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LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. VII.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Concluded.)

Before proceeding with the story of our hero, we deem it proper at this point to expiscate, as far as can be done, whether he falls to be regarded as a forger, or a discoverer.

Chatterton's intelligent biographer, the Rev. Dr. Gregory, has been at great pains to make an abstract of all the material evidence which has been led by the advocates of each view of the case. This abstract, though somewhat lengthy, we transfer to our pages, not only on account of its intrinsic interest, but because the work from which it is taken is now rarely to be met with. For the use of the copy before us, we are indebted to our much esteemed friend, the Laird of Bonnie Braes, who boasts of one of the most select and valuable private libraries in Canada West.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE AUTHENTICITY OF ROWLEY'S POEMS.

External Evidence.

"I. The first serious objection which occurs against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, and these extremely short, the whole not containing more than 124 verses. Had such a treasure of ancient poetry fallen into the hands of a young and ingenious person, would he, it is said, have cautiously produced them to the world one by one? Would he not rather have been proud of his good fortune? Would not the communicativeness of youth have induced him to blaze the discovery abroad, and to call every lover of poetry and antiquity, to a participation of the pleasure? Would not the hope and offers of reward at least have prevented his destroying what, if preserved, would certainly be productive of profit, but the destruction of which could answer no purpose whatever.

"II. The deficiency of proof in favour of Rowley, is strongly aided by the very probable proofs in favour of Chatterton. His abilities were in every respect calculated for such a deception. He had been in the habit of writing verses from his earliest youth, and produced some excellent poetry. He was known to have been conversant with our old English poets and historians, particularly Chaucer. His fondness for heraldry, introduced many books of antiquities to his notice; and even his profession disposed him to these studies, and enabled him with facility to imitate ancient writings. In the *Christmas Games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, there is much of that peculiar learning in British Antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems; and in his Essay on Sculpture, there is much of the same general information with which those compositions abound. The transport and delight, which Chatterton always discovered on reading the poems to Mr. Smith, his sister, and his different friends, could not, it is said, have resulted from the mere pleasure of a discovery: it was the secret, but ardent feeling of his own abilities, and the consciousness that the praises which were bestowed upon them were all his own, which filled him with exultation, and produced those strong emotions which even his habitual reserve on this subject was unable to conceal.

"III. The declaration of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, concerning the first part of the Battle of Hastings, which he confessed *he had written himself*, is a presumption against the rest. He was then taken by surprise, but at other times preserved a degree of consistency in his falsehood.

"IV. Mr. Rudhall, an intimate acquaintance of Chatterton, declared to Mr. Croft, that he saw him (Chatterton) disguise several pieces of parchment with the appearances of age, and that Chatterton told him, that the parchment which Mr. Rudhall had assisted him in blacking and disguising, was the very parchment he had sent to the printer's, containing 'the account of the Fryer's passing the old bridge.'

"V. The Rev. Mr. Catcott, brother to the Mr. Catcott before mentioned, affirmed, that having had a conversation one evening with Chatterton, he traced the very substance of this conversation, in a piece which that indefatigable genius produced sometime after as Rowley's.

"VI. Chatterton at first exhibited the Songs to Ælla in his own hand-writing; and afterwards in the parchment, which he gave to Mr. Barrett as the original, there were found several variations which it is supposed he had admitted through forgetfulness, or perhaps, as actual corrections, considering that the parchment was the copy which probably would be resorted to as a standard.

"VII. The hand-writing of the fragment containing the storie of W. Canynge, is quite different from the hand-writing of that which contains 'the accounte of W. Canynge's feast;' and neither of them is written in the usual record hand of the age to which they are attributed. Indeed in the 'accounte of W. Canynge's Feaste,' the Arabian numerals, (63) are said to be perfectly modern, totally different from the figures used in the fifteenth century, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make.

"VIII. The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and upon apparently good ground. He is not so much as noticed by William of Worcester, who lived nearly about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. 'Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity,' has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also a circumstance not easy to be surmounted.

"IX. Objections are even made to the manner in which the poems are said to have been preserved. That title deeds relating to the church or even historical records might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church, is allowed to be sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have been consigned to a chest with six keys, kept in a private room in a church with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be entrusted, not to the heads of a college, or any literary society, but to aldermen and churchwardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value.

Internal Evidence.

"In point of style, composition, and sentiment, it is urged by Mr. Warton, and those who adopt the same side of the controversy, that the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century, which is said to have produced them. Our ancient poets are minute and particular, they do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, but dwell on realities; but the writer of these poems adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of explaining a fact, and employs too frequently the aid of metaphor and personification. Our ancient bards abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies; but Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, institutions, usages, and character: they contain no violent or gross improprieties. One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry, is a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c., bear no proportion to pages of langour, mediocrity, prosaic and uninteresting details; but the poems in question are uniformly supported, and are throughout poetical and animated. Poetry, like other sciences (say these critics) has its gradual accessions and advancements; and the poems in question pos-

sess all that elegance, firmness of contexture, strength and brilliancy, which did not appear in our poetry before the middle of the present century.

"II. There appears in these poems none of that learning, which peculiarly marks all the compositions of the fifteenth century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and classical allusions; Ovid and St. Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the Fathers: and the whole would be interspersed with allusions to another kind of reading, viz., the old romances; the round table, with Sir Launcelott, and Sir Tristram and Charlemagne, would have been constantly cited. Poems from such an author, would also have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of Scripture, and addressed to the saints and blessed Virgin; instead of apostrophes to such allegorical divinities as Truth and Content, and others of Pagan original.

"As to the historical allusions which are really found in these poems, it is asserted, that they are only such as might be supplied by books which are easily obtained, such as Hollingshead and Fox, Fuller's Church History, Geofry of Monmouth, and others of a similar nature; and that general reading has been mistaken for profonnd erudition.

"III. Some Anachronisms have also been pointed out in the manuscripts of Rowley. Thus the art of *knitting stockings* is alluded to in the tragedy of Ælla; whereas it is a well-established fact, that the art was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV. Bristol is called a city, though it was not such till long after the death of that monarch. Canynge is said to have possessed a *cabinet* of coins, *drawings*, &c., though these words were not then in use; and *manuscripts* are spoken of as rarities, at a time when there was scarcely any other books; when, in truth a printed book must have been a much greater curiosity.

"IV. The metre of the old English poetry is said to be totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first, of quatrains, which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an alexandrine; no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate or Gower. Spenser extended the old octave stanza to nine lines, closing with an Alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth. Above all, the extraordinary instance of an English Pindaric in the fifteenth century, is ridiculed by Mr. Warton, which novelty (he says) 'was reserved for the capricious ambition of Cowley's muse.' That Rowley should ever have seen the original model of this irregular style of composition, is utterly improbable, since Pindar was one of the last classics that emerged at the restoration of literature.

"To this head may be referred the extraordinary *smoothness of the verse*, which is utterly unparalleled in any poet for more than a century after the supposed age of Rowley; the accent or cadence, which is always modern; and the perfection and harmony of the rhyme.

"V. While the composition, metre, &c., are wholly modern, the language is asserted to be too ancient for the date of the poems. It is not the language of any particular period, but of two entire centuries. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. The author appears to have borrowed all his ancient language, not from the usage of common life, but from Speght, Skinner and other lexicographers, and to have copied their mistakes. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake.

"VI. Notwithstanding this affectation of ancient language, it is added, that the tinsel of modern phraseology may in too many instances be detected. Thus such phrases as *Puerilitie; before* his *optics*; *blameless* tongue; the aucthoure of the *piece;* vessel wreckt upon the *tragic* sand; the *proto-sleyne* man, &c., could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, e. g. 'Systers in sorrow; poygnant arrows *typp't* with destinie; Oh, Goddes; Ah, what avaulde; Awaie, awaie! (which is the cant of modern tragedy) Oh, thou, whate'er thie name; with a number of compound epithets, and other almost certain marks of modern composition.

"VII. To these may be added some passages which appear to be imitations of modern poets. Many of those, which have been cited to convict Chatterton of plagiarism, are, it must be confessed, such obvious thoughts, that they might be adopted by a person who had never seen the modern publications in which they appear; but

such coincidences as the following are palpable:

"O! for a muse of fire!" *Shakes. Hen. V.*

"O forre a spryte all feere!" *Ælla, l.* 729.

"His beard all white as snow.
"All flaxen was his pole." *Hamlet.*

"Black his cryne as the winter nyghte,
"White his rode, as the summer snowe." *Ælla, l.* 851

"No, no, he is dead,
"Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

"Mie love is dedde,
"Gone to his dethe-bedde. *Ælla, l.* 855.

"Unhousell'd, unanointed, *unaknell'd*," *Hamlet in Pope's Edit.*

"Unburied, undellievre, unespryte." *Goodwyne, l.* 27.

"Their souls from corpses *unaknell'd* depart." *Bat. of Hastings, Part I. l.* 288.

"The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
"In his heart's-blood was wet. *Chevy-Chace.*

"The *grey-goose* pynion, that *thereon* was sett,
"Eftsoons wyth smokyng *crimson bloud was wett*." *Bat. of Hastings, Part. I. l.* 200.

"*With such a force* and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side
A large *cloth-yard* and *more*." *Chevy Chace.*

"*With thilk a force it did his body gore*,
That in his tender guts it entered,
In veritie, a full *cloth yard or more*." *Bat. of Hast.*

"Closed his eyes in endless night." *Gray's Bard.*

"He closed his eyne in everlastynge nyghte." *Bat. of Hast. Part II.*

"The advocates of Rowley, are, however, not destitute of arguments in their support; I shall therefore divide the evidence in the same manner as in stating the former, and endeavour to exhibit as fair a summary as possible.

ARGUMENT TO PROVE THAT THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY, WERE REALLY WRITTEN BY HIM AND OTHERS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

External Evidence.

"I. The first grand argument which the advocates on this side advance, is the constant and uniform assertion (except in a single instance) of Chatterton himself, who is represented by his sister, and all his intimates, as a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason. He was also most insatiable of fame, and abounded in vanity. He felt himself neglected, and many passages of his writings are full of invective on this subject. Is it probable, that such a person should barter the fair character of truth, which he loved, for the sake of persisting in falsehood, which he detested? Is it probable, that a person of his consummate vanity, should uniformly give the honour of all his most excellent compositions to another, and only inscribe his name to those which were evidently inferior? But even though a man might be thus careless of his reputation, during his lifetime, under the conviction that he might assume the honour whenever he pleased, would this carelessness continue even at the hour of death? Would he at a moment, when he actually meditated his own destruction; in a paper which he inscribes—"All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday (evening), in the utmost distress of mind,"—still repeat with the utmost solemnity the same false assertion that he had affirmed during the former part of his life? there was at least *no occasion* to introduce the subject at that time, and he might have been silent, if he did not chuse to close his existence with a direct falsehood. If we consider the joy which he manifested on the discovery of the parchments, the avidity with which he read them, he must be the most complete of dissemblers, if really they contained no such treasure as he pretended. To another very extraordinary circumstance Mr. Calcott has pledged himself, which is that on his first, acquaintance with Chatterton, the latter mentioned by *name* almost all the poems which since appeared in print, and that at a time, when, if he were the author, one tenth of them could not be written.

"II. Next to the asseverations of Chatterton himself, we are bound to pay at least some attention to those of all his friends. His mother accurately remembers the whole transaction concerning the parchments, as I have already stated it. His sister also recollects to have seen the original parchment of the poem on our Lady's Church, and, she thinks, of the Battle of Hastings: she remembers to have heard her brother mention frequently the names of Turgot, and of John Stowe, besides that of Rowley. Mr. Smith, who was one of the most intimate friends of Chatterton, remembers to have seen manuscripts upon vellum, to the number of a dozen in his possession, many of them ornamented with the heads of kings or of popes, and some of them as broad as the bottom of a large sized chair. He used frequently to read to Mr. Smith, sometimes parts, and sometimes whole treatises from these old manuscripts; and Mr. Smith has very often been present while he transcribed them at Mr. Lambert's. Mr. Capel, a jeweller, at Bristol, assured Mr. Bryant, that he had frequently called upon Chatterton, while at Mr. Lambert's, and had at times found him transcribing ancient manuscripts answering to the former description. Mr. Thistlethwaite, in

the curious letter already quoted, relates, that during the year 1768, 'at divers visits, he found Chatterton employed in copying Rowley, from what he still considers as undoubted originals.' Mr. Cary also, another intimate acquaintance, frequently heard Chatterton mention these manuscripts soon after he left Colston's school. Every one of these gentlemen, as well as Mr. Clayfied and Mr. Rudhall, declare unequivocally, from an intimate knowledge of Chatterton's learning and abilities, that they believe him incapable of producing the poems of Rowley.

"III. That a number of manuscripts were found in Redcliffe church, cannot possibly be doubted after the variety of evidence which has been adduced to that purpose. Perrot, the old Sexton, who succeeded Chatterton's great uncle, took Mr. Shiercliffe, a minature painter of Bristol, as early as the year 1749, through Redcliffe church; he shewed him in the North porch a number of parchments, some loose and some tied up, and intimated, 'that there were things there which would one day be better known; and that in proper hands they might prove a treasure.' Many of the manuscripts in Mr. Barrett's hands bear all the marks of age, and are 'signed by Rowley himself. The characters in each instance appear to be similar; and the hand-writing the same in all.'

"IV. The short time which Chatterton had to produce all these poems, is an extraordinary circumstance. It has been already stated, that he continued at Colston's school from the age of eight till that of fourteen and seven months; that he continued each day in school from seven or eight o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till four or five in the evening, and went to bed at eight. There is also reason to believe, that he did not discover or begin to copy these poems, or even to apply himself to antiquities, before the age of fifteen. In about the space therefore of two years and a half, he made himself master of the ancient language of this country; he produced more than two volumes of poetry, which are published, and about as many compositions, in prose and verse, as would nearly fill two volumes more. During this time he must have read a considerable variety of books. He was studying medicine, heraldry, and other sciences; he was practising drawing; he copied a large book of predecents; and Mr. Lambert's business, though not extensive, must have occupied at least some part of his attention. Which, therefore, is the easier supposition, say the advocates for Rowley, that this almost miracle of industry or ability was performed by a boy; or that Chatterton really copied the poems from ancient documents?

"V. Chatterton is said further to have discovered great marks of ignorance on the manuscripts coming first into his possession. He read the name *Roulie* instead of Rowley, till he was set right by Mr. Barrett. In the acknowledged writings of Chatterton, there are also palpable mistakes, and marks of ignorance in history, geography, &c.; whereas no such appear in the poems of Rowley. But what is of still greater consequence, Mr. Bryant has laboured to prove that, in almost innumerable instances, Chatterton did not understand the language of Rowley, but that he has actually misinterpreted, and sometimes mistranscribed him. Thus, in the 'English Metamorphosis' verse 14—

"Their myghte is *knopped* ynne the froste of fere."

Chatterton having recourse to Chaucer and Skinner, has interpreted to *knop*, to *tie*, to *fasten*; whereas it really means, and the context requires that it should mean, to *nip*. Thus, in the Second Battle of Hastings, 548, describing a sacrifice:

"Roastynge their *vyctualle* round about the flame,"

which Mr. Tyrwhitt himself has allowed ought to be *vyctimes*, and has accordingly cancelled the other word. Thus in Ælla, v. 678, we find:

"Theyre throngyngo corses shall *onlyghte* the starres."

