirate, had, by his repeated visits to the English coast, rendered himself an object of terror and abhorrence. At sea and on shore he was alike terrible. On the former, richly freighted ships became his easy prey, while those who dwelt near the coast, besides being stripped of all they possessed, were often murdered by his savage crews.

The ravages of the Danes were a dreadful infliction on the English, who had so many coasts to guard. "They knew not," says the historian, "where to assemble, and expect the enemy. If at any time they happened to have it in their power to give them battle, all the advantage they could gain, in case fortune favoured them, was to rescue the plunder. But when they themselves were worsted, the country was sure to be exposed to all imaginable cruelties before another army could be drawn

together. Very often, while the English troops were upon the march to oppose one of these bands, they were forced to change their route, and march where the danger seemed most pressing!

Such was the state of this country in the reign of the second Ethelred. At that period there stood on the lofty shore, near Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, a convent, founded by one of the Saxon kings in the time of the heptarchy. This did not escape the eagle eye of Olaus, as one sunny morning his vessel ploughed the waters of the English Channel.

The rover held a council of his daring crew, who urged him to make for the coast at once, and attack the convent before their approach could be discovered by the islanders. The advice was taken; but as he neared the shore, an armed host appeared in sight; and the rocks being almost perpendicular, Olaus prudently deferred his attack, and feigning a retreat, stood out to sea, and was soon lost to the sight of the alarmed islanders, who, delighted at his departure, returned to their several occupations.

But the wary pirate had not relinquished his intention. As the night advanced, he again altered his course, and under cover of the darkness returned to the island. The tide was down: Olaus landed, and drew up his followers on the sands: then leaving a guard with the boats, proceeded to discover a pathway among the rocks which he had observed in the day-time. This occupied them for some time; but the pathway, or rather steps, which were cut in the rock, having at length been found, the pirates ascended, and were soon under the walls of the convent.

The monks were performing the midnight service of the church, little dreaming of the danger that awaited them, when a loud thundering at the doors caused the sonorous chanting of the brothers to subside into a tremulous quaver. The superior looked aghast; but unwilling to set a bad example, he endeavoured to conceal his trepidation, and commanded them to proceed.

Again the noise was renewed with redoubled violence, and the chanting sunk into low whispers of suspicion and alarm. The doors of the convent now shook with repeated shocks, as though given by a battering ram, and the inmates tremblingly awaited the result.

One of the monks, more courageous than the rest, ventured to demand of the assailants, from a loop hole, the object of their unseasonable visit, though it re-

quired no skill to divine it. He was answered by a volley of oaths in Danish; but one loud and clear voice cried out in the Saxon language,—

“Open your doors, monk, or we will force them, and deal with ye as we are wont to deal with those who brave our power.”

“They shall be opened;” returned the monk; “but first swear on the cross that we shall suffer no harm, and that the altar shall be spared and respected.”

A loud Ha, ha! was the only reply, but it caused the monk to shudder; nevertheless, he wished to hold out to the last, in the vain hope that the islanders might be alarmed, and rise to rescue them.

Alas for the brethren! those who lived in the neighbourhood of the convent, hearing the noise of the attack, and unable in the darkness to discover the number of the invaders, had fled inland, in confusion and terror, which of course magnified the danger tenfold.

The violent thumping was renewed with great vigour, and accompanied by loud execrations. Suddenly the doors were dashed open, and a band of savage looking men, variously armed, rushed into the convent.

The superior, casting a look of contempt on his quaking brethren, advanced to meet the pirates.

“Impious man,” said he, in a firm tone, addressing their leader, “forbear your violence! Risk not the church’s curse, but depart with your lawless followers——”

The tall herculean figure who was thus addressed, shook himself violently, until the rings of his hauberk rung with the motion, and grasping his huge axe, interrupted the prior with a wrathful exclamation.

“What!” he exclaimed, with flashing eyes and corrugated brow, “would you parley with us, Sir Prior! Bring forth your treasure at once, or by my father’s soul we’ll find a way to reach it.”

“Vile robber,” replied the prior, drawing up his fine figure to its full height, and calmly folding his arms on his breast, “we fear thee not—do thy worst.”

Olaus raised his axe in a threatening manner, but the superior did not flinch, and he dropped the point to the ground with an inarticulate exclamation, resembling the growl of some wild animal.

The prior, thinking his words had produced some effect upon his visitor, continued to address him in a milder strain; when Olaus, stamping with im-



patience, again grasped his weapon, and fiercely exclaimed—"Peace, monk, and hear me—time flies—your countrymen may be gathering to attack us; haste, therefore, and produce your useless treasure!" Then turning to his followers, and pointing to the altar, he cried "Comrades! yonder is your reward!"

The pirates rushed forward, and the superior threw himself in their way, making incredible efforts—for he was a man of powerful frame—to prevent their reaching the altar. All was now confusion and uproar: the prior fell, mortally wounded in the struggle, and several of the brethren were stretched, bleeding and groaning, on the stone floor. The slaughter was horrible: without arms the miserable monks could offer no effectual resistance. While the convent echoed with their dying groans, the pirates were busily employed in collecting the plunder, which they were bearing off in triumph, when one of them espied a small door near the principal entrance, and, supposing it to be a receptacle for some of the valuable property of the convent, immediately dashed it open with his axe.

Within was a steep flight of stairs which led to the roof, overlooking the country. The pirates ascended in eager haste, but, when they reached the top, they discovered, instead of a heap of treasure, one solitary and trembling monk, the same who had addressed them from the loop-hole, and who now piteously entreated them to spare his life.

One of the Danes, seizing the father by his few remaining hairs, dashed him down, and was about to inflict the death-blow, when another, more ferocious than the rest, proposed that they should hurl him over the battlement.

The wretched monk struggled desperately, but he struggled in vain! He was forced over, but clung with desperate tenacity, with both hands to the edge of the parapet, while his butchers prevented him from rising again, and laughed at his agony, well knowing that his hands would soon fail him, and that he must then fall.

The monk renewed his entreaties for mercy, but received taunts and buffets in reply; at length one of the Danes lifted his weapon as if to strike, and the ecclesiastic flinching under the anticipated blow, lost his hold and fell, amidst the shouts of his savage enemies, who descended to join their fellows below.

As the pirates quitted the convent laden with plunder, one of them stumbled over a heap of something in the court-

yard. It was the yet breathing body of the poor monk whom they had pitched from the summit of the battlements.

"Bloodhounds!" said the dying man, in a faint voice, "the vengeance of heaven will yet overtake ye! hark! your guard is routed!"

This speech was intelligible to only one of the band. Olaus started as he heard it, and commanding silence, listened for a moment to the noise which proceeded from the shore.

The monk had spoken truly: a party of the islanders had attacked the guard left in charge of the boats, while another band had boarded the vessel in the offing. Olaus and his men abandoning the spoil, rushed to the shore, where they were encountered by the islanders, who had assembled in considerable numbers. Long and fearful was the conflict: the Danes fought with the fury of desperation; but they had to contend against a superior force;—and the broad red disk of the moon which rose an hour afterwards, lit up the blood-sprinkled sands covered with the dead and dying pirates, mingled with the bodies of their bravest opponents; while the Danish raven on the mast of the pirate vessel, flapped heavily in the night breeze beneath the flag of the victors. The corpse of Olaus was found under a heap of dead, and his armour and weapons were long preserved in the castle of a neighbouring Thane. B.

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## FRAGMENT.

(For the Parterre).

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### THE MARCH WIND.

Hark! what sad and solemn gushes  
Shake the high old window pane;  
Toss the firs and elder bushes,  
Then flee wailing to the plain!

'Tis the March wind, fitful starting  
From the gray halls of the sky,  
Like the rustling cloaks departing  
From a funeral, mournfully!

H. G.

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## NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

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### GUY RIVERS.

A TALE OF GEORGIA.

THE following spirited description is extracted from Guy Rivers, a new American novel, by the author of Martin Faber. The subject of the narrative is the contention between two parties of wild gold-hunters in Georgia, one of which, during the absence of the other,

had taken possession of the "diggings" occupied by the latter; the strife described was for the recovery of the usurped location.

"The scene of operations, in view of which they had now come, had to the eye all the appearance of a moderate encampment. They had made a final and full transfer, from their old to their new quarters, of bag and baggage; and had possessed themselves of all the log-houses in or about the disputed region. Their fires were in full heat, to use the frontier phrase, and the water was hissing in their kettles, and the dry thorns crackling under the pot. Never had usurpers made themselves more perfectly at home; and the rage of the old incumbents was, of course, duly heightened at a prospect of so much ease and felicity enjoyed at their expense. The enemy were about equal in point of number with those whom they had so rudely dispossessed. They had, however, in addition to their disposable force, their entire assemblage of wives, children, slaves, and dependents, cattle and horses, enough, as Forrester bitterly remarked, 'to breed a famine in the land.' They had evidently settled themselves *for life*, and the ousted party, conscious of the fact, prepared for the *dernier* resort. Every thing on the part of the usurpers indicated a full and perfect state of preparedness, for an issue which they never doubted would be made; and all the useles baggage, interspersed freely with rocks and fallen trees, had been well employed in increasing the strength of a position, for which, such an object considered, nature had already done much. The defences, as they now stood, precluded all chance of success from an attack by mounted men, unless the force so employed was overwhelming. The defenders stood ready at their posts, partly under cover, and so arrayed as easily to put themselves so, and were armed in very nearly the same manner with the assailing party. In this guise of formidable defence, they waited patiently the onset.

"There was a brief pause after their arrival at the spot, on the part of the invading force, which was employed principally in a consultation as to the proper mode of procedure, and in an examination of the ground. Their plan of attack, depending altogether upon the nature of circumstances which were yet to be seen, had not all been deliberated upon before. The consultation lasted not over-long, and no man's patience was too severely

tried. Having deputed the command to the landlord, they left the matter pretty much to that person; nor was their choice unhappy. Munro had been a partisan well-taught in Indian warfare; and it was said of him that he knew quite as well how to practise all their subtleties as themselves. The first object with him, therefore, in accordance with his reputation, was to fix upon some snare, to devise some plot, by which not only to destroy the inequality of chances between the party assailing and that defending a post now almost impregnable, but to draw the latter entirely out of their defences. Still it was deemed but courteous, or prudent at least, to see what could be done in the way of negotiation; and their leader, with a white handkerchief attached to a young sapling, hewn down for the purpose, by way of apology for a flag, approached the besieged, and in front of his men demanded a conference with the usurping chief. The demand was readily and at once answered by the appearance of the already named George Dexter; a man, who, with little sagacity and but moderate cunning, had yet acquired a lead and notoriety among his fellows, even in that wild region, simply from the reckless boldness and fierce impetuosity of his character. It is useless to describe such a person. He was a ruffian—in look and manner, ruffianly—huge of frame, strong and agile of muscle, and steeled against all fear, simply from a brute unconsciousness of all danger. There was little of preliminary in the conference. Each knew his man, and the business in hand. All was direct, therefore, and to the point. Words were not to be wasted without corresponding fruits, though the colloquy began, on the part of Munro, in terms of the most accredited courtesy."

[A parley ensues, which is described with great vigour, but fails in producing an amicable result, and forcible means are then resorted to.]

"The invading force soon commenced the affair. They came to the attack in the manner of the Indians. The nature of forest life and its necessities, of itself teaches this mode of warfare. Each man took his tree, his bush, or stump, approaching from cover to cover until within rifle reach, then patiently awaiting until an exposed head, a side or shoulder, leg or arm, gave an opportunity for the exercise of his skill in marksmanship. To the keen-sighted and quick, rather than to the strong, is the victory; and it

will not be wondered at, if, educated thus in daily adventure, the hunter is enabled to detect the slightest and most transient exhibition, and by a shot, which in most cases is fatal, to avail himself of the indiscretion of his enemy. If, however, this habit of life begets skill in attack and destruction, it has not the less beneficial effect in creating a like skill and ingenuity in the matter of defence. In this way we shall account for the limited amount of injury done in the Indian wars, in proportion to the noise and excitement which they make, and the many terrors they occasion. The fight had now begun in this manner, and both parties being at the outset well sheltered and secured, with little or no injury—the shot doing no more harm to the enemy on either side than barking the branch of the tree, or splintering the rock behind which they happened individually to be sheltered. In this fruitless manner the affray had for a little time been carried on, without satisfaction to any concerned, when Munro was beheld advancing, with the apology for a flag which he had used before, towards the beleaguered fortress. The parley he called for was acceded to, and his ancient comrade, Dexter, again made his appearance.

“What, tired already, Wat? The game is, to be sure, a shy one; but have patience, old fellow—we shall be at close quarters directly.”

“It was now the time for Munro to practise the subtlety which he had designed, and a reasonable prospect of success he promised himself from the bull-headed stupidity of his opponent. He had planned a stratagem, upon which, parties, as we have seen, were despatched; and he now calculated his own movement in concert with theirs. It was his object to protract the parley which he had begun, by making propositions for an arrangement which, from a perfect knowledge of the men he had to deal with, he felt assured would not be acceded to. In the meantime, pending the negotiation, each party left its cover, and, while they severally preserved their original relationships, and were so situated as, at a given signal, to regain their positions, they drew nearer to one another, and in some instances began a conversation. Munro was cautious yet quick in the discussion; and while his opponent, with rough sarcasms, taunted him upon the strength of his own position, and the utter inadequacy of his strength to force it, he con-

tented himself with sundry exhortations to a peaceable arrangement—to a giving up of the possessions they had usurped, and many other suggestions of a like nature, which Munro well knew would be laughed at and rejected. Still the object was in part attained. The invaders, becoming more confident of their strength from this almost virtual abandonment of their first resort by their opponents, grew momentarily less and less cautious. The rifle was rested against the rock—the sentinel took out his tobacco, and the two parties were almost intermingled. At length the hour had come. A wild and sudden shriek from that part of the beleaguered district, in which the women and children were congregated together, drew all eyes in that direction, where the whole line of tents and dwellings were in a bright conflagration. The emissaries had done their work ably and well, and the devastation was complete; while the women and children, driven from their various sheltering-places, ran howling and shrieking in every direction. Nor did Munro, at this time, forget his division of the labour: the opportunity was in his grasp, and it was not suffered to escape him. As the glance of Dexter was turned in the direction of the flames, he forgot his precaution, and the moment was not lost. Availing himself of the occasion, Munro dashed his flag of truce into the face of the man with whom he had parleyed, and, in the confusion which followed, seizing him around the body with a strength equal to his own, he dragged him, along with himself, over the low table of rock on which they had both stood, upon the soft earth below. Here they grappled with each other, neither having arms, and relying solely upon skill and muscle. The movement was too sudden, the surprise too complete, not to give an ascendancy to the invaders, of which they readily availed themselves, more than equal to all the advantages previously possessed by their opponents. The possession of the fortress was now, in fact, divided between them; and a mutual consciousness of their relative equality determined the two parties, as if by common consent, quietly to behold the result of the affair between their leaders. They had recovered their feet, both of them; but were both of them again down; Munro being still uppermost. Every artifice known to the lusty wrestlers of this region was put in exercise, and the contest was variously contested. At one time the ascendancy

was clearly with the one, at another moment it was transferred to his opponent; victory, like some shy arbiter, seeming unwilling to fix the palm, from an equal regard for both the claimants. Munro still had the advantage—but, a momentary pause of action, and a sudden evolution of his antagonist, now materially altered their position, and Dexter, with the sinuous agility of the snake, winding himself completely around his opponent, now whirled him suddenly over, and brought himself upon him. Extricating his arms with admirable skill, he was enabled to regain his knee, which was now closely pressed upon the bosom of the prostrate man, who struggled, but in vain, to free himself from the position. The face of the ruffian, if we may so call the one in contradistinction to the other, was black with fury; and Munro felt that his violation of the flag of truce was not likely to have any good effect upon his destiny. Hitherto, beyond the weapons of nature's furnishing, they had been unarmed; the case was no longer so, for Dexter, having a momentary use of his hand, provided himself with a huge dirk-knife, guarded by a string which hung around his neck, and was usually worn in his bosom—a sudden jerk threw it wide, and fixed the blade with a spring. It was a perilous moment for the fallen man, for the glance of the victor, apart from the action, indicated well the vindictive spirit within him; and the landlord averted his eyes, though he did not speak, and upraised his hands as if to ward off the blow. The friends of Munro had now hurried to his relief, but the stroke was already descending—when on a sudden, to the surprise of all, the look of Dexter was turned from the foe beneath him, and fixed upon the hills in the distance—his blow was arrested—his grasp relaxed—he released his enemy, and rose sullenly to his feet, leaving his antagonist unharmed.”

[The cause of this sudden change in the aspect of affairs was the unexpected approach of a party of the Georgia guard, commissioned to eject both parties from the contested territory.]

“Among the squatters there was but little time for deliberation, yet never were their leaders more seriously in doubt or more certainly in difficulty than now, as to the course most proper for their adoption in the common danger. They well knew the assigned duties of the guard, and felt the peril in its full. It was necessary for the common safety—or we should say, rather, the common

spoil—that something should be done and determined upon immediately. They were now actually in arms, and could no longer, appearing individually and at privileged occupations, claim to be unobnoxious to the laws; and it need occasion no surprise in the reader, if, among a people of the kind and class we have described, the measures chosen in the present exigency were of a character the most desperate and reckless.

“The military came on in handsome style. They were all fine-looking men; natives generally of a state, the great body of whose population are well-formed, and distinguished by features of clear, open intelligence. They were well-mounted, and each man carried a short rifle, a sword, and pair of pistols. They rode in single file, following their commander: a gentleman—in person of great manliness of frame, possessed of much grace and ease of action. They formed at command, readily, in front of the post which may be now said to have assumed the guise of a regular military station; and Fullam, the captain, advancing with much seeming surprise in his countenance and manner, addressed the squatters generally, without reference to the two leaders, who, both at that moment, stood forth as representatives of their several divisions.”

[A skirmish ensues, in which the outlaws have the advantage; and the commander of the guard is compelled to draw off. He renews the attack, however, making his approach through a defile, in hopes to surprise the gold-hunters; but his movements are watched and detected, and a fearful preparation is made to repel the new attack.]

“The Georgian had now almost reached the top of the hill—another turn of the road gave him a glimpse of the table upon which rested the hanging and disjointed cliff of which we have spoken, when a voice was heard—a single voice—in inquiry:

“‘All ready?’”

“The reply was immediate.

“‘Ay, ay; now prize away, boys, and let go.’”

“The advancing troop looked up, and were permitted a momentary glance of the terrible fate which awaited them before it fell. That moment was enough for horror. A general cry burst from the lips of those in front, the only notice which those in the rear ever received of the terror before it was upon them. An effort, half paralyzed by the awful emotion which came over them,

was made, to avoid the down-coming ruin ; but with only partial success, for in an instant after the uttered response which called their attention, the ponderous mass, which hung for a moment like a cloud above them, upheaved from its bed of ages, and now freed from all stays, with a sudden, hurricane-like, and whirling impetus, making the solid rock tremble over which it rushed, came thundering down, swinging over one half of the narrow trace, bounding from one side to the other along the gorge, and with the headlong fury of a cataract sweeping everything from before its path, until it reached the dead level of the plain below. The instinctive shriek from those who beheld the mass (when, for an instant impended above them, it seemed to hesitate in its progress down) was more full of human terror and trial than any utterance which followed the event. With the exception of a groan, wrung forth here and there from the half-crushed victim in nature's agony, the deep silence which ensued, was painful and appalling ; and even when the dust had dissipated, and the eye was enabled to take in the entire amount of the evil deed, the prospect failed in impressing the senses of the survivors with so distinct a sentiment of horror, as when the doubt and death, suspended in air, were yet only threatening and impending. Though prepared for the event, in one sense of the word, the great body of the squatters were not prepared for the unusual emotions which succeeded it in their bosoms. The arms dropped from the hands of many of them—a speechless horror was the prevailing feature of all, and all fight was over, while the scene of bloody execution was now one of indiscriminate examination and remark with friend and foe. Ralph was the first to rush up the fatal pass, and to survey the horrible prospect. One half of the brave little corps had been swept to instant death by the un pitying rock, without having afforded the slightest obstacle to its fearful progress. In one place lay a disembowelled steed panting its last ; mangled in a confused and unintelligible mass, lay beside him another, the limbs of his rider undistinguishable from his own. One poor wretch, whom he assisted to extricate from beneath the body of his dying and struggling horse, cried to him for water, and died in the prayer. Fortunately for the few who survived the catastrophe, among whom was their gallant but unfortunate young

leader, they had, at the first glimpse of the danger, urged on their horses with redoubled effort and animation, and by a close approach to the surface of the rock, and taking an oblique direction wide of its probable course, had, at the time of its precipitation, reached a line almost parallel with the place upon which it stood, and in this way achieved their escape, without serious injury. Their number was few, however, and not one half of the fifteen who commenced the ascent, ever reached or survived its attainment.

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## NOTES OF A READER.

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### TAKING THE VEIL.

How many strange, wild, and romantic associations are connected with "taking the veil !" The romances of our earlier days—the tales, that professed to reveal the mysteries of the cloister, crowd upon our memory : we see standing before us the creatures of our imagination—the inflexible lady abess—the trembling nun—we hear the authoritative question, and the timid reply—we see the midnight procession, and hear the anthem of sweet and holy voices—and a crowd of mysterious and half-forgotten dreams and visions float before us. Of some of these early visions I had learned to doubt the reality. I had already caught occasional glimpses of those mysterious creatures who inhabit convent-walls, without finding any realization of my vision of charms more than mortal. I had learned to know that nuns grow old, and that the veil does not always shadow loveliness ; but, having understood that the victim about to sacrifice herself was scarcely seventeen, I dismissed from my mind all the realities that warred with my romantic illusions, and recurred to the dream of my earlier days.

At the hour appointed, the abess entered the room on the other side of the grating, accompanied by all the nuns, and by several ladies, friends, and relatives of the novice. She entered a moment after ; and immediately knelt down, with her face toward the grating, so that I had a near and distinct view of her. She was attired in the novice's robe of pure white, and wore a crown of flowers upon her head. She seemed scarcely more than sixteen. Her countenance was gentle, sweet, and interesting ; there was an expression of seriousness, but not of sadness, in her face ; and a skin, fairer than usually falls to the lot of Spanish women,

was sensibly coloured with a fine carnation—the glow of youth, and health, and happiness, yet lingering on her cheek; and connecting her with the world of light and life and freedom, about to close upon her for ever.

The administrator now entered by the chapel, and placed himself in a chair close to where I was stationed, and at the side of an opening in the grating of about a foot square. The novice then rose, and walking forward to the grating, presented him with a paper, which he read aloud: this was the act of renunciation of all property, then and for ever; and during this ceremony the novice retired and knelt as before, holding in her hand a long lighted taper, with which the abess presented her. The preparatory service then commenced by reading and chanting; and this, although monotonous, was pleasing and impressing, according well with the solemnity of the scene that had introduced it; and in this service the novice joined, with a clear, sweet voice, in which nothing of emotion could be distinguished. When this was concluded, the novice again rose, advanced to the grating, and pronounced slowly and distinctly the three vows that separate her from the world—of chastity, poverty and obedience. Her voice never faltered; nor could I perceive the slightest change of countenance; the colour only, seemed gradually to forsake her. The lady abess, who stood close by her side, wept all the while. Ah! if each tear could have told why it flowed, what a history might have been unfolded. Indignation was the feeling produced in my mind. I wished for the cannon of the constitutionalists, to throw down these most odious of prisons; and even to the priest, who stood by me in his crimson and gilded surplice, I could not restrain myself from saying, half audibly, "*Que infamia!*"

When the vows that could never be recalled, had been pronounced by this misguided child, she stepped back, and threw herself prostrate upon the ground—this is the act confirmatory of her vows—symbolical of death, and signifying that she is dead to the world. The service was then resumed, a bell continued slowly to toll, and the priest read; while the nuns who stood around their new-made sister responded, "dead to the world—separated from kindred—bride of heaven!" and the nun who lay prostrate being supposed, at the same time, to repeat to heaven in secret, vows she had already pronounced aloud. When this

concluded, a slow, organ peal, and a solemn swell of voices rose and died away; and the abess then raised the nun from the ground, and embraced her; and all the other nuns and her relations, also embraced her. I saw no tear upon any cheek, excepting upon the cheek of the abess, whose face was so full of benignity, that it half reconciled me to the fate of the young initiated who had vowed obedience to her. When she had embraced every one, she again knelt for a few moments, and then approached the grating along with the abess; and the priest handed to the abess, through the opening, the vestments of a nun. Then came the last act of the drama: the crown was lifted from her head, the black vestment was put on, and the girdle and the rosary, and the black hood was drawn over her head—she was now a nun, and she again embraced the abess and all the sisters. Still I could not discover a single tear, excepting on the cheek of the abess, who continued to weep almost without ceasing to the very end; the countenance of the young nun remained unmoved. The crown was again replaced upon her head, to be worn all that day: the sacrament was administered, and one last embrace by friends and relations terminated the scene.

I had thus seen what I had long felt so much anxiety to see—"taking the veil;" and I found it, at the same time, a stirring and a melancholy spectacle: stirring, because it filled the mind with indignation against those whose cruel and insidious counsel had misled an innocent girl; and melancholy, because it pointed to a life uncheered by life's sweetest charities, unblest by its holiest ties; life without interest, without change, without hope; its sources of enjoyment dried up, and its wells of affection frozen over.

## AMATEUR PHILANTHROPY.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Nicholas Stepanowitsch Ischorski, a rich lord in the environs of Moscow, wishing to distinguish himself, and to acquire the fame of spending his fortune nobly, founded a hospital for the sick of his village. The governor of the province, during a tour through his district, announced to Ischorski that he would dine, and spend a day with him. His lordship, enchanted with so great an honour, invited all his neighbours, and made every preparation for receiving his excellency suitably.

"Am I to be everlasting kept waiting for this doctor?" said Ischorski. "Troschka go and inform him that for these two hours he has put my patience to the test—Ah, I perceive him. Now, in the name of heaven, my dear Sergei Iwanowitsch, am I never to have an opportunity of conversing with you?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons for keeping you waiting," said the doctor, bowing to Rosslawlew and Surski. "I have just been visiting the hospital."

"Ah, that is exactly what I wanted you for. Well, is all in order?"

"I believe it is."

"It is well—it is well: my hospital has been much talked of in the province. We must not injure our reputation before his excellency. Is the dispensary in proper order?"

"Every thing is as usual, Nicholas Stepanowitsch."

"Every thing as usual! Ah, there it is! Did I not say it would be thus? And yet my friend, did I not express myself with sufficient clearness? It is this very day his excellency the governor arrives, and we must—now do you understand me, my dear doctor—we must shew off every thing to the best advantage."

"I have already said, sir, that every thing is in order."

"But in the hospital?"

"The windows and the floors are cleaned; the linen is all washed."

"Has care also been taken to suspend over each bed, a description of the nature of the disease?"

"Why, that is not exactly requisite, as the hospital contains but ten beds. I have, however, affixed tickets to three of them, as you desired it."

"Are they in Latin?"

"Yes, in Latin and in Russian."

"Very well, doctor. And how many sick have we?"

"At the present moment we have not a single one."

"What! not even one!" exclaimed Ischorski in the greatest consternation.

"No, my lord; I sent away the last the day before yesterday: it was Elias the coachman."

"And why did you send him away?"

"Because he was cured."

"And who told you he was cured? How did you know it? Is it possible! Not a single invalid! Why, gentlemen, what is the use of building hospitals?—Not a single invalid!"

"Why find fault with that, my friend?" said Surski.

"How can you speak thus? Do you not understand there is not a single invalid! How can I shew empty rooms to the governor? May heaven bless you, my dear Sergei Iwanowitsch! You give me great joy—Not one invalid!"

"But in the name of all that is sacred, what would you have me do?"

"What would I have you do? Allow me to ask you one question: why do you receive your salary? You receive a thousand roubles per annum, besides the expenses of your establishment?"

"And not a single invalid! Is it thus you manage? What do you mean by it? I agree now, that my sister was in the right—this is what comes of having a Russian physician. Not a single invalid! Alas, alas!—Indeed, my dear friend, I am exceedingly grateful to you for your agreeable announcement. Not a single invalid!—Bravo! thou Russian doctor, bravo! Cost what it will, I'll take a German physician! Then we shall not want patients. O heavens! not a single invalid! Yes, gentlemen, you may laugh; it is nothing to you. You have no hospital to shew his excellency!"

"What think you, Rosslawlew?" said Surski: "ought we not to feign sick to get him out of trouble?"

"Really, brother, that is a very ill-timed jest."

"No, I am speaking seriously. The governor will not surely feel the pulses of the patients. The grand point is, not to let the beds be empty."

"It is not a bad idea. Troschka, tell my steward to come to me immediately."

"What do you propose?" demanded Rosslawlew.

"Gently, brother; perhaps we can devise the means of avoiding this dilemma. It does not require much thought. It is no great hardship to remain one day in bed."

"What! you are serious then?"

"Hear me, brother, I have it. I am decided. Now, for heaven's sake, Sergei Iwanowitsch retire, but never let this happen again. We shall be able to find invalids without him. Listen, Parfen," continued Ischorski, addressing the steward, who had just entered; "the hospital is without inmates!"

"Thanks be to heaven, my lord, there is not a single one."

"Thou art an egregious fool! Thanks to heaven, indeed! What, then, must I shew the governor the bare walls? I will absolutely have some invalids."

"That's all very well, my lord; but where am I to obtain them?"

"What's that to me: I must have some."

"That's all very well, my lord."

"Wait a moment, Parfen. How terribly you are changed—Are you really well?"

"Thank God, my lord, I am."

"You had better not neglect yourself—really you look very black about the eyes. Indeed, Parfen, you must be ill—Won't you allow yourself to be cured?"

"For heaven's sake, my dearest master, have pity on me; I am sure you will find enough sick people without considering me as one."

"I have no doubt of that; but lose no time—find them."

"Well—but, sir, what am I to do, if I find no one willing?"

"Can you ask such a thing, you stupid fellow? Go through the village, and bring the first you meet with to the hospital, *volens volens*. I suppose you think I am not master in my own territory?"

"Oh no, my lord; but would not you prefer bribing a man for this job!"

"That's a good idea—but remember we must have none but those of weak health, except one large fat man for the dropsy."

"Allow me, sir, to propose it to the sexton. He is of a famous size, and his face bloated."

"That's right; try to persuade him."

"For a rouble and a half, I'll answer for it, that for four-and-twenty hours he will not only feign sick, but death even, if you wish it."

"Give him a silver rouble. But do you not also know some one who is very thin, who will do for a consumptive patient?"

"Some one very thin! Let me see—Yes, I could not find a better; there is Andrew, the shoemaker, what has hardly any skin on his bones. You would not find another like him in all the village."

"That's true enough; I thank you, Parfen, for your suggestion. Only take care that every thing is properly arranged. You see we have already two invalids. As for the others, I'll leave you to choose them. But, above all, tell them to keep quite quiet during the governor's presence."

"Very well, my lord."

"Tell them not to make the least movement, not to take off their night-caps; but to moan as loud as they can."

"Very well, my lord."

"Now go, and God speed you—You are laughing at me, Surski. I know it's very ridiculous; but what would you have me do? I must distinguish myself by something."

"My neighbour, Burkin, has a stud which *can* be compared to mine; the princess Soim has an orangery on a much grander scale than mine; but nobody has yet dreamed of having an hospital. Am I not right, friend? Besides, those things are now in fashion—No, I don't mean to say in fashion exactly—"

"They are according to the spirit of the age," said Roslawlew.

"Yes, that's what I mean, according to the spirit of the age. Now do you see brother, a hospital is an economical establishment: that is to say—What do you call that?—eh?"

"Philanthropic," said Surski.

That's it, that's it, philanthropic! and these establishments are now in fashion. Who knows? but that when the governor has seen mine, the fame of it may spread still wider, and then—but, man proposes, and God disposes. That which is to happen, must happen at last. But only think, if I were to shew an empty hospital, what an effect that would have. Any one could build a house, and it would be nothing so very clever only to *write* the word HOSPITAL over the door.

The company arrived, and placed themselves at table. After dinner all the guests followed their host into the garden, from whence they went to the orangery, to the stud, to the kennel, and then to the hospital. Roslawlew being occupied by a conversation with his betrothed Pelageia of Nidin, (who was begging him to defer the day fixed for their marriage), after having followed the company into the orangery, thought he need not accompany them further, and so remained in the garden with his friend Surski, to confide to him his troubles. But in the middle of their conversation he exclaimed—"I see our host coming! how agitated he seems! What is the matter Nicholas Stepanowitsch?" added he, going to meet him.

"What is the matter!" replied Ischorski, almost suffocated with rage. "Oh, nothing, absolutely nothing—except that I am for ever dishonoured, annihilated, buried alive,—nothing but that."

"How is that?"

"You may well ask that. Oh! saints of Paradise! suffer me to breathe!—the fools! the dogs! the rascals!"



"You fill me with dismay, what has occurred."

"A mere trifle, I tell you—all my cares, all my trouble, all my expenses are gone to the devil! but I shall recover them; oh, that learned doctor,—he to call himself a doctor indeed! he is nothing but a vile barber! he shall leave my house this instant."

"Oh, then it is your hospital you are speaking of?"

"My hospital! What hospital? I'll have no more hospital. To-morrow I will have the cursed hospital demolished, I will not leave one stone on another."

"But at least tell me the cause of so much anger."

"The cause brother, oh, it's only that it grieves me exceedingly, that's all. Just figure to yourself, me shewing my establishment to my guests, the hospital in its turn; first of all we entered the dispensary, the company exclaimed about the beautiful order that reigned there. The boxes, the jugs, all were arranged like soldiers at parade. It was a pleasure to look at them. The marshal overwhelmed me with compliments; he told me I was the benefactor of the province, an enlightened proprietor, that this establishment was the greatest ornament of the province, &c. &c. I bowed, I thanked him, and said to myself—Wait a moment, and you will see something a little different to this when you are in the sick room. We entered, the passage was clear and light; that was all right. *First Class.* "Chronical disorders!" exclaimed the doctor; *Room No. 1, the dropsical!* I opened the door—I cast my eyes on the bed—and I saw, my flesh crept at the thought: I saw the dry, the consumptive Andrew. I hurried away, I arrived at the other door. The marshal himself read the inscription: *Room No. 2, Consumption!* I entered, every one followed me—and I thought really the earth would have opened beneath me! Good God! There lay the fat sexton! Is it long since you have been consumptive? asked the marshal smiling. About two years ago, my lord: answered the sexton. One can easily see, said that stupid buskin, that you have suffered much, poor devil! Suffered! his stomach is like a butt. The marshal could hold out no longer, all the guests burst into a loud laugh; and as for me, I don't know how I escaped, for I have no remembrance of what happened to me till I met you just now."

"But what harm is there in that, brother?"

"What harm indeed! how can I ever appear in the world after such an adventure? If they were to discover—"

"Oh, they would never imagine that you hired the invalids at so much a-day? They have misplaced the tickets, that's all."

"Do you think then that I might say so?"

"Certainly. Is there any thing more natural than that one ticket should have been placed for the other, by one of the boys of the hospital? But I see them coming. Go and meet them, explain to them the error that has been committed, and to make them leave off laughing, laugh louder than they."

M. A. W.

### THE TRAVELLER IN SPIE OF HIMSELF.

(Concluded from p. 335.)

LONG before this rhapsody was concluded, our friend had betaken himself to another part of the ship, and did not appreciate the eloquence and enthusiasm of the classical chaplain of the Blood-sucker. It is not to be supposed that Sam was a willing encounterer, all this time, of the perils of the deep. Frequent and anxious were his inquiries as to the possibility of his return. He was assured that at Gibraltar there was no doubt of his getting a homeward vessel, but till then, he had better accommodate himself to circumstances. Accordingly, with right good-will, he set himself to enjoy as many comforts as his position would afford. The purser, being luckily a stout individual, furnished him with a wardrobe; and the wine being good, the mess pleasant, and the sea calm, Sam's only drawback from his felicity, was his absence from Bastock Lodge. On casting anchor off St. Rosier, they ascertained from the pratique boat that the yellow fever was so virulent on shore, that the deaths averaged nine a day; so, without the delay of a moment, all sail was hoisted again, and with a favourable breeze the Bloodsucker pursued her way to Malta.

Here, at last, Sam was lucky enough to get information of the sailing of a Sicilian sparonara bound for Catania, from which he was assured he could not fail to catch the regular passage-boat home. With many adieus, and cordial invitations to the officers to beat up his quarters at Bastock Lodge, Sam betook himself to the St. Agata, with every

prospect of a favourable voyage. The passengers consisted principally of invalided officers and soldiers, and Sam had the deck to himself. As night was coming on, a vessel about the same size as the *St. Agata*, hove in sight, and, in passing, made a signal of distress, and begged some water, as their casks, they said, had all leaked out. "O, give the poor devils some water," said Sam, as soon as he understood what they wanted. "Thirst is a horrible thing—especially of a morning after dining out." The strange vessel sent its barge; but no sooner had the crew got on board, than at a whistle of the villain who had mounted first, eight armed men started from the bottom of the boat, and after a slight struggle, in which they shot two sailors, and threw the captain overboard, they gained possession of the *St. Agata*, and secured all the passengers below. After being kept in confinement a long time, and sparingly fed on bread and water, they were landed one moonlight night, and marched into a dark cave among the rocks on the sea-shore. Sam's meditations were by no means of a pleasing cast. "Don't you think it's very hard case, sir," he said to the officer who was chained to his wrist, and whose strength, after a severe fever in Malta, was scarcely able to support him under the treatment of his captors—"Don't you think it a hard case on a middle-aged man like me, that I should be moved about all over the world against my will, leaving the nicest cottage in England, and a lot of good fellows—to be first suspected of murdering somebody else, and then most likely to be murdered myself?"—"The last," replied the invalid, "we shall all undoubtedly be, as we are in the hands of the Greeks."—"Of the Philistines, you mean," said Sam,—"but it's all the same." While carrying on this melancholy conversation, they were suddenly startled by a great deal of firing, mixed with screams, and the other outcries which attend an on-slaughter. "Mercy on us all!" said Sam, "what the devil is to come next?"—"They are most probably murdering some other prisoners," replied his companion; "it will be our turn soon."—"Then, I'll take my oath, they shan't kill me like a sheep. I'll have a tussle for it; and if I get a right-hander on some of the scoundrel's breadbaskets, I'll make them know what it is to bully a free-born Englishman." In a short time, advancing steps were heard, and our bold Briton, supporting his companion to the mouth of the cave,

stood in as Crib-like an attitude as his unencumbered hand could assume; and resolved to knock down the first man that entered. They had not been long in this situation, when they perceived that their place of confinement was left unguarded, and they were still more surprised, on proceeding a little way in front, to perceive the dead bodies of several of their captors, already partly stript, while further down upon the beach they saw a large body of Turks forcing many of the unarmed natives on board of some vessels close on shore. While congratulating themselves on this prospect of escape, and while they continued gazing on the scene before them, they were suddenly surrounded by a fresh body of Turks, and without a word spoken on either side, they were conducted down the passes of the rocks, and conveyed on board. "Worse and worse," sighed Sam, whom this last disaster reduced to complete despair—"It is my firm belief I am not Sam Holt of Bastock, but have changed places with the Wandering Jew.—Jack Thomson's prophecy is fulfilled, every bit of it!"—But poor Sam's lamentations were of no avail. On the third day, they were taken out of the vessel, and conveyed to shore. The unfortunate invalid with whom Sam had been chained so long, appeared so ill after landing, that he was released from the fetters; and what became of him Sam never discovered. Our friend, whose dress was of the most heterogeneous nature, consisting of whatever articles he could pick up—for, in all his misfortunes, his wardrobe was the first to suffer—was ranged along a wall, in a magnificent building, along with about forty others of all ages and countries. Many people, in strange dresses, with towels, as Sam expressed it, round their heads, passed and repassed them, looking narrowly at each. At last, an old white-whiskered man, pointing with his finger to the still portly figure of our friend, entered into a conversation with the person who had conducted them to the place, and in a few minutes Sam was taken out from the rest, and the old gentleman beckoning him to follow, walked majestically out of the building. Poor Sam, who now felt himself to be a very different being from what he used to be, presiding over his well-filled table at Bastock Lodge, followed in the most submissive manner imaginable. His conductor paused at the door of a very stately edifice, and said a few words, which Sam did not understand, to a group of lounging domestics.

Immediately three or four of them rushed forward, and seized violently hold of Sam, and carried him into the hall. There they let him stand for a few minutes, till the old gentleman, who had preceded them, and who had gone into an inner apartment, returned and spoke to them in the same language as before. Again they hurried Sam forward, and at last, when they came to a pause, the astonished 'Squire of Bastock had time to look round him. Seated on a low, richly covered ottoman, was an old white-headed man, with a long pipe in his mouth; near him were several others, but evidently his inferiors—while, a little way from the raised floor on which they were sitting, was a multitude of soldiers, in such a uniform, and with such arms, as had never entered into Sam's imagination to conceive. While he was taking this survey, the old gentleman, his conductor, bending to the very ground before the magnifico with the pipe, apparently directed his attention to Rosy Sam. Without casting his sublime eyes on so insignificant an object, the great man ordered the dragoman to discover who the stranger was. A young man now stepped forward, and addressed our friend in French.

"No, no—no parley vous," said Sam, who knew just enough of the sound to guess what language it was.

He next spoke to him in English, and said he was ready to report Sam's answers to the dignitary on the sofa.

"I say," said Sam, who had now recovered a little of his confidence from hearing his mother tongue once more, "who's the old covey in the dressing-gown? He seems a prime judge of tobacco."

The person alluded to scowled, and said something to the interpreter, who turned to Sam, and said,—“His Highness, the Reis Effendi, says you are a dog, and if you speak till you're spoken to, he will tear your tongue out, and cut off both your ears.”

“He's cursedly polite—but did you say he was the Rice Offendy?—ask him if he has n't a brass gun upon wheels, that kills sea-mews at a hundred and fifty yards.”

The interpreter, probably not understanding Sam's language, or willing to screen him from his Excellency's anger, said a few words, and promised obedience on the part of Sam.

The conversation went on. “The Reis Effendi wishes to know if you have any particular wish to be strangled?”

“Tell the Rice, that with his permis-

sion I would much rather not, but am just as much obliged to him for his kind offer.”

“His Highness wishes to know if you have any objections to be beautifully dressed, well treated, made rich, and have eight wives supported for you at the Sultan's expense.”

“Tell him,” said Sam, quite delighted, “that he is a jolly old cock; that I accept his offer with all my heart; but as to the wives, I can't think of more than one, or two at the very most.”

“Will you turn Mussulman to obtain all these advantages?”

“Mussulman? Ay, to be sure, I'm a devil of a fellow at all sorts of fish.”

“Will you wear the turban, and swear by the prophet?”

“Turban? Yes—Lord bless you, what does it signify what a man wears? and as to swearing, 'gad I'll outswear you all for a hundred.”

On the dragoman relating the result of the conversation, his Highness deigned to cast eyes on the new believer, and at a nod several men stepped forward and threw little jars of rose water over his face and person; and immediately he was hurried into another apartment, stript by five or six zealous attendants, forced into a warm bath which was richly perfumed, and after being rubbed and anointed, he was clothed in the splendid flowing robes, and ornamented with the glittering jewels of a Turkish Basha. When he came into the ante-room, through which he had already passed, he recognised the old gentleman who had brought him to the palace, and beckoned him to come near.

“I say, old boy, what can be the meaning of all this? Are ye all mad, or only drunk?” The old man bowed, and almost prostrated himself, but answered nothing. “O, I see how it is,” continued Sam. “Whereabouts is the dragsman? He's no great hand at English, poor devil, but he is better than none.”

The dragoman appeared, and bending obsequiously, said, “What is it your lordship's pleasure to do with your slave?”

“Pooh, lordship! nonsense, man. I say, Draggy, he's a comical old shaver, that Rice Offendy; and fought rather shy of answering us about the gun; for my own part, I think it's a lie of Jack Thomson's.”

“Your lordship is too complaisant to your slave.”

“Perhaps I should be if I had him; but we have no slaves. I have a servant, a d—d old canting scoundrel, called

Trusty Tommy; but pshaw! you know nothing about these things. Now, can you tell me what they want me to do, for surely all this scrubbing and dressing can't be for nothing?"

"Your highness's escort is now, I believe, at the door. You are about to proceed as ambassador from the Sultan of the World to the Pacha of Albania. Your highness is decorated with three tails."

"The devil a tail have they left me at all—not so much as a jacket—I feel for all the world as if I were in petticoats. Well, you say I go as ambassador to some gentleman in Albania. Is it a long journey!"

"Yes, it will be some time before your highness's return."

"For I was thinking," continued Sam, "it would be as well, before I go—to—how many wives did you say I was to have kept for me by the sultan?"

"There were eight destined to rejoice in your highness's smiles."

"The devil there were! But where do they hang out? They are, perhaps, ugly old frights."

"Beautiful as angels in Paradise. But the Sultan's orders are imperative. Your highness must not delay a single moment, but leave every thing till you return."

"Well, well, what must be, must."

And Sam mounted a magnificent Arab, which was standing at the door, and set off with a large retinue of splendidly dressed warriors, while another interpreter rode close by his side. As he left the gate of the city, an officer stopt the cavalcade, and, with all due formalities, delivered a packet into the ambassador's hand. The interpreter told him to lay the packet on his head, for it was the firman of the sultan. In a short time the *cortège* passed on, and Sam had ample time to moralize on the mutability of fortune. Long before the journey was over, he was intimate with every man of the escort; and when, at length, on entering the Albanian territory, all, except four, left him, they took leave of him with so much appearance of regret, as evidently shewed how much they liked their commander.

One day, in riding down the side of a gentle valley, they came, at a winding of the rude track they were pursuing, upon a large body of horsemen—and as they were immediately surrounded, they had no alternative but to mention who they were, and submit. On the interpreter informing them that his master bore a communication to the Pacha from

the Sultan, they drew back with the utmost respect, and fell into the line of march, as part of his military guard. They informed the party that the Pacha was encamped a few miles farther down the valley, with an army of forty thousand men, and that he had expected the Sultan's ambassador for some time. Encouraged by this assurance, Sam put his Arabian on his mettle, and soon was in the heart of the encampment. The Pacha's tent was easily known, from its superior splendour, and in a few minutes Sam was conducted in great splendour to his highness's quarters. Fierce-looking soldiers scowled upon him as he passed, and Sam was not altogether at ease, when he observed the ominous sneers they exchanged with each other.

At last he stopt short, and said to one of the soldiers, whose expression he did not like, "You poppinjay in fine clothes, do you make these faces at me?"

Another soldier who was standing by, started forward and said, "Good God! an Englishman, and in that dress!—it is not even yet too late to save you: if you go on, you will be murdered to a certainty—the Pacha has put twelve ambassadors to death already."

"The devil he has! and I'm sent here to make up the baker's dozen! Well, countryman, what's to be done? If you get me out of this scrape, and ever come to Bastock"—

"Stay,—the only plan, when the Pacha asks you for the firman, is to say you've lost it;—here, give it to me." And Sam had scarcely time to follow the soldier's advice, when he found himself in presence of the rebel chief.

He was standing at the farther end of the tent, in the middle of a group of officers. On seeing his highness the ambassador, he advanced half way to meet him, and bowed with all the reverence of an eastern prostration.

"I worship the shadow of the sovereign of the universe. Your highness does too much honour to your slave."

"Your servant, old gentleman, your servant," said Sam, who guessed from the Pacha's manner, that he was paying him a compliment: "a pleasant gentlemanly sort of man, and no murderer I'll be bound—tell him I am glad to see him, and hope he's well—ask him how his wife is, and the children."

The interpreter, at Sam's request, made a courteous speech.

"The messenger of the Sultan is master here. We are sorry we can offer him no better accommodation."

"The accommodation's good enough—but riding in these hot mornings, with a table-cloth on one's head, is thirsty work, Master Dragsman. Ask him if he could give one a glass of brandy and water—cold without—"

But the Pacha anticipated his desire. He seated him on the highest ottoman in the tent, and treated him with a deference and respect which were quite astonishing to Sam, but which seemed to yield the greatest amusement to the officers of the staff.

"The bearer of the firman is powerful as Azrael. Say, where is the imperial order for your slave's unfortunate head? The officers of the bowstring are near."

"An order for his head! Tell him, I know nothing about his head, nor his bowstrings either. I brought a letter from an old smoking fellow at Constantinople, but I've unfortunately lost it by the way."

"What! lost it?" said the Pacha, who did not seem by any means rejoiced at the prospect of retaining his head. "Your highness is pleased to jest with your servant. You undoubtedly came from the monarch of the earth to put the cord round your slave's neck?"

"I be cursed if I came for any such purpose."

"Ah, then," said the Pacha, "it grieves me we can only give you the second-rate robe of honour.—We are deprived of our sport, (he said to his attendants), for this time at least your chief's head is in safety—Put the caftan of favour round the dragoman's shoulders."

Two splendidly dressed men, with arms bared up to the elbow, and bearing a silk cord, now advanced towards the interpreter. He clung for safety to his Excellency the Ambassador, screaming, "Save me, save me; they are going to strangle your slave."

"Strangle!—Nonsense, man—Didn't the old gentleman treat us in the most polite way possible; and isn't he laughing, and all the other people too, as if it were a capital joke?" But in spite of Sam's consolatory observations, the interpreter continued his entreaties.

The men had now got up to him, and laid the green silk cord on his shoulder. They then brought the two ends round to his breast: and another person, who seemed of higher rank, stepped forward, bearing a short staff in his hand. Round this staff he twisted the ends of the cord till it was closely drawn to the drago-

man's throat, and then he waited with the most imperturbable coolness for some signal from the chief. That personage, however, seemed to enjoy the scene too much to bring it to a speedy conclusion, and continued to pour out his ironical compliments both to the dragoman and Sam. "The caftan of honour is given to the servant of the messenger of the Sultan; he does not seem to prize the distinction sufficiently."—"Oh, save your slave!" exclaimed the dragoman. "He is a dog, and would lick the dust; but save him, your highness!"

"Come, Mister Pacha," said Sam, as coaxingly as he could, "you have had your fun with the poor devil, though I can't see the joke of it myself. You see he's half dead with fright. Let him go, there's a good fellow."

"There are twelve of your brethren, the scoundrelly Greeks of the Faynal, gone before you, all wearing the same marks of my favour. See that the caftan fits him close—he will catch cold, else." As he said these words, the Pacha nodded to the person who held the staff; and in an instant, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, the cord was drawn tight, and the howlings and terrified exclamations of the dragoman, were cut short by death. The staff was untwisted ere Sam recovered from his amazement, and the corpse of his companion, still writhing, fell down upon his feet. He started up in horror at the murder, and forgetting the danger which surrounded him, he exclaimed,—“You blood-thirsty Turk, by G—d! if there's law or justice to be had for love or money, you shall swing for this. You're a pretty son of a ———, to pretend to be so polite, and then to kill a poor devil of a fellow who never did you a morsel of harm. Keep your cursed sofa to yourself, for I would not stay with such a Burking old scoundrel, no, not to be mayor of London.” And Sam, foaming with indignation, stalked away; but he had not gone far when the same two men who had brought the cord, stopt him, and led him back to the ottoman he had left. This time, instead of a bowstring, they carried a long thong of thick leather, and the Pacha, still continuing his respectful behaviour, said,—“Your excellency is too condescending to your slave. Ho! chamberlain—put the Shoes of Glory on his highness's feet.” With the rapidity of lightning, Sam was thrown back upon the sofa; his shoes forcibly taken from his feet, and while the whole tent was convulsed with laughter, one of

the men swinging the bastinado round his head, inflicted such a blow on his unprotected soles, that Sam screamed aloud with mingled rage and pain.

"Let me go this moment, ye bloody-minded rascals. D—e if I don't hawl you up for this.—I'll bring an action."

But here the second blow enraged him beyond all endurance; and while struggling with enormous strength, and roaring at the top of his lungs, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, on looking up, saw Jack Thomson in his dressing-gown, and all the rest of us standing round his bed.

"Why, Rosy Sam, what the deuce is the matter with you this morning, disturbing the whole house?"

"Matter," said Sam, sitting bolt upright, "where's that infernal Turk? I'll teach him to strike an Englishman on the feet. What, Jack Thomson! Jem! Bill!—all here at Bastock—Lord bless ye, I've had such a dream—all coming of your confounded stories, Jack—I thought I was tried, drowned, taken, sold, beat, bastinadoed, married to eight wives—and the devil knows all what. But here we are, my boys, let's have our breakfast; then we'll have a day's coursing in the upland fields, and after dinner, I'll tell you all my adventures—how I was sent as an ambassador by the Sultan." "And they could not have found a fellow," said Jack, "who was a considerable punster, who could have made himself more at home with the *Sublime Port* than yourself."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## MISCELLANIES.

### FLATTERY.

THAT flattery is most successful which ascribes to us some quality that we do not possess, rather than bestows commendation on any which we have; for all men are apt to disregard those virtues or talents which are actually in them, and aspire to the reputation of those which they have not.

### LITERAL.

"WHAT news to-day?" said a merchant to his friend lately. "What news!" responded the other, "nothing, only things grow better—people are getting on their legs again." "On their legs!" said the first, "I don't see how you can make that out?"—"Why, yes," replied the other, "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again!"

### EPICRAM.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;  
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

### WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

In his domestic circle, the earl of Chatham frequently amused himself by reading the serious parts of Shakspeare's Plays; the comic scenes being, on such occasions, invariably taken by some other person present. He would never suffer himself, if possible, it is said, to be seen, by his nearest friends, in an undress; and that, while in office, he would not transact any public business until he had assumed his full official costume. He was, however, often compelled, on account of his hereditary complaint, to receive his colleagues in bed. One evening, in the depth of winter, the duke of Newcastle, on whom he frequently inflicted a lecture, had a consultation with him in his chamber. Pitt had so great a horror of heat that he would never suffer a fire to be lighted in his room; the duke had an equal antipathy to cold; and the night being excessively severe, and his coadjutor's lecture unusually long, perceiving a second bed in the room, he seated himself upon it, and partly covered himself with a blanket. But still feeling insupportably cold, he gradually crept, full-dressed as he was, into it; and the two ministers lay, for a considerable time, at opposite ends of the room, the one warmly declaiming, and the other, shivering, and submissively listening, with nothing but their heads visible above the bed-clothes.

### SENSITIVE FRIENDSHIP.

WE love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy:—to apprehend his presence, (though a hundred miles may lie between us), by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his "plump corpusculum;" to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to incorporate him in the larger half of a noble trout, some fourteen inches between the gills and the tail. This is, indeed, to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately; such participation is, methinks, *unitive*, as the old theologians phrase it, and comes up to the most sublime conceptions of close Pythian-and-Damonic friendship.

ELIA.



P. 355.

## THE GALLANT;

OR, A VISIT TO THE BEAR-GARDEN.

*(For the Parterre).*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

ONE fine spring morning, in the reign of Charles the First, while the chimes of St. Dunstan's clock were sounding, a stout, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, arrayed in a fashionable garb, walked with a bold and swaggering air up Fleet-street, twirling his walking-stick with his right hand, while his left played with the rich gold chain which hung around his neck. He was "perfumed like a milliner," his mustaches were carefully trimmed, and a beautiful little spaniel dog ran before him, seeming to enjoy the morning's walk even more than its master.

The gentleman turned up Chancery-lane, and having walked about twenty or thirty yards, slackened his pace, and cast an anxious glance at the windows of a

commodious house on the opposite side of the way.

Master Boycee (for such was the name of the gallant) was a bachelor: he was well known among the wild youths of that neighbourhood, and was deeply tinctured by the vices of that licentious age: he had numbered more than forty summers, but was as reckless and unprincipled as many of his more youthful associates. His race is not yet extinct; rosy-gilled old gentlemen (we scorn to mention names) may often be seen in this neighbourhood performing the dandy, with a success to which their juniors can hardly hope to aspire. But to return to Master Boycee. He passed and repassed the house several times; yet not a soul appeared at the windows, though there was one within who was watching him closely, as he strutted to and fro.