The word *onlyghte* Chatterton has here strangly applied as meaning to *darken* the stars, whereas Mr. Bryant, by recurring to the Saxon, very reasonably supposes *onlych* to have been the proper word, and the line will then mean to *be like*, or to equal the stars in number. The word *cherisaunei*, which Chatterton has inserted in the 'Introductions to Ælla,' never did really exist, and Mr. Bryant shows that the original word was certainly *cherisaunce:* and in the Second Eclogue, Chatterton has explained the word *amenused*, by *lessened*, or *diminished;* whereas the same learned critic shows, that it never had any such meaning, but that it really signifies *accursed* or *abominable*. These and other similar mistakes (of which Mr. Bryant specifies a great number) he asserts could never have happened, had Chatterton been any more than the transcriber of these extraordinary poems.

"VI. With respect to the objection, that Rowley is not mentioned by other writers, it is answered that there existed so little communication among mankind at that time, that Leland,

who is a very curious writer, never makes the smallest mention of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve. That William of Worcester does not mention Rowley, because, unless history demands it, writers do not commonly commemorate persons before their death, and Rowley was apparently alive when William of Worcester was at Bristol. In the register of the Diocese of Wells, however, there are two persons of the name of Thomas owley, mentioned as admitted into holy orders, one of whom might be the author of the poems. In answer to the objection, why these manuscripts remained so long unknown to the world, Mr. Bryant says—'We may not be able to account any more for these manuscripts being so long neglected, than for those of Hesychius, Phœdrus, and Vellius Paterculus having been in the same situation;' and with respect to the secreting of the originals by Chatterton, it is deemed a sufficient reply, that he might conceive very highly of their value, and therefore did not wish to part with them, or he might be apprehensive that they would be taken from him; and at last, in his indignation against the world, he probably destroyed all of them that remained at the time when he determined upon putting an end to his existence.

"VII. The concessions of the adversaries ought not to pass unnoticed on this occasion. Mr. Warton admits 'that some poems written by Rowley might have been preserved in Canynge's chest; but if there were any, they were so enlarged and improved by Chatterton, as to become entirely new compositions;' and in a subsequent publication says, 'I will not deny that Chatterton might discover parchments of humble prose, containing local memoirs and authentic deeds, illustrating the history of Bristol. He might have discovered biographical diaries, or other notices of the lives of Canynge, Ischam, and Gorges.' These concessions at least imply something of a doubt on the mind of the Laureate, concerning the existence of some important manuscripts, and seem of some consideration in the scale of controversy.

Internal evidence in favour of the authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

"I. The internal evidence (which we may call positive) on this side of the question is not very extensive, and the bulk of it consists in negative arguments, or a refutation of the adversaries' objections. The most material proof is derived from the Allusions to Facts and Customs, of which there is not much probability, that Chatterton could have a competent knowledge Thus, if the 'Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin' be supposed, as Mr. Tyrwhitt himself thinks probable, to refer to the execution of Sir Baldwin of Fulford, the fact meets confirmation in all its circumstances, from a fragment published by Hearne, and also from a parliamentary roll of the eighth of Edward IV; neither of which there is the least probability that Chatterton ever saw. Thus the names which occur in the Battle of Hastings, may almost all be authenticated from the old historians; but they are scattered in such a variety of books, that they could not be extracted without infinite labour, and several of the books were in all probability not accessible by Chatterton.

To this head we may refer many particulars concerning Canynge, &c., as related by Chatterton, such as his paying 3000 marks to the king, *pro pace sua habenda, &c.*, which was confirmed in an extraordinary manner by W. of Worcester, whose book was not made public till 1778, and which it was therefore impossible Chatterton could see previous to the publication of his memoirs; such is also the time of Canynge's entering into holy orders, which it confirmed by the Episcopal register of Worcester, and the anecdote of the steeple of Redcliffe Church being burnt down by lightning in 1446. Of a similar kind is a circumstance in the orthography of the name of *Fescampe* (which is the right orthography), while Holingshead, the only author accessible to Chatterton, has it *Flischampe*. The name of Robert Consul, also, whom Rowley represents as having repaired the Castle of Bristol, occurs in Leland, as the proprietor of that castle.

"II. With regard to the style, composition, and sentiment. If the poems appear superior to the efforts of the first scholars at the revival of letters; what are they, when considered as the productions of an uneducated charity boy, not quite seventeen? Those, also, who think that Chatterton could not reduce his genius to the standard of the age of Rowley, should, perhaps, rather wonder why he could never raise his own avowed productions to an equal degree of excellence. The poems attributed to Rowley, if his, are as much the work of his infantile years, as his own miscellaneous poems; indeed, many of the latter were composed some time after most of Rowley's were exhibited to the world; that they should be inferior in every excellence of poetry, is therefore a mystery not easy to be accounted for. Against the general proposition,

that poetry, like other arts, is progressive, and never arrived to perfection in an early age; it has been judiciously urged, that 'genius is peculiar neither to *age* nor country,' but that we have an example of one man, Homer, who, in the very infancy of all arts, without guide or precursor, 'gave to the world a work, which has been the admiration and model of all succeeding poets.' And though it be admitted, that Rowley's poems are pervaded by an uniform strain of excellence and taste, which does not appear in the other works of his age now extant, yet when we compare any composition with another of the same or of any prior age, the difference subsisting will frequently be found not to depend upon *time*, but upon the situation, genius, and judgment of the respective authors.

"III. As to Metre, it is said that in all languages the modes and measures of verse were originally invented and adopted from accidental circumstances, and agreeably to the tastes of different authors; and that very early in the English poetry, a great variety of measures are known to have prevailed, such as the octave stanza, which is not many removes from the usual stanza of Rowley, the seven line stanza, or Rithm Royal, and that of ten lines used by Chaucer in one of his smaller poems. The argument founded on the smoothness of the verse, is attempted to be overturned by Mr. Bryant, who has produced extracts from poems still older than the age of Rowley, which are deficient neither in harmony nor cadence.

"IV. The objection founded on the ancient language of Rowley, is answerable by supposing that his language was probably provincial. Several of the words objected to as of Chatterton's coining, have by more profound researches been traced in ancient writers. Many words in Rowe ley's poems cannot be found in those dictionaries and glossaries, to which Chatterton had access, and Chatterton's mistakes in transcribing and explaining the old language of Rowley have already been instanced.

" V. Many of the pretended imitations of the modern poets to be found in Rowley are objected to upon good grounds, as being ideas obvious to Rowley or any man; and as to the other, why may we not suppose them 'insertions of Chatterton, either to please his own ear, or to restore some parts which were lost, or in places where the wordswe re difficult to be decyphered? This argument acquires great weight, when the temper and genius of Chatterton is considered, and when it is recollected that all parties agree in in the probability of many interpolations being made by him; and if this argument be admitted, it will in a great measure account for the modern phraseology which so frequently occurs in these poems.

"In rejoinder to these arguments, a few facts have been stated by those who support the title of Chatterton. 1st, That no writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe Church are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected, nor any books, except two, called 'Liggers cum integra legenda,' which he leaves to be used occasionally in the choir by the two chaplains established by him. 2d, To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books out of the common line of reading, it is alleged that the old library at Bristol was, during his life-time, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott. 3d, Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c., as far as it was countenanced by William of Worcester (that is, as far as respects his taking orders and paying a fine to the king), may be found in the epitaph on Master Canynge, still remaining to be read by every person, both in Latin and English, in Redcliffe Church, which indeed appears to be the authority, that William of Worcester himself has followed. Chatterton's account, also, of Redcliffe steeple is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one *John Halfpenny*, 'in which was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire.' 4th, As to the old vellum or parchment on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, it is observed, that 'at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds (of which there were many in the Bristol chest), there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in broadth;' and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the largest fragment which he has exhibited, viz., eight-and-a-half inches long, and four-and-a-half broad."

Very few of our readers, we opine, will hesitate to adopt the conclusion, that Thomas Rowley is merely an *alias* of Thomas Chatterton; and that in all probability "Canynge's cofre" never contained documents more romantic or ideal than "muniments" referring to the temporalities of St. Mary Redcliffe church.

Elated with his success as an "antiquarian miner," our celebrity resolved to secure, if

possible, a patron who would give something substantial in return for literary ore.

The Hon. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, had made himself a mark for adventurers, in consequence of the facility with which he had permitted himself to be hoodwinked by Macpherson, into acting as one of the sponsers of that bombastical myth, Ossian.

To Walpole, accordingly, Chatterton addressed a missive, in March 1767, offering to furnish him with some accounts of a series of great painters, who had flourished at Bristol. The records of those limners, hitherto unknown to fame, had been recently discovered (according to Thomas' tale) along with some ancient lyrics; and a specimen of the said lyrics, in the shape of an ode on the death of Richard I., was transmitted along with the communication referred to.

Horace, however, had been taught wisdom by experience, and dreaded being made, a second time, the dry-nurse to an unveracity. He ubmitted the swatch of anthology to Gray and Mason, who at once certiorated him, that it was a modern concoction. The upshot was that the documents (for Chatterton had sent some more "modern antiques" to the virtuoso) were returned to their owner, if not author, under a contemptuous blank cover.

Enraged at this upshot, Chatterton revenged himself by introducing Walpole into a satirical sketch, entitled "Memoirs of a sad dog," under the "caption" of "Baron Otranto."

Of this "composure," which appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*, we shall favour our clients with a specimen.

Sir Stentor Ranger, it may be premised, is a roistering toper of the Squire Western school, whose ancestor having purchased an ecclesiastical property, made the abbey a stable, and turned his dogs into the chapel.

Sir Stentor had many curious visitors, on account of his ancient painted glass windows; among the rest was the redoubted baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures. This most ingenious gentlemen, as a certain advertiser stiles him, is certainly a good judge of paintings, and has an original, easy manner of writing. That his knowledge in antiquity equals his other accomplishments may be disputed. As Sir Stentor had ever been politically attached to his family, he welcomed the baron with every demonstration of joy, and ordered the bells of the parish church to be rung. As a future testimony of his joy, he sent for a blind fiddler, the Barthelemon of the village, to entertain the baron with a solo during dinner; and after the desert, Robin Hood's Ramble was melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent music of a two-stringed violin, and a bag-pipe. A concert by the first masters in Europe could not have pleased the baron so well: he imagined himself carried back to the age of his favorite hero, Richard the Third

Should any critic assert, that it is impossible such an immagination could enter the *cerebellum* of the baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth) his assertion shall stand uncontradicted by me, as I know, by woeful experience, that when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.

The baron, after dinner, asked the knight if he had ever discovered in any place about his house an escutcheon argent, on a fesse, gules; three garbs, or; between as many shields, sable, cheveronay of the first?

To this learned interrogatory the knight answered with a stare of astonishment, and "Anon, Sir, what d'ye talk of? I dont understand such outlandish lingo, not I, for my part."

Otranto finding it impossible to enter into a conversation suitable to his hobby-horse, begged leave to visit the kennel, desiring the knight to permit the huntsman to go with him, lest the dogs might not be over civil to a stranger.

"Odzookers,' cried Sir Stentor, "are you afraid of the dogs? I'll go with you myself, man."

The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruinated chapel; but the knight was so full of the praises of his harriers, that the antiquary had not opportunity to form one conjecture. After looking round the chapel for some moveable piece of age, on which he might employ his speculative talents, to the external honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a stone which had no antiquity at all; and, transported with his fancied prize, placed it upon

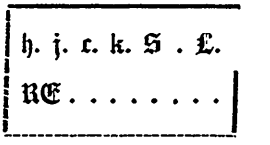
his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, desiring the knight to give him no disturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the service of futurity.

This important piece of stone had by the huntsman been sacreligiously stolen from the neighbouring church-yard, and employed with others to stop up a breach in the kennel, through which the adventurous Jowler had squeezed his lank carcase.

Nothing can escape the clutches of curiosity. The letters being ill cut, had an appearance of something Gothic; and the baron was so far gone in this Quixotism of literature, that at the first glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

The original inscription was: James Hicks lieth here, with Hester his wife.

The broken stone is here represented.



The baron having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at last determined it to be *Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero. Requiescat*, &c. &c. What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impossible for him to be mistaken, was, that a great man of the name of Sancto Legero, had been buried in the county about five hundred years ago.

Elated with the happy discovery, the baron had an elegant engraving of the curiosity executed, and presented it to the society of antiquaries, who look upon it as one of the most important discoveries which have been made since the great Dr. Trefoil found out that the word *kine* came from the Saxon *cowine*.

It is not at all improbable that the above story suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of the adventure of "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle," as the same is set forth in the *Antiquary*.

Being released from the abominated fetters of his Czar, Attorney Lambert, our young adventurer, determined to push his fortunes in the Anglican metropolis.

Accordingly, in April 1770, he turned his back once and for ever upon Bristol, with hopes bright and genial as those which once cheered Dick Whittington! Alas! widely different was his destiny from that of the "cat-made" Lord Mayor of London!

We subjoin a brace of letters, addressed by Chatterton to his mother, soon after he had reached the "*mare magnum* of brick and smoke." They demonstrate how elastic were his feelings and how bounding his aspirations.

London. April 26, 1770.

Dear Mother,—Here I am, safe, and in high spirits.—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing Friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Malborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-hoo complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him.—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

Got into London about five o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design;—shall soon be settled.——Call upon Mr. Lambert; shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home.——Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember.—I remain,

Your dutiful Son,
T. CHATTERTON.

Shoreditch, London, May 6th, 1770.

Dear Mother,—I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am set-

tled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destin'd to hold me—there I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol!—Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of praise; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers—Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into —The Levant, man of war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet.—I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, your's, &c.

T. CHATTERTON.

For a season our juvenile enthusiast imagined that the high road to fame and wealth lay patent before him, and he resolved to give himself up mainly to politics. Having procured an introduction to Mr. Beckford, the "liberal" Lord Mayor, he, in order to ingratiate himself with that personage, "came out strong" as an anti-ministerial writer. In particular he composed an essay containing a virulent invective against Government, which was dedicated to his patron, and from which he anticipated fructifying results. Beckford, however, suddenly died at this conjuncture, and the air-castles of the dreamer were shaken, in consequence, to the very foundation.

It would appear from the following endorsement upon the manuscript of the above mentioned essay, that he derived a certain amount of *metallic* consolation from the demise of his influential friend—

"Accepted by Bingley, set for, and thrown out of the *North Briton*, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death—

Lost by his death on this Essay.....	£1	11 6
Gained in Elegies.....	£2 2 0	
Gained in Essays.....	3 3 0	
	5	5 0
Am glad he is dead by.....	£3	13 6

In spite of the cloud which thus gloomed his prospects, Chatterton for a while clung to his visions of greatness. Writing to his sister, under date the 20th of July, he says: "My company is courted everywhere; and could I humble myself to go into a compter, would have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial." Again in a subsequent epistle he observes: "I employ my money, now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest."

Poor Thomas looked to his "good company" for bread, but was mocked with the donation of a stone. Neither place nor pension was placed at his devotion, and in order to prevent the divorcement of soul and body, he was constrained to labour as a hack of the booksellers.