The watcher was one Master Court-hope, an attorney, whose young and handsome wife (we blush to own it) was the magnet which attracted our middle-aged gentleman. The man of law, concealed from the view of his enemy, was eyeing the gallant as a tiger eyes a child that approaches the cage in which it is

confined. If Master Boyce had seen that old, sallow, bilious-looking visage glaring upon him from behind the curtain, he would not have remained so much at his ease; but he did *not* see it, and continued to pace backwards and forwards with the most studied attitudes, while the attorney looked alternately on his foe, and on an old rapier in one corner of the room. Alas! his fighting days were over, or he would, no doubt, have sallied forth, and questioned the ruddy faced gentleman who did him the honour to take so much notice of his dwelling.

At length, with a gesture of disappointment, the gallant proceeded up the street, not, however, without casting at intervals a "lingering look" behind. Master Courthope watched him out of sight, and then descended to his office, consigning his rival to the devil and his angels.

Master Boyce strutted away to the chambers of a wild companion of his in Lincoln's Inn. Here the topics of the day were discussed, and the two cronies sat down to a gammon of bacon and a flask of wine. As the conversation partook of the loose style of that age, the reader will need no apology for its omission here. Boyce, after an hour's chatting and eating, rose to depart, when a knocking was heard at the door, which was opened by his friend, who returned with a smile on his countenance and presented him a letter, which he said had been brought by a boy.

"Give the page a crown, Wilmot," said the gallant, as he hastily opened the billet, "I will pay you next week."

"I gave my last shilling to the laundress this morning," observed his friend with feigned seriousness: he had long since noted Master Boyce's forgetfulness.

"The devil you did!" ejaculated Boyce, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pretending to grope for that which he well knew was not there. "I have nothing left but a spur-rial, and that's a keepsake—tell the urchin I'll reward him another time;" and he began to peruse the letter.

"By this light!" cried he, "I am a lucky fellow! 't is a letter of invitation from one of the fairest dames 'twixt this and Paul's. I will be punctual, sweet mistress! Give you good day, Wilmot: you shall have early tidings of my progress in this adventure. Farewell flask and flagon, while I can bask in the sunshine of my lady's eyes."

With these words and much other high flown nonsense, Master Boyce threw on his hat, and quitted the chambers of his friend.

We left the attorney in his office, after watching the progress of his rival up Chancery-lane. Master Courthope was old, but he was not a man to be trifled with; his hand was feeble, opposed to that of a gallant in the prime of life; but he had a head to contrive a fitting punishment for the unprincipled coxcomb who was meditating an outrageous attack upon his domestic happiness. His wife was young, but she was virtuous, and readily joined with him in laying a trap for the gallant. From her the old man had learnt, that Boyce constantly haunted the neighbourhood, and, whenever an opportunity offered, pestered her in the street with his unwelcome attentions.

Master Boyce, quite intoxicated with what he called his good fortune, at the hour appointed in the letter was knocking at Master Courthope's door, never doubting that the old attorney was far away from the neighbourhood. He was shewn up stairs into a back room by a maid servant, who informed him that her mistress was then at her toilet, but would not detain him long. The gallant being then left alone, stood for some moments gazing with much self-complacency on his figure, which was reflected in a large mirror over the fire-place. His self-admiration was, however, suddenly disturbed by the sound of loud knocking at the street door.

He listened in breathless alarm. Suddenly the maid servant entered, and with a look of well-feigned terror, informed the trembling Boyce that her master had returned unexpectedly. Footsteps were at the same time heard ascending the stairs, and the danger seemed imminent.

Boyce looked at the window; it was too high from the ground; and to creep up the chimney was almost as bad as facing Master Courthope, whose voice was now plainly heard.

The little Abigail played her part well, and preserving her look of alarm, pointed to a large oak chest which stood in one corner of the room. The gallant took the hint—he tried the lid—it was not locked, and was moreover quite empty. Not a moment was to be lost; he crept into the chest, and the lid closed upon him as Master Courthope entered the room, sword in hand, and swearing vengeance against his wife's paramour.

\* \* \* \* \*



An hour afterwards, a stout porter was seen to quit Master Courthope's house with a heavy chest upon his shoulders. It will be needless to add, that the chest contained the luckless gallant, who, as may be supposed, was in a very unenviable state of suspense and alarm.

"What can this mean?" thought he, "can she intend to drown me, as the great Turk sometimes drowns his victims? O no! 't is the only way to save her own honour, and protect me from the rage of her jealous-pated husband. Sweet Mistress Courthope, may this be no presage of the future!"

A few minutes afterwards, the porter stopped, and Boyce heard him speaking to a waterman at the river-side; then the chest was lowered, and placed in a wherry. He could hear the sound of voices in conversation, but could not distinguish what was said. At length the boat stopped, and the chest was dragged out.

"What next?" thought the unlucky Boyce, as he felt himself again shouldered by the porter, who swore loudly at the weight of his load.

The man proceeded with his burthen, and the gallant, sweating with fear, and nearly choking for want of air, awaited the result. He dreaded to make it known to the porter that he was carrying human flesh and blood, alive, like himself, lest the man should be ignorant of the fact; and he therefore remained in his prison-house, silent and quaking.

All of a sudden the gallant, pent up as he was, distinctly heard the loud voices of men and the yelping of dogs; in fine, a confusion of sounds which brought to his mind the well-known bear garden. The chest was again lowered, and placed on the ground, while the sounds continued to interest its occupant. Boyce crept to the bottom of his chest, like a snail in its shell, when touched by the finger of the school-boy—his heart misgave him—he dreaded the worst.

While he lay thus, half-stifled, and in an agony of suspense and terror, he heard the lock of the chest turn; then the hinges creaked, and the lid was raised, when, oh what a scene greeted his astonished sight!

He was indeed in the bear garden, on the bankside; and those whom he saw gathered round the chest, were eagerly awaiting the appearance of *the badger*. A roar of laughter, which stung the gallant to the soul, greeted him on all sides; and two butchers' dogs, with their loud bayings, joined in the merry chorus, while their masters with difficulty pre-

vented them from tearing the mortified Boyce in pieces. He raised his head, took one peep at the assembly, and then shrunk back into his box. Shame, however, suddenly gave way to rage and indignation; and jumping from his hiding-place, he would have taken signal vengeance on the porter, but for the interference of the bystanders.

The "courteous reader" will picture to himself the appearance of the unlucky gallant, as he hurried from the scene of his shame, pursued by the jeers and taunts of the select assembly, to whom he had been so strangely introduced.

It is said, that Boyce was seldom seen in Fleet-street and its neighbourhood, after that eventful and inauspicious morning.

E. F.

## FRAGMENT.

(For the Parterre).

### SWEETNESS OF TEMPER.

His temper is a jewel without flaw;  
His thoughts all hold the true touch and the tone  
Of ravishing contentment; and his heart  
Plays like a golden-chorded harp, high hung  
On a rich blossom-bough, whence the May wind  
Shakes harmony and fragrance. H. G.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ODD-FELLOW.

"A delightful village this—and what may that edifice yonder be?"

"Why, that's a school-house for the gals," said waiter John.

"A seminary—eh? and how many 'gals' may there be?"

"About a hun' red, I suppose, sir."

"This is the place for me," thought I. A hundred of heaven's last and best gifts congregated together in one little village. Oh, what a paradise for an idler!

"Well, John, I think I shall stay with you a few weeks."

"Glad of your company, sir," said the landlord entering. "John, get number four ready for the gentleman. You'll find this a fine place—stirring little place—plenty of 'musements—good huntin' about here—tolerable fishin'—and then we have a raft of gals—a fine place this—make yourself at home, sir."

Looked out of my window to get a peep at some ladies who were passing. Mary Wharton! on my soul! what in the world brought her here? Yet she's a fine girl, amiable, beautiful, pensive,

and the only one of my city acquaintance whom I had not rather have sent to the —, or any where except here. I like her because she never laughs. Really I shall be glad to see her. Perhaps I may overtake her now. Where's my hat, cane, gloves? Allons.

Almost every country village has some romantic and interesting local traditions connected with its history; some strange incidents, whose relation may have a charm even for the ear of the stranger or the traveller. In the great city the wail of individual suffering is drowned in the din of a thousand voices, and the loss of a single human being is not perceived in the crowd. There is less sympathy and more selfishness there; and the most harrowing casualties, and the strangest events excite comparatively but little attention. But here, such things are registered. The breaking of a single heart, or the severance of a single life, is felt throughout the little community, and is mourned and remembered by all.

This little shady nook, where I am now sitting and pencilling in idle wantonness these careless lines, while the straggling beams of a summer noontide stream in with mellowed effulgence, through hanging trellises of bending branches and gadding vines, and the murmuring of yon little brook breaks with monotonous music upon my ear, as it pours its dark waters through the rifted fissures of ivy-clad rocks, to sport and sparkle in the sunshine; this little spot, I am told, is associated with a romantic story in the memory of the villagers. I remember when I first fell upon it, in one of my solitary rambles, how forcibly I was impressed by its singular beauty; but how much more I was struck, when a tasteful little marble monument, and the hillock upon which it rested, told me that death had been here. It seemed like an object of enchantment, which my gloomy fancy had conjured up in its wild day-dreams. I approached this chaste and touching memento of mortality with a mingled feeling of awe and curiosity; awe which the view of man's last resting-place always inspires within me, and curiosity to learn who it was (I felt confident it could be no common being) who had selected this lovely little spot for death's repose. I approached, and read the simple inscription of *Clara*. Below were these lines:—

*Sleep on, thou beautiful one!  
I have lost, but thou hast won.  
Sleep, 't is over, peace is thine;  
Life is thine, but death is mine.—A.*

“Beautiful and young too, perchance, but who is A?” Alas! my heart told me that there was but one who could have written those lines.

I have since learned the history of this strange monument. It is commemorative of the fate of two young orphans and lovers, who whilome resided in the village. In their life-time this grotto was their favourite retreat; and here, when, in her sixteenth year Clara fell a victim to a quick consumption, it was her desire to be buried. Her lover, I understand, entered the navy, and died a few years afterwards in the West Indies, of a tropical fever. I am told these lines are from his pen, written when, upon his return from a distant voyage, he came to visit this spot.

We met in life's young morning. She a flower  
Just op'ning its fresh petals to the breeze,  
And I, e'en in the exuberance of youth,  
A wild, a wayward, and unhappy boy.  
We met and seldom parted. We knew not  
Then the name of love; but we were orphans,  
And we poured forth into each other's hearts  
The little woes and griefs that childhood hath,  
And found relief in sympathy. We wept  
And smiled together. Men deemed it strange,  
But we were parted for a time, or met  
From a long absence, without tears.

Years fled—

She grew in beauty—I in strength—and both  
In love. She was unhappy but with me,  
And I did doat on her with mad'ning fondness.  
I could have kissed the ground which her glad  
foot  
Had pressed, and I have stood for hours and  
blessed  
The light which from her evening lattice  
streamed,  
When it hath given to my expectant gaze  
A transient shadow of her fairy form.

She had been

Out in the beauty of a summer eve,  
Tripping the green fields like an unbound fawn,  
But faintness came upon her, and she sank  
Down on the banks of a sequestered stream,  
Like sportive childhood in its weariness.  
Too pale I deemed her cheek, and that red  
flush  
Too bright; but ah! I dream'd not then—alas!  
Alas!—

But why recall my bitterness?

Why the days and weeks of watchfulness and  
woe?

When drop by drop, hope's fountain ebbed  
away

As it had been my heart's blood; and I knelt,  
And in my agony, I prayed to Him  
With whom life's issues are, that she  
My all of joy might yet be spared. In vain;—  
Ne'er from that hour was she what she had been!

'T was evening; and the setting sun, as he  
Were too a ling'rer by the bed of death,

Stole softly in through half-closed curtains  
 To light up the scene. Wasted, but beautiful,  
 Yet ah! how wan and death-like, in sweet  
 sleep  
 Like that of infancy she laid upon  
 Her light pressed couch, and as she slept I  
 heard  
 Her breathe my name. Gently I kissed those  
 pale  
 Half-parted lips. She oped her eyes and  
 smiled—  
 Murmured farewell, and died.

I was a weeper at the new-made grave!  
 And torn away, a pilgrim on a dim  
 And desolate world,  
 For whom each hour has a consuming grief,  
 Each scene a sorrow, and each clime a cloud.

I reclined upon the grassy banks of the little stream, which winds through my favourite haunt, and gave loose to the play of a thousand wild and unearthly fancies. The current of disjointed and disorderly thought swept on through my vacant mind, mingling fiction and fact, reality and romance, with that strange inconsistency which sometimes marks the dreams of sleep. The dim memories of the past came upon me; its scenes blended with the lawn and woodland, which lay outstretched in quiet beauty before my eyes, and its voices came with the purling sound of the brooklet which went brawling by. I thought upon the loved ones, whose names and forms were once familiar: upon the bustling world, upon life, my own aimless existence; and anon came up the figures of the young lovers who a few short summers since, animated with life and hope, wandered in happiness side by side, through the calm purlieus of this now deserted valley.

"Change—dark, restless, ruthless change," I soliloquized, "is sweeping over all. They are all passing. Earth with its fitful fashions, man with his varying schemes and endless aspirations; life with its countless vicissitudes, its checkered scenes, its mingled joys and sorrows. How forcibly at every step of our devious pilgrimage are we reminded, that this is not our abiding place. That it has nought which time may not destroy, or accident alter; nought which the heart can cling to without fear of bereavement. The things of beauty, and the objects of affection, which come like angel visitants athwart our paths, pass away even while we are gazing at them. The wintry cloud shuts out the summer sky; the frost-blight falls on the beautiful landscape.

I felt a light hand upon my shoulder, and looking up, Mary Wharton stood beside me.

"You are a strange being," said she.  
 "Not half so strange as I might have been. Suppose nature had given me two heads or a tail, for instance."

She did not smile, but continued, "Tell me, why do I find you here—here in the country, shunning society, and wandering about in solitude through the woods and fields? You, whose only element a few weeks since, seemed to be the circle of pleasure, the ball and banquet; whose only thought was mirth, whose very word a jest?"

"Suppose we attribute it to the love of novelty, or the love of something else. The disconsolate true-lover, you know, always seeks the fields and forests to brood over his passion. Or, I may be laying in a stock of puns and jokes for the next winter campaign."

"Edward," said she, "I have known you but a short time, and have heard little or nothing of your history. But I have looked upon you in a different light from what others have done, and none of your gay acquaintance would have been less surprised than myself at finding you here and thus. I have seen you in merriment and gaiety, and in the giddy whirl of fashionable life, admired for your wit, your presence greeted with smiles, and your words hailed with laughter. Yet I have seldom seen you smile, and never laugh. Your gaiety seemed but lip-deep, your heart was not in it. You are unhappy."

"You think then, Mary, that the gay-seeming is not always gaiety; that all who tread the circles and wear the garb of pleasure, are not necessarily happy. Alas, and is it from your own feelings, sweet girl, that you have drawn this truth? Have your eyes ever ached as they gazed on the unmeaning mockery of fashion, and the tinsel-glitter of wealth? Have the shout and laugh of merriment ever fallen with bitter dissonance upon your ear, waking no echo in your heart? And have you ever left the scene of fashionable frivolity, to weep over the rankling wounds of private grief? Yes, it is true. Despondence may take the semblance of gaiety, and sorrow may wreath itself in smiles. The bosom may be the cemetery of withered hopes and crushed affections, while the tongue gives utterance to the light accents of mirth.

"And is it here you had not thought to find me? Did you never fancy, Mary, that the spirits of the departed might come to linger in a spot like this? That here we might hold commune with the

loved ones who have fallen away from the pathway of life, like stars from their spheres in heaven, leaving darkness and desolation in the hearts which they were wont to gladden? Yes, here—here—I have dreamed that I have seen *her* form imaged on the wavy air, or shrined in the o'er-hanging foliage of these tasseled branches—that I have heard the music-tones of that voice which will not speak again, in the dying moan of the passing breeze.

"Alone! and why am I alone?—"

"No, it is not here that I am alone. I am less so here than in the scenes where I met you last. The past is here—the dim-lit world of memory, with all its shade and sunshine, with the bright forms which have faded phantom-like away from an aching, yearning heart. Is not this a place for the stricken spirit to unbosom its griefs? To tear open again its festering wounds, and let them flow afresh? To give loose to the long-sealed fountain of tears? Here, in this sequestered little spot, which seems as if heaven had formed it as a sanctuary where the lover of the beautiful might worship; here, the vanities of the great world cannot come, to make a mockery of the sacredness of sorrow.

"But is it for those who have gone that we should mourn! Or is it not for ourselves, who are left behind, to struggle with the vicissitudes and groan beneath the burthens of life? Should we weep for her who sleeps beneath yon grassy hillock? She was young and beautiful. Her hopes were blighted in their embryo. The fountain of life was dried when its gushes were the quickest and most vivifying, and when its current was flashing beneath the sun of spring-tide. Even then was she borne away from a world, whose sorrows she lived not to know, to her quiet and dreamless repose in this beautiful spot. How many has she left behind who well might envy her fate!"

(Pshaw! this was playing the fool in good earnest. A few more such rhapsodies, and I shall have the opportunity of learning which is the better name, that of wit or madman).

I paused, looked at Mary, and, by the spirit of Pathos! *she was weeping!* I was most sadly ashamed of myself. I threw myself at her feet, and commenced cutting off the heads of the tallest dandelions about me with my walking-stick.

"And what say you to that, Mary? Give me a romantic situation and a good subject, and I'll wager a sixpence I'll

beat any hero that Bulwer ever drew in the matter of speech-making."

She stared, but was silent.

There was a most awkward pause.

"It is getting late," said Mary at length. "Sure enough!" I drew her arm in mine, and off we started for her boarding-house.

Whom found we there! The immortal Mrs. Nonpareil, the principal of the seminary, and some half a dozen of her fair pupils. It was a very suspicious glance with which this lady greeted us, as Mary introduced me to her notice. But hold, let me describe. In the first place, to begin with her most prominent feature, her nose. There is nothing which I can liken it to, except a right angled spherical triangle, the hypothenuse of the one representing the ridge of the other. On the hooked extremity of the angle between the base and the hypothenuse, hung a pair of massive spectacles. Her mouth was of most convenient dimensions, and her under lip was pressed against its upper neighbour in a manner which in physiognomy indicates firmness, I believe. Her chin was a projecting acute angle of about fifteen degrees, and her neck sprung almost from her shoulders like—like—if any thing similar occurs, you shall have it. Her forehead and cranium resembled that old one-story house yonder, with very low standing pillars, and a wide white roof; and that too in more respects than one; for the garrets of both are filled with lumber, and her eyes were of the same colour with my gray goose-quill; in fine, it was a figure for love at first sight.

And what was the first question?

"Are you fond of algebra?"

"Very," I replied, or, in fact, I don't know what I did reply; and, by the shade of Diophantes! the old lady, to my infinite dismay, began to screw me on infinitesimals.

I have passed through in my day some dozen of college examinations, and how forcibly at that moment came up the tremors, the trepidations, the inexpressible heart-fallings, which marked those memorable epochs.

"Do you admire conic sections?"

Now this is a subject on which I am particularly sore, owing to reasons which I shall not mention.

"I can't say that I do," said I, rather testily.

And then philosophy and philosophers!

"Fools all—consummate blockheads!" I cried, out of all my patience.

"How do you define a philosopher?" asked Mrs. Nonpareil in amazement.

"A fellow who wraps himself up in some fine-spun theory, like a silk-worm in its cocoon, or pursues some shadow of a hobby-horse, like a cat chasing its own tail."

The old lady warmed; she pounced upon me, without mercy. I was smitten as Sampson smote the Philistines, hip and thigh; the only difference between these gentry and myself, being that they were annihilated by the jaw-bone, and I by the tongue of the same animal.

I beat a retreat, and left all my positions in the hands of the enemy, and in fact was glad enough to get off so. Mary sat all this time gazing very silently and mournfully at me, never raising a hand to aid me; 'twas very ill done in her. Alas, I fear she thinks my wits are somewhat disordered. She has good reason, heaven knows!

Hurried to my room—to bed—and dreamed of a pair of pensive black eyes, very like —; but dreams are sacred things, and this was a confidential one.

N. Y. M.

#### NOTES OF A READER.

##### NAPOLEON'S MAMELUKES.

THE annexed spirited sketch is taken from *Tutti Frutti*, by Prince Puckler Muskau.

"What a strange little band, for instance, was that of the Mamelukes! After the battle of Bautzen, which cost them fourteen men, there still remained half a squadron, which was commanded by the singularly elegant Colonel Jer-mann, a German, whose conquests among our ladies exceeded, I believe, those he achieved in the field. There were very few Egyptians in the corps; one man had lately joined it from Jerusalem, and another from Bethlehem. There were hardly any Frenchmen among them, but they were gathered from almost every country on the face of the earth. The oldest of the native Egyptians used often to visit me, throw a sofa-cushion on the ground, sit down upon it cross-legged, and smoke his long pipe or drink coffee. He used to tell us about the war in Egypt—always spoke of Napoleon as a sort of enchanter, and thanked him from his heart for carrying him off from his native land: for, he said, after being exercised on the beach, they were embarked so suddenly that they all thought

it was part of the manœuvre, till they actually lost sight of land. Bad fellows enough they might certainly be, if left to themselves: but they were kept in strict subordination, and were better mounted and better horsemen than the rest of the French cavalry. Their great stirrups, however, seemed badly adapted to our close evolutions, and rattled in a charge like a hundred pewter pots. Colonel Jer-mann himself rode with them, though formerly an officer in Seidlitz's regiment. I think I see him now, when general Lefevre Desnouettes, himself a very handsome man, reviewed the Mamelukes at Gr—h—. They were drawn up on the other side of a deep trench. The General came, with his staff, riding slowly along the *chaussée*. Like an arrow from a bow, the colonel, in his splendid uniform, darted by, flew over the trench, at least twelve feet wide, and reined up his horse at the general's feet, making his obeisance with a fine military grace. Having received orders, he wheeled round his gray Arabian with the same beautiful horsemanship, and bounding once more over the trench, was at the head of his troop in the twinkling of an eye.

##### MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

WEBBER was a member of the Bath and Bristol companies, and one of his best characters was Paul, in "Paul and Virginia." For novelty sake, while the company was at Bath, a Mr. Bennett, possessing not much voice, but considerable musical science, having studied under Rauzzini and some of the best masters in London, was introduced; and the consequence was that Webber, besides being superseded in a number of his characters, was at length compelled to resign his favourite part of *Paul* also. \* \* \* \* He took it so much to heart, and made such a piteous appeal to his friends at Bristol, that one and all resolved to take up arms in his defence, and oppose this cruel rival. "Gentlemen!" said Webber, with tears in his little gray eyes, "if the man could *sing* the music in Paul, I would not complain; but he *can't*, gentlemen—I'll prove to you he *cannot*; he can't sing 'boldly' up to A in his natural voice; and how, gentlemen, is it possible that any man can do justice to Paul unless he *can* sing 'boldly' up to A in his natural voice; or, as Mr. Rauzzini says, *di petto*?" Many of his friends were puzzled to know what *di petto* meant, when our vocalist explained. "Bob," says one, a mate of a West Indian,

"if it were only for the *respect* we have for you, we'd go and goose this lubber what's come down to cut you out; but since you say you can prove that he can't sing the music, nor sing up to this A, this *di petto*, you talk about, if he ever has the impudence to come Master Paul over us *here*, we'll all of us go to the theatre, and, by *Saint Paul*, we'll whizz him!" At length *Paul and Virginia* was announced to be played in Bristol; Paul by the hated rival: when a whole host of Webber's friends, a number of whom were sailors, repaired to the theatre, and planting themselves in various parts of the house (the sailors in the gallery), fully determined to ascertain whether this Bennett could sing "boldly" up to A in his natural voice, which if he failed to do, woe was to betide him. The after-piece commenced, the opening duet, "See from ocean rising," passing off quietly enough; but when the awful moment arrived, the scene with Alhambra; lo! the attempt was a perfect failure! a child might have detected it. On the instant a simultaneous shout of exultation burst forth from the various parts of the house—"Bob's right! Bob's right! he couldn't do it! Hurrah! he can't sing up to A;—*di peppo*—what does Bob call it?" and the tars in the gallery gave three hearty cheers. A considerable portion of the audience, which happened to be very numerous, could not conceive what was meant by the loud exclamation of "Bob's right!" which, when explained, excited much mirth.

Formerly the copyright of a decent English opera would sell for a thousand guineas! Now, it seems, it will not fetch even a quarter of that sum! The Vauxhall songs in those days would always sell for a good round sum—now they are good for nothing; and if "Vauxhall" be put on the title-page, it damns the thing at once. "Royal Gardens" has been tried; that would not do; even the united efforts of Braham and Miss Stephens failed to make a song popular. Old Weller, formerly a music publisher in Oxford-street, and before that a milkman in the same neighbourhood, (with whom the widow B—fell so deeply in love, as she gazed upon his chubby face, while his brawny shoulders supported the pail, that soon after they were yoked as man and wife), made, it is said, an ample fortune by the sale of these songs alone; and old Jemmy Hook, or, as he was facetiously called in his latter days, Signior Rampini, who used to boast that he had written more

than a thousand songs, said that the competition for his favourite one, the copyright of which he sold for one hundred pounds sterling, was *so great* that the ex-milkman, after endeavouring to strike a hard bargain over-night at Vauxhall, and leaving him (Rampo) in a great rage, vowing he would not give a single farthing more than he then offered—fearing lest the song should be sold to some other crotchet-and-quaver dealer—absolutely got out of his bed at four o'clock in a wet morning, and was soon after heard rapping at Rampo's door. Hook, suspecting it was Weller come about the song, went to the window, and throwing up the sash, there he beheld the milkman, and the bargain was absolutely struck amid a pelting shower.

#### SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

"A few days before my arrival at Enon," says the author of *African Sketches*, "a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing and making an extraordinary noise for a long time at the upper end of the orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-break. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch or trench, about five or six feet in width, and twelve in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of their garden ground, and to drive a corn-mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got in it was easy to imagine, but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it seemed almost impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him? There appeared little doubt that they had. In corroboration of this supposition, I found the edges of the trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus, by united efforts, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit. M. N.

## THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM GRIGG, M.D.

I stood within a church-yard. Art had there  
Mingled its column with the moss-grown stone  
That marked the spot where humble beings lay.  
The urn-crowned monument, that proudly stood  
Upon the ashes of the high-born dead,  
In golden blazonry described the chain  
Of proud, ennobled ancestry, that claimed  
The buried praised one as its brightest link.  
With careless eye I scanned the epitaphs  
That stained the marble's purity with words—  
The vainest mockery of the silent dead!  
What work of art can speak the thrilling tones,  
The voiceless utterance of the silent grave!  
The measured movement of the plumed hearse,  
The marble pile, the gilded epitaph,  
Speak not the language of the broken heart.

There was a simple stone whereon was writ  
'A Mother's Grave.' How eloquent the words!  
They wasted me far back to other times,  
When in the days of artless infancy  
The silent stone had told my mother's name.  
That tale seemed told again. Though youth  
was past,  
And the cold calmness of maturer years  
Had lulled the pangs my early boyhood knew,  
Yet in that tongueless marble lurked a spell  
That wove around me memory's deathless joys.

'T was evening when I sought that spot again.  
Beside the grave three little children stood.  
The oldest was a boy, who scarce could claim  
Eight summers' sports his own—the next, a  
girl  
Whose tender spring had known but six re-  
turns—  
And then, a lovely cherub, like the bud  
Whose annual visit she four times had wel-  
comed.  
Each infant's hand was in the other's clasped—  
A living crescent, at their mother's grave—  
And fondly gazing on that sacred spot  
They read the withering words which said their  
friend,  
Their dearest, truest friend, slept the deep sleep  
Which wakens only in eternity.

Oh! is there in the waste of human things  
A stream so pure and clear as that which wells  
From the deep fountain of a mother's heart?  
No! no! by the stern laws of nature—no!

A mother's love! the strongest, truest type  
Of the pure love the Saviour bears mankind!  
Brightest in darkest hours! most seen when  
clouds

Of gloomy rest upon her boy!  
And, like the diamond, showing best its power  
When other gems are lost in shades of night,  
Her love shines out and yields its secret rays,  
When trouble lowers the blackest o'er her  
child.

I since have visited that holy tomb.  
A pensive willow bending over it,  
And a small basket filled with fresh plucked  
flowers  
Standing beside the stone, assured my heart  
That grave was not forgotten.

What rich joy  
Those duteous children feel, whose bosoms echo  
To the soft strains fond memory loves to wake  
O'er some green spot on time's receding shore,  
Brightly illumined by a mother's smile!

But how much holier their's, who, looking  
back  
Along the course their devious footsteps knew,  
Perceive no stain upon the hallowed snow  
Of childhood's grateful duty!

## THE GUARD.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"A merrier man  
Within the limit of becoming mirth  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."  
*Shakespeare.*

"BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone  
from me," sung out a deep sonorous  
voice behind me, as, having just exalted  
myself to the top of the York mail, I  
was busily at work, composing myself in  
my place—"Begone, dull care, thou and  
I shall never agree."

I looked round and soon discovered  
that it emanated from our guard, as a  
kind of accompaniment to the exertion  
of pulling off his huge dreadnought  
coat. He not only sung heartily, but  
his appearance well answered the bur-  
den of his song, for he was a good fresh  
looking man, and certainly rejoiced in  
as happy and cheerful a countenance as  
a man would wish to be blessed with—  
he was also very smart in his manner  
and dress—wore a ring on his finger—  
tied his neckcloth quite in style, and  
cocked his hat, as if he thought no small  
beer of himself. By the by, I have a  
prodigious fancy that the character of  
a man, or at least what he thinks of  
himself, is to be known from merely ob-  
serving the physiognomy, if I may so  
term it, of the cock of his hat. Be that,  
however, as it may, the gentleman (I  
am sure he thought himself as much one  
as any of those who travelled with him)  
seemed little disturbed by my observa-  
tion, singing blithely on as he proceeded  
to adjust his dress with great care and  
exactness.

"That man's a character," said I to  
myself, not slightly amused by his op-  
erations, and considering that the sign,  
which his face held out, promised a cer-  
tainty of good cheer and entertainment,  
I spread my coat on the roof of the  
coach, and leaning back upon it, at  
once commenced parlance with him.

"Good old song that of yours, guard."  
"It is, sir," returned he, in a good  
humoured tone, "especially as I sung  
it;" and he tuned up, 'For I hold it  
one of the wisest things to drive dull  
care away.'

"Umph! not far wrong," thought I.  
"Fond of music, I presume?"

"Ye-es, sir,—well enough in its way—helps one on a bit occasionally, when there's nothing better to be done; but I never studied it—quite a natural talent—ti tiddle tom."

I could scarcely avoid smiling at my new friend's comfortable opinion of himself, it was so perfectly comfortable; desirous, however, of not offending him, I diverted the impulse by inquiring how he liked his mode of life. "I dare say, guard, it would require much to make you change it."

"And why should I wish to change it, sir? I know of no objections to it—though, to be sure, it may not sound very grand to be a mail-coach guard; but you know, sir, it all depends upon the way of doing the thing—there is a manner of doing every thing."

And he twitched up his neckcloth, and pulled in his chin with a superlative kind of a finish, thereby giving me an opportunity of observing, "Truly."

"But perhaps, sir," he inquired with great eagerness, "you have never considered philosophically what a guard is; for you must know I'm a bit of a philosopher myself."

In much amused surprise at this specimen of the march of intellect, I mentally exclaimed, "A mail-coach guard a philosopher! What will the world come to next?" I briefly, however, admitted that I never had.

"Well, sir, then permit me to tell you—I maintain that my situation possesses, in a very great degree, all the charms of life. Pray, sir, what may you consider life to be valuable for?"

I answered that I really did not pretend to be a philosopher, nor was I at the instant prepared to answer so difficult a question without first well considering it. I thought each individual had a peculiar way of thinking, and what was happiness to one might be almost misery to another.

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but you speak of the object—I of the principle."

"Then pray," said I, smiling at his distinction, "what may be your ideas of the principle of happiness!"

"Why, sir, I will tell you—I think that the whole charm of life is derived from continued novelty, and from one's self importance and consequence, or the noise one makes in the world."

I admitted that perhaps it might.

"If not, sir," he continued, "can you tell me what is the meaning of the hundreds of carriages one meets con-

stantly whirling along the road—first up to town—then back to the country—then to some watering-place—then off to the Lord knows where. I tell you what, sir, it is all for the sake of novelty, and to shew off their consequence."

"Very likely; but pray instruct me how your situation embraces those properties, or I think you termed them principles, of happiness."

"Most willingly, sir: as to novelty, I think I need not take up much time to satisfy you of that, for my whole life is so evidently one scene of continued novelty—always changing—always interesting. And as to the noise one makes in the world, or one's self-consequence—do you see that line of coal carts on the road?"

I looked in the direction pointed out, and observed a string of at least a dozen carts, going quietly along in dull procession, with their drivers each lounging in his vehicle.

"Ti-au, ti-au!" sounded out my friend—up jumped the drivers in an instant, and immediately were all the carts turned to the left side of the road.

Another twitch of the neckcloth, as he returned his horn to its rest, prefaced his remark—"You see, sir, one is of some little consequence in the world."

"Most indisputably," I replied, laughing heartily at his conceit, "and most excellently well exemplified too—that is, I presume a specimen of the noise one makes in the world, and of one's individual consequence."

"Certainly, sir; and then as to one's importance—only think what a various mass of property I have under my charge—think, sir, what information I convey from one half of the kingdom to the other—think how many anxieties are to be removed by my arrival—how much happiness to be communicated—think, sir, how many adoring lovers are by me exchanging their fondest vows of affection," he put on a most pathetic look: "you certainly, sir, can never have considered all these things before."

I had not time to acknowledge my ignorance, when the coachman drew up.

"What's the matter, Barnes?" inquired my companion.

"I wish you'd put that off leader's curb right," was the reply. Down was the guard in a moment, and the tackle in as brief a time adjusted. "All right, Barnes," called out the operator, and then waiting with great apparent inattention



until the coach was just passed him, with one single spring jumped into his seat.

I was far too much amused with my merry companion to wish to quit his society, although my position on the hard coach top had long ceased to be desirable; and not unwilling to gratify his vanity, I observed that I was afraid he would have been left behind.

"Noticed my knack, did you, sir?—believe I do manage it well—but there is a way of doing every thing. I began my line of life when quite a boy—first as a stable lad—then, on account of my superior manner, promoted to an office lad—sent out with the parcel cart—then chief porter—and at length mail-coach guard—all for my manner and superior address; a'othing, sir, but those natural abilities to get me on. I was, indeed, always a lad of uncommon parts, and had always a way of doing the thing."

"I have no doubt. But pray why leave the office for your present post? I should have thought your former situation much more comfortable—perhaps not so lucrative?"

"Quite mistaken, sir:" he gave himself an extra settlement of his neckcloth and chin; "it was not money that changed my place—it was the mind, sir—the mind. I could not submit to such a drudgery, to be chained to desks and smoke—whereas now, sir, I am unfettered—free as the air through which we fly."

"Free enough to be sure, as far as it goes—but think of the vicissitudes of the weather—the—"

"Nothing, sir, mere nothing—if it rains, I put on my coat, which has weathered many a storm—if dry, why it is but putting it off again—if cold, I muffle up—if hot, dress light—I am always hearty—never ail; for I do not, as coachee, fill my inside with combustibles. When my time comes for rest I sleep like a top, and awake strong and hearty and fit for any thing. What, sir, are a few dusts and storms, or even upsets? Can you tell me what state of life is free from such? I think I have as few as any, and quite as many pleasures. Only notice the cheerful smiles that salute one as we pass along, not even the king himself could have more, and not perhaps half so sincere; only think how all the pretty girls, wherever we stop, are delighted with the attentions of Mr. Guard, and seek his favour. I think, sir, you cannot possibly have considered all these things before."

"Most certainly not, guard; and I

am the more indebted to you for thus opening my eyes to see the advantages of your enviable condition."

"You're vastly welcome, sir, I'm sure; always glad to be of use."

My sides, however, and adjacent parts now became so sore from my unyielding resting place, that I was at length compelled to change my position. I did this, however, with the less regret, as we were now approaching the end of our stage; and although by my removal I could no longer converse with my philosopher, I had the better opportunity of observing his proceedings.

At almost all the cottages at the entrance of the village, were some of the inhabitants waiting to see us pass by. My friend seemed to know them all—and all him. "How are you Betty?" "Better John." "Quite hearty, I see, Dick," passed about with the air of an old acquaintance. If he saw a pretty girl; "Ah, Polly, you rogue! if you ogle me in that ere wicked way, I'll tell Thomas;" or if an ugly one, "How do, my dear?" He had a word for every one, and every one seemed pleased with it. He seemed, indeed, in every thing to have a way of doing the thing; even in the meanest offices of his situation, there was evidently a manner peculiar to himself.

While changing the horses he marched round the coach, examined the linch pins, and scrutinized our new team in a most knowing philosophical manner, and then, stretching himself out, strutted up and down the inn yard with no inconsiderable effect.

A rosy cheeked damsel, with her milk-pail, at this juncture passed by our vehicle. "Fie, Sally!" called out my gentleman, putting his hand before his face in mock sheepishness, "to follow me in this fashion; you might at least wait until we're married."

The girl laughed, "Marry you, indeed!"

"To be sure, Sally; you pretend to be shy, do you? but never mind, we understand each other—I say, Sally," he feigned a whisper, "when's the happy day? I'm all impatience."

"Nay, nay, it's not come to that yet, however."

"I say, Tom," he continued, addressing the ostler, who stood grinning with open jaws, "now be'ant she always running arter me?"

"Ay, Mr. Charles, she be; and she'd kiss you too if she durst."

"Then, egad, I'll accommodate her,"

exclaimed the gentleman, as, suiting the action to the word, he seized her by the waist and gave her a hearty kiss.

The girl did not seem to take it much amiss—she vented, indeed, her pretended indignation with much seeming effect on the poor ostler, who still stood grinning, and who, no doubt, would gladly have come in for his share of the bliss. But, after well boxing him, she appeared in no hurry to get away, and still lingered to hear the guard's "Never mind, Sally, we'll be man and wife by this time next month."

"My word," thought I, "if this be a part of the advantages of his situation, it certainly possesses some enviable satisfactions," for the lass was so really pretty, that I could not altogether avoid envying him his better fortune myself. He might, indeed, have read my thoughts, for, after giving an extra strut or two, he observed to the poor ostler, "You see, Tom, how the girls like us guards," and then smacking his lips, as much as to say, "Egad, how sweet it was," tuned up, "Away with melancholy," and looked more conceited than ever.

"Hang the fellow's impudence," I mentally interjected; "but he certainly has a way of doing the thing." I know not how far his philosophy may be good, but at all events I can answer for his practice—such are most certainly some of the charms of life, there's no denying that, however. It would seem too, to be a natural consequence of his situation, for he took it so entirely as a matter of course. I must however admit, that it was quite a new inquiry to me, and that I had most certainly never considered all these things before.

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## A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

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PASSING through the south of France in the autumn of 1828, I heard related the particulars of the following story. The events, which were then of recent occurrence, had excited deep and general commiseration, and they are, indeed, as tragical as any that have darkened the annals of domestic life.

About the close of the preceding spring, a lady arrived at Bayonne, accompanied by a youth of delicate and prepossessing appearance. He was her only son; on whom, since his father's death, her hopes more anxiously depended, but whose

declining state of health at this time had rendered her fears predominant. Indications of constitutional weakness had of late given some grounds to dread the approach of consumption; and by the advice of her physician, and prompted by her own apprehensions, Madame Armand had journeyed with her son from their home in Normandy, to seek for him the more beneficial climate of the southern provinces, which, with the change of scene, it was hoped, would check the threatened advance of this malady. Madame Armand had some letters of introduction to Bayonne, in whose neighbourhood it was her intention to procure a residence for her son, and it was her desire to board him with some respectable family, where he would be secure of the attentions so grateful to the invalid, and might enjoy the cheerfulness of society, without being exposed to its irritations and fatigue. In answer to her inquiries on this subject, she was given to understand that the advantages she was in quest of were likely to be obtained, could a *pension* be procured in the family of Salicetti, a farmer-general, very favourably known, and who possessed a mansion pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Bayonnæ.

Having received the most agreeable impression from the beauty and air of repose which hung around the scenery of Chateau Valette, she sought an interview with Salicetti. She stated to him the object of her visit, and felt disappointed when he evinced some reluctance to meet with her proposal. There was much, however, to excite interest in the appearance of the young man himself, and the maternal solicitude expressed in the countenance of Madame Armand had the effect of awakening in the wife of Salicetti a sympathy which passes quick between the breasts of mothers, and which, in the present instance, pleaded powerfully in behalf of the former lady, who, before her departure, had the gratification to find that Salicetti had acceded with cordiality to her wishes. In a few days, Henry Armand became an inmate of Chateau Valette, and his mother, with reanimated hopes, bade farewell to the family, returning to the north, from whence necessary affairs did not permit her to be longer absent.

The character of Salicetti was one which wins the good will of mankind, and not undeservedly. Its features were free from the guise of art, or the tricks of cold and artificial politeness. With

a little deficiency of exterior softness, he was a man endowed with generous feeling, and with honourable principles, in the expression of which he was always prompt and sincere. He possessed, perhaps over highly, the glowing temperament of his Pyrenean clime, but its ebullitions, though liable to be misdirected, naturally tended to the side of liberality and justice. By the careful improvement of a slender patrimony, and by his frank and honest bearing, he had advanced his station in society, and had eventually become one of the most respected of that class in France denominated farmers-general. He had married a young and pretty provençale of good connexions, to whose beauty he was not insensible, but in whose gentle affections, and characteristic virtues as a wife, he had still greater reason of reconciliation to the domestic lot. And though some few years younger than himself, the inequality was not such as to be incompatible with the relationship they had mutually formed. One daughter had been the fruit of their union; little Madeline, a child now four years old, whose beauty and airy play diffused within their compass a summer gladness, and drew still closer around her parents the ties of home. Prizing thus the happiness which flowed within the circle of his dwelling, we may explain the doubtful acquiescence of Salicetti in the admission of a stranger to his fireside, where even trivial changes are sometimes apprehended, as sufficient to alter the current of accustomed and cherished enjoyment.

Among their dependents, and the neighbouring villagers, Salicetti with his wife, enjoyed a merited popularity. He was the liberal patron of the village festival, where his presence was hailed with pleasure, and in vintage time was happy to promote those rustic gaieties, so congenial to the spirit of that jocund season. His wife, while indulgent to this holyday gladness, had yet stronger claims on the hearts in many a cottage-home. She was a "friend in misery too," and to the sorrowing and the sick was ever a willing visitor—exercising the charities of a benevolent nature—and diffusing, by her gentle sympathy with human ills, more benefit and solace than the hand of science is often able to bestow. Need we then wonder that, in "huts where poor men live," so many tongues were ready to welcome and bless the wife of Salicetti?

Henry Armand soon became domesticated in Chateau Valette. Obliging and unaffected manners wore away all feeling of restraint, and his society communicated an agreeable interchange of thought and event to the little circle of Salicetti. He was a lover of nature, and had a taste for scenery, formed amid the landscapes of his native Normandy. To gratify this taste, and as promotive of health, he frequently accompanied Salicetti to various parts of the country, which, in the course of his avocations, the latter had occasion to visit; and it was not long ere he felt the restorative agency of exercise, and the cheerful impressions from new and smiling objects. When not engaged in these excursions, his time was pleasantly occupied with books, with music, and other tasteful pursuits, or in visiting with Madame Salicetti, for kindly purposes, the surrounding cottages, where he was received with a simple and hearty regard. Such were the circumstances at Chateau Valette, producing an amount of happiness, which they who try the more ambitious modes of life have seldom purchased, with all their "means and appliances to boot." But change is the doom of mortality, and there is little security for human joys. Of this, the sequel to the history of Salicetti affords a melancholy instance; and it needs not to dwell long on its painful recital.

There are some in the world so unenviably constituted, that to them the happiness of others is an offence, and a joy it is to see the fabric of that happiness destroyed. One of this class had already marked Salicetti for a victim, and commenced to execute the plan of his malignity. One night the following anonymous letter was handed to Salicetti:—"Salicetti, a friend bids you take heed—be not careless of your honour with the stranger and your wife." The suggestion had the effect, for a moment, of sickening the soul of Salicetti; but it quickly gave way to a sounder feeling, to the confidence, hitherto unshaken, in the virtue of his wife, and to a rush of burning indignation at the vile asperser of his house. Regard to the feelings of others prevented him from making any disclosure of the circumstance, and he had himself nearly succeeded in banishing the irritation from his own thoughts, when another secret and similar communication reached him. This was less laconic than the first, insidiously adducing each

“thin, airy circumstance” as confirmations of unfaithful conduct, and giving such a colour to particulars as was fitted to kindle and mislead the open and too vehement temper of Salicetti—finally, professing that nothing save a disinterested zeal for his honour could have induced the writer to inflict the laceration of a recital so unhappy.

The contending emotions which were now excited, Salicetti struggled vainly to allay. The poison had been absorbed, and rankled with a subtle power. At times, when the conviction that his fears were causeless had almost prevailed, and his breast felt relieved of a hideous oppression, would withering doubts return, and wrap his thoughts in darkness. But it is easy to conceive the progress of a passion so well known, in a mind whose character was more passionate far than reflective. It is sufficient to state, that the unhappy Salicetti soon suffered all the wretchedness of a “mind diseased.” Difficult as was the task, he had hitherto been able to control his emotions before the individuals, unconsciously their cause, nor had he practised any unworthy artifice to confirm or impeach the innocence of the suspected parties. But this state of restraint and suspense was too intolerable to be long endured, and he resolved to end it. He accordingly intimated one morning that he had to set out on business for the little town of C—, which would detain him for a few days. His intention was to return unexpectedly at night, prepared with some fitting reason for having deferred his journey till the following day.

Night came, and Henry Armand had retired to rest, accompanied by little Madeline, whose childish fancy to sleep with him had occasionally been indulged. Her mother had completed the last domestic cares, and was also about to seek repose, when a person called to solicit her presence for a little in a cottage hard by. A young girl lay there very ill, in whom she was much interested, and she proceeded straightway to the cottage. While she was forth on this benevolent errand, Salicetti entered the garden, which lay extended behind the chateau. It was a dewy eve—one of more than ordinary beauty—the moonlight sleeping sweetly on the banks, and the air full of lingering aromas, exhaled during the day from a thousand flowers. They, who with unquiet thoughts have been placed in scenes of

such placid repose, can tell what an exquisite appreciation they have of their beauty, which yet they cannot enjoy for the care within. As Salicetti approached his dwelling, every object around him was fitted to fill the sense with pleasure, but these only made him now feel more acutely the loss of his internal peace. Judging from the stillness within, that the household was at rest, he advanced to the door which opened on the garden, and felt inly startled at finding it open; he entered softly, and proceeded to the chamber of his wife. To avoid alarm by too abrupt an entrance, he knocked gently on the door, but to this summons no reply, of course, could be returned. Pausing yet a moment, he entered the room—his eye quickly searched and found it vacant. The imagination may picture the effect of this discovery on the morbid mind of Salicetti. Driven by a crowd of dis-tempered fancies, he hurried to the apartment of Henry Armand.

Through the latticed window the moon-beams streamed into the little chamber. Salicetti beheld two reposing forms, and deemed that the proof of his dishonour was before him. In frenzied rashness he drew a poniard from his breast, plunging it into the bosom of her he believed his guilty wife. Scarcely was the fatal act committed, when his ear caught the sound of a light coming footsteps. He turned—he called aloud—“Who goes there?” His wife appeared. She stood with looks of anxiety and surprise. Salicetti was smote as if an unearthly apparition had met his gaze. He stood, but for a while had no voice of utterance to her inquiries. At length, between the pauses of hot and hurried breathing, he put a few eager questions, which she answered with rapidly increasing alarm—explaining the cause of her absence from the house;—“And Madeline,” cried he, “where is the child?” Reply was made to this question, when a sickly spasm shook the frame of Salicetti as he ejaculated, “Eternal horror, I have murdered my child!” In another moment he had driven the dagger into his own heart. His hapless wife was spared this sight, for, overwhelmed with the electric rush of misfortune, she had sunk, cold and unconscious as the marble floor on which she fell. Well had it been for her, had she never awoke from that icy trance.

E. L. J.

## MISCELLANIES.

## SENSIBILITY.

LORD Buchan, who, with many amiable virtues, possessed a full equivalent of amiable weaknesses, conceiving Scott to be dying (at a former period of his life), waited upon Mrs. Scott, and begged her to intercede with her illustrious husband to allow himself to be buried in Dryburgh Abbey. "The place," says his lordship, "is very beautiful—just such a place as the poet loves; and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer." Scott smiled when told of the circumstance, and promised Lord Buchan the refusal, since he was so solicitous. His lordship, however, took up his last lodging in the abbey long before his illustrious neighbour,

## LORD NORTH.

WALKING one day into the china shop of Fog and Son, Lord North said to one of the partners, "This strange coalition of yours, sir, will soon be at an end; one of the principals must shortly obtain an ascendancy, for *fog* will either eclipse *sun*, or *sun* chase *fog*; so that, you see, the partnership cannot last." Two brothers having realized handsome fortunes by their commercial transactions with government, Lord North nicknamed one of them a rogue *in spirit*, in allusion to his *rum* contract, and the other a rogue *in grain*, some of his dealings in *corn* having elevated him to the pillory. To a friend who had asked him what could be his brother's motive for marrying Miss Bannister, he replied, "Why, to confess the truth, I can say but little for either her beauty or her fortune; but, with regard to family, it is different, for I hear she is nearly related to the *stairs*." He was frequently upbraided for snoring on the treasury bench, during the discussion of important topics. While Alderman Sawbridge was speaking in favour of annual parliaments, he raised a laugh among the opposition, by calling the attention of the house to the noble premier, who was drowsily nodding in his place. Lord North, however, protested that he was not asleep while the alderman spoke; "but," added he, "I wish to heaven I had been!"

## CURIOUS CALCULATION.

THERE is but little encouragement for authors in the following statement, lately made by some ingenious and pains-

taking Frenchman. We do not vouch for its accuracy, not being advised of the data upon which it is founded, but if it be true, it ought to furnish a panacea for the *cacoethes scribendi*. The work from which we translate, says, that in Great Britain one thousand books are published per annum; on six hundred of which there is a commercial loss, on two hundred no gain, on one hundred a trifling gain, and only on one hundred any considerable profit. Seven hundred are forgotten within the year, another hundred in two years, and one hundred and fifty of the remainder in three years; that only fifty survive seven years, and of these scarcely ten are thought of, or known, after the lapse of even twenty years.

That of the fifty thousand books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in circulation; and of the eighty thousand published in the eighteenth century, not more than three hundred are considered worth re-printing for a second edition, and not more than five hundred are sought after now. Since the first writings, fourteen hundred years before Christ, that is, in thirty-two centuries, only about five hundred works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time. Pleasant tidings, these, for such as have hopes of fame in the ranks of authorship!

## FRENCH PISTOLS.

GENERAL Gardanne, the French ambassador, on his introduction to Mohammed Aly Meerza, had presented him with a very fine pair of rifle-barrelled pistols, made at Paris, the barrels of which, the general assured the prince, were worked with such nicety, that a ball delivered from them would fly to the distance of twenty yards, so true as to strike invariably the centre of a piastre, a piece about the size of our half-dollar. The prince had received the general in a room which opened to a large walled court, and from the spot where his highness was seated to the wall was pretty much the distance for which the general had vaunted the precision of his pistols. As soon as he was dismissed, the prince, turning to his secretary, who was standing by him, said, "come, let's try the Frenchman's pistols; go and hold out your hand against the wall." The astonished and trembling secretary, after some remonstrance, found himself obliged to obey, and stand the shot. The prince fired, and fortunately missed the mark.

AUSTRALASIAN MODE OF PROCURING  
FOOD.

LIKE all savages, whose subsistence is precarious, they can go long without food, frequently fasting for several days together; but, when they have abundance, gorging enormously. They rarely think of the future, so as to provide for its necessities; yet, in one instance, they shew singular sagacity even of this kind. They get the limb of a large tree, the thickness of a man's thigh, and plant it in the water. Presently a certain kind of grub bores holes in this stake, where it thrives and multiplies so rapidly, that, in no long time, the wood becomes like a honey-comb, full of cells, containing these delicacies. The natives then take it out of the water, cleave it in pieces, and riot on its animal contents. They throw the spear with amazing precision and force, often killing wild ducks, herons, and other birds on the wing.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY PICTURE.

AMONG the public buildings of Madrid well deserving the attention of strangers, is a "Cabinet of natural history;" which, notwithstanding its name, contains a great number of exquisite works of art. Among others, in one of the salas or halls, is a singular painting by Antonio de Pereda; it is called the "Desengano de la vida," which cannot be literally translated into English, but which means "the discovery that life is an imposture." A caballero, about thirty years of age, handsome and graceful, is represented asleep, and around him are seen all those things in which he has found enjoyment. Upon one table lie heaps of gold, books, globes, and implements of study; upon another are the wrecks of a feast; musical instruments are scattered here and there; magnificent mirrors and paintings adorn the walls; and on the floor lies a jewel-box, which has dropped from the hand that hangs over the couch where he reclines; and a miniature of a beautiful woman has fallen out of it. But in the air, opposite to the sleeper, is seen the vision of an angel, who holds a scroll, with certain words inscribed upon it, which the painter has left for the imagination to decipher, and which may be naturally interpreted, "Let all pass, eternity lies beyond;" and the countenance of the sleeping figure shews not only that he sees a vision—but there is something in it so placid, so resigned, that it seems to express an acquiescence

in the advice of the angel—"Yes, it is all a cheat."

## DUTCH GARDEN AT BROCK.

A bourgeois of Amsterdam has erected two columns of Carrara marble in front of a brick building on a quay, at an expense of 20,000 florins. His garden exhibits three ponds, greener than his lawn, with every possible specimen of bridge. In a wooded painted pavilion is a priest in costume, with legs crossed and spectacles on nose, reading his breviary, while a fishing rod and line, suspended in the pond at his side, wait for a gudgeon. On a bare and peaked rock, a shepherd of the Alps blows his horn, without prevailing on a cow in the act of crossing a bridge to advance one step. At the bottom of a massive grove, a villager endeavours to obtain the favours of a coy nymph, who does not appear at all moved by his addresses. A *chasseur* has been planted for twenty years waiting orders to shoot a wild duck, stationed a few yards from the muzzle of his gun, while a group of swans regard the enemy with the utmost *sang froid*. Another amateur has varied the manner of shewing his taste; imitating nature, he has planted a number of yews, and as they grow up, they are converted into chairs, ladders, wild boars, &c. It is difficult to retain your gravity in passing through this chaos of absurdity; especially when you are informed by the pompous proprietor, that his garden is quite in the English style.

*Gordon's Belgium and Holland.*

## THE GOLDEN AGE IN FRANCE.

A French periodical gives the following curious tariff of the value put upon injuries to the person, by the tribunal of correctional police, in the time of Louis the Tenth. The ordonnance was granted at Vincennes, in 1314. For a blow with the hand, twelve deniers. For a blow with a stone, five sous. For taking a person by the throat with one hand, five sous—with two hands, fourteen sous. For spitting in a person's face, five sous. For a blow on the nose without blood, five sous—if there be blood, ten sous. For a kick, ten sous. For a sword-thrust without blood, ten sous—and if there be blood, twenty sous. For a wound with blood above the teeth, thirty sous—below the teeth, fifty-two sous. And for each broken tooth, seven francs and four sous.



P. 371.

### A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF TEDDY O'DONOHU.

It was about a year after our revolution, that Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu arrived in the town of Bergen.