At that period the Tonsonic tribe were very Shylocks, feeding upon the brains, if not the flesh of the unfortunates who toiled in their employ, and grudgingly doling out to them the most microscopic amount of remuneration. During the month of June, Chatterton contributed papers to the following serials—the "Gospel Magazine," the "Town

and Country," the "Court and City," the "London," and the "Political Register;" and yet was unable to make the two ends meet. He removed from comfortable apartments to lodgings of the meanest description, and so low had the sun of his ambition set, that he became the anxious suitor for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa.

On the score of professional incapacity, the application was rejected, and the summer-souled boy sunk at once into the winter-smitten despairing man.

His pride, however, never left him. He suffered, and starved in haughty silence. "Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook Street, informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Cross to dine or sup with him, but in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously." Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel, the landlady of the hapless stripling lived, likewise bore ample testimony both to his extreme destitution and indomitable pride. She says that "Mrs. Angel told her after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten anything for two or three days, she begged he would take same dinner with her; but he was offended with her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry."

It grieves us to record that in the midst of this sea of troubles, poor Chatterton was devoid of the only compass which could have guided him to peace and consolation. The cancer of infidelity had fastened its corroding fangs in his soul. Earth had proved a churlish stepmother to the stricken boy, and no light beamed from beyond the tomb to indicate that there was a Goshen where rest remained for the weary and heavy-laden.

About the latter end of August, 1770, Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, made a pilgrimage to Bristol, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton. He was a genial lover of genius, and had made up his mind to patronize and befriend our hero, if he appeared at all worthy of assistance.

Ere the good man had reached his destination, the dark curtain had dropped upon one of life's briefest but bitterest tragedies.

On the 24th day of the month last above-mentioned, the famine-crazed dreamer swallowed arsenic, and so went to meet his God.

His remains, enclosed in a pauper's shell, were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane work-house.

No stone marks the suicide's unconsecrated grave. Coleridge, however, dedicated a lyric to the memory of the "early lost," which worthily supplied the lack of monumental marble.

Thus sang the bard:

"Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds the Minstrel came.
Light-hearted youth! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!
Yes! Clad in nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dew,
That, changeful, wantoned to the orient day!
But soon upon thy poor unsheltered head
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:
And soon the scathing light'ning bade thee stand
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!

"Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew:
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of withered brow,
Prepar'd the poison's pow'r:
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
Peace smiling sate, and listened to thy lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's tear:
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!

"And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;

Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein!

"O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love, with us, the tinking team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar Antiquity.
Alas vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah, pours his untam'd stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind."

THE PRESS.

BY THOMAS SELLAR.

The immortal Junius has boldly declared, that "the liberty of the Press is the palladium of all the *civil, political, and religious rights* of an Englishman." How true it is! we in this present enlightened age can unhesitatingly join in declaring so with him. When we look back through the vista of time, and mark the progress of the Press from its origin, observe the many noble battles it has fought against the oppressors of our forefathers, coming off almost in every contest gloriously victorious,—and when we observe the sleepless watchfulness of it over their liberties when secured, we cannot but exclaim, "God be thanked for the Press!" The time was, (and that not very distant) when the people of what are now the most enlightened nations, had no such thing as a newspaper; and even though they had, they could not benefit by them, for dark ignorance and wild superstition chained down their intellect, so that they sought not and knew not how to soar above the groveling animal gratifications and brutal ignorance which had so long disgraced our race. But very few could read besides the clergy (and even some of them very imperfectly), such an acquisition was no part of a gentleman's education; so much were they above learning those rules which Cocker has thought so indispensable to every one, that our nobility, if they wanted to keep reckoning of anything, resorted to the dignified expedient of notching a piece of stick; this was their simple way of keeping count of the most important financial affairs. Reading, writing and counting, were thought only suitable for the monks in their dark and lonesome monasteries: they alone had books to read; from them the few men of intellect and and genius, who thirsted for the sweet waters of knowledge, obtained all their supplies. There might be a book here and there in some of the princely palaces of the gentry, but so carefully were they preserved, that like prisoners they were strongly chained to some large table or other heavy piece of furniture, kept no doubt more for curiosity sake, than for use. What an extraordinary change within less than 300 years! Now every one claiming to be a gentleman must not only be schooled in the elementary branches of education, but must be versant with almost every branch of science or literature; not only have they to do so, but every man or woman who seeks to move in respectable society. And so widely now have the flood-gates of knowledge been thrown open to all, that the ragged boy who begs his daily bread, has education offered to him free, and without reward; as open to him as the canopy of heaven, which perhaps is the only roof he can claim to be under. Then we have countless numbers of scientific and literary institutions, access to which may be had, on payment of almost a nominal price. Libraries, those inexhaustible fountains of delight, are found in every little village or school district. Books are every day issuing forth from the press in thousands, and a hundred of the best of them can be had at a price with which you could only have obtained a small, superstitious and childish story book, as late as in the 16th century. Newspapers, those universal flying messengers of glad knowledge, are sent forth in countless millions every week; no part of the universe habited by civilized man but they reach, and yet they are but in their infancy. Imagination staggers at the thought of what they may be in influence and numbers in fifty years hence!

Let us briefly run over the history of newspapers, a history most exciting and instructive.

The first newspaper (*The Weekly News*) was published in 1622, but it was so persecuted by the Star Chamber, that it was discontinued in 1640.

Next came, in 1662, *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which was published by Roger Estrange, "for the satisfaction and information of the people."

Then the *Oxford Gazette* commenced in 1665, which is now known as the *London Gazette*. This was the only paper published many years after the restoration. No political news could be given without the consent of the crown.

After the flight of James II., the *Universal Intelligencer* appeared; it was published twice a week, and consisted of two small pages.

During the reign of Anne, the newspapers improved.

The first daily paper came out in 1709, in the shape of the *Daily Courant*. In Dr. Johnson's day, the papers were fairly set agoing.

The frequent imposts made by Government, as I shall afterwards show, were for a long period the greatest obstacles in their progress. Swift wrote to Steele the following amusing account of the effects of such:—"All Grub Street is ruined by the stamp act. Do you know that G. S. is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, beside some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the queen. The *Observator* is fallen. The *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*. The *Examinator* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price. I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a half-penny the stamping!"

Dr. Johnson wrote in the *Idler*. "Not many years ago," he said, "the nation was content with one Gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and evening, but almost every town has its weekly historian, who fills the villagers of his district with conjectures on the events of war, with debates on the true interests of Europe."

In 1782 there were 79 papers.

In 1790 they rose to 146.

In 1809, twenty-nine and a half millions of stamps were issued, shewing an immense increase, which no doubt was caused by the wars then raging all over Europe.

In 1821, only twenty-four millions were issued; the decrease no doubt caused by the peace.

In 1835, 32,000,000 were issued; in 1848, 67,476,768; and in 1854, 111,000,000; at which time 150 papers were published in London, and 238 elsewhere. It is curious to observe, that for Scotland, with a population of only about three millions, 7,497,064 stamps were issued, while Ireland, with her population of seven and a half milllons, only had 7,028,958. No surer test of a country's intelligence and prosperity can be obtained than by the number of its newspapers. In America, the circulation of newspapers is immense; Boston, United States, with its 113 papers, giving 54,000,000; and New York, with its 104, giving 73,000,000 per annum: only 38 millions less than issued for the whole of England in one year. In the States, no taxes have impeded the Press, but in England the unwise stamp act has been the cause of her being so far behind. However, now, the intelligence of the people has swept away this unenlightened impost; and the result is, that new daily and weekly papers are starting up with astonishing rapidity. In the *Edinburgh Review* of 1819 it is stated, that in Paris 34,000 papers were issued daily; that out of a population of twenty-six millions, there was only one paper to every 776 individuals; that newspapers were circulated in England as twenty to one in France. The Press in France has had more than taxation to keep it down. Despotism has grievously oppressed, with its iron rule, the Press in France, yet the influence wielded by it in that country has been mighty: it is enough to say that the Provisional Government of February 1848 was concocted in a newspaper office in Paris,

and that the Revolution of 1830 was carried on by the editors of a popular journal. The great men of France have been and still are mostly all editors.

Sardinia, that most prosperous of European countries, has its *People's Gazette*, with a daily circulation of 15,000, sold at 1d. each. So long as even that little paper is conducted with the same spirit of liberty and religion as it has been, so long will Sardinia be one of the lovely oasis in the desert of gloomy superstition and despotism with which it is everywhere surrounded. The press has encountered the most determined persecution from various royal despots. In enlightened England the most diabolical means were resorted to to suppress out-spoken journals. Charles I., attempted to put a summary end to them by humanely tying the editors at the cart-tail, flogging them, putting them in the stocks or pillory, shearing off their ears, slitting their nostrils, branding on their cheek the letters S. L., (seditious libeller.) Such was done in the 17th century. These outrageous and brutal procedures were followed by the more civilized ones of fines and imprisonments. The glorious revolution of 1688 brought with it that never-failing prop of true liberty, a Free Press; and the year 1693 emancipated the Press from the censorship. Here was a happy time for the Press—no censorship—no stamp—the fortunate editors need not fear danger unless they made impertinent allusions to Members of Parliament. Then the eloquent effusions were poured forth by Addison and Steele, in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian* and *Freeholder*, But again the bright days of the Press were to be clouded by the imposition of an infamous tax, for in 1711, a duty of 1d. was imposed on a whole newspaper sheet, and ½d. on a half, besides a tax of 1s. sterling was levied on every advertisement. This was done in the reign of Queen Ann. The result was, that the *Spectator* was stopped—the Act was evaded to a certain extent by publishing the newspapers as pamphlets, which were less taxed; however, the poor editors were caught here also, for in 1725, it was provided that newspapers should not be passed as pamphlets. Again, in 1757, an additional duty of ½d. was laid on to help to pay the expenses of the French war, as also 1d. more was imposed on each advertisement. Yet another infliction on the unfortunate newspaper publishers—so late as 1776, another ½d. was put on, and the enlightened Prime Minister of England, Lord North, observed by way of fatherly caution, "that it was a doubtful question whether newspapers were not a curse, but there was no doubt at all that if tolerated, they should be made as expensive as possible." Most noble and wise North—what a pity you are not living now to receive the thanks and plaudits of your enlightened country for such Solon laws, and such a sage remark! This was not enough—in 1780 he demanded and obtained another 6d. on each advertisement. After this, the second Pitt, so much lauded as to be called "the heaven-born minister," in the year 1789, put on another ½d. on newspapers and 6d. on advertisements; and to prevent people lending their newspapers, he judiciously visited with a fine of £5, any one who would have been guilty of lending his own newspaper. Not enough yet—½d. more must be put on in 1797, raising now the tax on each copy to 4d.—the paper was sold at 7d. Castlereagh followed up the wise acts of his predecessors by increasing the advertisement duty to 3s. 6d., and augmenting the duty on large pamphlets; and to crown all, as pamphlets excited hatred and contempt of the government, the *small* ones were declared newspapers.

It is about time to stop—we have got 4d. on each newspaper and 3s. 6d. on each advertisement—but notwithstanding these savage impositions and other fierce means of persecution, the noble, undaunted British Press progressed.

In 1831, the battle of the unstamped began to take place, which continued for four years. In various large towns several daily and weekly papers were published in defiance of the Stamp Act—their success was immense. Fines and imprisonments were stringently resorted to, but all in vain, the courageous unstamped men increased the more, till at last the government had to give up and reduce the stamp from 4d. to 1d., and continued to them the privilege of going free of

postage. This great event in newspaper history took place on September 15, 1836. The price of the daily paper was then reduced from 7d. to 5d., and the weekly from 9d. to 6d. In 1853 the advertisement duty was taken off. In 1854 another battle for unstamped papers, and the government had to give way, and now papers require to be stamped no longer. This shews, like every other movement of the people when their cause is just, victory assuredly must be theirs. For a period of 144 years had they to fight against these tyrannical proceedings of various legislators. Thanks to their glorious, patriotic and unyielding resistance for the cause of freedom against the diabolical attacks of iron despotism. And well may we, their descendants, although yet under the same British sceptre, be proud of our great and prosperous Canada where restrictions of any kind are unknown; and not only that, but even the newspapers are so highly privileged as to be allowed to be transmitted from one end of the mighty province to the other, *free of postage.*

Let me briefly refer to the history of advertisements, which now-a-day's nearly aggrandize the whole of our immense daily sheets. It was about the year 1652 when advertisements began to appear, and the booksellers were the first to advertise. During the Commonwealth they used that powerful vehicle to a great extent; mostly religious publications were advertised, amongst which the following are specimens—"Gospel Marrow," "A few Sighs from Hell," "A Fiery Dart struck through the Kingdom of the Serpent."

A great amount of information of past history may be learned from advertisements: for instance, the following would lead one to suppose that something like Negro slavery existed in England at the time (1659) it was inserted, which was as follows :—

"A Negro boy, about nine years of age, in a grey serge suit, his hair close cut to his head, was lost on Tuesday last, August 9, at night, in St. Nicholas Lane, London. If any one can give notice of him to Mr. Thomas Barker, at the Sugar Loaf, in that Lane, they shall be well rewarded for their pains."

Again, we learn from the following when stage coaches commenced :—

"From the 26 day of April, 1658, there will continue to go Stage Coaches from the George Inn, without Aldergate, London, into the several cities and towns for the rates and at the times hereinafter mentioned and declared. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, to Salisbury in two days for twenty shillings. Once every fortnight to Edinburgh for £4 a *piece.*"

Should you desire to learn when that excellent beverage, tea, was first used, read this, published Sept. 30, 1655,—just 200 years ago :—

"That excellent and by all Physitians approved China Drink, called by the Chineans Teha, by other nations Tay alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee House in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange London. Mercurious Politicus. Sep. 30, 1658.

In 1660, King Charles appears to have lost a fine dog, a description of which was advertised in the *Mercury,* but without success,—so the following amusing one succeeded it :—

"We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Grey Hound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak in the breast and tayl little bobbed. It is his Majesties own dog and doubtless was stolen, for the dog was not born nor bred in England and would never forseke his master. Whosoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a dog? This dog's place though better than some imagine, is the only one which no one offers to beg."

Britons, who feel so indignant towards the slaveholders, may learn of the extraordinary change of opinion in their land of liberty since the year 1709, when their forefathers did not feel in anyways ashamed to have such as the following in their public prints :

"To be sold a Negro Boy, aged eleven years. Inquire of the Virginia Coffee House, Threadneedle street, behind the Royal Exchange."

What a moral revolution must have taken place when England munificently granted millions of pounds to cast off the horrid chains of slavery from the tens of thousands of poor, helpless Negroes in her West Indian Islands; not that alone, but she and her devoted children have been, and are ever ready to answer the pitiful cry of the slave, "Come over and help us." Every British subject, I may say, is the friend of the captive, be he white or black; but the opinion of our ancestors, little more than 100 years ago, was vastly different, as the above advertisement shows.

Let us take a glance at the advertisements in years more modern. In the *Newcastle Chronicle* of 1765–6, some very queer things may be learned. Advertisements of cock-fighting, headed by a portraiture of a couple of game birds facing each other with a most belligerent aspect; while others, of horses stolen or strayed, were embellished by a representation of the supposed thief mounted on the missing animal, which was forced into a break-neck pace, while Satan himself, *propria persona*, was perched on the crupper, in an excited and triumphant attitude.