Now the sergeant was as brave a bandy-legged little man as ever cheered a soldier on to battle. He was the son of old Michael O'Donohu, the great prize-fighter from Limerick; but after a while old Michael was gathered to his fathers, and his son Teddy reigned in his stead. The patrimony was small, and caused no litigation, consisting merely of an old pair of cast-off galligaskins, most carefully patched; a bountiful stock of impudence, and a strong natural hankering after a canteen of whiskey; which last inclination was a sort of heirloom in the family, and descending to Teddy in a direct line from both father and mother, was strong in proportion; so that by the time he had reached the age of fifteen, sorrow a boy was there in the whole country round, could judge of the merits of a small jug of whiskey, equal to Teddy O'Donohu.

Shortly after the death of his father, he had crossed over to America, and

during the war had enlisted on the side of the people, with the determination of seeking his fortune; but after having spent several years in the search, and, during the whole war, having only arrived at a sergeant's halberd, he came to the conclusion, that the fortune which belonged to him was scarcely worth having, and sagely determined to give up the pursuit.

Setting out with this wise resolution, from that time the sergeant had never been known to trouble his head about the fortune; and if he could only contrive to assemble with three or four of his boon-companions over a canteen of whiskey, and relate the exploits performed by himself during the war, the sergeant was in his glory. He was excellent, also, in running up scores in the different bar-rooms in the neighbourhood; and there was not a tavern within ten miles of his residence (that is, of the place where he was most frequently seen), but could point out a score chalked up as long as your arm, while the initials, T. O'D., very conspicuously brought up the rear.

But although the sergeant was thus villanously out of credit with the landlords, yet the scores contrived to wax

larger and larger; for, to tell the truth, he had a mighty winning way with him, and many were the sly glasses handed to him with a smile while the husbands were absent, attending to their out-door concerns. And the women, heaven bless them! all thought it mighty hard that the evil of an empty stomach should be added to that of empty pockets, which it was already well known pressed heavily upon the sergeant; so that never a day passed without his having received his full complement of whiskey, and retiring to bed in what he termed "glorious case," but what another would call pretty considerably well fuddled.

But to proceed to my narrative. It was upon a stormy evening, not very long after the revolution, that the inhabitants of the only inn in the little town of Bergen had gathered around a cheerful fire, which was blazing in the huge chimney-place; the rain poured in torrents, the landlord edged his chair nearer to the fire, while gradually his head and shoulders settled down into the cushion formed by his ponderous abdomen. The landlady was busily engaged in plying her knitting-needle. A large gray cat was lolling in the ashes at their feet, with all that air of self-satisfaction which denotes a pampered favourite, occasionally breaking the silence by a lazy good-natured pur. Still the wind roared on, as if the spirits of the storm had been let loose, and were bursting over the earth in fierce and joyous revelry; for a few moments it would hush up, and then again it howled forth like the yell of some tortured demon, and with a violence that shook the whole building to the foundation.

It was during one of these intervals that a tremendous knocking was heard at the door.

"Mynheer, dere ish somebody vot knocksh," screamed the landlady.

"Yaw," drawled the landlord, as his head and shoulders slowly emerged from the huge abyss of his portentous stomach.

Rap, rap, rap, again thundered at the door.

"Dere ish somebody vot ish hurried;" said the landlord, scratching his head, but without moving from his chair.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Mein heavens! dere ish plenty of time," shouted the Dutchman, now springing to his feet and moving towards the door; for the last application was made with a vehemence that made the whole building ring, and threatened to dash the door from its hinges.

But the motions of great bodies are

slow; and the landlord was not an exception to the general rule, for ere he had reached more than half way across the room, rap, rap, rap, was again heard, and the door flew open before the energetic blows of the traveller: and, dripping with rain, he burst into the room.

A leather military cap was cocked sideways upon a mop of carrotty hair, and was intended to screen a face, which deep and incessant potations had covered with a continual blush; an old military undress coat was buttoned tightly over his broad brawny shoulders; and two short, thick, bandy legs were almost lost in a most capacious pair of blue kersey pantaloons, considerably the worse for wear. In fine, it was our friend, Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu, who had been thus scurvily treated, and who now stalked up to the landlord with all the fury of a mad bull.

"A word with ye, you ould black-guard. What is it ye mane, by kapein' a gintleman, and that's meself, a drippin' and a drownin' in sich a rain like this; especially when he's willin' to pay for all that he calls for? If you had your desarts, you'd nivir been born, you ould thief you!"

For a long time the sergeant continued furious, paying no attention either to the apologies or pacific speeches of the landlord; but after railing and abusing until completely out of breath, he at last consented to listen to reason, and in a short time peace was restored—his clothes were dried, and long ere bed-time the sergeant was perfectly at his ease. He joked with the bar-maid, who had come simpering in with a large jug of home-brewed—he chucked the landlady under the chin—and he drank glass for glass with the landlord—although, now and then, the perplexing thought would come over him, "how is this all to be paid for in the mornin'?" But as it was one of his maxims never to puzzle his brains about subjects which it was not easy to elucidate, he determined to let the morning take care of itself, and continued drinking for the rest of the evening, without troubling his head about the matter. It was late in the night when they had finished the jug; and the landlord, taking up the light, led the way, while the sergeant reeled after him to his bed-room.

It was a dull dingy-looking room; on one side was nailed a shelf, upon which were standing two large dirty glass rummers, probably left there by the last tenant; in one corner was placed a broad wooden table, covered with crumbs of



bread and the pieces of a broken pipe ; and in the opposite corner was resting a dirty-looking bed, the intended resting-place of the sergeant. At its foot was a large wooden chest, probably intended as the receptacle for the clothes of the inmates ; and in front of a fire-place, filled with ashes and burnt cinders, was standing a small oaken settee, which completed the furniture of the apartment.

But neither the disarray of his room, nor the slovenliness of his bed, troubled the sergeant ; he threw off his clothes upon the lid of the chest, tumbled upon the bed, and the music of his nose soon bore ample testimony to the soundness of his slumbers. How long he slept he knew not ; but he was at length awakened by a shrill ringing laugh which burst in upon his ear, and seemed to proceed from the opposite side of the room. The sergeant started up in the bed, and rubbed his eyes. The candle, which was standing upon the table, had burnt nearly to the socket, while a tall black cap of snuff was hanging upon the end of the wick, and throwing a dim melancholy light through the chamber. The sergeant looked around the room, but seeing nothing, was again yielding to his soporiferous feelings—when chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again sounded in his ears.

Again he started up in his bed ; and now, in front of him, upon the floor, he saw a little broad-sterned Dutch-looking figure, scarce a foot high, with an immense cocked hat perched upon the top of his head, skipping up and down the room with all the agility of a Parisian rope-dancer. At last he paused opposite the sergeant, his eyes began to twinkle and twinkle, his broad little mouth began to spread—it opened—and chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, came pouring out with a vivacity that fairly caused his fat little body to quiver.

“ Is it awake that I am ! ” exclaimed the sergeant, rubbing his eyes with one hand, and raking his head with the five prongs of the other.

Again the eyes of the little man began to twinkle, again his mouth opened, and again chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, burst forth.

Now the sergeant, who was a brave man, and feared nothing earthly or unearthly, began to wax wrath at the repeated chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, of his jolly little room-mate ; to be awakened from a sound sleep was bad enough, but to be laughed at into the bargain—it was intolerable, and the sergeant was not the

man to put up with it : his hair bristled up with anger, and the carbuncles on his nose grew fiery red. But, as he was scrupulously honourable in all his movements, he determined, before proceeding to extremities, to afford to his little room-mate an opportunity of exculpating himself ; and knowing that the only method of holding a conversation with a ghost or hobgoblin, or any animal of that species, was to open the way, he accordingly commenced :—

“ Let me tell you, ould gintleman, that I look upon this conduct of yours as mighty improper, not to say ungintlemanly.”

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again burst from the lips of the little man, as he threw himself at full length upon the floor, unable to support himself under the convulsive bursts of merriment which threatened to shake to pieces his oily little carcass.

“ It’s meself that will tache you manners, and will give you a little corriotion that will be highly binifical to yourself and improvin’ to your iddication,” said the sergeant, as he stepped from the bed to seize upon his little friend, but he was gone.

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, rattled a voice from the opposite side of the room, and, turning around, the sergeant beheld his fat little acquaintance standing with his arms akimbo, nearly splitting his sides with laughter, while the tears were pouring in small rivulets down his oyster-like cheeks.

The sergeant waxed furious at being thus baffled by a man of such insignificant proportions, and commenced a hot pursuit around the room, but the little fellow was too nimble for him ; at one time he was in front of him, at another he was behind him ; he skipped from the floor to the bed, from the bed to the table, from the table to the shelf, and as the sergeant reeled after him he only succeeded in scraping the skin from his limbs, and bringing his nose violently in contact with the wall, all which he set down to the account of the little man—to be wiped off when he should succeed in capturing him. At last he had completely cornered him, there appeared no way of escape, he was sure of him, he balanced himself steadily upon his legs, and bringing his eyes to bear upon him, he made a plunge at him with all his force ; but again the little man eluded his grasp, and darted between his legs, while the head of the sergeant came in contact with the wall with all the force

of a battering-ram. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again rung in his ear, and ere he had time to recover himself the little man bounced upon his back; and clasped his arms round his throat,

"Ah, ha! have I caught you at last?" shouted the sergeant; "but aisy, now; you're chokin' me, you divil; be aisy; its ungentlemanly."

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again pealed out from the mouth of his rider.

"Is it laughing you are? by my soul, it's meself that will put a stop to that," exclaimed the sergeant, seizing hold upon the arms that encompassed his neck.

But the arms were immovable, and it was in vain that he tugged and tugged: the little man grew peevish, and at last downright angry, and commenced hammering with his heels into the sides of the sergeant until he fairly roared.

"Let loose your grip, ould gintleman," exclaimed he, "and the bating that I'll give you will be nothing to the one that I intinded for you at first."

But the little man liked not the terms, and still continued his hold upon his neck, while thump, thump, still rattled his heels against the ribs of the sergeant. The sergeant waxed furious, and the legs waxed vigorous, as they flew to their full stretch from beneath the little broad-tailed coat, and were brought back into the sides of the soldier with a violence that nearly annihilated him, and completely baffled all his attempts to keep count of the score which was thus rapidly running up on his ribs.

The face of the Irishman grew black with passion, and he poured forth volleys of oaths, with a most impartial indifference both as regards quantity and quality; but they sufficed not, for his rider still maintained his position, plying his legs as briskly as ever.

Now the sergeant had a stock of patience, but it was a small one, and soon exhausted, and he determined to get rid of his tormentor at all hazards.

He writhed and he twisted, he bounced about the room, he rolled upon the floor, he dashed his back against the wall; but in vain: his little friend was too quick for him; when he rolled upon the floor, he was standing by his head, waiting for him to get up, and when he dashed himself against the wall, he was by his side, until he had got through, and nearly broken his own bones by the manœuvre; but no sooner had he finished, than he was again upon his back, plying his heels as vigorously as ever,

while chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again grated in the ear of the discomfited Irishman.

At last the sergeant, finding that the fate of the war was against him, determined to try the effect of expostulation,

"I'd like to ax you a question, you blackguard—is it gintlemanly in you to kape hammerin' and hammerin' in my ribs in sich a manner, and having no more regard to my convanience than if meself was an empty rum-puncheon? And now let me till you, that it's perfectly unpliant, and altogether improper, to say the laste of it."

Again the hearty chuckle of the little man announced his enjoyment of the prank, while his heels worked away more vigorously than ever.

"Aisy now, ould gintleman; for the divil a rib will there be lift, if I'm to be straddled and hammered at sich a rate till morning. Whist! a word in your ear," said he, with a winning air, and laying his finger along the side of his nose: "Isn't it a compromise that we might make, that's honourable to both, and disgraceful to nather?"

The little man again chuckled, and opening his mouth for the first time, condescended to speak:—"Sergeant O'Donohu."

"Here," shouted the sergeant, as his military habits were, for a moment, revived by this call upon his name.

"I know that very well," returned the little man; "here you are, and here you are likely to remain, unless we can agree upon the terms of the compromise."

"Is it the terms? oh, iny thing."

"Well, then, as regards the beating with which you threatened me?"

"Was I sich a fool as to threaten that?"

"You most certainly did."

"Och! it's mistaken that you are, but niver mind, we'll say nothing more about that; and now my little fellow jist have the goodness to get off my shoulders."

"Stop, stop," quoth the little man, "not so fast; what pledge am I to have that you will keep to the terms?"

"The word of a soldier and a gintleman."

"Enough; honour is a thing I respect," answered the little man; "and now, sergeant, bend down, so that I may get from your shoulders without injuring my limbs, and we'll seal the compact over a bottle of whiskey."

"Och, you're a beauty," shouted the delighted sergeant. "I knowed, by the smell of your breath, that the whiskey you've been raised on is iligant. But methinks, my little fellow, that you were so mighty spry a short time ago, it could not trouble you much to git off my shoulders in the same way that you got on."

"Silence!" retorted the other, "that's my business."

"Divil a word will I spake," rejoined the sergeant, as the little man stepped from his shoulders, and bounded upon the table.

Here he paced up and down for some time, until the Irishman, who grew alarmed for his whiskey, thought it best to drop him a slight hint on the subject.

"I should not like to minton the whiskey which we were spakin' about," said he, bowing low, and laying his hand upon his heart—"but honour"—

"Oh, honour bright," answered the other, "it shall be paid;" and, fumbling in his coat-pocket, he drew out a small bottle, which might contain about as much as would fill a moderate-sized wine-glass. "Bring me those two glasses. Ah, ha! sergeant, we'll have a night of it," said he, drawing the cork from the mouth of the flask.

Just then the sergeant, who had been eyeing the size of the flask with a very doubting look, stretched out his glass: "To help company first is manners," said he; "so, if you please, I'll drink first, especially as that flask happens to be most particularly small."

Again the little man chuckled. "Small, sergeant; why, it holds ten gallons."

"Tin gallons! niver."

"Do you doubt my veracity?" quoth the little man, bristling up.

"Doubt your voracity; divil a bit! divil a man that ever laid eyes upon that fat, round stomach of yours, would be apt to do that."

"You are growing personal, sergeant," exclaimed the other, growing red in the face; "take care, or you will lose your whiskey."

"It was altogether unintentional, I assure you," apologized the sergeant; "but about that same whiskey. Is it tin gallons that there is?"

"You shall see," said the little man, who was as placable as he was quick-tempered; "hold out your glass."

The sergeant reached it out, and the other poured and poured, until the large

rummer was filled to the brim, and still the quantity in the bottle appeared undiminished.

"It's a jewel, that bottle of yours," said the sergeant, eyeing it wistfully.

"It is, indeed, sergeant."

"And the whiskey, it's mighty powerful and intertainin' to the insides."

"It was called excellent at the place from which it came," said the little man.

"You may say that, but where *did* it come from? for if I may believe my own eyes, it comes from no place at all."

"Ah! that's a secret," answered the little man, laying his finger against his nose, with a very quizzical look; "and only known to the initiated."

"The initiated, ph——w, I smell brimstone," retorted the sergeant, shoving back the oaken settle upon which he had seated himself, and feeling for his rosary; for, though a stanch toper, and not particular about his company, he was yet too good a catholic to enter into any compact that might endanger the forlorn hope, which he yet entertained, of sneaking through purgatory, without attracting more attention to himself than was absolutely necessary.

But at this motion the little man grew fidgety; "none of that, sergeant, none of that," said he, "it's uncivil, and I'll not submit to it; but come, fill your glass, an empty glass destroys fellowship."

"Might I take the liberty of asking your name?" said the sergeant, filling his glass.

"Ah, that too is a secret," said the little man, as his eyes began to twinkle, and a smothered chuckle rattled in his throat.

"Well, then, if I might make bould to reckon on sich a subject, your name is ——"

"What?" asked the other.

"No offence, I hope."

"None in the world."

"Why, thin, you are most commonly known by the name of Old Nick," answered the sergeant.

"You have hit it exactly."

"And now, sergeant, that you have discovered who I am, will you tell me what do you think of me? for I hear that some folks have slandered me, representing me as a crusty, ill-natured old fellow, who is continually getting his neighbours into trouble, and, in fact, heaping upon my shoulders the accumulated villainies of every rascal that ever breathed."

"The blackguards!" ejaculated the sergeant.

"But tell me, sergeant, what is your opinion of me?"

"Is it my opinion? Why then it is, that you are a devilish fine old boy, and kape most excellent whiskey in that little bottle of yours. But, I say, Mr. Devil, none of your tricks; none of your compacts; no clawing hold of the soul, I'll not stand that."

"Oh, by no means," returned the other, bowing low; "honour! sergeant, honour! but still I should like to see a specimen of your hand-writing: suppose you merely write your name upon this piece of paper, said he, reaching out a long roll of paper, covered with cabalistical characters.

"On that paper? divil a particle of it," answered the Irishman, who strongly suspected a snare.

"Well, then, try on this parchment," said the little man, smiling.

"Divil a letter."

"Then, you 'll not sign it?"

"Divil a bit."

"And the whiskey."

"It 's beautiful."

"You will please to hand me the *rhino* for what you have already drunk."

"Is it the money you mane?" asked the sergeant.

"Exactly," was the laconic reply.

Now the little man well knew that deuce a copper was there in the sergeant's pocket, but to tell the truth he was not more fully aware of this than the sergeant himself; however he boldly walked up to the chest, and commenced fumbling over and over his pockets, which had been fumbled and fumbled a hundred times before, and with like success; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, for he now began to tremble for the safety of his soul, but still he ransacked in the deep abyss, for he well knew that it could not want much of daylight, and could he but keep the devil at bay till then, he might not only save his soul, but cheat him out of the pay for his whiskey into the bargain. But the little man seemed to know this too, for he grew impatient.

"I 'm a little pressed for time, and will trouble you for that money as quick as convenient," said he, at the same time extending his hand.

"Och, its funnin' you are," answered the sergeant, with a coaxing air, "for divil a copper has seen the inside of my pocket for this many a long day."

"Then you 'll sign the paper?" said

the little man, with a winning smile, at the same time extending to him a small steel pen.

"That 's perfectly impossible," returned the sergeant.

"Then I am to understand that you will neither sign nor pay?"

"That 's it exactly."

"Then, here 's my respect to you," said he, and seizing the sergeant by the nose, he wrung it until it fairly hissed; he sprung to the floor, dragging the body of the sergeant at his heels; he raced round and round the room; he battered the body of the sergeant against the wall; at one time his crooked legs were scraping against the chimney corner, the next they rattled against the table; still the little man raced on until fairly out of breath, and until every limb of the yelling sergeant bore testimony to the good will of his little friend; at last the cock crowed.

"Whiz! I 'm off," shouted the little man; "but you 'll go along, sergeant;" and darting to the fire-place, he flew up the chimney, still pulling the unfortunate sergeant by the nose; but here his broad shoulders befriended him, for though the flue was sufficiently large to admit the escape of the little man, the sergeant stuck in the gap, and brought up so suddenly, that the grip slipped from his nose, and he fell heavily back into the room.

It was late the next morning when the bar-maid, coming up to awaken the sergeant for breakfast, found him snugly seated in the fire-place, while his nose was holding forth in a most delectable soliloquy. A hearty shaking soon aroused the sergeant, and shortly afterwards he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, where he related his adventure; he was laughed at by all, but it was afterwards observed, that from that period none of the family could ever be induced to visit that room after sunset; and a few years after, the whole house having gained the reputation of being haunted, was deserted and fell to ruin. How the sergeant settled his bill with the landlord, I never could fully learn; but I have since heard, that for more than a year afterwards, there appeared upon the side of the bar a long row of chalk-marks, the meaning of which no one could divine; but what puzzled them more than all, was the appearance of the three hieroglyphics which stood beneath, and which, after close inspection, it was discovered were intended to represent the letters,  
T. O. D.

## NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

## Ancient Coins.

We seldom take up our pen to notice *seriatim* the productions which the press, like a great volcano, is constantly issuing; generally contenting ourselves with detaching from each mass, in which gems are discernible, some passage of thought or interest, such as from affording us pleasure, we judge may touch a similar chord in the breast of our readers.

The work, which we thus introduce to notice, is entitled, *A descriptive Catalogue of a Cabinet of Roman Imperial large Brass Medals*. By Captain William Henry Smyth, R. N., who while pursuing his professional avocations, has imbibed, and well cultured, a taste for antiquarian as well as astronomical pursuits, and is already known to the literary world by a most interesting "Memoir of Captain Beaver," and accounts of the islands of Sicily and Sardinia; from the latter work we lately gave our readers an extract.

It would seem to be almost superfluous, in the present day, to call the reader's attention to the importance of medallist studies, since it is by means of ancient coins that we are saved from much confusion in the history of past times; which Lord Bolingbroke so aptly describes as "Philosophy teaching by example." By coins we are enabled to fix, with exactness, the occurrence of events, and the identity of persons, which without them would be a perfect chaos.

One point should not be forgotten in the consideration of this subject, viz. the ancients being unacquainted with that valuable invention—the printing press—made the national coinage their record of all important occurrences, whether of victories or reverses of fortune; of visits to the provinces, or the bestowal of privileges; of the typifications of the deities they worshipped, or the virtues they venerated; all, all are alike depicted on these enduring monuments of the most surprising era in the history of the human race.

But we will let our author speak for himself; only premising, that however interesting the body of the work may be to Numismatic readers, the introductory observations will be most generally acceptable.

"The study of medals has been branded with the epithet of pedantry, by illiterate persons, or such as have only heard of the fancies or visions of pre-

tended *virtuosos*. If, however, the study of history is deserving of attention, nowhere will be found more sure or unsuspecting vouchers for its truth, than in these small but durable monuments of the power and arts of ancient Rome. Considering the very numerous public and private collections which exist throughout Europe, and the great convenience they afford of ready reference, it is only surprising that we should meet with any well educated person to whom they are entirely unknown. Yet extraordinary instances of such ignorance occasionally occur, even where the possession of some valuable coins might naturally have prompted an inquiry concerning them. Such want of knowledge exposes the possessors of such rarities to many mortifications; it deprives them of the pleasure of justly estimating the value of what they possess, makes them the dupes of such as are interested in deceiving, and occasions severe disappointment when they meet with a good judge who is honest enough to tell the truth. I was once much amused by seeing a coin unrolled from a paper with great care and solemnity, which turned out to be nothing more than a Hadrian worn almost smooth. Its owner was highly pleased when told that it was undoubtedly genuine, but proportionably disappointed and incredulous when informed that its value might be "about three-pence." But this was nothing to the blunder of a pretended Connoisseur in the south of France, who, after shewing me a wretched medley of worthless things, produced, as the most perfect article in his whole collection, a bronze medal, and added in a tone of exultation—*Voilà, monsieur, une médaille unique; c'est du grand philosophe Zenon!*" It was a small brass of the emperor Zeno. For persons who will not take the trouble to be better informed, it is dangerous to dabble in antiquities; and the unhappy mistake of the French virtuoso, reminds me of a worthy English gentleman, who was on the point of sending home an old brass cannon, inscribed with the name of Hadrian, as a proof that gunpowder was known to the Romans.

"He is but a young numismatist who imagines that coins derive their principal value from their metal. The Romans may have made brass medals the depository of their exploits, with more care than gold or silver, under the certainty that, as they did not so much tempt the cupidity of the possessor, or the dishonesty of servants, they were

not so immediately exposed to the danger of the melting pot, and therefore were more likely to be permanently and widely circulated. At all events it is generally admitted, and a thorough knowledge of the subject confirms the opinion, that Augustus reserved for himself and his successors the right of coining gold and silver, and left the brass and copper under the direction of the Senate, whose official signature, as it may be termed, is expressed by the well known sigla S. C. A further confirmation of this implied compact, exists in an inscription found at Rome, and thus given by Gruter—" *Officinatores monetæ avariciæ, argentariæ Cesaris*"— (officers for coining the gold and silver money of the emperor). "Yet there are some who maintain that the Senate had power over the whole mintage of Rome; but though all the brass coins, with very few exceptions, have the " *Senatûs Consultu*," (by decree of the Senate), upon them, the gold and silver, with still rarer exceptions, are without it. Vespasian minted the precious metals before his title was acknowledged in Rome, whereas the brass was only struck when the Senate received him. Albinus appears as Augustus on gold and silver coins, but on the brass series only as Cesar; and it was for assuming the former title that he was put to death. The soundest antiquaries, therefore, look upon the divided privilege of coinage to be satisfactorily established.

"The Mint was a more important institution in ancient Rome than with us, when steam performs the office of numbers of men; and it was more extensive, because its produce was to supply a currency for the world. In the rebellion of the moneyers, under Aurelian, that emperor lost 7000 of his best troops.

"A well selected series of imperial large brass, affords interest and information in the highest degree; and as these coins were struck by sovereigns common to all Europe, they are almost recognizable as the currency of our own country. They offer the most elegant of all the branches of ornamental literature, and have been resorted to by the most distinguished architects, sculptors, poets, and painters, for the grace and dignity with which they are replete. Caraccio, Raphael, Petrarch, Politian, and Rubens were among their warmest admirers; Halley, the astronomer, was no mean medallist; and Flaxman, who himself possessed a collection, was delighted with some of the coins in the cabinet here described. Upon medals are preserved

the entire forms of many ancient edifices, and the attitudes and figures of the most celebrated statues, executed and grouped with a bold and elegant exertion of the mind, as well as of the eye and hand. "In devices of this nature," says Addison, "one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal as in a canto of Spenser." The types on the obverse relate to its great subject, the emperor, whose likeness it bears; and the legends round his bust generally shew what part he took in the administration of public affairs; what civil offices he bore; how many times he had been consul, or had exercised the tribunitian power; and how often he had been saluted "Imperator" by the army.

"On the reverse we find recorded—if he were a man of enterprise and ambition, his exploits; if mild and provident, his benefits: thus they not only register the great military and imperial acts, but also those of peace and utility; such as the remission of taxes, the opening of a road, repairing a port, raising an edifice, or celebration of a festival. In a word, this series exhibits more faithful and striking portraits of the emperors, empresses, and other celebrated personages, for more than three centuries, with their habits and implements, in a style of beauty, boldness, and vigour.

"We learn from Dio, that the Senate ordered the head of Cesar to be stamped upon the money, and that he was the first living personage who had the high honour of having his effigy placed on a Roman medal.

"There are persons who think it lost time to study antiquities with ardour, or tremble at the sneers of those who have no taste for such pursuits. But tastes surely are only deserving of contempt or condemnation, when they are nugatory or mischievous, and whatever really increases our stock of knowledge cannot be brought under either of these categories. Medals, moreover, besides the light they throw upon former times, are highly interesting as works of art; and, furnishing a history of it from its infancy to its decay, they offer a comprehensive, varied, and elegant amusement, less expensive and more convenient than either that of painting or sculpture."

We now give a specimen of one of the Biographs, which precede the coins of each personage, it is that of Marcus Agrippa, the intimate friend of Augustus.

"Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa was born of an obscure, but equestrian family, B. C.

63. As commander of the fleet and prefect of the sea coasts, he gained the naval victory over Sext. Pompey, B.C. 36, and that of Actium, B.C. 31. He was from infancy a companion of Augustus; and having proved his devotion and fidelity, was successively advanced to the highest honours of the state. By marrying Marcella, Agrippa had been received into the imperial family; but to draw the ties still closer, he was made to divorce the niece, and espouse Julia, the daughter of his patron. This event took place B.C. 21, and three years afterwards he was invested with the tribunitian power, an office which Augustus had assumed to prevent his harangues being interrupted by any radical tribune of the people, and also from the authority it gave him over the senate and magistrates, to consolidate his despotism. Agrippa had a family of three sons and two daughters by Julia; and, after a glorious career, died in Campania, on his return from an expedition to Pannonia, B.C. 12, in the 51st year of his age. The emperor, who had hastened to visit his dying friend, was deeply afflicted: he lamented him as the disinterested partner of all his vicissitudes, pronounced his funeral oration, and buried the body in his own mausoleum, declaring that not even death should separate them.