Notices of marriages were done in a very excellent way: instead of saying, Mr. B. married Miss K., they tantalised the bachelors with an account of the personal, mental, and, if such there were, metallic charms of the bride; the fair were descibed as "sprightly," "genteel," and "agreeable," "genteel fortune." One man gains a well-accomplished lady with a fortune of £1,000: an agreeable widow with £2,000; a most amiable, affable and agreeable young lady with £10,000,—and so on to annoy the selfish old bachelors.

We also can learn something of the aristocratic amusements of those days, such as—Sir C. Bunbury ran 100 yards at Newmarket for 1000 guineas, against a tailor, with 40lb. weight of cabbage, *alias* shreds. "Sunday morning, a little before 3 o'clock, a match on marbles was played under the piazza at Covent Garden, by the light of 32 links (by several rogues well known in that circle) for 20 guineas a side."

Beggars seem to have been men of some importance in these happy times, for the following is advertised:—"A beggar's stand to be let, in a charitable neighbourhood, for about 30s. a-week."

I shall conclude the advertisements with the following obituary one:—"On Thursday died at his house, near Hampstead, the Rev. Mr. Southcote, remarkable for having a leg of mutton every night for supper for forty years, smoking ten pipes as constantly, and drinking three bottles of port."

Any article on Newspapers would be imperfect without giving a short history of that one, which, for the talent employed by it, and its mighty influence not only in Great Britain but over the world, stands unrivalled. Not a place of any importance but hears the rumbling of its thunders. Pity the man, be he the greatest on earth, against whom its fury-bolts are directed; well may he seek to conceal and protect himself from their destroying effects!

The *Times* of London, England (need I say, is it that I refer to), was commenced by John Walter. No. 1 appeared in 1783, under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*. However, as many others had that name, he changed it in 1788 to the *Times*. It was then published in two small leaves of paper like that of the *Penny Magazine*. The long-winded speeches of Parliamentary orators were condensed into a few lines; a good practice, which might well be carried out even in these days of broad-sheets. John Walter, No. 2, while manager of the *Times* in 1803, although he printed for the Government all the Customs' papers, came out strong, in boldly blaming the Catamaran Expedition, and failed not to bring before the world Lord Melville's delinquencies. As might be expected, the Custom's jobs were taken from him, and no efforts were spared to make him feel the mighty indignation of those great men then in power; his packages and papers from abroad were stopped or retarded by the officials; but he was too many for them, for he arranged a different system of obtaining such, and astonished them by letting them and the subjects of England know the Capitulation of Flushing 48 hours before the Government received it by their own channel.

Walter the Second was a man of most industrious and energetic habits; he might be seen, when not far from the zenith of his prosperity, alone in the printing-room, in his shirt sleeves, composing-stick in hand, diligently setting up some items of news, the workmen being out of the way. No foolish pride had he. The good, honest man died about six years ago, leaving an estate worth £90,000.

The unrivalled power of steam was introduced into the *Times* establishment by him, against much opposition from his workmen, by which they can now throw off 10,000 copies in an hour!

Amongst the most celebrated of *Times'* contributors might be mentioned Dr. Stod-

dart, whose execrations of Napoleon obtained him the soubriquet of Dr. Slop. Thomas Barnes, whom O'Connell called "Gin Drinkingest," so dissipated was he, that a story is told of him having, one beautiful, starry, wintry night, been found lying on Sydenham Commons, grasping away at the snow, and grumbling fearfully that he could not draw the sheets over him! Barnes was a man of great talent, and was undoubtedly one of the Thunderers. He died in 1841, wealthy, and a hard drinker of intoxicating liquors to the last. Capt. Edward Stirling, an Irishman, succeeded him. He had been bred to the law, but joined a body of volunteers, and took part in the Irish Rebellion. He first contributed to the *Times* under the signature of "Vetus," when, in 1830, he became Chief Editor, and continued so for ten years. The Captain was a right jolly fellow; he drove about the Clubs, attended dinners, spent his evenings at these, and at the dead silence of midnight, when all had gone to rest, he would sit down for three or four hours, forging the bolts to be hurled forth next morning.

The present Thunderer is the Rev. Thomas Mozley, of London, who is worthy of being in the place of his predecessors.

The *Times* has for many years been very changeable in its politics—one time Conservative, another Radical—in fact it seems to be turned about like a weathercock by the blast of public opinion. Much credit is due to it at the present time, for lashing up so effectively the Government officials to be faithful at their posts in the management of the present war. With a power incalculable, its influence either for good or bad cannot fail to affect the whole British dominions.

How well did the celebrated Sheridan represent the great power wielded by the Press in England, when he declared eloquently:—

"Give me but the liberty of the Press, and I will give to the Minister a venal House of Peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons—I will give him the full sway of the patronage of office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission, and overawe resistance—and yet, armed with the liberty of the Press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed—I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine—will shake down from its height, corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter."

In the States, the power of the Press must be immense, for there are 2,800 newspapers published, with a circulation of about 5,000,000, and an annual issue of more than 400,000,000! What giant strides the Americans have made in a country not one hundred years old! But in Canada they are not behind them. Every city has three or four dailies, besides weeklies. Every town must have one daily at least; and every village of but a few hundreds of inhabitants has one or two semi-weekly or weekly papers.

True, that both in the States and Canada many of these papers scarcely deserve the name, being filled up for the most part with profitless matter, such as long tales, the reading of which is often injurious to the young. But such are the exceptions, the rule being that the papers contain the latest and most important news, good selections from celebrated authors, and editorials on subjects of local, provincial, or world-wide importance. It must, however, be admitted that the editors, in regard to literary and scientific acquirements, are inferior to those of Great Britain: this may be looked for in a new country. A marked progress is observable in this respect. If the Old Country has the advantage of the New World in that, yet her people are far behind those of the other in regard to the desire for newspapers. In Scotland, where they have such a thirst for knowledge, not ten years ago there was not a daily paper in it, and only a few weeklies in the cities and large towns. Now, even after the stamping has been removed, they cannot count above four or five daily papers.

In this country and the States you will find places of a population of 8,000 have their two dailies besides weeklies; and very few farmers, even although not wealthy, are without taking two or three newspapers: they must have one from the metropolis, and one from the local village. You cannot enter a house, however humble, without seeing a newspaper of some kind on the table. In Great Britain it is different. A writer in an

influential newspaper in England remarks in regard to America, that—

"There is no land where mind is so thoroughly emancipated—where the people are constituted so exclusively of thinking beings; and the result is such a development of mental and moral power, and such a rapidity of social progress and national expression as earth never before witnessed. England may well be proud of her glorious child! But while she admires, ought she not to imitate? Can she be humbled by receiving a lesson from a nation which reflects her own image, and adds to her own renown? Who can doubt, that the crippling and gagging system relative to the Press, which is now about to expire, has entailed upon England incalculable mischief? Who can doubt, that the repeal of the Stamp Act, now about to come into full play, will within the course of twenty-five more years, put a completely new face on British society, and raise our noble nation into the most enlightened, moral, and religious people in Christendom?"

Let me, before I close, give the opinions of two celebrated men, in regard to the power and benefit of the press. Dickens says:—"These acres of print, sown broad-cast, produce a daily crop to suit every appetite and every taste. It has winged its way from every spot on the earth's surface, and at last settled down and arranged itself into intelligible meaning, made instinct with ink. Now it tells of a next-door neighbour; then of dwellers in the uttermost corners of the earth. The black side of this black and white daily history, consists of battle, murder, and sudden death; of lightning and tempest, of plague, pestilence, and famine; of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; of false doctrine, heresy, and schism; of all other crimes, casualties, and falsities, which we are enjoined to pray to be defended from. The white side chronicles heroism, charitableness, high purpose, and lofty deeds; it advocates the truest doctrines, and the practice of the most exalted virtue; it records the spread of commerce, religion, and science; it expresses the wisdom of the few sages, and shows the ignorance of the neglected many; in fine, good and evil, as broadly defined or as inextricably mixed in the newspapers, as they are over the great globe itself."

Mr. F. K. Hunt, in his "Fourth Estate," remarks:—"The moral of the history of the press seems to be, that when any large proportion of a people have been taught to read, and when, upon this possession of the tools of knowledge, there has grown up a habit of perusing public prints, the State is virtually powerless in its attempts to check the press. James the Second, in old times, and Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe, more recently, tried to trample down the newspapers, and everybody knows how the attempt resulted. The prevalence or scarcity of newspapers in a country affords a sort of index to its social state. Where journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves. In the United States, every village has its newspaper, and every city a dozen of these organs of popular sentiment. In England, we know how numerous and how influential for good the papers are, while in France they have still greater power. Turn to Russia, where papers are comparatively unknown, and we see the people sold with the earth they are compelled to till. Austria, Italy, and Spain occupy positions between the extremes—the rule holding good in all, that in proportion to the freedom of the press is the freedom and prosperity of the people."

The benefits, we may conclude, derived from the press are incalculable. The newspaper creates a taste for reading, which, according to Lord Bacon, makes a full man. It affords a most excellent and varied store of knowledge, selections from great and good authors are made, which, by being read, whets the appetite to read their whole works. Morality is inculcated, and the noble deeds and their rewards of good men are held forth to the world in great admiration, and worthy to be followed; whilst crime in its most hideous forms are recorded with disgust, and the perpetrators pointed to with bitter reprobation, and the fearful consequences of vice, even in this world, are so faithfully pourtrayed, that they make the soul shudder with alarm. How many, treading rapidly on the road to destruction, may have been arrested in their downward career. By reading such, their own probable fate, future punishment strikes them with terror, they think, and conscience awakens, gains the mastery of the tempter, and they are saved, to be useful men to themselves and society. Religion is

fostered by many of our public prints, but not to that extent which it ought to be. We are professedly a Christian people, and our Sovereign head claims to be "Defender of the Faith." Why, then, should not the press wield its colossal power on behalf of a subject which so closely affects our being morally and eternally? The religious newspaper is eminently adapted to spread the glorious truths of Divine religion. The irreligious, the infidel, the sceptic, and the fearfully depraved may by meeting, unsought for, with a religious article, be everlastingly benefited by it.

Besides, the newspaper affords to the family circle a great amount of innocent amusement: the father, after his day's labour, before the cheering fire, reads the lightsome paragraphs, which delight and instruct the wife and little ones, who are eagerly listening to all that is read,—the laughter creating and true story is related to the loud and hearty burst of laughter from them, which could not fail in creating a smile even on the most stoic features. After the paper has been read, what an amount of instructive and delightful conversation it creates, thus being the cause of much happiness to countless family hearths. What family disputes! what jarrings! and what heart-rending scenes does it prevent,—by its causing the time which would be otherwise idled away, being profitably and amusingly employed. Idleness is prolific of vice and crime; and if the press, whose duty is to maintain the truth, whose mission is to instruct and improve the people, is capable of doing such a vast amount of good, ought not every man to aid in spreading its influence forth to every part of the habitable world? The press must soon be free in every nation, even though tyrants reign still in Europe and other parts of the world, and around them exists gloomy darkness and gaunt misery, wild superstition and brutal ignorance,—millions cry of pain from the heavy inflictions of the oppressors iron rod,—thousands shut up in dark and loathsome prisons, because they taught and sought God's gift to man, "Liberty," with uplifted hands, which are cruelly clasped with horrid chains, they implore the Everlasting—who has declared that they should be free,—to end their days by stern death, or bring to pass that glorious day when the storm shall burst, causing the thrones of tyrants to be shattered to atoms—their occupants to be degraded low as the lowest of their serfs—never more to rise,—and the prison doors burst open to let the sons of liberty free. That prayer, we may reasonably anticipate, will be answered at no distant day. Then shall the light star of Liberty arise, to which all eyes shall be intently directed; the unfettered press, the champion and protector of bright liberty, shall rise in grandeur, and every voice shall triumphantly sing with the poet,—

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain
Unawed by influence, unbribed by gain.
Here patriot truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law."

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. HESTER TAFFETAS,

COURT MILLINER, AND FASHIONABLE MODISTE, DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD AND HIS CONSORT QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

No. I.

"LADY AMBER MAYNE."

Ah! how beautiful were the young girls of my youthful days. Perhaps it might be from the style of dress, which I shall always think was *piquante* and elegant, notwithstanding that little Mary looks at a print of the *Lady's Magazine* for 1777 with grimaces and exclamations of "What frights!" What is there in the freedom and ease of the modern belle to compare with the rich petticoat, the looped robe, the flowing sacque, the jaunty lace kerchief, half revealing, half hiding, the snowy neck, or the rich ruffles, showing off the rounded arms? Even in the tedious head-dress and the elaborate *coiffure*, there was a dignity and majesty of beauty quite unknown in the present day. Then grandmothers dressed like grandmothers, and did not ape their juveniles; then class had some distinction. All were not confused in heaps of cheap and gaudy finery. Every thing in female attire was good and durable, lasting out sometimes the life of the wearer, but always appropriate to her age, station, and appearance. And also with regard to female names, there were many pretty simple appellations,

quite unknown to us in our time. The youngest daughter of the Marchioness of Summerdown had one of these quaint, pretty names —Amber!—and what a lovely creature she was! The first time I ever saw her was on the occasion of her coming to our establishment to choose a court-dress for her approaching presentation. She had then just attained her eighteenth year, and was a great heiress; for though the Summerdown family were never rich, and not likely to be then, the marquis being lately deceased, and having left no son to inherit his honours; yet a maternal uncle, who had been resident in India, and had amassed one of those fortunes which seem now all but fabulous, had left this vast wealth to the young lady, Amber Mayne. On the occasion I speak of, her slight figure was hidden by the marchioness, a lady of much presence, and who was haughty and pompous; and indeed I knew not that any one was with my Lady Summerdown, till on her ladyship desiring, in a haughty voice, to see some rose-colour paduasoys, one of the sweetest voices I ever heard said, as if it issued from my lady's crimson sacque, "Let it be blue, dear madam, if you please." "No Amber," said my lady, "I have made up my mind; it must be *couleur-de-rose.*" "Just what you have looked on, my honoured mamma, all your life."

You must please to remember that in my day, and Lady Amber's, phraseology was a little different to the careless talk now in vogue. Young persons then were deferential to their seniors, and parents were only to be approached and spoken to with great reverence and homage. I doubt sometimes, though, if this enforced state and servility did not produce a disposition to tyrannize, where tyranny could be indulged. And perhaps this was the case with Lady Amber, who mingled with her reverence towards her mother a sweet playfulness truly charming, but who addressed a young gentleman who accompanied them in a strikingly different tone. He was one of the most interesting young men I ever beheld. Ah! I do not see many such now. Such a mixture of humility and spirit, of intelligence and modesty. He might have been about six-and-twenty years old; and his sober attire, as well as the way in which the marchioness addressed him, spoke his condition plainly enough. He was the domestic chaplain. Great families usually had these appendages then, and sometimes, I am sory to say, they were but a disgrace to their patrons and their cloth. But this young man looked rather as if he were semi-divine than imbued with the usual faults of his class, which were commonly time-serving and hypocrisy, vices of the meanest. He differed from the lovely young lady, I believe, about some trifle of taste, and she spoke to him with such disdain. He had a kind of hectic flush in his face, which deepened as she spoke to him. He only looked at her in reply; but such a look! Good heaven! it might have melted a stone. I was just handing her some tiffany to choose from, and the tears fell hot and fast from her eyes on my hand. I knew too well to notice her distress; but thought I, "Here is more than meets the sight."