"Agrippa, although said to have retained his rusticity through life, must, from his unblemished integrity and superior qualities, be pronounced one of the greatest public characters that ever appeared, as well as one of the most estimable. He gained signal victories both by land and sea; and by his splendid exploits established the throne of his friend, exploits which Horace confesses himself unequal to celebrate in sufficiently lofty verse. Yet, with all his successes, Agrippa was wise and moderate in his views; he attempted to dissuade Augustus from retaining the imperial power, and refused two public triumphs which the Senate had decreed him. The latter, indeed, may have resulted as well from policy as from contempt of ostentation; for he thereby avoided giving umbrage to the emperor, who was no ways renowned for military achievements; from whatever cause the refusals sprung, they occasioned such pageants being discontinued, except by immediate scions of the imperial family. Agrippa was instrumental in reforming the Senate; and, though reported to be little versed in letters, he composed and published a map of the world. He conveyed the waters of *Virgo*, *Julia*, and *Tepula*,

into Rome, by magnificent aqueducts, at his own expense;\* besides which, he embellished the city with stately edifices: and whoever has enjoyed the glorious flood of light, which still distinguishes the Pantheon from all other fanes, will remember with gratitude the name and virtues of Agrippa."

The original of the emblem of Britannia, first introduced on English money in the reign of Charles the Second, will be found on a second brass coin of Hadrian, of which we here give a fac-simile.



A somewhat similar coin of his successor, Antoninus Pius, is thus described by Captain Smyth:—

"*Obverse*.—ANTONINUS AUG. PIUS P. P. TR. P. COS. III."

(Antoninus Augustus the Pious, father of the country, endued with tribunitian power, and consul for the third time, about A.D. 140.)—"The emperor's head bearded and laureated."

"*Reverse*—BRITANNIA. On the exergum S. C. a martial figure, wearing trowsers under her robes, is seated on a rock, in token of firmness and restored tranquillity, holding a long spear in her left hand, beside her is a shield, which is furnished with a long spike in the centre—the spear and shield testify the warlike disposition of the province; for the Britons were then highly esteemed for their valour and firmness, as may be seen in Pomponius Mela."

Under the coins of Philip Senior, we observe the correction of an important error of Sir Isaac Newton's, with regard to the age of the "Eternal City," a discrepancy of no less than 125 years. Indeed, the Captain appears to have bestowed much pains in verifying the chronology of events throughout the work.

We cannot take leave of our author, without sincerely thanking him for the gratification afforded us by the perusal

\* When the citizens of Rome complained to Augustus of a scarcity of wine, he reprimanded them severely, saying, "Agrippa had provided that no one should perish by thirst."

of his work through the kindness of a friend; we have only to regret that a book, in which there is much that would interest even the general reader, should have its circulation confined to so narrow a compass, from the circumstance of it being privately printed. M. N.

## SONG OF THE WANDERER.

BY DAVID THOMSON.

### I.

I love the shepherd's artless rhymes,  
A shepherd's joys revealing;  
I love the songs of ancient times,  
Their notes of simple feeling:  
They echoed o'er my native hills,  
When last I wandered near them;  
And now my ear with rapture thrills,  
In distant climes to hear them.

### II.

When hopes that could the heart entrance,  
On airy wings have vanished;  
When all the dreams of wild romance  
From memory's page are banished;  
Such strains the heart awhile may soothe,  
'Mid foreign wilds deserted,  
Though all the joys that pleased our youth  
Have one by one departed.

### III.

Sweet as the dream of former years,  
When sleep the eye has shrouded;  
Sweet as the star that oft appears,  
When all the rest are clouded:  
Sweet as the warbler's latest strain,  
When storms the year have shaded;  
Or ling'ring rose that decks the plain,  
When all the rest have faded.

## AVISSE.

FROM a French volume, professing to be an epitome of universal biography, we have selected an article under the above title; which we shall translate for the benefit of our English readers. The sketch is indeed a meagre one; and but briefly recapitulates some of those vicissitudes and sorrows that are almost invariably found attendant upon the man of genius, and in a more particular degree, upon the votary of Parnassus. Our biographer, indeed, attracted our attention by the specimen he afforded us of his subject's poetical talent, in the shape of a fragment of a "Petition to Napoleon Buonaparte;" which is really so forcibly and humorously written, that we regretted only he had not thought proper to indulge us with the whole. What resulted from this application to the "First Consul," we are not informed; but, as that great man, either from inclination or from policy, most bountifully patronized the literary characters of his day, we may reasonably hope the petitioner was by him relieved from the embarrassments he so ably described. Poets have the same right of living by

their wits as men of sublunary minds; and, from the age of *Augustus*, in which flourished a *Virgil* and a *Horace*; through the connecting link of the second Augustan age, which produced a *Dryden*, an *Otway*, and a *Lee*; down to the very age we live in, poets have successfully attacked the purses of the rich in the insinuating forms of an "Humble Dedication," or an "Epistle Dedicatory." *Avisse*, in stepping out of the beaten track, and, in pursuance of the same object, addressing his metrical supplication to the embryo emperor, had a noble precedent for his justification:—*Scarron*—the witty *Scarron*—who circulated *son placet* and *sa requite* indiscriminately among queens and courtézans, marquises and field-marschals, financiers and farmers-general;—and our own countryman, the unfortunate *Savage*, with a modesty equally conspicuous and praise-worthy, inducted himself into the office of a "Volunteer Laureate." And this is but right: for if the Muses destine their votaries to a life of beggary and starvation, it is but an act of retributive justice that their goddess-ships should, at least, fortify them with talents to beg with advantage. But, we are keeping our readers too long from the history of *Monsieur Avisse*, and from so much of his petition as we are enabled to lay before them.

"*Avisse*, a young poet, who shone with some lustre towards the close of the last century, evincing from his infancy an impatency for the acquisition of knowledge and wealth, undertook, in pursuit of these objects, a voyage to the coast of Africa, at an age when youth is generally found seated on the forms of a school. He there lost his sight, and returned to France; being then about eighteen years old. His misfortune did not depress his taste for the sciences; and with the aid of a reader, he continued his studies, improving himself greatly in the art of composition. His abilities procured him the situation of Professor of Grammar, with an appointment of eight hundred francs," (thirty three pounds sterling,) "but this sum inadequately provided for his most pressing necessities. For the purpose of obtaining some relief, he addressed a petition in verse to the First Consul; from which we have selected the following interesting passage:—

Il est plaisant, ce boulangier farouche,  
Qui ne sourit que les jours de paiement,  
Et qui permet que mon malheur le touche,  
Quand il a touché mon argent!  
Jenne et sage heros, ne crois point que je raille,  
Je serais homme à t'envoyer ma taille.



Dans la douleur qui m' accable au-  
jourd'hui,  
Je m'adresse au Consul-suprême;  
Eh bien! j' écrirais à Dieu même,  
Si la poste allait jusqu' à lui.

*Translation.*

My brute of a baker, 'tis really quite droll!  
On a pay-day looks sweeter than honey;  
And comes, he affirms, with my lot to con-  
dole,  
And swears my distresses pierce quite to his  
soul,

But—first does he finger my money!  
Ye striplings and elders think not that I rally,  
By my faith, should you doubt me, I'd shew  
you my tally.

To the Consul-in-chief, now loaded with grief,  
I complain, and for help I beseech him;  
To God (mark me sirs!) wou'd I write for  
relief,

And send Him a letter that shou'd not be  
brief,

If sure that the post-man would reach Him.

“Among the miscellaneous writings of *Avisse*, which have been collected into one volume, are some pleasing fables, and a comedy intitled ‘*La Ruse d’Aveugle*’ (The Blind-man’s Stratagem). He died about the year 1800.”

MEMOIR OF A PAIR OF  
WHISKERS.

“Poor Hodge was troubled with a broad, black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.”  
*Peter Pindar.*

“Come not between a dragon and his rage.”  
*King Lear.*

“*Amb.* Brother, do’st mark  
That puff of hair upon Alouzo’s lip?  
“*Car.* Ay, do I.

“*Amb.* I’ll tell thee what, my brother,  
The time shall come, and we shall live to it,  
When, for that multiplicity of hair,  
Piled, against nature, on an archin’s face,  
The maidens shall give up their hearts! nay,  
more,  
Not only shall a ‘whiskered pandour’ take  
His choicest choice among them—but the jades  
Shall love according to the mustache’s fulness:  
Love him alone who cultivates their growth—  
And love no longer than they flourish there!”  
*Whiskerandos, a Tragedy.*

DOROTHY Meredith was my cousin, my favourite cousin. Nay, she was, most emphatically, my pet.

As for Major Abercrombie Crowbar, public opinion was unanimous! A brave man, undoubtedly, but the last man in creation for a husband. He thought too much of his whiskers.

What could I do? To step between a lover and his mistress is, generally speaking, no trifle. There are cases where it is literally coming “between the dragon and his rage.” But Dorothy Meredith was the finest girl in Lancashire—and my cousin!

What could she see to love in that

baboon, Crowbar? Not that the major was so insufferable, apart from his whiskers. But military men are anti-social; the worst of fathers; the most negligent of husbands. They can’t take a joke. Besides, there was no chance of a war, and he would make a point of not dying these ten years.

It is needless to say that Dorothy Meredith was unrivalled in accomplishments. How could it be otherwise? Six rich uncles had educated her, and she was the legatee of a round dozen of maiden aunts. Of course, there was no such match in the country.

Now for me to stand still and see such a sacrifice—this was manifestly impossible. Understand me: I should not take such ground in any ordinary case, but Major Crowbar’s mustaches were a foot long.

It is true, the thing was not so easily done. Interference of this kind is a delicate business. Open expostulation is out of the question, and friendly remonstrance is only a declaration of war *sub rosa*. It is surprising how a woman will stick to her betrothed “against the field.” If I *knew* that her lover had scraped his mother to death with an oyster-shell, I should only make her a foe for life by the really friendly act of giving her the information. A woman, in such a case, will doubt the testimony of a whole regiment under oath, and the evidence of her own senses into the bargain. Besides, if you could, by some miracle, *convince* her, you would accomplish nothing; for she forgives even more obstinately than she disbelieves; and unless you can actually produce before her eyes a previous living wife and five children (all the *bona fide* property of her suitor), you had much better let *her* alone.

It is obvious, then, that whatever exists of interference, must occur between Major Crowbar and myself. The hope to prevail with Dorothy is altogether desperate.

To be sure, the major sings a good song; and I am told that he can split a man into three pieces with “cut one” of his broad-sword; but he drinks like a fish, and his whiskers are absolutely terrific. *He* marry my cousin with five thousand a-year!

“Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th’ utterance.”

What can Dorothy Meredith possibly see in that fellow? She is my cousin. If she would listen to reason for five minutes! What am I talking about? A woman in love, listen to reason? Poh!

Come what will, it is very plain that this affair must be arbitrated between the major and myself. Talking to *her* is entirely out of the question. The fool! The silly jade! The good-for-nothing, obstinate hussy! Why didn't she fall in love with an ourang-outang, and have done with it?

Besides, these military chaps are so tremendous in the matter of despatch. They have no remote conception of delay. After the place is once fairly invested, nothing will do but a bombardment, an assault, a *coup-de-main*. They can't wait to starve out the garrison. If the thing is to be done at all, say they,

"Then 't were well 't were done quickly."

Thus situated, what could I do? To deliberate was ruin, absolutely ruin. Yet—I paused.

Not that I was afraid of the major. I am afraid of no man. But there was a quiet ferocity in his upper lip, which I fancy few people would contravene just for the fun of it.

Certainly, duels are things to be avoided. I have ever had but one opinion on that subject. This being shot down for another man's benefit, is all wrong. I venture to say, that duels never did any good. They give rise to scandal. They disturb the passions. They make awkward gaps in a family circle. I once knew three brothers out of five killed in duels, in the single month of April. They were April fools. For my own part, I would never sanction a duel, excepting, perhaps, in those very few cases where really there's no getting away from it.

Yet it was unpleasant, very unpleasant—I acknowledge it. The wrong end of a pistol-barrel, levelled, as near as you can judge, at the fourth button, is, to say the least, no joke. And I was no shot. And I happened to know, on the other hand, that the major was no bungler. He had already been the "principal" cause of nine private funerals, and the "second" of forty-odd. Things began to look serious. But what could I do? He had sworn matrimony on my cousin, and I could devise no other way of getting at him.

In short, I decided—not to challenge him—for that, as you shall presently see, would have disconcerted my entire plan—but to make him challenge me. This was a nice point.

When I'm in a quandary, I always look at my watch: it was precisely half past three. "Ha! this is fortunate.

The major takes soup at the Red Lion every day at half-past three."

I laid my plan.

I seated myself within ear-shot of his favourite corner, and called for terrapins and port. I took up the weekly paper, Ha! what's this?

"*Cupid taking Lodgings among the Whiskers!*—We copy the following singular story from a daily paper:—'A coterie of fine ladies received and encouraged the addresses of a company of fine smooth-faced Englishmen. Presently, a party of strangers, with whiskers, cut in, and cut out the Englishmen. Before long, a party of Frenchmen appeared, and very soon supplanted the strangers. Messieurs wore mustaches! After a time, a party of Prussians appeared; they added the *imperial* to the whiskers and mustaches, and it is unnecessary to say, that the Frenchmen had to stand aside. By and by came a company of Russians, so enveloped in whiskers, mustaches, &c. that no one could tell on which side of their heads the face was. This was decisive! The Russians married the ladies!'"

A thought struck me. In a moment I improved on my plan, but said nothing. Just as I had finished this, who should come in but my friend Colonel —.

"Eh, waiter! make those terrapins for two, and double the port. Colonel, I am glad to see you."

"How are you? how are you?" said the colonel, straining away at his left-hand glove. "Warm day this! what's the news?"

"Umph! nothing special. Nothing but a little scandal about one of your professional brethren, Major Crowbar. I hear he's in a bad way!"

(There was a slight noise in the corner!)

"How!" said the colonel, "how?"

"He lost his commission last night, at brag."

(A sudden rap on the table in the corner, as of a man's knuckles: the waiter mistook it for a call, and said, "coming sir.")

"You don't say it," continued the colonel.

"Matter of fact, I assure you; and that isn't the worst of it. A gentleman at the same table lost his purse in a very mysterious way, and it is whispered that some people could tell where it went."

(The noise in the corner rather increased than diminished!)

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Between ourselves, colonel, it does not astonish me. I know a little of that man's history."

"Why, my good sir, you do very much astonish me. I thought he was to marry your cousin?"

"He marry my cousin, the Algerine rascal! I should like to catch him making such a proposition!"

(Just here, there was a thundering crash in the aforesaid corner! I believe every atom of crockery was dashed to pieces! I raised my voice.)

"Colonel —, if that mustached puppy should mention such a thing to my cousin, I'd challenge him!"

The colonel fairly rolled his eyes in wonder. I changed the subject. Enough, thought I, is as good as a feast.

I was hardly seated in my arm-chair, when the following note was placed before me:—

"Sir,—I scorn to reply to your scurrilous abuse by a superfluous word. Name your own time, place, weapons; and take the first shot at

"A. CROWBAR."

This was just what I wanted.

My reply was equally brief, informal, and pointed:—

"Major Crowbar's proposition is accepted. He will do me the favour to be at — to-morrow, at sun-rise, *without* weapons, as they will be furnished on the ground. "—."

I happened to know that the only weapon with which the major was wholly unacquainted, was a long rifle.

I happened to know that the only weapon with which I was perfectly acquainted, was a long rifle.

I bore the major no malice. A puppy he certainly was; and, at any risk, I was determined to oppose his marrying my cousin. But I had no weasel-like longing for his blood. If it could be so, I would much rather not shed it. But he must not marry my cousin!

The morning was chilly, even for March. The sun had just risen; cloudless, indeed, but the atmosphere was filled with a half-frozen vapour that attached itself like hoar-frost to our clothes, and gave to every mortal man of us the appearance of having just emerged from a snow-drift. I shall never forget the major's figure! His mustaches and whiskers seemed arranged on purpose to gather up this imitation snow, and it was so piled over his visage, that nothing was visible save his falcon

eyes, and the plentiful puffs of fog into which the keen air had converted his breath.

His manner was dignified to a fraction. He evidently thought of nothing but the pleasure of submitting me to the care of an undertaker. He was quiet. But he was, nevertheless, ferocious!

When he saw the ground measured—thirty paces—he smiled in downright derision.

"Umph!" said he, "some people have yet to learn that Crowbar's long shots are his best shots!"

But he laughed out of the other corner when he saw my two long rifles! This was unkind. He had no possible notion of any thing but a pistol. But it was vain to protest. I was the party challenged. I had the undoubted right to my selection.

The seconds began to load the pieces. I watched them as a cat watches a mouse. The major's friend chose a ball that was absolutely perfect. I envied the major the luxury of firing that ball.

As Colonel — was adjusting my bullet, I remarked that it had a flaw; a very small flaw, 'tis true, but still a flaw.

"Colonel," said I, "excuse me; that ball is a bad one."

And in a twinkling I popped into the rifle a ball of my own preparation. It contained dry powder in the centre, and was bound up, tight and hard, with wet powder and tow. An odd thing to encounter that beautiful ball of the major's!—but you shall see!

In trying situations, it is a great thing for one to know one's man. I knew the major. I knew that he was a brave man, but no shot with a rifle—and he knew it too! I never saw him cowed before.

At the word, we walked to our posts, and were told to fire while my second counted one—two—three—four—five.

"One," was hardly pronounced when my rifle gave it's music. I watched the track of smoke and fire of my tow bullet—it lodged in the very midst of the major's right whisker—it blazed—it blew up—he fired—he fell!—the two explosions were simultaneous, and what little he had of aim was entirely lost.\*

The major was, I said, a brave man; and when he found that he really was

\* As the novelists say, this took place in much less time than is occupied in the description.

not dead, he soon rallied, and stood upon his feet.

But, to a brave man, honour is dearer than life; and to the major, his whiskers were dearer than honour itself!

His whiskers, did I say? Alack! He had no whiskers! He had a *part of one* whisker, most atrociously singed and discoloured. But its fellow was gone for ever!

Not the foliage—the branches—the trunks merely; the very roots were gone!

Had they been only shorn—no matter *how* close to the skin—time would have done his work: they would have grown again. As it was, the major was in the predicament of Othello, after he put the light out:—

“He knew not where was that Promethean  
*grease*  
That could their life relumine!”

It would be trifling to dwell on the comical expression of a man's face when one whisker was taken off clean, and the other was left standing, but browned and crisped like a fox's tail dipped in aquafortis. Not to laugh, was Roman firmness.

Major Crowbar was a doomed man, and he felt it. He said nothing. He walked off the ground in a worse pickle than he walked on it, but he was as dignified as ever.

He never saw Dorothy more. It was useless. She loved him for his whiskers—and his whiskers were gone!

CASSIO.

## LETTERS FROM TURKEY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

*The Dardanelles.—Lost reputation of the Scamander.—Asiatic Sunsets.—Visit to a Turkish Bey.—The Castles of the Dardanelles.—Turkish Bath, and its consequences.*

WENT ashore on the Asiatic side for a ramble. We landed at the strong Turkish castle that, with another on the European side, defends the strait, and passing under their bristling batteries, entered the small Turkish town in the rear. Our appearance excited a great deal of curiosity. The Turks, who were sitting cross-legged on the broad benches extending like a tailor's board, in front of the *cafés*, stopped smoking as we passed, and the women, wrapping up their own faces more closely, approached the ladies of our party and lifted their veils to look at them with the freedom of our friends at Eleusis. We came unaware upon two

squalid wretches of women in turning a corner, who pulled their ragged shawls over their heads with looks of the greatest resentment at having exposed their faces to us.

A few minutes' walk brought us outside of the town. An extensive Turkish grave-yard lay on the left. Between fig-trees and blackberry-bushes it was a green spot, and the low tombstones of the men, crowned each with a turban carved in marble of the shape befitting the sleeper's rank, peered above the grass like a congregation sitting in a uniform head-dress at a field-preaching. Had it not been for the female graves, which were marked with a slab like ours, and here and there the tombstone of a Greek, carved, after the antique, in the shape of a beautiful shell, the effect of an assemblage *sur l'herbe* would have been ludicrously perfect.

We walked on to the *Scamander*. A rickety bridge gave us a passage, toll free, to the other side, where we sat round the rim of a marble well, and ate delicious grapes stolen for us by a Turkish boy from near a vineyard. Six or seven camels were feeding on the unenclosed plain, picking a mouthful and then lifting their long, snaky necks into the air to swallow; a stray horseman, with the head of his bridle decked with red tassels and his knees up to his chin, scoured the bridle path to the mountains; and three devilish-looking buffaloes scratched their hides and rolled up their fiendish green eyes, under a bramble-hedge near the river. *Voilà!* a scene in Asia.

The poets lie, or the *Scamander* is as treacherous as *Macassar*. Venus bathed in its waters before contending for the prize of beauty, adjudged to her on this very Mount Ida that I see covered with brown grass in the distance. Her hair became “flowing gold” in the lavation. My friends complimented me upon no change after a similar experiment. My long locks (run riot with a four months' cruise) are as dingy and untractable as ever, and, except in the increased brownness of a Mediterranean complexion, the cracked glass in the state-room of my friend the lieutenant, gives me no encouragement of a change. It is soft water, and runs over fine white sand; but the fountain of *Callirrhoe*, at Athens (she was the daughter of the *Scamander*, and like most daughters, is much more attractive than her papa) is softer and clearer. Perhaps the loss of the *Scamander's* virtues is attributable to the cessation of the tribute paid to the god in Helen's time.

The twilights in this part of the world are unparalleled—but I have described twilights and sunsets in Greece and Italy, till I am ashamed to write the words. Each one comes as if there never had been, and never were to be another, and the adventures of the day, however stirring, are half forgotten in its glory, and seem, in comparison, unworthy of description; but one look at the terms that might describe it, written on paper, uncharms even the remembrance. You must come to Asia and *feel* sunsets. You cannot get them by paying postage.

At anchor, waiting for a wind. Called to-day on the Bey Effendi, commander of the two castles, "Europe" and "Asia," between which we lie. A pokerish-looking dwarf, with ragged beard and high turban, and a tall Turk, who I am sure never smiled since he was born, kicked off their slippers at the threshold, and ushered us into a chamber on the second story. It was a luxurious little room lined completely with cushions, the muslin-covered pillars of down, leaving only a place for the door. The divan was as broad as a bed, and, save the difficulty of rising from it, it was perfect as a lounge. A ceiling of inlaid woods, embrowned with smoke, windows of small panes fantastically set, and a place lower than the floor for the attendants to stand and leave their slippers, were all that was peculiar else.

The bey entered in a few minutes, with a pipe-bearer, an interpreter, and three or four attendants. He was a young man about twenty, and excessively handsome. A clear, olive complexion, a moustache of silky black, a thin, aquiline nose with almost transparent nostrils, cheeks and chin rounded into a perfect oval, and mouth and eyes expressive of the most resolute firmness, and at the same time girlishly beautiful, completed the picture of the finest looking fellow I have seen within my recollection. His person was very slight, and his feet and hands small, and particularly well-shaped. Like most of his countrymen of latter years, his dress was half European, and much less becoming, of course, than the turban and trowser. Pantalons, rather loose, a light fawn coloured short jacket, a red cap with a blue tassel, and stockings, without shoes, were enough to give him the appearance of a dandy half through his toilet. He entered with an indolent step, bowed, without smiling, and, throwing one of

his feet under him, sunk down upon the divan, and beckoned for his pipe. The Turk in attendance, kicked off his slippers, and gave him the long tube with its amber mouth-piece, setting the bowl into a basin in the centre of the room. The bey put it to his handsome lips, and drew till the smoke mounted to the ceiling, and then handed it, with a graceful gesture, to the commodore.

The conversation went on through two interpretations. The bey's interpreter spoke Greek and Turkish, and the ship's pilot, who accompanied us, spoke Greek and English, and the usual expressions of good feeling, and offers of mutual service were thus passed between the puffs of the pipe with sufficient facility. The dwarf soon entered with coffee. The small gilded cups had about the capacity of a goodwife's thimble, and were covered with gold tops to retain the aroma. The fragrance of the rich berry filled the room. We acknowledged, at once, the superiority of the Turkish manner of preparing it. It is excessively strong, and drunk without milk.

I looked into every corner while the attendants were removing the cups, but could see no trace of a *book*. Ten or twelve guns, with stocks inlaid with pearl and silver, two or three pair of gold-handled pistols, and a superb Turkish cimeter and belt, hung upon the walls, but there was no other furniture. We rose, after a half-hour's visit, and were bowed out, by the handsome effendi, coldly and politely. As we passed under the walls of the castle, on the way to the boat, we saw six or seven women, probably a part of his harem, peeping from the embrasures of one of the bastions. Their heads were wrapped in white; one eye only left visible. It was easy to imagine them *Zuleikas* after having seen their master.

Went ashore at Castle Europe, with one or two of the officers, to take a bath. An old Turk, sitting upon his hams at the entrance, pointed to the low door at his side, without looking at us, and we descended, by a step or two, into a vaulted hall, with a large circular ottoman in the centre, and a very broad divan all around. Two tall young musulmen, with only turbans and waist-cloths to conceal their natural proportions, assisted us to undress, and led us into a stone room, several degrees warmer than the first. We walked about here for a few minutes, and, as we began to perspire, were taken into another, filled with hot vapour, and, for the first mo-

ment or two, almost intolerable. It was shaped like a dome, with twenty or thirty small windows at the top, several basins at the sides into which hot water was pouring, and a raised stone platform in the centre, upon which we were all requested, by gestures, to lie upon our backs. The perspiration, by this time, was pouring from us like rain. I lay down with the others, and a Turk, a dark-skinned, fine-looking fellow, drew on a mitten of rough grass cloth, and, laying one hand upon my breast to hold me steady, commenced rubbing me, without water, violently. The skin peeled off under the friction, and I thought he must have rubbed into the flesh repeatedly. Nothing but curiosity to go through the regular operation of a Turkish bath, prevented my crying out "enough!" He rubbed away, turning me from side to side, till the rough glove passed smoothly all over my body and limbs, and then handing me a pair of wooden slippers, suffered me to rise. I walked about for a few minutes, looking with surprise at the rolls of skin he had taken from me, and feeling almost transparent as the hot air blew upon me.

In a few minutes my mussulman beckoned to me to follow him to a smaller room, where he seated me on a stone beside a font of hot water. He then made some thick soap-suds in a basin, and with a handful of fine flax soaped and rubbed me all over again, and a few dashes of the hot water from a wooden saucer, completed the bath.

The next room, which had seemed so warm on our entrance, was now quite chilly. We remained here until we were dry, and then returned to the hall in which our clothes were left, where beds were prepared on the divans, and we were covered in warm cloths, and left to our repose. The disposition to sleep was almost irresistible. We rose in a short time, and went to the coffee-house opposite, when a cup of strong coffee, and a hookah smoked through a highly-ornamented glass bubbling with water, refreshed us deliciously.

I have had ever since a feeling of suppleness and lightness, which is like wings growing at my feet. It is certainly a very great luxury, though, unquestionably, most enervating as a habit.

### MISCELLANIES.

#### ADVANTAGE OF REFLECTION.

A man lately attempted to shoot himself, and was so intent upon the undertaking, that, standing before the glass,

he mistook the reflection for himself—took deliberate aim and fired; and for some time considered himself a dead man. If he had thought for a month, it is doubtful whether his reflections would have been more to the purpose than that of the mirror.

#### CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE rattlesnake finds a superior foe in the deer and the black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp and bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skilful manoeuvre, leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattle snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shews signs of life, the coils are multiplied, and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

#### DOUBT AND FEAR.

ONCE on a time it happened that a poor wight married a shrew, who led him a piteous life; she fell ill, the doctor was called in, and the anxious, affectionate husband inquired of him how his dear spouse was? Galen shook his head, and told him to prepare for the worst. "What," said he, "is she likely to get over it?"



P. 386.

## THE JUSTICE.

A NARRATIVE.

*(For the Parterre).*

— The fates offer  
To your free choice, either to live examples  
Of piety or wickedness.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

It is doubtful if any city in Europe has undergone so many transformations as the metropolis of England. The "great fire," as it is not inaptly termed, destroyed its most celebrated public buildings, and a new city soon arose from the ruins. At this period the change must have been great indeed; but it has undergone many mutations during the last century, and seems destined to undergo many more; indeed, had not a judicious stop been put to the work of the destructionists, it is doubtful whether we should have had a dozen churches left standing in London. The works of Wren would have been toppled down by the improvement-mongers, and elegant gin-shops,

with imitation marble pillars and stained glass in the windows, would have occupied their sites! Pity that the citizens should not see the ground, on which their forefathers knelt in prayer, occupied on Sunday mornings by groups of drunken wretches, turned out of their dens for the sake of the *form* of closing them during divine service!