When they were ready to depart, he was about to lead my Lady Summerdown to her coach, when Lady Amber, who had dried her tears, and whose eyes looked as bright as if they had never been dimmed with one, sprang to his side.

"And won't you take me with you, Mr. Arden?" said she.

He merely bowed low, and offered her his other hand, for it was not the fashion then to take arms.

"Of course, child, he will," said my lady, *haughtily.*

And as they went down the stairs I heard Lady Amber teazing and rallying him unmercifully. I watched them into the coach. Ah me! they both after that slight storm looked radiantly happy. We thought what a pair they would have made if fortune had matched them as well as nature, for his auburn hair, fair skin, and elegant appearance, harmonized well with her clear brunette complexion, tinted with a bright colour, her large glowing black eyes, and sweet fascinating vivacity of manner. * * *

What followed I shall tell not as I learned it, which was by bits and scraps afterwards, from the marchioness and Lady Amber's own women, and Mrs. Crumb, the house-

keeper, but as if it had all occurred beneath my own notice. After all, perhaps, if my readers, whoever they may be, expect much of a story, they may feel disappointed; for however I may have felt it at the time, yet when I come to write I feel much like Corporal Trim in Mr. Sterne's affecting book, when he says, "Story, God bless your honour, I have none to tell."

By the will of her uncle, Lady Amber came of age at eighteen, and into possession of her great wealth; at which period her noble father, the marquis, had been deceased a year. She had always been her mother's favourite; and Lady Summerdown, who was the mother of five daughters, and had married four of them into noble families, looked forward towards achieving the highest consequence, by means of her youngest daughters wealth and beauty. But before this Lady Amber had formed wishes of her own totally at variance with her mother's provisions.

Herbert Arden had lived in the noble family of Summerdown some years. He had been tutor to the only son of that house, who died, and who had been very fond of him. At his son's dying request, the late marquis had nominated him the chaplain to his household, though, I believe, he had a sort of dislike to the admission of such a functionary. Yet Mr. Arden's exemplary conduct, his freedom from place-hunting, and his gentle piety, had much commended him to my lord, who was, I have heard, a very worthy nobleman. As a girl, Lady Amber had studied with Herbert Arden. She knew the deep stores of learning which, never vauntingly displayed, yet existed in him, and obtained from the noble young lady profound admiration. She had an innate thirst for the well of knowledge herself, and had quaffed pretty deeply, when she found she had not merely learned to admire her teacher, but to love him also. It was the old, old story over again,—the philosopher and his pupil,—but on one side in this case, pride had a deeper root than love; and Lady Amber's pride was of this persuasion, that although Herbert Arden's family (albeit a reduced one) was of as good blood as her own, her brother's tutor was yet no match for her.

At that early time she was poor, and, for a marquis's daughter, well nigh portionless; but when the tide of Indian wealth rolled in at her feet, I am told that her woman heard her exclaim in the privacy of her chamber, "Now true love shall triumph;" as if *true* love ever triumphed. It is too submissive, too fond of sacrificing, to dream of triumph. From the time, then, that she became her own mistress did Lady Amber torture and goad the heart which her woman's instinct truly told her wooed her for herself alone.

Perhaps secret lovers were never more cruelly circumstanced than Lady Amber Mayne and Mr. Arden. He dared not avow his love because of her high station and wealth; she dared not own hers, because a woman would rather let her own heart eat itself away by sorrow and regret than she would seek in words to know the extent of her lover's affection. But she had unluckily a most contrary spirit: at one time, she would have given her whole wealth if he would but have acknowledged his regard; at another, if she but fancied she perceived the smallest indication of it, she would so lower him to the earth by her contempt and amazed disdain, that she too often raised in that deep-feeling heart a storm of passionate self-reproach. Oh! the spirit of a coquette. Oh! the galling existence of one dependent on a patron's bounty.

It was about this time that she contrived to do deliberately the most cruel thing,—cruel, considering her subsequent determination. Amongst the things which Lady Mary Wortley Montague brought from the East was the system of the language of flowers. Lady Amber insisted on Mr. Arden's studying these floral telegraphs, and imparting the knowledge to her. It was in vain that he, seeing the danger, and aware of her wayward disposition, resisted this wish. All the artillery of her fascinations, her charms, her varied caprices, were brought to bear on this scheme, by which she thought she might convey her mind without compromising her feminine dignity. At length the Marchioness's aid was enlisted, and Mr. Arden, against his better judgment, complied, perhaps pleased to do so in spite of himself. She was no sooner perfected in this art, fitter I think for the intriguing East than our own soil, than she took an

opportunity one day—company being present—to gather from the conservatory exactly those blooms which convey to a lover his mistress's affection, and carelessly presented them to the young chaplain, with "Here, Mr. Arden, accept this for your dinner nosegay." To the rest, these flowers were sealed books, but to him—he flushed with joy and rapture. What man—young, enthusiastic, and loving like him—would not have done so. Their eyes met, hers fell, unable to bear the wondrous happiness of that glance, but thenceforth Herbert, though the furthest from being a coxcomb, believed that he needed not the surety of words to convince him that he was beloved: and he felt a modest happiness in that belief. He had never dared aspire to forget his station, though she had often grievously tempted him to do so. Lady Amber was, he knew, her own mistress, and though opposition might reasonably be feared, yet—what!—if she loved him all would be well. Not for a whole fortnight after this could he obtain an interview with her; if he sent to request one, she was going to dress, or visit, or a hundred trivial excuses were made. She intentionally deprived him of every opportunity to speak, now that speaking became as obvious a matter of duty to his fine mind as hitherto he had deemed silence to be. At last, one day he found himself alone with her. She became suddenly aware of this, and rose to quit the room, but he placed himself between the door and his capricious mistress, and closing it, led her by the hand to a settee.

"I know not," he said, "by what cruel fate I have been deprived of your conversation lately, but methinks the dear favour you bestowed on me should not go unacknowledged. You will not deem it presumption, in the humblest of your servants, dear Lady Amber, if he thanks you for that which came as a ray of the sun's beams to some poor prisoner pining for light."

She haughtily declared she knew not what he could mean, and insolently challenged him to explain himself.

The young man's spirit rose at this treatment. At that minute he only knew that he was Herbert Arden—a man—honest—unpresuming—and of a capacity noways inferior to the proudest. He saw in her a capricious, exacting, and unresponding woman, presuming on her wealth, her rank, and her beauty, and no wonder if his soul rebelled.

"Did you not, madam, give me these flowers?" he said; opening his vest, and taking them from the riband which, hung round his neck, suspended them on his heart.

"A few flowers," was her exclamation; "what next? Did a gift bestowed in courtesy from one whose position," so she phrased it, "entitled her to bestow courtesies, subject her thus to be insolently reminded of the implication they might be made to bear, she must request that her simplest actions might not thus be distorted."

"The arrangement of these flowers, then," he asked, "was it purely accidental? He must have her own assurance of this."

"*Must!* She was not accustomed, he must be aware, to be thus catechised."

"Would she condescend, then, to give the assurance he required, and if possible forgive his mad presumption, which only the most devoted love could excuse."

"Well, then, she supposed her late studies had given an accidental determination to the stupid things, which might have seemed odd, but—"

The dry and withered tokens were cast at her feet, and her faint cry, as he fled from the room, never reached his ear.

She sat, buried in thought, absorbed in repentant tears, for some time, and then left the room. Presently, she bethought herself that the poor discarded flowers were on the floor of the apartment she had quitted. She went back for them, but they were gone,—she never saw them again till she saw them mingled with dust kindred to their own.

Such were the strange moods of her mind, —now resolving to sacrifice all to love—and now to repel affection by dignity,—that she continued exercising these varieties of behaviour to him, whenever the arrangements of the family brought him into her presence. At all other times he avoided her. She knew not, though many of the servants did, that his distraction of mind had brought on, in an advanced degree, a pulmonary complaint to which he was liable, and that any renewed

anxiety caused him to expectorate blood. He was implored by some of the head servants to see a physician, and went secretly out of doors to visit one—lest it should alarm her, whose peace was only too dear to him.

At this time, though suitors had never been wanting, one was evidently encouraged. A man of rank, who received marks of favour only when Herbert Arden was by to see and suffer from it. She was urged to marry this gentleman, but seemed in no hurry to make up her mind; but he was not one who would be trifled with. It was intimated that her decision must be irrevocable and immediate. He was a man of high fashion, immense influence, and she hesitated. As a refinement of cruelty, she affected to consult her former tutor. Could looks have struck her with an eternity of remorse, his would have done so then. Once she was on the point of throwing herself at his feet, of confessing all—all—that he was the only one she loved, or could love, or would love. And then the cold and cautious demon whispered, "Think what you will lose, the homage of the world." As if the world could give one grain of happiness in return for the sacrifices made to it of truth, of justice, of honour. And so the impulse was lost, and she dismissed him with so stately coldness that he asked himself, "Was I not a vain fool? can this woman have ever loved?" Then there passed such a scene of passion and madness in her dressing-room, with none about her but her women, that one might have thought she was possessed of a devil as of old. And was she not? If the spirit of a coquette is not diabolical, then demons never walk this earth. And so did that great fine house hold as it were a casket, these two spirits, one chafing at itself, the other humbled, prayerful, and forgiving. * * * *

The news was soon spread, Lady Amber was to be married to his Grace the Duke of Torhampton, and she came to our house to choose wedding clothes. No chaplain now hung on her accents, or attended her steps. She was more lively than beseeming, I thought, and yet, ever and anon, a change came over her, and she heaved great sighs, and was so lost in thought that she knew nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing. Some lady who was with them asked the Marchioness with much concern, "how poor Mr. Arden was?" "Oh! dying I think," said my lady, "the servants say he neither eats, sleeps, nor rests." At these words a sort of spasm flitted over lady Amber's face, but she said nothing, only pulled at the lace she was examining, till it was squeezed into a rag. "I'll take this thing," she said, and then, as if she could bear no more, she went to the window, and pulling out her handkerchief, wept. Her mother and the lady whispered' —"Such a feeling heart. He was the tutor of poor James, and she loved her brother so dearly, it will be like losing him over again." Why did the sixth commandment flit before her eyes like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, with this difference, that she could decipher too well the characters, "Thou shalt do no murder?" There are more ways of slaying a young lady than stabbing with a knife or giving a bowl of poison. Who shall tell if one day you may not rank with those who have been arraigned at man's tribunal, and have been dismissed to the punishment of heaven? When she left our show-rooms, her eyes were inflamed with tears, but she persisted, and not only that but ——

* * * * *

Can it be conceived; what fiend ruled the soul of this young girl? The day before her appointed nuptials, which were to take place in the private chapel of the marchioness, Dower House, in town, she took her woman with her and drove to the Bishop of C——'s, the prelate who had promised to read the ceremony. What arguments she made use of I know not, but as even bishops are not always invulnerable, they must have been powerful ones. On the wedding-day, when all were assembled waiting only for the reverend bishop, there came at the last moment a note from that dignitary, explaining that sudden illness would prevent him from attending, and expressing a hope, more like a command, that his young friend Mr. Arden would be his substitute. He, who pale and attenuated, yet was there maintaining his post among the wedding guests, and striving with all his might to brave it out, was struck speechless at this request. When he could find words, he protested against such a task

why, none of course could imagine, it being obviously his duty. At length Lady Amber herself urged him, "the last request of mine, Mr. Arden." He yielded; perhaps he felt how terrible would be the revenge she was drawing on herself. He took his place. Those who remember the scene said that his face was of the same colour as his surplice. He read every word slowly and distinctly, till just at the benediction, when every one noticed how short his breath had become. The bride had her eyes fixed on the ground, and as the bridegroom turned to salute her, Herbert Arden fell heavily, face foremost, to the ground, right between the new married pair. They raised him; they tore open the breast of his ruffled shirt, as they did so, a little satin packet fell out of his bosom and went on the ground, it contained dead flowers —"ashes to ashes." Doctors came, but she had done her work effectually—life had departed. No one could mend that broken heart.

* * * * *

Now you know as much as I do of Lady Amber Mayne's history. I thought when I saw her go to the "drawing-room" on the occasion of her marriage, like the gentlewoman in the play Mr. Garrick was so fine in "I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body." Two years after that her family went into mourning for her. Our house had the order. She had taken laudanum, I believe. There was a great fuss about the coroner's verdict, but it got hushed up somehow, and after all she received Christian burial, which, though it is a hard thing to say, yet to my mind was more than she deserved.

No. II.

"THE MAID OF HONOUR."

Of all the fair creatures who thronged round the court of the young queen, the Honourable Sylvia Hazletree was the most admired. She was a young lady of but moderate fortune, and an orphan, but her beauty and manners were of that happy kind that no one doubted but she would make a great marriage. If she had a fault it existed in the belief that she could attract whoever she pleased, but, in truth, when one gazed on her excessive beauty, no one could judge her harshly for what was, after all, only a correct estimate of the good gifts of a bountiful Providence. I have often looked at her till my eyes have been dazzled with her loveliness,—what effect, then, must it have produced on the opposite sex? Her fine form, of that just medium neither too tall nor undersized,—neither too thin, nor *embonpoint;* her complexion so brilliantly fair, that no colours were too bright to match it, and yet utterly removed from insipidity. Large eyes of a violet purple, fringed with long black lashes, and hair of a bright golden hue—never disfigured with powder, except on state occasions, when the etiquette was imperative,—flowing all over her dazzling neck and shoulders. Not a weak point in her beauty, hands, arms, feet, all equally beautiful; a delicate Grecian nose, and small intellectual mouth, furnished with teeth of astonishing whiteness, completed her extraordinary attractions. She might well be called the rose of the court; and to enhance all these, she was sweet, simple, and kind-hearted,—generous to a fault, and gay to enchantment. Even the court atmosphere could not dim her happy spirits. When she was not in waiting, she resided in the house of her guardian, Lord Delabore, an aged nobleman, who felt for her the affection of a father, and replenished her purse, whenever, as often happened, the thoughtless maid of honour had too permaturely exhausted its contents. Suitor after suitor offered, but it seemed hopeless; she had set her mind on attaining the highest possible station a subject could enjoy, and no one seemed high enough to suit her views.

At this time there arrived on a visit to his august relative, the Prince of ——, monarch of a petty German state, whose revenue fell short of many a fair lady's pin-money or jointure, but who claimed all the observance of state which the greatest sovereigns demanded, and, what is more, obtained it too. He was young, handsome, gifted, and accomplished, and had scarcely been a week at the British court before he began to distinguish Miss Hazletree. She, almost compelled by the etiquette of what was then the strictest court in Europe, to receive the prince's at-

tentions, soon showed her extreme pleasure at their bestowal; indeed, so marked were they, that her majesty, who it was to be presumed understood her illustrious cousin's circumstances and feelings, more than once interfered by causing the prince's attentions to the beautiful Sylvia to be interrupted, and treated the young lady with that coldness and disdain by which great queens can intimate to little subjects their disapprobation. But Miss Hazletree was running in the full tide of adulation and success. The prince had hosts of imitators, and she was completely besieged by lovers of rank and fortune; and the fair Sylvia soon discovered that she must have yielded her heart up to her illustrious admirer, even had he not been surrounded by all the accessories of royal birth and dignities. She had hitherto carefully guarded that heart, and now having given it irrevocably, the gift was not to be recalled. She began to feel uneasy at no definite words having been spoken. It was true that her more experienced associates took care, by hint, inuendo, or open speech, to warn her how these petty German courts were fenced round by the trammels of a conventional and inviolate etiquette; but she had been taught, and believed, with the zeal of a bigot, that great beauty could overcome every obstacle. Besides, she argued to herself, her birth, though not noble, was of an ancient and unblemished descent, her connections unexceptionable, and, in short, she felt an innate persuasion that she was destined to be called the Princess of ——. She had, too, in spite of her court education, much confiding trust and inborn simplicity; and in the plenitude of these qualities, she would have utterly refused to credit that a prince and a gentleman could pay attentions, or raise expectations, which he never meant to realize. Thus passed balls, receptions, drawing-rooms, and *fêtes*—each one more brilliant than the other, and still no word to which the heart could cling, or the memory repose on for happiness came.

At length a *fête* crowning in magnificence all that had hitherto been achieved was to be given at Frogmore. The gardens, illuminated with numerous devices, were filled with marquees and sylvan bowers. To one of these the Prince of —— led the lovely Sylvia Hazletree, after one of those interminable *cotillions* which then were the rage among the nobility of Charlotte's court. The soft twilight deepening into night, the perfume of exotics, the dim lustre of the tinted lamps glistening amid the trees, and the plashing of artificial fountains, all softened Sylvia's usually buoyant spirits, and heightened her beauty with the new and unusual charm of pensiveness. The Prince of —— was but mortal, he could not feel the pressure of that lovely arm, which seemed clinging to his manly strength for support,—could not mark the heaving of that white bosom beneath its lace covering, nor the brilliant eye cast on the turf beneath them, without forgetting to preserve the silence, which he believed his only safeguard. He spoke of the trammels of a court life with disgust, said how much he sighed for the simple happiness—such as he knew dwelt in some English homes,—and intimated that, though freedom was his before he had quitted his native land, he could not boast so much on his return; finally, as I do not care to dwell much on this part of my story, emboldened by the agitation and evident interest betrayed by Miss Hazletree, he proceeded to explain that, although he was unhappily entirely precluded by his station, and its inexorable duties from marriage in the face of the world with one of unroyal blood, yet he had it in his power to offer inextinguishable love, accompanied by his left hand.

Poor Sylvia, bred in a court, she was not such a novice as to be unaware that these left-handed marriages were often resorted to amongst the German royalties, or that many women of station pretended to consider them a sufficient salvo for the loss of an honourable name. She had heard of these doings amongst foreign women, and listened with as much contempt as surprise at such fallible sophistry; but that any magnate should have dared to offer to her, Sylvia Hazletree, daughter of an unblemished race, dating from the Conqueror, such an indignity, revolting to her alike as an Englishwoman of virtue, and a woman who loved so tenderly, was killing, indeed,—but she answered not

one word, her downfall was great, so was her agony.

The prince not understanding that shrinking delicacy which causes Englishwomen to regard an attack of this nature as detracting from their own self-respect, inasmuch as one cannot touch a butterfly without his losing some of his painted plumage, could not understand her blanched cheek and strange emotion. She raised her eyes to him, and then he read the whole. He was about to approach her nearer, to explain, but she turned from the bower and fled, fast, fast, until she reached the privacy of her own room. Her woman came in by chance, and found her mistress in all the horrors of unconquerable, raving hysterics. She was undressed and put to bed, but not till the morning light shone in at her chamber, and the music, the lights, and the dancers were hushed and gone, did the unhappy girl, exhausted by the violence of her suffering, sink into insensibility. * * * * *

For the pang was fearful. Sylvia Hazletree, unlike many of those flattering court beauties, had a heart and a keen quick sense of honour; both had been wounded irrecoverably. The Prince of —— sued, some days after this, for a private interview, but she denied it; he then requested to see her before his departure from England, which he intimated would be immediate and final; she then, not without many tears and much trembling, sent him the following lines, which I may mention here, after his own death were found preserved carefully in his private escritoire:—

"I know not in what particular I was unfortunate enough to incur the light opinion of your highness, but this I know, that death can only wash out the injury inflicted on me by the degradation offered by your highness. That you may soon forget the pangs of an upbraiding conscience, is the prayer of

"Your highness's humble servant,

SYLVIA HAZLETREE."

Soon after this the prince left England, and Sylvia Hazletree once more appeared in public; not the Sylvia of former days, though, but a pale, joyless creature, the phantom of her former self. But her office was soon given up; her health was so wretchedly shaken, and she sank so visibly, that the queen, who doubtless saw and understood the whole, kindly, unasked, granted her permission to retire, for it was a difficult task in those days to retire from court appointments without incurring the displeasure of the sovereign. So Miss Hazletree went to her guardian's house. She was taken about from one place to another, but with no visible effect; she wasted and declined hourly; and when at Hastings, with the restlessness of her disorder, insisted on coming home. She was always asking for letters, and seemed for ever expecting that her false lover would repent, and repair his wrongs by a late atonement. Alas! nothing was further from his thoughts. Perish hearts, feelings, sentiments, all, rather than the dignity of a small, insignificant principality should be lowered in the eyes of the world. Such was the man to whom this young trusting Englishwoman, forgetting that chivalry and its vow never to injure woman were things of bygone days, had yielded the treasure of her heart. When she arrived in town I was sent to wait on her immediately. She had taken that fancy so common in those dying of her complaint, that she was getting better and needed new cloths—than which there can be no surer token of impending dissolution. I found her lying on a settee in her dressing-room, propped up by pillows, and dressed with that exquisite care which from habit, I suppose, she retained to the very last. She had on a white negligee trimmed with lace, and her golden hair was bound with a ribband of the softest, palest azure. Thin and worn as she was, perhaps her loveliness never was so touching.

"Oh, my dear good Taffetas," she cried, as her woman ushered me in, "I am glad you are here. I have nothing positively to wear, and her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia has sent to say that she will do me the honour of a visit."

I hinted that the princess, not at that period of her life being very particular in her own attire, would excuse all deficiencies.

"True," she said, "but she loves to see every one neat about her for all her oddities; besides, I feel so much better since my return to town that I mean to go out and about

They shall not," she said in a low voice, but audible enough for me who was just then stooping to pick up some fallen lace, "they shall not say I am dying of a broken heart, through disappointed love or vanity. Make me two suits, dear Mistress Taffetas; one to visit in, blue and silver; and one to ride out in, French grey, I think, with white trimmings."

I received her orders, made my obeisance, and departed; and I remember well saying to Christiana Marcourt, when I got home. "You must make great haste with Miss Hazletree's clothes, or, poor young lady, she will be dead before she can wear them."

She never lived to wear them, though they were finished and sent home. When the Princess Amelia visited Miss Hazletree, her royal highness, who was then past fifty years of age, and who, from an amiable and sprightly princess had degenerated into an inquisitive, gossiping old maid, remarkable for a masculine and forbidding appearance, the stranger, as in youth she had been celebrated for beauty, had the inhumanity to pull out of her pocket a foreign gazette, containing a full account of the marriage of the Prince of —— to a Prussian princess of the imperial blood, but who, as Sylvia knew from certain court chronicles, was ordinary in her person and imbecile in her mind. She bore this heroically while the eye of the scandal-loving Amelia was upon her; but after her royal highness's departure she fell into strong convulsions, and continued in them till nature, worn out with her struggles, gave way; and, utterly exhausted, Sylvia Hazletree, in the possession of youth, incomparable beauty, and fair prospects, yielded up her too sanguine spirit, and has found, I trust, in holier spheres the happiness denied her here. Peace to her memory. No one can recall an unkind word or look from her during the whole course of her brief three-and-twenty years. Would that we could all lay that flattering unction to our souls, that we never gave cause of sorrow to a human being.

No. III.

THE CHANGELING.

What a splendid wedding was that of Dorinda, Countess of Leverglen, expected to be. Just twenty-one and come (through, alas! by the death of a loving father) into possession of her title and fortune, with beauty enough to have drawn half the nobility of England to her feet without either, and about to be wedded to one of the handsomest and most fastidious of noblemen (Charles, Marquis of Willsbury), her earthly felicity seemed perfect and assured. Perhaps though her style of beauty might not have suited every taste, it was of a regal kind. Tall, commanding in figure, the height of a Juno, though not the full proportion of one, swan-like neck, head firm and well set, hair glossy and black when left to its natural colour, eyes dark and flashing, with a skin which would have seemed marble had it not been relieved by the full bright colour of youth and health. A grace and majesty which spoke of association with courts and courtliness all her life, and that pride which however unamiable it may be in the sight of One before whom the best and noblest of us are but as dust, yet sat on Lady Leverglen not amiss for the fire it lent her eyes or the grace it imparted to her mien. Her marriage was to take place as soon as possible, and finely the dressmakers and jewellers were hurried to get ready to deck the noble young bride in time. The dowager Lady Leverglen doted on her daughter, though there was so little resemblance between them personally that no one would have supposed them mother and daughter, Lady Leverglen, the dowager, being short and slight, and not even in her youth could have boasted of much beauty. The late lord himself, I believe, was anything but a handsome man, therefore both parents rejoiced exceedingly in their daughter's queenly and surpassing charms. The young Lady Dorinda's mother had been unable to nurse her own child, and the infant had been confided to the care of a Welsh nurse, and had resided in Wales, till at two years old she was restored to her doting parents an infantine model of strength and loveliness. A pension had been settled on the "Welsh woman," who came frequently to London to visit her foster child, till her visits becoming tiresome and inconvenient, Lord Leverglen, from whose example his daughter seemed to take her great pride, for-

had her future coming. Some of the old servants of the family, who remembered Gynneth Apreece, say that her brow darkened, and she clutched her fist in my lord's face when he told her this, and said that he should one day rue his barbarity, but it had all no effect, except to give additional force to his determination; so Mrs. Apreece, at that time a woman past forty years of age, went away heaping curses in Welsh on the earl and his tyranny, as she chose to call it; and indeed I cannot help thinking it did seem a little hard to the poor woman—foster mothers often having the tenderest affection for the children whom they have nourished at their bosoms. Perhaps she was as much mortified at the indifference of the child, who even then put up its little hand to push her, and said in its baby accents, "Do away—do away." But she never came to my lord's grand mansion in Pimlico any more, and they had ceased to hear anything of her for years, except that she still lived and took her pension, which was paid her through a solicitor in a Welsh town contiguous to the village where Mrs. Apreece resided. Lady Dorinda, I believe, had entirely forgotton her old nurse, and if she ever thought about her, was satisfied with the reflection that her infirm years were provided for. As to affection, she would have smiled in contempt at the thought of such a feeling subsisting between the Countess of Leverglen and an old Welsh woman of low degree, merely because the said woman had had the honour of nursing her. Oh, pride! how many, many shapes, Proteus-like, thou canst assume! now wearing the garb of charity; then vain of thy silken robes, and velvet trappings spun by a worm like thyself; anon rejoicing and holding aloft thy head, because thou art decked with bright and coloured stones whose value is fictitious; then puffed up, because mayhap in the reign of the first William thy remote progenitor was known to be a silken fawning Norman adventurer, graced by the tyrant with the tittle of baron in reward, may be, for some ruthless sanguinary deed, or exulting over thy poor fellow for thy abundance of wealth which not thyself hast scraped together, or but no wonder thou hast ascendancy over the souls of mortals, when thy promptings caused the downfall of angels. * * * * * Lady Leverglen's was but the baser sort of pride, I fancy, for her station was surely high enough to admit of any condescension without such derogating from her nobility. So the last stitch was put into the wedding gown—a white satin sacque and tiffany petticoat—I remember it to have been richly embroidered with roses—and the last stroke of the pen was added to the settlements by which her title and possessions were to enrich the already overflowing coffers of the house of Willsbury. Proudly, and with almost the condescension of a sovereign, did Lady Leverglen receive her noble friends' congratulations; and at length the important morning was ushered in—potentous omen!—by a louring leaden cannopy of sky that seemed momentarily about to deluge London with a fit of atmospheric weeping. It kept off, however, this untimely rain, and at eleven o'clock the carriages almost blocked up Piccadilly. The ceremonial was fixed to take place in St. James's Church, and a dean was there to unite the happy pair. There were dukes, countesses, earls, and even royalty nearly related to the throne, to grace the auspicious union of mutual rank and wealth, with the additional felicity that Hymen at this altar was kept in countenance by Cupid. I had been in waiting at the bride's dressing, to give the last touch to her attire, and afterwards proceeded on foot to the church to see the ceremony. I remarked, I believe, to Mrs. Pomander, the young countess's own woman, how dull and oppressed my lady seemed, and she answered, that it was no wonder, for she had been compelled to sit up all night, to preserve her "head," after it had been under the hands of Coiffere, the French hair-dresser. Ah! dear me, what we underwent for fashion's sake in those days; no one would believe now, only that it has become matter of history.

But, to return to the wedding; there was a rare crowd about the church door, and the beadles in their gold-lace coats and gold-headed sticks had enough to do to keep order. Such a procession of rank and beauty as filed off into that church. I felt not a little pride, I assure you, when I reflected that

I had superintended the costumes of almost all there; for to have the custom of the court was to have all the flock of the *ton* follow; and we had our prices too, I'll assure you. So there they were—satins and feathers, and flowers and tiffany, and lace, and pearls, and diamonds, flashing in the gloomy morning, as if to atone for the sun's absence. And after awhile, the splendid crowd having arranged itself into order, a deep solemnity pervaded the church, and the dean began the service of matrimony. He had read the opening address, and came to that solemn adjuration,—"I require and charge ye both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in holy matrimony, ye do now confess it, for be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful." As the dean slowly and impressively uttered the last word, there arose amidst the breathless silence in that church a strong, deep, yet slightly tremulous voice —"I forbid this marriage." Every one turned round to look for the intruder, and a pause, terrible for the short time it lasted, came—while each one was asking himself if it was not a dream, or a trick of the imagination. The dean, who, of course, had discontinued reading, demanded, "What impediment exists?" Then a woman, tall, bony, and hard-featured, as one who had been accustomed to wind and weather, to hard and open toil, yet bearing traces of having possessed in her youth great beauty, came forward. There was much shrinking among the dainty court dames, as this old, coarsely clad, homely object advanced towards the altar. She looked round at the grand company with an air of defiance, partaking, too, of a strange sort of exultation. "She is mad," said the Dowager Lady Leverglen, who was well nigh fainting with terror, and whom—her ladyship being much addicted to hysterics—I every minute expected to see go off screaming. She reserved them, however, till she had more time; then I remember three men could scarcely control her. "She is mad."

"It would be a good thing for you and myself, my lady, if I was mad," said the strange, odd woman, with a low reverence. "But I am not: only a sinner, my lady—a great sinner," she cried, throwing her arms up wildly over her head, and looking, I thought, like some necromantic crone, or one of the weird sisters in Macbeth.

"Speak, woman," said the dean; "though how you gained admission here among this noble company, I know not,—there must have been strange neglect;" and his reverence looked severely at the gaping officials who were leisurely surveying this singular scene. "Speak I say," he continued, "and say how and why you have dared to interrupt the ceremonial of marriage between these noble persons."

"Just because, please your Reverence, or your Grace, as the case may be," said the audacious woman, "for I don't presume to understand the dress of High Church, being myself of the fold of the Reverend Jonas Carnaby, of ——."