Vice has now changed its aspect. The most loathsome debauchery may be witnessed in our streets at all hours of the day; but you may walk from Cumberland-gate to Mile-end at midnight without personal molestation.

This state of personal security did not exist at the period to which our narrative refers; well-paved footpaths and brilliant gas-lights were luxuries then unknown to the Londoners, and highway robberies were frequent in the heart of the city. Within the last thirty years, many parts of the suburbs of London were haunted by desperate characters, who frequently attacked and plundered individuals; but these places are now so well lighted and watched, that highway robberies are of very unfrequent

occurrence within the limits of the metropolis.\*

One dull foggy October evening, in the year 175—, just as the clock of Westminster Abbey had tolled nine, a sedan chair entered St. James's Park, and proceeded along Birdcage-walk towards Pimlico. Suddenly two men started from behind one of the large trees, and advanced towards the chair.

"Set down your load, and be d—d to you!" cried one of the ruffians, presenting a pistol at the head of the foremost chairman.

The man hesitated, when the ruffian swearing horribly, threatened to shoot him through the head. At that moment the other thief fired a pistol, which shattered the window of the chair, and wounded the gentleman inside.

A cry of "murder!" and "thieves!" was now raised, and alarmed a sentinel stationed near the spot, who running to the scene of action, levelled his musket, and called upon the robbers to surrender. He was answered by the snapping of a pistol, which luckily for him only burnt priming—when the soldier fired, the man fell, and his companion fled precipitately from the Park pursued by the chairmen, who, however, soon found that his speed was much greater than theirs, and they returned to the wounded fare.

In the meantime the fugitive thief continued his flight, and soon arrived at the waterside. Entering a wherry, which seemed to have been waiting for him at the stairs, he was soon landed near Lambeth Palace, and being now quite out of the reach of his pursuers, he proceeded at an easy pace to a house in the neighbourhood. It was a gloomy looking tenement, well adapted for the residence of one who lived by evil means. Its mistress, who was attired in the gaudy finery of that period, and decorated with a profusion of paint and patches, came herself to the door, at the well known signal,

"Well, Tom," said she, as she closed the door, and led the way to her room—

\* The "brave old runner Townsend," one day observed to a gentleman, with whom he was conversing on the subject of highway robberies, that these things were always much exaggerated. "Gentlemen," said he, "will dine out, and after drinking freely, attempt to walk home by themselves. They fall into the company of loose fish of both sexes, get their pockets emptied, and, perhaps, after tumbling about in the mud for a couple of hours, become sobered, and then reel home with a story of their having been knocked down and plundered!"

"what success have you had to-night? You have got something I know, for you are out of breath with running."

"You are out in your reckoning, madam," remarked the thief, who was a handsome well-dressed young fellow—"quite out of your reckoning—I've missed the stuff, and, perhaps, committed murder."

"And what, then; you did it in self-defence, I suppose—but you have got nothing, eh?"

"The devil a shilling!"

"You are a fool, Tom, and a bungler," resumed the virago—"Where's Richards? he went out with you, didn't he?"

"He's in all probability with the gentleman whose name I mentioned just now—he's shot through the head, I believe."

"Shot!—dead!—you don't mean to say, that you have suffered them to murder him. Jack was a brave fellow, and wouldn't desert his friends at a pinch. You haven't left him, surely?"

"But I have, though;" said the young man sharply. "What the devil was I to do against three or four men? I am lucky in getting off with a whole skin."

"You are a coward—a rank coward! Tyburn's too good for you, you skulking son of a —," cried the fury, reddening with passion. "I have an account to settle with you."

"What the devil do you mean by that, Moll!" said the thief, jumping up from his seat, and using a menacing gesture: I tell you plainly, I'll put up with it no longer—we must part."

"Part, and be d—d," replied his amiable companion; "if Jack escapes, he will cudgel thee soundly."

"He is safe enough, mother Brimstone; and as to your threats, I have had too many not to be well used to them—you dare not 'peach, and you can do me no harm in any other way."

"I shall live to see thee hung, gallows-bird!"

"You may swing, yourself, mistress Moll."

"If I do, I pray that it may not be in the company of a chicken hearted wretch like thee."

"You may die a worse death, my sweet little Jezebel;" continued the young man, who had by this time worked up his companion into a paroxysm of rage and mortification. Her well rouged face assumed a deeper tinge of red, her eyes seemed about to start from their



sockets, and she flew at the speaker with the intention of inscribing her resentment on his countenance; while he, very coolly seizing her arms, forced her back into a chair, and laughed at her impotent rage. She spat in his face, and kicked his shins; but he took both very quietly, and held her down until her passion had subsided. This was indicated by a shower of tears, which had more effect upon her companion than kicking and spitting; but he was a young man, and though deeply plunged in vice, was ignorant of the fact that females were always prepared with such an appeal to the sterner sex. Hostilities now ceased by mutual consent, and the belligerents commenced a conversation of a less violent description.

"Tom Walters," said the *lady*, smiling through her tears, which had streaked her rouged face in a ludicrous manner, "you don't use me well—What have you met with to-night, and what has become of poor Jack? You don't mean to say that he has been killed?"

"Ay, but I do. Harkee; we tried the crowd at my lady's concert, and got nothing but an old dowager's tortoise-shell snuff-box; we then went on to the Park. A chair came up; we stopped it; there was an old fellow inside, and as I looked through the glass, I saw him lug out a small pistol; but before he had time to fire, I nicked him. Just at the moment up ran a sentinel. Jack's pistol missed fire, and the soldier instantly shot him. I was then one against four, and I had a hard run to escape the chairmen, who followed me at full cry, out of the Park."

"It's a bad job, Tom," remarked the *lady*: "poor fellow! I hope he died easily, and didn't linger."

"I hope so, too," said Walters; for the same reason, no doubt, namely, that the wounded thief might not have time to make a confession implicating his accomplices.

The conversation was here suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, which caused Walters to turn pale with affright; but women are seldom at a loss for expedients in time of danger, and having directed her paramour to escape by the top of the house, she proceeded to the door, which, after a good deal of well feigned difficulty in withdrawing the bolts, &c. was opened to the knockers (three officers), who immediately commenced a strict but fruitless search. Their game had got clear off, over the roofs of the adjoining

houses, and had contrived to drop into the street just as his pursuers entered.

One frosty morning, while the snow was on the ground, and the wind blew in keen gusts, a wretched looking man stood shivering in a dark alley near Charing Cross. His attenuated frame, and wo-begone aspect; his once showy, but now soiled and tattered apparel, bespoke utter destitution; he looked more than half starved, as indeed he was. The alley led into the Strand, and on the opposite side of the way was a baker's shop teeming with hot bread. The eyes of the wretched man glared like those of a hungry wolf, on the smoking provender, and first looking about him to see that he was not watched, he suddenly darted across the road, and snatching a loaf from the window, fled from the spot with all the speed that his feeble frame allowed. But the act was witnessed by several persons, and a hue and cry commenced, the thief was hotly pursued, and of course soon taken with the proofs of his guilt upon him.

With tears in his eyes the miserable man protested he was starving; but it availed him not, and he was dragged to the police office, and two hours afterwards placed at the bar.

Evidence of the theft having been given, the thief was asked what he had to say in his defence. His defence was hunger, biting hunger, and his appearance testified that he spoke the truth; his misery was such as could not fail to make an impression, even in a police office. The baker, from whom he had stolen the loaf, was not without bowels, and although he had often suffered from similar depredations, his heart yearned towards the poor wretch, who received his discharge. The magistrate, too, "albeit unused to the melting mood," put his hand into his pocket to relieve the prisoner, when suddenly, to the surprise of all present, he withheld the intended donation, and fixing his eyes intently on the prisoner, he cried, "Ha! what do I see! good heaven! 'tis the very man who attacked and wounded me in the Park,—put on his hat, gaoler."

This was immediately done, and all doubt in the mind of the magistrate was removed—Tom Walters, the footpad, stood before him. Dreading to return to his old haunts, and suspicious of his abandoned associates, he had skulked in obscure corners from the period of his escape from the officers, and suffered the

lingering torments of a guilty conscience and a wasting frame.

The reader, who would trace to its close the history of this wretched man, is referred to the *Newgate Calendar*, where the penitent criminal, the hangman, the cart, and the crowd at Tyburn, are so often and so graphically described.

E. F.

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## THE MAIN TRUCK; OR, A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY W. LEGGETT.

"Stand still! How fearful  
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!"

"The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong." *Shakespeare.*

Among the many agreeable associates whom my different cruising and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honour, which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were messmates during a short and delightful cruise, and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes told tolerably well: and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day, and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who, perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:—

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in *Old Ironsides*, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado,

in search of slave traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswains' mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle-men in caulking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters, in white-washing and holly-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thick black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring white stone warehouses; the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails which had been rent by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running-rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a

sheave for sky-sails, and hoist enough for sky-scrappers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taut. There was a Dutch line ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head knot on the manropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which, though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day, died away at noon; and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her mainstay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast of our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and shewed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got under way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay, as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they

hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The white-washed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel a degree of stillness, unusual for a man-of-war, prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quartermaster of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the tafferel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual lookout. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fore-castle, where they were supinely lying, under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard by which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the

main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fferail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but, at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the tafferel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half-way up the main hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the maintop-sail sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as the monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you d—d rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respect' for de young officer den to steal his cab! We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and give you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more, his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey, in the meanwhile, had waited his approach until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey all the while seeming to exert only as much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down to the foretop-gallant-mast-head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, when leaping on the foreyard it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed, I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the tafferel, was

quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness. "My God! Massa Scupper!" cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the sky-sail pole, and at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper sky-sail pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass! Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to ensure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already

perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace: the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been rivetted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore-boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered

not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all it was not in favour of Bob. Some who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships in the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him, to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he shew what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder:

“Robert!” cried he, “jump! jump overboard! or I’ll fire at you!”

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried,

“Jump! ’tis your only chance for life.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to

move! he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin’ ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that glistened with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

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### STEAM.

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[We find that a correspondent of the *Merthyr Guardian*, has sent to the Editor the following lines by way of postscript to the article on Steam, given in our 11th number.]

Ye lovers of being in motion,  
Of flying *in air* do not dream,  
Of wings, or balloons, form no notion,  
There’s nothing like going by *steam*.

The swiftness of racers surpasses  
A thought—on the course as they gleam,  
But, believe me, they sink to mere asses,  
Compared with the swiftness of *steam*.

Philosophers tell us strange stories,  
Here the sun sends, to light us, his beam,  
But I’ll never believe but his glories  
Would travel much faster by *steam*.

Steam furnishes washing and cooking,  
Saves all the expense of a team,  
Sews gloves, and makes shoes without looking,  
So clever and nimble is *steam*.

It will soon have another appliance—

Ye authors, get ready your theme,  
Rejoice, all ye lovers of science,

For books will be written by *steam*.

That poets should ask inspiration  
Of the Nine, is a fabulous dream,  
They will soar to a far higher station  
Than Ida—when lifted by *steam*.

Should metaphysicians be puzzled,  
Or statesmen bewildered, I deem,  
Whoever is pos'd or bamboozled,  
Will find every thing cleared up by  
*steam*.

Rejoice, ye that love ease and pleasure,  
Who think bus'n'ss a wearisome theme,  
Sit still, and contemplate at leisure—  
Your work's all accomplished by  
*steam*.

Ye ladies! so apt to be nervous,  
When driven o'er hill, or through  
stream,

No tricks can gay horses now serve us,  
While we glide along swiftly by *steam*.

What would ancient philosophers think  
on't,  
How strange to their notions 'twould  
seem,

Could they from their graves have a  
blink on't,  
And see the world going by *steam*.

Then haste, ye that fain would get money,  
And are always projecting some scheme,  
Make hay, while the weather is sunny,  
Aud seize the advantage of *steam*.

BRONHUDDEN.

## NOTES OF A READER.

### A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT.

[From the journal of a missionary]

In company with several gentlemen of the factory, we dined with Honqua, an eminent Hong merchant, at his house on the other side of the water. He lives in Chinese magnificence, and the entertainment was of the most sumptuous kind. The whole house and premises were brilliantly illuminated with lamps. The decorations of the rooms, and the style of the furniture, were splendid and curious, but absolutely indescribable, otherwise than in the general terms—that everything was according to the perfection of Chinese taste. The dinner, which lasted nearly four hours, consisted of between thirty and forty courses, including all the luxuries of the clime and the season, served upon China tableware of the richest patterns. To attempt a description here, would be

hopeless, for everything was so thoroughly national, that to be understood would require more knowledge of the manners of this singular people than many of our countrymen possess, and certainly much more than we could have learned without seeing, hearing, and tasting for ourselves. Before each guest were placed a pair of chop-sticks and a silver spoon, with a plate resembling a saucer, and a small cup to serve for a wine-glass. The first course consisted of various sweetmeats, to which every one helped himself, from the dishes which were placed down the middle of the table. Presently the wine (prepared from rice, and not unpleasant to the taste) was poured warm from a silver vessel like a tea-pot, into the small cups before us. In pledging healths, this cup is held between both hands; the parties then exchanging courteous looks and bows, drink it off, and each turns the inside of the cup towards the other, to shew that the whole has been fairly drunk; it being deemed a great incivility to leave any liquor at the bottom. More substantial provisions, in basins and tureens, were next set upon the table, every one choosing for himself from the nameless and bewildering diversity of soups and made-dishes, composed of fish, beef, mutton, fowls, ducks, geese, quails, pigeons, pigeons' eggs, turtle, &c., &c., all in a stewed form, for the most part very palatable, and not pungently seasoned. A salt-cellar and a saucer of soy, before each person, enabled him to heighten the flavour of the food to his own taste. Towards the conclusion, besides a second course of sweetmeats, basins of boiled rice, quite dry, were set before all the company, with cups of tea; the tea, as usual, being prepared in each cup, with hot water poured upon the leaves, and without either cream or sugar. The cloth was then removed, and the table covered with a profusion of the most delicious fruits. These were accompanied by Madeira wine, which was drunk, like every other beverage here, out of cups of the most delicate and exquisitely beautiful porcelain.

The greatest rarity, however, after this feast, was the sight of a Chinese bride. The son of our host having been married a few days before, we were honoured (according to the usage of the country, during the honey-moon) with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady

was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person, (perhaps seventeen years of age), of middle stature, with very agreeable features, and a light complexion, though she seemed to us to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground. The sleeves were very full, and along the bottom ran a beautiful fringe of small bells. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, and was most elegantly beaded with rows of pearl, encircling it like a coronet; from the front of which a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead, and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, joined together, but folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a peep at that consummation of Chinese beauty—the lady's feet—raised the hem of the mantle from hers for a moment or two: they were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. Her shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold. In justice to the poor creature, during this torturing exhibition (as we imagine it must have been to her), her demeanour was natural and becoming; and once or twice something like half a smile, for an instant, shewed that she was not entirely unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited, nor much displeased by it.

#### A DAY AT ATHENS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Took a walk by sunset to the Ilissus. I passed, on the way, the "Lantern of Demosthenes," a small, octagonal building of marble, adorned with splendid columns, and a beautifully-sculptured frieze, in which it is said the orator used to shut himself for a month, with his head half shaved, to practise his orations. The Franciscan convent, Byron's residence while in Athens, was built adjoining it. It is now demolished. The poet's name is written with his own hand, on a marble slab of the wall.

I left the city by the gate of Hadrian, and walked on to the temple of Jupiter Olympus. It crowns a small elevation on the northern bank of the Ilissus. It was once beyond all comparison the largest and most costly building in the world. During seven hundred years it employed the attention of the rulers of Greece, from Pisistratus to Hadrian, and was never quite completed. As a ruin, it is the most beautiful object I ever saw. Thirteen columns of Pentelic marble, partly connected by a frieze, are all that remain. They are of the flowery Corinthian order, and *sixty feet in height*, exclusive of base or capital.

Three perfect columns stand separate from the rest, and rise from the midst of that solitary plain with an effect that, to my mind, is one of the highest sublimity. The sky might rest on them. They seem made to sustain it. As I lay on the parched grass, and gazed on them in the glory of a Grecian sunset, they seemed to me proportioned for a continent. The mountains I saw between them were not designed with more amplitude, nor corresponded more nobly to the sky above.

The people of Athens have a superstitious reverence for these ruins. Dodwell says, "The single column towards the western extremity was thrown down, many years ago, by a Turkish voivode, for the sake of the materials, which were employed in constructing the great mosque of the bazaar. The Athenians relate, that after it was thrown down, the three others nearest to it were heard to lament the loss of their sister! and these nocturnal lamentations did not cease till the sacrilegious voivode was destroyed by poison."

Two of the columns, connected by one immense slab, are surmounted by a small building, now in ruins, but once the hermitage of a Greek monk. Here he passed his life, seventy feet in the air, sustained by two of the most graceful columns of Greece. A basket, lowered by a line, was filled by the pious every morning, but the romantic eremite was never seen. With the lofty Acropolis crowned with temples just beyond him, the murmuring Ilissus below, the thyme-covered sides of Hymettus to the south, and the blue Egean stretching away to the west, his eye, at least, could never tire. There are times when I could envy him his lift above the world.

I descended to the *Fountain of Callirhoe*, which gushes from beneath a rock in the bed of the Ilissus, just below the



temple. It is the scene of the death of the lovely nymph-mother of Gany-mede. The twilight air was laden with the fragrant thyme, and the songs of the Greek labourers returning from the fields, came faintly over the plains. Life seems too short, when every breath is a pleasure. I loitered about the clear and rocky lip of the fountain, till the pool below reflected the stars in its trembling bosom. The lamps began to twinkle in Athens, Hesperus rose over Mount Pentelicas like a blazing lamp, the sky over Salamis faded down to the sober tint of night, and the columns of the Parthenon mingled into a single mass of shade. And so, I thought, as I strolled back to the city, concludes *a day in Athens*—one at least, in my life, for which it is worth the trouble to have lived.

### AN IRISH ADVENTURE.

..... Nay, I'll speak *that*, which you will Wonder at. *Shakespeare.*

MISERABLE, indeed, are the cabins of Ballygawley, with their roofs irregularly covered by nature with a green sward, which, at a little distance, strongly resembles a long neglected dunghill. On a nearer approach, the neck of a broken bottle, an old tea-cup, and sometimes a *brogue* (an old shoe) fixed on the end of a stick, and placed over the door, apprises the traveller, that that which at first he doubtless mistook for a dunghill, is a house of entertainment! a place where smuggled whiskey is publicly vended, in defiance of the numerous absurd and oppressive measures which the Board of Excise has adopted for its prevention, but which, instead of effecting this, have proved a curse to the country, and a greater scourge to the innocent than the guilty.

On many of the humble taverns is written up, "Good dry lodgings," meaning every possible accommodation for the weary pedestrian, of which a notification is variously announced, such, for instance, as that already mentioned; sometimes a wisp of straw, tied to the end of a long rod, projecting upwards from the door, which promises only a bed; sometimes a turf, with a tobacco-pipe suspended as the former, indicates a higher kind of entertainment, consisting of tea, sugar, and tobacco; but if a besom be set up, the traveller may rest assured of refreshment of the very best

kind, in which is included whiskey of the "right sort."

My driver happened to stop at one of these inferior houses to refresh his *baste*, where five men and a young female were regaling over a bottle of whiskey, for the purpose, as they said, of "christening Donald's castle." This Donald had been married the day before, but having no house to live in, four good-natured neighbours volunteered their services to assist him and his bride to construct one. They accordingly had assembled at daylight, and in thirteen hours completed their task. The "castle" was finished, and the newly married couple were to occupy it that very night! Green heath composed the bed, a row of sods was to serve for a pillow, and Donald's "big coat," with Sally's cloak, had to answer for bed-clothes.

Dennis Killrooney, my "charioteer," having comforted himself with a drop of the *crater*, set off at a good round pace, singing hastily a verse or two of an old song, which he usually quoted when *aisy* and comfortable.

But the *swatest* of all was that beautiful maid, At the door of whose cabin I've oft left my spade;

From the window she'd peep like a sly fairy elf,  
Crying, "Misther Killrooney, get out wid yourself."

If you stop till I open the wicket, my dear,  
I'll be making a noise which nobody can hear,  
Sure I always behaved as all gentlemen do,  
Who like me are descended from Brian Boru.

"Sure, I'm bothered now," exclaimed Dennis, making a full stop; "and which road will I take, when there's just no road at all."

"How far is Omagh?" I inquired.

"Never was there myself," was the answer; "sure I know 't is a great way."

"Is it three miles?"

"Fait! and three miles would see you but a small part of the way."

"Is it six miles, think ye?"

"Och! 't is *up entirely*."

"Sure, that's Tim Connor. Will I ax him, your honour?—Tim Connor! is it yourself?" bawling to a labouring man passing at the time; "*this* the way, —"

"You may say that," was the answer.

"Sure, you'd see his black eye," said Dennis, when the man had passed.

"Whose?"

"Tim's, your honour, and myself give it him, I'm thinking. Will I tell you all about it? Why then he comes up to me at Donnybrook Fair, last Friday night it was (blessed be the *day*), and

myself sitting down as *aisy* as an old glove—and ‘Dan?’ says he.—‘Here!’ says I.—‘There,’ says he.—‘Where?’ says I.—‘Well,’ says he.—‘What?’ says I.—‘It’s cowl’d,’ says he.—‘It is,’ says I.—‘Ho!’ says he.—‘Ha!’ says I.—‘The devil,’ says he.—‘Yourself,’ says I. And then there was a holy row,\* and a cry for shilelahs and whiskey—and myself blacked the eye of Tim Connor.”

“But, Dennis,” said I, interrupting him, “this must be Omagh.”

“You may say that—I’ll be thinking it’s just like it.”

“Well, then, draw up to the Cat and Cullender, and let me out. I shall remain here to-night.”

“You’ll remain here to-night?”

“Yes—what then?”

“Then you won’t go any *further*.”

“Very true—so here’s your fare.”

At this moment I observed a post-chaise stop before the door, from which three gentlemen alighted. Their faces were familiar to me, and I recognized, in an instant, Captain Kildare, Colonel Aspen, and a Mr. Bragster, whom, as he observed, “they had kindly given a *lift* from London;” for Mr. B., though lusty, was a very *sparing* man, who never threw away a penny carelessly.—“What right have post-boys,” he used to say, “to expect *any thing*—their master pays ‘em; or, supposing you do give *sixpence*, or a shilling, ‘t is as much as they can demand.” The travellers were of very opposite character. The captain spent his money freely, as long as there was any to spend, and his friend the colonel thought he could never spend enough—*ergo*—the parsimonious Bragster found himself in excellent company.

After a warm greeting on both sides, we entered the inn, and secured beds for the night. The first thing Mr. Bragster proposed was a hot supper, at the same time shrewdly observing to his friends, “you both look hungry?” and when the waiter made his appearance exclaimed, “now stir the fire and close the shutters fast—let fall the curtain—wheel the sofa round—now let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

“Peaceful! do you call it?” said the captain (who was beating the devil’s tat-

\* A combative turn seems universal among the lower Irish, for I have often observed at their fairs, when two people begin to fight, the surrounding crowd, as if compelled by an irresistible sympathy, would in a few minutes be at loggerheads together. But in these cases there is no appearance of ill blood, either before or after the battle.

too on the table, and glancing impatiently over a Directory of 1801, the only book in the room (*half* the ‘Whole Duty of Man’ excepted), “peaceful! why it’s blowing quite a hurricane.”

“Waiter!” drew out the colonel, “bring me a glass of water; I’m very thirsty.”

“Waiter!” cried Bragster in astonishment: “don’t you remember the song,

If with water you fill up your glasses,  
You’ll never do any thing wise,  
For wine is the steed of Parnassus,  
That hurries a bard to the skies.

That’s the song my father always quoted, when any one called for water.”

The supper now made its appearance, when Bragster, rubbing his hands, and throwing himself into a great arm-chair, called out, “I say, captain, allow me to help you?”

“Thank’ye, but I’d rather help myself.”

“So would I,” yawned out the colonel: “how sleepy I am!”

Mr. B. having first plentifully supplied his own plate, *kindly* allowed us to help ourselves, and earnestly requested some bread-sauce. Now, bread-sauce was so particularly agreeable to this worthy gentleman’s palate, that, unlike most people, he first made an attack upon that.

“I say,” said the colonel, “you hav’n’t eaten any of that bread-sauce, have ye?”

“Who, I?—yes,—eh!”

“Cause if you have—”

“Well, I have, what then?”

“It’s all your own—you may take my share, I promise you,” answered the colonel.

Now, though Bragster’s eyes sparkled at these words, “it’s all your own” (for he well knew that the captain and myself were no sauce eaters), yet it naturally occurred to him that some trick or other had been played with his favourite bread-sauce. He tasted and tasted, but instead of fancying any unpleasant flavour, thought every mouthful more delicious than the former. At length, looking earnestly at colonel Aspen and the captain, he inquired, “what’s the matter with the sauce?”

“Why, I make it a rule,” said the former, “never to eat bread-sauce and bread-pudding at an inn; you don’t know what they put into it; but this you do know, that ‘t is composed (to say the least) of all the dry odds and ends, scrapings, and riff-raff, as I call it, of the kitchen.”

“I don’t believe it,” said Bragster, surveying the sauce, and laying down his

knife and fork, "I don't believe it, at a respectable inn like this."

"No matter if you did, since you have already partaken plentifully of it. There is a vulgar saying, you must eat a peck of dirt before you die."

"But I've no idea of eating a peck of dirt, I assure you."

"Well, well," muttered the captain, "what have I eaten in my time! Why, I've been glad to eat a bit of my horse, and drink essence of dead men out of dirty ditches, during the Peninsular war!"

At this moment the chambermaid entered the room, to know if she should warm the beds.

"Yes," said the colonel, yawning, "I'll have my bed warmed—no, I won't—stop—yes, I will."

"And I," said Bragster; "I'm always apprehensive of a damp bed."

"Damp!" cried the captain, with a sneer, suppose 't is *wringing wet*, what then? I've slept night after night on wet straw—rain pouring in torrents, during the Peninsular war! What,—you afraid of cold!"

"Who's afraid? I assure you, Captain Kildare, I never pay any attention to such things; only thought, as Colonel Aspen was going to have his bed warmed, I would——"

"I say, Mary!" to the chambermaid, "or whatever your name is,—what's this sauce made of?"

"Bread, sir, to be sure," said Mary, giggling, and closing the door after her.

"Stop! chambermaid," said the colonel; "did I say I'd have my bed warmed?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, I won't then."

Supper being over, we agreed to retire for the night, after a glass of brandy and water. Bragster's room was situated on the ground floor at the back of the house, which, at first, he strongly objected to, alleging that there would be no one on the ground floor beside himself.

"I wish," said the Captain, "you had seen the room I occupied when on a visit to some friends in this part of the world a few years back. I could tell you a very mysterious story about that room."

"Pray, let's hear it," said the Colonel; "I know my friend enjoys a mystery."

The Captain having replenished his glass, hemm'd, crossed his legs, and commenced as follows:—

"In the year 1814, I happened to be stationed with my regiment in Ireland;

during my stay I received a pressing invitation to spend a few days with some friends of my father's, who lived in an old rambling castle, not far from ——, Accordingly, having packed up a few necessaries, I arrived there about four o'clock in the afternoon: this was in December, and it turned out a very stormy evening. I was received with very great hospitality, though they were strangers to me, but hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish. There were a few friends invited to dinner, and we passed a very pleasant evening. About half-past eleven the company retired. I should have mentioned, there was a large party staying in the house during my visit; and the lady of the mansion, Mrs. Morone, informed me there was a bed prepared for my reception in one of the wings of the castle, which she said was seldom inhabited, as it was reported to be haunted. 'However,' she resumed, 'you're a soldier, and of course will not object to sleep there;' she then took a light, and conducted me to my apartment. I followed her through one or two long passages, as dreary and damp as Mrs. Radeliff could have desired; indeed, the castle itself would have been very suitable for 'spirits of the vasty.'