"Silence," said the dean; "keep to the subject. Your objection?"

"Just this,—that yonder fair bride is, my lord, an imposter, and not what she seems."

Here was a general exclamation of horror, and a demand of what was meant. The bride, as white as her own sacque, was supported by the bridegroom, who looked, poor man, hot and bewildered.

"This,—that your fine young countess there is no countess; she was changed at nurse. I was the nurse; I ought to know my own child—for I am her mother. And now, my lord, the bridegroom, you can marry as fast as you please. I, for one, make no objection to my own flesh and blood being a lady in earnest. Only I have told my crime,—saved, saved my precious soul," she said, again flinging her arms aloft.

"Take her into the vestry," said the dean. "I cannot, my Lord Willsbury, proceeded with the ceremony, till this strange matter be cleared up." He was interrupted by the bride falling heavily to the ground, for somehow Lord Willsbury was no longer supporting her; and there she lay, cold, and white as the nosegay in her breast. She was laid on a heap of pew-cushions in the vestry,

where the friends of the families adjourned The guests were politely requested to disperse, for there seemed no chance of the marriage taking place that day. Constables were called in, and the strange woman was given into their charge. And one by one, or in pairs, the company departed,—many of them, I am afraid, to spread this strange business over the town, which afforded the fashionable world food for gossip many a day after.

It turned out to be too true. The Welsh woman being examined strictly, the truth came out too certainly. It seems that the first thing that put the temptation in her heart was the fact that the real heiress of the Leverglens had taken the small-pox, and was so cruelly disfigured, that the nurse dreaded taking her home to my Lady Leverglens, whom she knew to wish that her little daughter should grow up a beauty. "There was my own girl," said Gynneth Apreece "a perfect picture—healthy, pretty, and full of spirit. The thought came across my mind, how the poor defaced baby would be looked down on by her grand relations, and how no wealth, or being called 'my lady, could ever make up to her for the scorn the ugliness would bring down upon her; and then I thought how my beautiful Polly would become a title; and so, the thought once admitted, the Evil One kept whispering in my ear and my heart, till I persuaded myself it was the best thing that I could do. It was the wish to see my darling, and not to be forgotten by her, which made me take many a journey on foot from Wales; and then I got abused by my lord, and it was a great sorrow to my poor heart. My Polly came to forget me, and beat me away with her tiny baby hands. I was very wroth at that, for I loved my child, and nothing but the sense of my great, great sin even now would have made me tell the truth. But I have been converted lately, and I could not die with such a sin on my soul. Besides, it is hard for a child to look down on her own mother, and, in short, I could bear it no longer."

Such was the miserable woman's statement, sworn to on the Bible before a magistrate; and the strong likeness, allowing for age, hardship, and poverty, between Gynneth and the unfortunate girl whom she claimed, was strong presumptive evidence. Lawyers were employed; for poor Lady Leverglen's heart and hopes were wrapped up in her supposed daughter, and revolted from the young woman, who, plain to positive ugliness, and rustic and ignorant in her manner and converse, had been fetched up from Wales to be introduced—poor thing—if necessary, to a fortune and title. Here again the truth was painfully apparent. Through the disfigurement of that scourge, the small-pox, the resemblance to her parents, Lord and Lady Leverglen, was manifest. The motive of revenge on the Leverglen family was, at first, supposed to be the cause; but in the course of these proceedings, the old woman was taken ill in London, and, it was apparent, had been arrested by death. In her last moments, she made a request to see the Dowager, the lawyers, and the Marquis of Willsbury, as well as the two young women; but she who has hitherto been called the Countess of Leverglen refused to come. Even in death the Welsh nurse's eyes flamed with passion.

"Never mind," she said, "we shall soon meet where she *must* come."

She reiterated her statements on oath, made still more sacred by its being her dying one; and taking the sacrament, soon afterwards expired. * * * * And she to whose pride this crushing blow had arrived, she would not believe, for a long time, that this dreadful discovery was true. What! she, the delicately bred, the refined, the beautiful, made of that common clay which formed wretched Welsh peasants? Impossible! She shut herself up in her chamber, and caused it to be darkened, and became more imperious than ever. Lady Leverglen, who was distracted, came and sat by her, and soothed her awhile with flattering hopes and promises; but the defection of my Lord Willisbury, who had never recovered from the shame and disgrace of his wedding morning, affected her too powerfully to be mastered. It was in vain that they who were admitted to see her said that if his affection was for her wealth and state, instead of for herself, it were well that she had

found out her mistake. She would not acknowledge anything to be well that involved the loss of worldly homage. It was of no use to represent that her charms and accomplishments being personal, she could not be deprived of them. "Of what use were they," she said, "to poverty and disgrace?" Lady Leverglen, to comfort her, assured her that, in the worst case, an allowance should be hers to live like a gentlewoman.

"I thank you, madam," she said, her eyes flashing scorn; "and I have doubtless your consent to marry the chaplain, or the hairdresser, or any who will take the vile disgraced changeling."

Then her mood would alter, and she would fling her arms round my lady's neck, and crave indulgence, and passionately implore her to remember if she knew not of some sign or mark by which she could be identified; and these scenes went on till Gynneth's death and final declaration, which there was no getting over. Lady Leverglen was compelled to say she would receive the real Countess of Leverglen as her daughter, and to intimate to Dorinda, or Polly as she had been christened, that she must depart to a retreat in the country till her feelings softened. My lady would gladly receive her as companion, still feeling for her like a daughter. Mrs. Pomander told me that to her dying day she should never forget the look of the *ci-devant* countess, but she only answered my lady with a "Certainly, madam; you shall be obeyed in every circumstance," and turned round on her bed, which she had never quitted since they brought her to it after that terrible morning, and buried her face in the pillows, as if she wished no further discourse; so my lady, who was nigh broken-hearted herself, left the room, and some hours after the invalid complained to Mrs. Pomander of a racking pain in her shoulder.

"It is cold," said the woman, who vowed that she knew not how to term her mistress.

"I suppose so," said Miss. "Send, Pomander, for some laudanum to rub it with."

The laudanum was got—a pint bottleful—from the apothecary's, and the shoulder well rubbed with it; and then Mrs. Pomander took her leave for the night.

"Leave the bottle," said her mistress, "on the toilette, lest this terrible pain returns."

The woman did so.

* * * * * * *

When Mrs. Pomander drew her young lady's curtains next morning, there she lay in the stillness of death. Alas! alas! it was a death self-inflicted—the haughty and impatient spirit had dared to rush to its Creator, not in humiliation and prayer, but in desperation and anger. He who is more merciful than the most merciful of His frail judging creatures, had, it is to be hoped, pity on her wrath and rash madness. The laudanum-bottle was half empty—she had swallowed enough to kill two or three strong men. * * * * She was buried in the churchyard through which, a few weeks before, she had been led to become a bride. Lady Leverglen, the dowager, did not live long after her. The uncouth, poor, ignorant countess became a great devotee, under the guidance of the Reverend Jonas Carnaby, who had converted her foster-mother. She brought him up to town, and built for him a chapel, which yet exists under her name. I have seen a picture of her, an old engraving, in which she is represented as standing by a tomb, under a funeral cypress, with gloom and more cypresses in the distance.

I can safely say a more ugly or revolting-looking woman it never fell to my lot to behold, though, of course, poor soul, she could not help that; but I greatly doubt if a more cheerful religion would not have made her look to the general eye more comely. As it was, her favourite views were typified in that dark and gloomy picture. They were predestination, destruction, flames, and torments. She enjoyed these ideas greatly, and lived to propagate them to an extreme old age.

TO A PHYSICIAN.

Oh! watched for, longed for, through the heavy hours
Of pain and weakness. What a gift is thine!
What proud science, godlike and benign!
To pour on withering life sweet Mercy's showers,
And on the drooping mind's exhausted powers
Like a revivifying sunbeam shine—
For thy next smile what sleepless eyelids pine!
What sinking hearts, to which the summer flowers
Can breathe no joy! How many a day
I heard thy footsteps come and die away,
And clung unto that sound, as if the Earth,
With all its tones of melody and mirth,
To me had nought of interest—nothing worth
The brief bright moments of thy kindly stay!

E.M.H.

KING STEPHEN'S OATH.

BY ANASTATIUS GRUN.

[King Stephen was the great founder of the Hungarian Monarchy; he was contemporary with our Edward the Confessor. The Emperors of Austria still repeat his oath on their Coronation; it is the contrast between the hatred of Charters which the German Rulers now exhibit, and the free spirit of the old race whose sceptres they have inherited, which Grun wishes to expose.]

Hark! the Bells of Weissenburg ring blithely through the morning air,—
Now the peal has sunk in silence—they have crown'd the Monarch there:
See! he comes from the cathedral, bright his robes with gold and gem,
In his hand the Sword of Empire, on his head the Diadem.

Angels wrought that crown of splendour, so the pious legend says,
From the ruby's crimson lustre, from the diamond's starry rays;
But a common smith at Dobschau, plying there his daily trade,
Smote with hammer on the anvil, till he forged that battle blade.

A long procession passeth forth to where a rising hill is spread,
With carpets coloured of the hues the people love—green, white, and red;*
There the aged Chancellor waiteth, bearing proudly in his hand
The purple cushion with the Charter of the Kingdom and the Land.

And round him gathered rank on rank, behold the men of Hungary;
Warriors stern and bearded magnates, all the nation's chivalry;
Bishops with the stole and crosier, mitred Abbots, all are there,
And the Empire's Standard-bearer—free the banner floats and fair.

Proudly up the hill advancing, rides the King, that nation's Lord;
To East and West, and North and South, he waves aloft his battle sword.
Then pausing for a moment, looked upon the mass beneath him spread,
Then raised his hand towards the sky, and to the silent thousands said:—

"Hail, my people! hail, and listen! from my Chancellor's hand receive,
The Charter that your Monarch gives you, 'tis a gift of love believe;
With will unforced and heart in freedom, freedom I on all bestow,
And that Law to which obedient I, its first of subjects, bow.

"I swear by yon Eternal Heaven, that e'en in storm its blessing brings
I swear it by my kingly heart, where e'en with wrath affection springs
Ne'er to govern like a despot—but by Law and Rights to rule,
Princes are not always sages, never is the Law a fool!

"And by that Heaven I'll keep this Charter, ever sacred, whole, and true,
Never at my fancy change it, or interpret it anew;
If from out the stately fabric, loosed by time a stone should fall,
Yet it shall not wholly perish, nor be wrecked and shattered all.

"God forbid I e'er should lead you, to the battle's purple plain,
In civil strife, whose feuds would mark our annals like the hand of Cain;
Our shield is pure and bright; but should one drop of our brother's blood fall there,
No fountain's source, no falling tears, can ever wash it white and fair.

"I swear to keep untouched, unstained, the honour of your Land and Race,
Bright as a Warrior keeps his arms, pure as a Priest the holy Place!
A nation's weal is like yon plain, where plenty pours her corn and wine,
Its honour is this azure arch, where stars in golden glory shine.

"I swear to counsel wise and just, a willing heart and ear to lend;
I ne'er will chain the free-born word, though poor and weak that counsel send;
Not always where they most are sought, within the Royal gardens bound,
But on the wild and lonely heath, the fairest roses oft are found.

"Wisely will I use your treasure, none to waste and much to spare,
For the widow's tear bedews it, and the peasant's sweat is there;
How can a King in festal pride rejoice to see the goblet pass,
When he has thrown his brightest pearl—his people's love—into the glass?"

Soon died the gentle summer's breeze that heard the Monarch's oath that day,
And o'er that little grass-clad hill dark centuries have rolled away;
Those iron ranks of bearded men, the bulwarks of a nation's trust,
Are seen no more; long, long ago, they sank to ashes and to dust.

But still at Ofen they preserve King Stephen's mantle, crown, and sword;
Armed sentries in the Castle, keep above the relics watch and ward;
And still, when they a King instal, robe, sword, and crown are worn again.
Alas! that Stephen's spirit, too, the watchers could not there retain!

The people see his mantle still, to wish his heart beneath its fold;
His sword is waved, and ah! they sigh, could Stephen's hand the hilt but hold!
His crown yet shines—but binds no more with gems and gold a Stephen's brow,
And when his oath is heard, they ask, "Will it be kept as truly now?"

* The National Colours of Hungary.

VICISSITUDES OF A LOCK OF HAIR.

CHAPTER I.

I am a native of the south of France. On a beautiful slope descending from a spur on the northern side of the Pyrenees, stands the village of N'Importe, and in that village I spent my early days. My parent was a blooming virgin, to whose maternal care I owed those virtues which drew the attention of the many admirers it was my fortune (good or bad as you may please to call it), in subsequent years, to hold in blissful enthralment. There were sixteen of us, each and all the delight of her to whom we owed our existence; and a merry life we had of it. Oh, how often does my memory recur to those halcyon days, when in innocent flirtations with summer breezes! How we did dance, and frolic, and chase, and kiss each other; and with what filial delight we hung upon the neck of her whose affectionate solicitude on our behalf appeared to know no bounds!

Our rearing was widely different from that of many of my species. I have known many whose parents have thought to strengthen and beautify their offspring by means of oils and dyes, from the effects of which the sickly creatures never afterwards recovered. Our treatment was of a more salutary nature. Twice or thrice every week were we plunged, neck and heels, into a bath of cold water, and there with sousing, and soaking, and were we detained, till not one dry filament remained to us. True, we used to look rather emaciated when first recovering from these terrible ablutions, but such was the health and vigour we had derived from them, it was but a short time ere we were twirling and twisting about as gaily and saucily as ever.

Another advantage we enjoyed, too, beyond what fell to several of our acquaintance. It was their misfortune to be kept confined from the enjoyment of light and air all day long, and to be allowed their liberty only when the toils of the day were over, and their parents could allow them their freedom without suffering much inconvenience from the pranks in which it was their very nature to indulge. To tell the truth, we were a sad molestation to our darling progenitor sometimes, and much as she loved us, I am inclined to think our liberty would have been considerably curtailed, had it not been for the intervention of a friend of mamma's, who seemed to love us if possible more than she did.

By the way, this allusion to *him*, reminds me of my first sorrow—the most bitterly painful passage in my chequered life. It was one lovely evening in April, when we were all peacefully reclining on the snowy shoulders, or lovingly clustering round the ivory neck of our parent, that Henrique (that was his name), dropped in to pay his wonted visit to his Blanche. He looked sad: staid and thoughtful he always was; but something more than usual seemed to weigh down his spirit. I was not long in getting a clue to it. "The crop-gatherer called again, to-day, Henrique," said my parent, after they had been conversing awhile.

"I thought it quite possible he might have done so," replied Henrique, "as I saw him still hanging about the village: I wish he would begone and never enter the place again."

"But he is disposed to deal more liberally now then yesterday. Instead of a print he offers me a merino dress. He says my hair is stronger and finer than he first took it to be."

"If he offered you a hundred dresses, it would be less than these luxuriant tresses are worth," said Henrique, affectionately thrusting his fingers amongst them, and rousing them all from the lazy repose in which they were indulging.

"Henrique, dear, what nonsense to set such disproportionate value on a comparatively useless object. Consider our poverty, and ask yourself whether it is wise to retain for the mere delight of your eyes what is to me an inconvenient and cumbersome appendage, and what must appear in the judgment of all discreet persons an ornament but ill suited to our wordly condition: you seem to forget how poor we are."