"My room was rather large and old-fashioned, with a small bed in one corner; the roof was very high, and the furniture appeared the worse for wear, or rather for the damp; the whole presented by no means a comfortable appearance. Mrs. Morone, wishing me a pleasant night, left me to my meditations. I had placed the candle on a small table at one end of the room, and was half undressed, when, suddenly turning round, I unfortunately struck my arm against the candlestick, and overturned it. 'Very annoying,' said I, aloud. I knew there was no bell in the room, and it was quite impossible to find my way in the dark to the inhabited part of the house. I was, fortunately, no coward; for the wind, which was very high, whistled through the long passages leading to my room, and an old tree near my window, by rubbing against the wall, made a moaning noise, which I naturally concluded had frightened the former inmates into a belief of a ghost or spirit. I groped some time for my bed, which having discovered, I lay down, making myself as comfortable as possible, and was about to 'steep my senses in forgetfulness,' when recollecting the door was unfastened, I hastily rose and endeavoured, but in vain, to find it. I walked round the room, then 'walked

round it again,' (as Bloomfield says,) but all to no purpose. I was returning to my bed, when something rushed violently by me, and it appeared as if the door had been suddenly opened. I confess I felt rather alarmed, but the noise instantly ceased. It was so dark that I felt convinced no one could perceive me, therefore I stood still, and reflected what it might possibly be. Every thing but the wind was perfectly silent. I then began to imagine it was a sudden gust of wind, bursting open the door, and had reached my bed, when something rushing past, perfectly convinced me that my first conjecture was groundless. Upon this I seized my pistols and got into bed. I heard nothing more, and had nearly fallen to sleep, when I received a sharp blow in the face, accompanied with the same noise; I called out instantly, 'who's there?' but all was silent. Being *forcibly struck* there was some one in the room, I listened, and hearing a rustling at the foot of my bed, instantly fired. All was still, after the report of my pistol, as I lay with the other ready cocked, and the wind had nearly abated. I listened probably for a quarter of an hour, but heard nothing further. I was too much alarmed to sleep, so that I determined to ascertain what it was, and taking my pistol and sword, groped in every part of my room and under the bed, determined to strike in whatever direction the noise might appear to proceed from; but nothing was to be heard or found; which made me conclude the person, whoever it was, had effected his escape after I fired. I regretted not having fastened the door; and returned to bed, where I passed a sleepless night until daylight appeared, when I obtained a few hours repose. On getting up, the first thing that arrested my attention was some drops of blood at the foot of the bed, and I perceived something white under the chair. Judge of my astonishment at discovering two very large owls, which I had shot at the same time. I could not then help laughing at the noise I had heard, and the blow in the face was directly accounted for. The door was closed, so that my visitors must have flown down the chimney, which was very large. They had probably long been accustomed to sleep in this apartment unmolested, and thus the report of the room being haunted.

"I determined not to mention my adventure to the family, for fear of being laughed at. 'How have you slept?' said Mrs. Morone, as I entered the

breakfast room. 'Heard any strange noises?' I merely mentioned having been disturbed by the owls. 'Well,' exclaimed one gentleman, 'I care for nothing mortal, but, as for spirits; I'd rather not encounter them, and would not sleep in that room, notwithstanding what you've said, for a thousand pounds.'—'Why, indeed,' said the lady, 'there have been some strange stories connected with that apartment, and now I can never get a servant to sleep there.'

"I spent another pleasant day with this family; when, on retiring to bed, my friend observed, 'having discovered the *ghost*, there will be nothing to disturb your rest to-night.' Upon entering my apartment, I perceived the door to be without a lock, which, however, was now to me of little consequence, knowing the cause of my former disturbance. The night was dark, but calm, and I slept soundly till about twelve or one o'clock, when I awoke and heard a creaking noise, like the opening of a door, which I at first imagined to be the old tree outside the window, but soon discovered that the noise proceeded from my own door. The curtains of the window being closed, I had no means of ascertaining what it was, but remembering my foolish alarm on the former night, again endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. However, I was not a little surprised to hear footsteps near me, and something breathing close to the bed. This surely, thought I, cannot be an owl. I kept perfectly still, and heard the curtains drawn back; then quietly seized the pistol placed under my pillow (for I had given the other to the servant to clean in the morning), but was so taken by surprise as scarcely to know what to determine upon, when the footsteps retreated to the other end of the room. I now slid gently out of bed on the side nearest the wall, and took care to make as little noise as possible, determined, if the person (as I felt convinced it was some human being) should again approach the bed, I would endeavour to seize him. I once or twice thought of discovering who it was, and rushing to the place where the footsteps were heard; but recollecting the intruder might be well armed, thought it more prudent to remain quiet. The footsteps again approached the bed—I feigned sleep, and soon heard the steps retreating, and the door opened and gently closed. I followed in the same direction, making no noise: but all was now silent, and my nocturnal visitor had taken his departure. Thinking it pro-

bable he would again return, perhaps in company, I piled up the chairs, &c. as well as I was able, against the door, and retired to rest, knowing that, should another attempt be made, the noise occasioned by opening the door would put me on my guard. However, I had no further disturbance, and, in about an hour, again fell asleep.

"The next morning I mentioned what had occurred to the family, assuring them it was neither a ghost nor an owl; but they all agreed it must have been the latter, or my own fancy, and ridiculed my fears. I did not suspect any of the servants, as they all stood in too much awe of that apartment to enter it in the dark. The conversation now took a different turn, and the subject dropped.

"I spent this day as agreeably as the two former, but on again retiring to my chamber, felt, as may be supposed, rather uncomfortable, and determined to barricade the door as on the former night; which being done, and having loaded my pistol and placed it under my pillow, I resolved (should my visitor think proper to return) to fire *sans ceremonie*. I had probably been asleep an hour or two, when I dreamt a large animal fastened itself on me. I opened my eyes, and found such a heavy pressure on my throat, as scarcely allowed me to breathe. My first feeling was, that I should be strangled; when, making a sudden effort, and springing up, I seized a man by the collar, at the same time calling out, 'Who's this?' I received no answer, but was forcibly seized and dragged some paces from the bed. The sudden alarm prevented me from seizing my pistol, which I had dragged with the pillow on the floor; it instantly went off. I still kept my hold of the person, but knew it would be useless to call for assistance. He grasped me firmly round the body; when, flinging him off some paces, I disengaged myself and ran for my sword: he, however, again seized me; but his foot slipping, fell to the ground, and I upon him. At that moment something heavy dropped on the floor, and we had a violent struggle. We were now nearly opposite the window, and the curtain being drawn a little on one side, I perceived the figure of a stout man, but it was impossible to discern his features. During the whole time, he had never uttered a word. Getting him, at length, under me, and holding him forcibly down, I told him to surrender, or he was a dead man. He gave a hoarse

laugh, (if I may so term it), and by a violent effort, liberated himself, and rushing to the door, overturned the chairs, &c. placed against it, with a great noise. I followed him as he ran along the passages, but, not knowing the various turnings, soon lost the sound of his footsteps. However, I found my way to where the family slept, and calling out 'Robbers!' presently awoke the servants, and two gentlemen, visitors, who ran out of their rooms in great consternation. I told them what had occurred, and asked the servants to accompany me back, which they positively refused, declaring it was one of the evil spirits infesting that part of the building. The gentlemen, however, were of a different opinion, and having procured lights, with one or two old swords, we searched diligently about the passage where the man had disappeared, but discovered nothing. We then entered my apartment. The door was wide open, and the chairs, of course, thrown down. I did not perceive till this moment that my hand was bleeding; but my surprise soon ceased when I discovered a short dagger on the floor, by which it appeared I had been wounded during the struggle with my adversary. There was blood near the spot; my pistol lay on the ground; and the sword (which I had been unable to use) in the scabbard. Nothing more was discovered. It was evident the man had, ere this, made his escape, whose intention doubtless was murder, as he might have robbed me with little difficulty. He must have entered at the window, as the chairs placed against the door had not been removed till he made his escape, and it appeared pretty evident he was not unacquainted with the interior of the house.

"The family were considerably alarmed, and offered two or three persons to sit up with me the following night; but being obliged to leave that evening, I of course declined it. I departed at four to walk home, as I had some distance to go, and having received a pressing invitation to resume my visit in a short time, with the promise of another room and no more alarms, reluctantly took my leave. I had walked a mile or two, taking a path through a small wood, that being the nearest way; when a person, of genteel appearance, enveloped in a cloak, advanced towards me from behind some elm trees. 'A fine evening, Sir,' said the stranger, as I passed by; 'very mild for December. Perhaps, Sir, you could inform me if the man is taken who at-

tempted to murder a gentleman last night at — Castle, as you have no doubt heard the report. The gentleman, I believe, was much wounded." I started,— and the stranger eyed me with much earnestness. 'The report,' said I, 'is rather incorrect. You see the gentleman before you, who has only received a slight scratch, but it might have been worse, and I shewed him the dagger found in my room. I had scarcely uttered these words, when he started back some paces: his face became deadly pale,—and exclaiming, 'Ha! good God!' was out of sight in an instant. I stood for some moments in silent astonishment, and instantly conceived him to be the man. Yet his dress was not that of a robber. I was soon again on the high road, and in about half an hour arrived home.

"The next morning, while dressing, my servant brought me a letter without a direction, saying the person who gave it desired it might be delivered immediately. I opened it, and to my surprise read the following, evidently written in great haste.

"The man who met you yesterday in the wood, is the same who attacked you in — Castle; his design was murder. Yes—I am the man! I mistook you for another, on whom I had sworn revenge; but vengeance is now out of my power. There is *one*, however, whose vengeance will overtake the wretch who has made me what I am: ay, vengeance will overtake him when I am food for worms! Come to-night at seven o'clock to the place where you first saw me yesterday; you will then know all. Come at that time, or 'twill be too late.'

"I determined to go at the appointed hour, so great was my curiosity to learn who this man could be, and why he had attempted my life; and having persuaded a friend to accompany me, proceeded to the place.

"The night was by no means dark—when, on approaching the spot, we heard groans, and discovered the unhappy man in the agonies of death. A pistol, recently discharged, was in his hand; it was very apparent he had shot himself. He recognised me, and waved his hand; but seemed unable to speak. We lifted him up, when, with a ghastly look, he exclaimed, 'You're too late—can you forgive me for the attack I made on you?' I assured him I did. 'Ha!' he exclaimed, 'it is enough—but I had more—much more—Oh! —' and grasping my hand, with a deep groan, expired.

"The next morning he was conveyed to the town, and an inquest sat upon the body; but no one had seen him before, or knew from whence he came; and there was nothing found on his person that could lead to a discovery. The mystery, therefore, I fear, will never be cleared up."

"Captain!" said Mr. Bragster, rising from his chair, and putting down his glass of brandy and water, "I will not sleep on the *ground floor* to-night!"

J. P. JUN.

## MISCELLANIES.

### VERSATILITY OF TALENT.

Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being one of the greatest painters of his age. The prince of painters was a courtier, a lover, and fond of dress and company. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent—a writer of sonnets (which Wordsworth hath thought worth translating), and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a lutenist and a satirist. Titian was an eloquent letter-writer, and a perfect gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses are more polished and classical than any of his pictures.

### CHIVALROUS HEROINE.

The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honour, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-à-pee, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honour of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto *Cælo spes salutis*.



P. 401.

**COUNT FLORIS,**  
A LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES.  
(For the Parterre).

FLORIS the fifth, Earl of Holland, was a prince of excellent parts; eloquent, brave, and accomplished; of lofty stature and dignified deportment; but these qualities were obscured by vindictiveness and cruelty, and a readiness to receive the reports of spies and eavesdroppers.

There were in the Earl's court, two brothers named Van Velsen, who, being accused of treasonable designs against his government, were thrown into prison. One of them was shortly after decapitated; but the other (Gerard) was committed to close custody for a whole year; at the end of which, circumstances transpired that induced the Earl to consider him innocent. Resolving to make amends for the wrongs he had suffered, the Earl released Gerard from his imprisonment, and heaped upon him many favours; thinking that he could not do too much for one whom he had so unjustly punished.

The generosity of Floris had no bounds; he preferred the young knight

before all the nobles of his court; and, finally, supposing that Gerard would receive it as a mark of esteem, proposed that he should marry his mistress.

Gerard Van Velsen heard the proposal with the disgust natural to a man whose self-dignity had not deserted him; but he dissembled his indignation, and simply answered, that he did not feel disposed to avail himself of this generous offer. But the Earl was not to be refused, and subsequently renewed the offer; when Gerard, no longer able to conceal his disgust, plainly told him that he could not, and would not, disgrace himself by such an alliance.

Having made this declaration, the Knight quitted the Earl's court, from which he for some time kept aloof. During his absence he married the daughter of Herman, Seigneur of Woerden; the news of which roused the slumbering revenge of the Earl, who had used some ambiguous expressions of resentment at the time of Gerard's departure from the court; which, however, were unheeded and soon forgotten.

Floris, forgetting his high rank, and blinded by a demoniac desire for revenge, resolved to put into execution the object

he had so long contemplated. He therefore carefully concealed his satisfaction at the intelligence of Gerard's union, and resolved by an act of refined cruelty and malice, to revenge himself upon the man who had the spirit to refuse the alliance which he had dictated to him.

Great was the surprise and joy of Gerard Van Velsen upon receiving an invitation from the Earl. He set out for the court with a light heart, full of delightful anticipations, which upon his arrival there, were realized. Floris received him in the most gracious manner, and charging him with a commission of high import to some foreign power, prepared to execute his long cherished design.

While Gerard was on his journey, the Earl, with a slight retinue, proceeded to his castle, and pretending that his visit was casual, requested refreshment for himself and his train. The lady conceiving herself and her husband highly honoured by the visit, received the Earl with every mark of respect and hospitality; a circumstance which, nevertheless, did not disarm the malice of her guest, who requested a conference with her in private.

The unsuspecting lady, dreamt not of treachery from her liege lord; from one who was renowned for his gallantry and feats of arms: she led the way to a remote apartment,—when the Earl, first securing the door, for ever tarnished his fair fame, by an act of brutal violence.

Having thus gratified his long cherished revenge, the Earl quitted the castle, exulting in the accomplishment of his perfidy, and leaving the unfortunate lady in an agony of grief and shame.

Gerard Van Velsen having performed his mission, returned into Holland, and having made his report to the Earl, hastened home on the wings of love. But what a sight greeted the eyes of the fond husband as he entered his castle! The wife of his bosom clad in mourning weeds, and without jewel or ornament, awaited his return, which was to render him the most miserable of men.

Few words were required to relate the particulars of the treachery of which they had been the victims. The knight swore deeply to revenge the unmanly outrage; and comforting his wife, bade her go to her father, the Seigneur of Woerden, and relate the particulars. The old Seigneur, enraged at the dishonour of his daughter, became the mortal enemy of the Earl, and Gerard repeated his vows of vengeance, swearing by his knight-

hood never to rest until he had fully revenged himself upon his powerful enemy.

Other noblemen, among whom was Gysbrecht, Seigneur of Amstel, espoused the cause of the injured husband, who daily kept adding to the number of his friends, but at the same time taking care to keep the knowledge of it from the Earl.

A council was held at Cambray, at which the Bishop of Duras, and other persons of eminence took a part, when it was resolved that the Earl should be seized, and conveyed into England, there to be kept in prison, "as an expiation of so foul and villanous an act," while his son John was to be raised to the earldom of Holland and Zealand.

The Earl was all the while ignorant of the conspiracy which had been formed against him, and in the same year (A.D. 1296) was prevailed upon by Gerard Van Velsen to go to Utrecht, to settle some dispute which was agreed to be left to his arbitration. He was accompanied by Van Velsen, the old Seigneur of Woerden, and a train of followers.

Notwithstanding the caution which the conspirators had observed, it would appear that their designs were known to many; for, as the Earl, attended by his knights and servants, was proceeding to church to hear mass, a woman placed in his hands a small scroll, upon which was written a few words of warning. Despising the caution, the Earl, after mass, proceeded to make good cheer with the noblemen and prelates of Utrecht, and after dinner, having laid down to take a nap, as was his wont, the Seigneur of Amstel awoke him, and invited him to ride forth with his hawks, saying that there were plenty of wild fowl in the neighbourhood. Floris was passionately fond of the sport, and accepting the invitation, soon rode forth with a merlin on his hand, attended by a few of his followers. He had proceeded about a mile from the city, when he came upon the ambush of the conspirators, who immediately surrounded him.

Gerard Van Velsen was the first to seize him; but the Earl, casting off his hawk, clutched his sword: resistance, however, was unavailing; he was quickly overpowered and bound to his horse, by Gerard and his friends, who resolved to convey him over to England with all possible dispatch.

But news of the Earl's capture was soon spread abroad; and his friends, hastily arming themselves, raised the people of the country, and hastened in pursuit of the conspirators; who,



forcing their prisoner away, led him through the marshes, which were difficult to pass. The horse upon which the Earl was bound was small and weak, and in striving to make a leap, it fell, and rolled into a ditch, from which the conspirators endeavoured in vain to extricate him. Enraged at this accident, and dreading that those in pursuit would arrive in time to effect his rescue, Gerard Van Velsen leaped from his horse, and plunged his sword several times into the Earl's body; then remounting, rode off on the spur, to his own castle, which he immediately put in a state of defence.

The Earl's friends arrived in time to receive his last breath; and they immediately put to death several of the conspirator's servants in his presence.

Shortly after, Gerard Van Velsen was besieged and taken alive in his castle, when he was placed in a barrel full of sharp spikes, and rolled up and down the streets of Leyden; his head was then cut off, and his body exposed in the public places. A horrible proscription of all those concerned in the death of the Earl followed, even to the ninth degree of kindred, and numbers were executed whose only crime was their relationship to the conspirators.

B.

## A CHAPTER ON CHIMNEYS.

CHIMNEYS have characters! I am convinced of that. They are a people; and have minds, dispositions, temperaments, and passions, like other folk. They have also diseases like the human species, and do not want for their "doctors." Are they not affected by east winds just as much as any of us? and have they not their own inexplicable fits of the sullens, and are they not awfully testy when contradicted, just like ourselves?

The faculty of smoke-doctors may be a very learned and respectable faculty for any thing I know; but who ever heard of a chimney being cured? Nobody! The truth is, a chimney's disorders generally proceed from its original physical constitution; and one might just as well talk of expelling an hereditary disease from an individual of the human race. The only way is to destroy the chimney altogether, and create it anew. A "doctor" will speak to you of "old wives," and of "cans," one-mouthed, two-mouthed, and poly-mouthed; but put no faith in smoke-doctors. You might just as well expect a doctor to cure you, by ordering a new nightcap.

But the maladies which affect chimneys, often proceed from their situation in life. Circumstances govern us all, and chimneys too. A chimney of my acquaintance once testified this in a remarkable manner. It was a chimney that had just begun the world in the new town, and belonged to a house three stories in height. Now, this chimney was as well-behaved and well-regulated a chimney as one could have seen in a summer's day; and had a juvenile vivacity, which could not be repressed by the east wind itself. At last, however, it became all of a sudden very irregular in its conduct, and seemed to have lost all its former health and spirits. Doctors were called in, who examined the patient, and prescribed all kind of cans, which were speedily got. All would not do, however; instead of recovering, it became worse, and seemed, by the increased vehemence with which it repelled the advances of the smoke, to indicate that the doctors did not understand the nature of its trouble. Alas! it was not the body, but the mind of the chimney that was diseased! My sensitive young friend was affronted at the very idea of these fellows attempting to cure its grievances by such common-place applications. A full convocation of all the smoke-doctors in town being at length called, and their deliberations being assisted by some experienced builders, it was discovered that the cause of all its woes was the tall and over-topping gable of a contiguous house, whose chimneys carried their heads at least twenty feet higher than that of the afflicted chimney in question; so that envy—sheer envy alone, was the occasion of all its ailments. This was proved to my full satisfaction, by what happened afterwards; for the patient, being, as it were, continued into the tall gable, and allowed to carry as high a head as any of its neighbours, never gave its masters any more trouble; and when I went to see how it did, I thought the smoke which issued so freely and complacently from its mouth, seemed to say, "You see I have at length gained my point."

Though I allow that chimneys may be jealous of each other's heights, and sometimes look with an evil *can* at the honour or prosperity of their neighbours, I do not think that they are in general a democratic people. Many a chimney do I know of very humble height, and even unadorned with cans, and yet very decent, quiet chimneys too. There is a spirit of meekness in some chimneys,

which seems to fit them best for the lower walks of life, where they are content to exercise their vocations, perhaps, under the baronial protection of some neighbouring stack of chimneys, without fretting their souls with chimerical ideas of liberty and equality.

That chimneys are sentient beings, nobody can dispute. Le Sage, an author of no little discernment, says that chimneys can speak. I must confess I never heard them pronounce articulate words, or carry on conversations; but there is one thing of which I am certain—they can howl! I have heard them howl in a high wind, in a very sensible style—almost like speaking—only the sentences are not connected. In these cases, however, I consider them to be only expostulating with their enemy, the wind.

At the country town where I spent my youth, there were some thatched houses near the school, with chimneys of a very *outré* sort. My heart is smitten when I remember how cruel we were to these grotesque but inoffensive chimneys. There was one belonging to the cottage of a poor old widow woman, at which our scorn and our stones were particularly directed. It was constructed of turf, upon a frame-work of upright sticks—the whole so dilapidated, that there was scarcely any thing but the sticks left. Most unfortunately for the chimney, it was not altogether of an upright character, but inclined a little to one side, and seemed to look down upon us school-boys with open mouth, inviting our attacks. We assuredly did not spare it; for every day we employed the whole quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the school, in throwing missiles of any sort we could lay our hands on, *at and down* its gaping crater; and not a day passed without old Luckie—coming into the schoolroom, complaining of our wickedness, and exhibiting the melancholy fragments of cutty pipes, and little black tea-pots, which, she said, had suffered from our stones, while lying innocuously by her fire-side. I remember hearing an account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the good man, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rannle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of *lum-bag-o!*

Speaking of chimney-sweeping, we come to chimney-sweeps, who, by the

by, are a very noticeable set of men. A friend of mine, in guarding against contact with them in the streets, calls them angels of darkness, in contradistinction to bakers, whom he denominates angels of light; though I consider the one tribe to be fully as great annoyances as the other. When I pass a chimney-sweep in the street, I myself wearing light-coloured clothes at the time, I may say, "*Conjuro te, Diabole!*" and avoid being rude to his person; but in my heart I envy and admire him. Chimney-sweeps see and explore a part of the world which nobody else can see and explore. They surpass the prodigal son in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," who saw the outside of the best houses in Amsterdam, for any body may see that; but to chimney-sweeps alone is it reserved to see the *roofs* of the best houses. They walk in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of the rest of mankind, and cast their eyes over the surface of *another world*, which none of us children of the ground shall ever see. I have heard them tell strange and wild stories of the dangers they have passed, and the roofs of the *lands* they have seen, like sailors returned from distant voyages; and, what is very strange, there is scarcely a chimney in the town, of which they do not know the whole nature and character, as well as the owner of the house himself. Nay, I have often been surprised, on calling a chimney-sweeper to administer unto a moody or diseased vent, to observe how familiar he was with its history and peculiarities. How they acquire this wonderful knowledge it is impossible to conceive. I suspect that they talk to each other of nothing but the various chimneys which have come under their hands, and so, each communicating to his neighbour the results of his experience, the whole become as it were, universally acquainted. I remember once calling an old chimney-sweep to a very strange chimney, which, before ascending the gable, went across the ceiling of an adjoining room, and, indeed, was all at right angles. Before commencing operations upon this strange specimen of the crooked tribe of chimneys, he frightened me into the offer of a double fee by some dreadful traditional recollection of boys being smothered in it forty years ago, when he was a climbing boy himself, and of plummet-balls in later times being dispatched down its unimaginable angularities, in order to discover the bottom, and being never more heard of by their disconsolate owners, whose damages were

of course made good by the then proprietor.

In short, the subject which I have thus imperfectly handled, is one well worthy the attention of the truly philosophical; and I hope, ere long, to see a separate volume allotted to it in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, or in the Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

www.libtool.com Apparently their plans were not well

### A SISTER'S LOVE AND COURAGE.

My heroine (says Mrs. Jameson, in her inimitable sketches), truly, and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children; two much older, and two much younger, than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of theology in a university of Courland; I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of the city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—the first was a necessary preliminary to the second. The consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the cor-

respondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "Yes." Was she a Christian? "No." Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate

they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information, some redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingering on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year, (1833), a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia; who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears, and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favour must be presented to the emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and urged that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone, on her long and perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to heaven and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing. I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I

had not a doubt of my own success, because I was resolved to succeed; but ah! *liebe madame!* what a fate was mine! my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mishance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she arrived safely, in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally—"Your brother was a *mauvaise sujet*; he ought not to be pardoned, and if I were the emperor I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—"I call heaven to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank heaven that you are not the emperor, for I can still hope!"

The minister, in a rage, said—"Do you dare to speak thus to me! Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied: "you are his excellency the minister C—; but what of that! you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in heaven and the emperor; and then," said she, "I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to inter-

tere, or deliver her petition), she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise, something or other, whose name I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself, I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain the audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!"

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied, "That thought did not strike me—but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was resolved to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, heaven forgive me! I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laquais in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise—, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few moments she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back—.

Here I could not help asking her,

whether at that moment she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," said she firmly; on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, 'Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome, even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said,

"May it please your Imperial Majesty, I am not the Countess Elise—, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty! pardon my poor brother!" I held out the petition, and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The emperor said,

"Rise, rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying,

"Rise, mademoiselle—I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand; and said, with tears,

"I pray of your majesty to read that paper."

He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice,

"Is it possible?—This is dreadful!"—When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once,

"Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned!" The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying, and yet I scarce knew what I said,

"Your imperial majesty is a good man upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would not suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear—!" He said,

"Fear nothing: you have my promise." He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.

"Ach ja! the emperor is a good man

—ein schoener, feiner, mann! but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

[The excitement and fatigue produced a severe attack of illness under which she was still labouring, when, on the fifth day after her interview with Nicholas, a *laquais* in the imperial livery, came to her lodging with a sealed packet, and "the emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos." It was the pardon for her brother.]

Those mean official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble*; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town of Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled, was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights; alone, and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given her at St. Petersburg.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon, with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained—almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out,

"I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—is dead!"—  
Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her

story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears—and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief.

"Ach liebe Gott! was für ein schrecklich schicksal war das meine!—What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find—not my brother—*nur ein grab!* (only a grave!)" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished, and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

#### NAPOLEON AND CHARLEMAGNE.

The tomb of Charlemagne is still existing in the magnificent cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, although long since rifled of its contents. It was opened in 1165 by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and the dead monarch was found, clothed in royal robes, and seated in a chair of marble, with the gospels on his knees, his sword beside him, and a small casket, containing a portion of the earth which received the blood of the martyred St. Stephen at his feet. After having been exposed for a short time, "*a la veneration publique,*" the body was enclosed in a beautiful antique sarcophagus; but no vestige of it now remains. It is supposed that bone after bone has been taken away as sacred relics; and it is said that one solitary fragment, rescued from this traffic, has been re-interred in the vault in which the body was originally deposited. The vast stone that seals this vault, placed immediately under the centre of the dome, has the words CAROLO MAGNO inscribed upon it. The sacristan who shews the building, tells that he accompanied Napoleon and Josephine into every part of it; they were followed, he says, by a numerous and brilliant *cortège* of the staff. When Napoleon read these words, he retreated from the verge of the stone; rendered sacred by such an inscription, and having remained for a moment gazing on it, walked slowly round; without placing his foot within its limits, but with his eyes still fixed upon the venerated name. The marble chair in which the body was found seated, is still preserved, and has been frequently used in the coronation of succeeding emperors.

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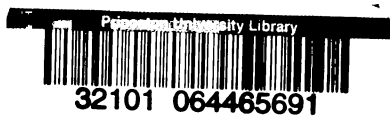


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