"My darling, Blanche, I do forget how poor we are when with you, although you so often remind me of it. But poverty, I have often told you, is an inheritance that has not passed through many generations to me.

My father, for his extravagance and debauchery, plunged himself and family deep enough, heaven knows; but the generation preceding him were rich, and wise, and virtuous. Oh! I feel as though the ancient blood of my family were concentrated in my veins, and when I gaze on the various forms of beauty exemplified in your person and character, Blanche, and when I remember that you are mine, by a solemn promise, I seem to possess all I should care to possess if I had mines of wealth wherewith to purchase it, and it rends my very heartstrings to think of your having your head despoiled of its flowing curls to increase the value of a pedlar's hair-crop. Nevertheless, if poverty is so inexorable in its demands, and this is the only condition on which you can obtain a warm and comfortable covering for your dear body, I must submit."

And now the truth dawned upon me, and I was overwhelmed with a consciousness of the doom that inevitably awaited me. To-morrow, thought I, we shall be severed from her who has watched and reared us with so much patience and solicitude. One more night we shall lie and nestle in that tender bosom, which we had fondly hoped would have been our home for many a year to come; and to-morrow we shall be thrown upon the world to make our way as best we can.

My apprehensions were but too well founded. Before the following day was half spent, I and my sister were in the hands of new owners, and surrounded by equally new society.

CHAPTER II.

"Bought and sold like slaves," I muttered to myself indignantly, as the pedlar tied us together with a piece of string, and laid us on a table of a back room in the village inn. It was some consolation, however, to find out that we were still highly prized, perhaps as much so as before we left our first home. But there was a manifest difference in the nature of the affection now lavished upon us, and that of which we had heretofore been the objects. True, it was much the same inherent qualities that excited that affection in both cases; but it was obvious we were now esteemed for the mere money value that would be assigned to us: till then we had been prized for the gratification we afforded to Henrique's loving and devoted heart.

So it is with men and women, I am told. The honesty, truthfulness, and sobriety, of a young clerk, are held in great esteem, as much by the parish minister who visits him, as by the greedy old usurer who may perchance employ him; and yet how strangely distinct are the grounds on which that esteem is based. Those of the latter, all sensual and worldly; those of the former, spiritual and heavenly.

To have done with moralising. As I regained my equanimity, I proceeded to take account of what was going on around me. Besides my purchaser, there was another person in the room, whose powers seemed to be nearly co-ordinate with his. From their conversation, I gathered that they were both the agents of a large firm in Paris, whose chief business it was to collect and export human hair; and they had now just transacted all the business which was likely to detain them in our neighbourhood. Hence a final inspection of the various bargains they had struck was indulged in before quitting for the metropolis. "Altogether, I think we have not had a bad run this season," said one of them, casting his eye on the numerous whisps which lay scattered around him. "On the contrary," responded his companion, "it appears to me one of the best we have ever had. What would the prints and merinoes, the pins and brooches, and other frippery we brought out with us, originally have cost? Fifty francs at most I should say; and we shall take back what will fetch with certainty five hundred." "At the very least," rejoined the first speaker, "and I am much out in my calculation if this little lot," (he had taken me and my sisters in one hand and laid us across the others), "does not entirely reimburse the cost of what we have given in exchange for them all."

Before I heard this laudation of my merits, I had been fostering a sort of contempt for the plebian whisps with which I was associated; but now my natural pride rose higher than ever, and I really felt myself justified in entertaining the sentiments which

I had been silently addressing to them. They were somewhat after this fashion—"You are a tawdry, lard-begrimed creature: I suppose your mother thought she was making a great beauty of you: little did I think two days ago, it would ever be my lot to fall into such company; oh! you are an abomination to my nostrils." That to one—this to another,—"Aha! Miss Lankey, you twist and twirl yourself about as gracefully as a pound of cotton dips, as if scorning all vulgar conception of a curl." To do myself justice, however, my fellings were those of sympathy and commiseration, when viewing the abject appearance of my associates, and I was heartily glad when the agents packed us up, and proceeded on their way to Paris.

There we at length arrived. Nothing occurred while there which impressed itself particularly on my memory, from which it may be inferred, that I experienced during my short stay there, was of a decidedly common-place nature, and characterised by nothing very favourable or very disagreeable. One stage further, and I was destined to be relieved of this monotony.

That stage brought me to the establishment of Messrs. Hairpin & Co. in one of the principal streets in the west end of London. For many days I continued to receive the admiration and caresses of the inmates and visitors of the establishment. At length a more congenial sphere of action opened out for me (for I was getting sick of being the mere butt of this never-ending adulation), and into that sphere I was speedly introduced.

"Into whose hands shall I put it?" inquired the junior partner of Mr. Hairpin, as he gently lifted me from the pasteboard coffin in which I had been so long lying in state. "Oh, you had better let Miss Neat herself have it, I think, as it is an unusually particular job," rejoined the senior Hairpin: "and you will desire her to give it as elegant and juvenile an appearance as possible, for Miss Buckingham is scarcely nineteen yet, and we then shall enable her to attend Lady de Quelqu'un's *soirée* without attracting any attention to the consequences of her late unfortunate illness.

Miss Neat, I soon discovered, was a kind of superintendent to several young ladies (for such their courteous behaviour to one another entitles them to be called), in the employ of Messrs Hairpin and Co., and hence the reason why I and my sisters were entrusted to her care. I also gathered some few particulars in the history of Miss Neat, together with a dim insight into my own destiny. Respecting the latter, it will suffice for the present to say that I was to form one of four-and-twenty glossy ringlets, whose office it would shortly be to adorn the brow of Miss Buckingham at Lady de Quelqu'un's *soirée;* and as the reader may recollect that we were originally but sixteen in a family, he has a claim to be informed that strong and healthy locks of hair are as tenacious of life as polypes, and may be dvided and subdivided without any danger beyond that of making each one so maimed a little more feeble, perhaps, than before the operation was performed; each portion assuming an independent existence, and standing upon a perfect equality with those who have had the fortune to escape the dissecting instruments of the perruquier; and while these operations are proceeding under the skilful hand of Miss Neat, I will give a hasty outline of this young lady's history.

She was the only daughter of her parents, both of whom belonged to the middle class of life, and who possessed, with a comfortable income, an unusual amount of good practical common sense; but as that income consisted solely of a government pension, which would cease with the father's life, it was ever a point with them so to train their child that she might be prepared to maintain herself, whenever she might be deprived of parental protection and support. That calamity did not befall Miss Neat till she had completed her twenty-fifth year, and then she was left to maintain, not only herself, but her mother also, with such assistance as was derived from a small annuity which the old gentleman had secured for his survivors, by dint of economy in the course of his life. For this exigency the daughter was prepared. She had patiently and assiduously applied herself to two or three special occupations; that of "artiste in hair" was most to her taste, when called to take up one for a livelihood.

After some trouble, she succeeded in gaining employment in the establishment of Messrs. Hairpin & Co., where her sound education, lady-like manners, and technical skill, soon gained for her the highest opinion of the firm, while it secured her promotion to the head of her particular department. There she continued to exercise her best influence on those under her direction, never forgetting to impress upon her young friends the great lesson of her own life,—*Be prepared to earn a livelihood, however unlikely at the present moment it may be that you will ever be thrown entirely on your own resources.*

I heard several hints—perhaps I ought not to repeat them—to the effect that Miss Neat would shortly be the wife of the second partner in the firm; but I have not since had an opportunity of ascertaining whether they were well founded or not.

CHAPTER III.

Early in the day, the evening of which was appointed for the *soirée*, I found myself in Miss Buckinghan's dressing-room, where, shortly after my arrival, that young lady paid me a visit of inspection. She was a merry, kind, open-hearted creature, and would have looked really beautiful, had it not been for the cap with which her head was completely covered. As it was, she simply had the appearance of a very pretty little matronly dame. Why she bedecked herself with a head gear, apparently so inappropriate, I could not at the time discover.

I did not see Miss Buckingham again till the evening, when she was dressing for the coming entertainment. How far that operation had progressed, and what remained to be accomplished, it is not necessary, nor would it be delicate in me to disclose. I am rather disposed to observe the change that had taken place in her appearance and her conduct since the morning when I had seen her last. The light and playful smile was no longer illuminating her countenance, but its place was assumed by a melancholy shade, which indicated the existence of intense suffering, physical or mental; together with a dogged determination on the young lady's part to repress all outward signs of emotion. She opened her dressing-case, and from one of its compartments took out a small pearl-handled knife, the edge of which she carefully examined. I trembled with excitement; her maid had left the room a few minutes before, but at this moment re-entered. Throwing herself on the sofa, Miss Buckingham declared, in a tone of elegant desperation, she could endure the torture no longer, and must beg Charlotte to dress her corn, or she should be wretched all the evening.

"Pooh! that's all, is it," thought I to myself.

The corn was dressed, the little foot was replaced in its *tight kid slipper*—ah! there lay the secret of all this unwonted torture. Then *turning towards me*, Miss Buckingham lifted me from my domicile, removed the cap from her head (which I discovered with surprise was quite bare), and as she stood before the pier glass for her own convenience, installed me to my office. I thus had an opportunity of seeing myself, and of judging how far I might be able to perform my duties with success; and certainly, if making my young mistress like the beautiful creature she naturally was, were the duty of my sisters and me, in that we succeeded to an astonishing extent. The place assigned me was in that rather imperfectly defined region extending from my lady's right shoulder over and about the slopes of her neck, so that I could, by directing my attention to her face, tell to some extent the feelings which impressed themselves there.

We arrived at Lady de Quelqu'un's at nine o'clock, and found the company nearly all assembled. One character there, who was destined to mix himself up with my own fate, is all I need trouble the reader with. Grave, sensible, and decorous, as such an assemblage as the present may be, there is almost always some one or more who must make himself or herself different from the rest, and act some stupid part which no one else would have suspected possible. So it was at Lady de Quelqu'un's. The individual who was to take that post was ——, a gentleman, I was going to say,—and perhaps I may as well say so, always provided I use the term merely in its conventional signification—a gentleman upwards of fifty, who

thought proper on this occasion to assume the dress, airs, and demeanour of a young man of five-and-twenty. With dissipated look, sallow complexion, composition teeth, and for aught I know, glass eyes and tin ears, he had bedecked himself with a narrow, boyish neck-tie and a dickey, consisting of fine linen, alternating with finer muslin; the latter covered with embroidered sprigs and flowers, japanned boots, of leather so thin that you would expect every step would rend their tender sides; and other clothes to match. It was not long before the keen eye of my mistress detected this fop, and at first roused her contempt; though it was not long before I saw plainly something in her eye which meant mischief.

But she was in no hurry to begin the attack. On the contrary, she preferred waiting awhile and watching her victim in his movements among the company. The guests had not assembled for the purpose of dancing, but for the sake of music and literary chat. Such gatherings were Lady Quelqu'un's delight; her company was always strictly select, and it excited Miss Buckingham's curiosity to know on what ground the object of her dislike was amongst them. I discovered his name to be Buttman. In reply to her side-questions, and from what passed in familiar conversation, she gathered that Mr. Buttman was always very officious in patronizing *litterateurs*, artists, and men of science, not so much out of any regard for them, since he invariably withdrew his patronage from any one who was sufficiently humble in position really to need his helping hand, but because it gave him an importance as he fancied, in the eyes of those whose favors he courted, to have his name mentioned in connection with those of distinguished men—an importance which experience had taught him could never be obtained by dint of his own wealth, which was limited, or his own talents, for he had none. Hence he availed himself of his accidental connection with some persons of good standing in society, to speak of these men, and render such little services to them as he thought would lay them under an obligation of acknowledging his assistance, and so contrived to be among them on such occasions as the present.

Add to this, he was so weak-minded as to suppose he was a favorite with the ladies, and so obtuse in his perceptions as not to detect the delicate rebuffs which lay in their rejoinders to his impertinences. He cherished, withal, a low opinion of the sex, and thought the more empty and frivolous the "small talk" (as he called it) which he dealt out to them the more acceptable it would prove.

In such a spirit, and with such qualifications did Mr. Buttman pass from one to another of the many guests in Lady Quelqu'un's drawing-room. A celebrated painter he addressed as "my dear boy;" a no less celebrated poet, "my good fellow:" a famous critic was "my excellent friend;" and a noted professor of physical science was "my worthy doctor." Happily for all with whom he came in contact, his stock of conversational material was soon exhausted, so that no one was troubled with him long. The bombastic nonsense with which he regaled the ladies was so outrageously ridiculous, that pen, ink, and paper refuse to perpetuate it, and even declare themselves incompetent to express it.

The evening was far advanced, and Miss Buckingham had been occupied with persons of sense from the time she entered the room, till when she was thinking of making her exit from it unobserved. Mr. Buttman seeing her alone in a remote corner, and remembering he had not spoken to her all the evening, and perhaps feeling that such attractions as my dear mistress's was too great to be resisted, lounged up to the sofa on which she sat, with an air which he intended her to believe arose from his admiring devotion. I expected to see her frown him away, and was almost offended with her, when I found she spoke with a coy, but inviting tone of voice to him.

"My dear Miss Buckingham, how do you do?" said he, taking each of her hands in one of his; "you have been so much engaged with one and another all the evening, that I began to fear I should not get an opportunity of paying my *devoirs* to you."

"Which would not have broken your heart, I presume?"

"I don't know; my heart is made of deli-

cate material. Besides, you must remember before I went into Italy you were one of my pets, and although you have been transformed into such a full-blown lady during my absence, I do not like the idea of being thrown out from your catalogue of beaux without some little warning."

"And yet, although you have been in England nearly two months, you have never so much as called upon me, nor inquired after me."

"Ah! the old cry from almost every lady I meet; really what a wretch I am to be so inattentive to the ladies, when they esteem my attentions so highly. Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Never! not so soon; the company will not break up for the next two hours."

"For which reason I want to slip away unobserved, that my departure may not give any one an impression that it is time to think of breaking up yet."

"But I want to have a little chat with my little belle."

"Well, quick then, for I must go."

"Well, I was going to congratulate you on your assumption of the looks and manners of womanhood. Really, I can hardly imagine you are the little giddy girl I left in Mrs. Buckingham's villa less than three years ago."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"And as for these tresses, they are more luxuriant than ever. I am afraid some poor fellow's heart will get entangled in them, if you are not on your guard. To confess the truth, I feel my own in imminent danger. By the way, I have rings, guards, and mementoes in hair, from nearly all the distinguished ladies of my acquaintance; pray, let me have one of yours."

"Oh, no, indeed I cannot."

"But you must."

"You would disfigure me completely."

"Here is one so full and flowing, that I could have the end off without its being missed."

He had fixed his eye on me, and I suspected my doom was sealed; for though my mistress could have deterred him from further intrusions with one word or one look, her refusals were expressed in such a coquettish tone, that it rather gave a relish to her rebuffs, and encouraged him in his advances.

"Happily this is not a milliner's shop, you will find no scissors here, so my locks are safe enough from your flattering outrages," said Miss Buckingham.

"Dear me, how vexing. Oh, but I have a knife; look at it, is it not a love of a knife? By the way, this was once a lady's, whom I prevailed on to give it me as a keepsake." And Mr. B. approached more closely to my lady.

"No, really, I cannot allow it," said she, removing herself to a short distance. "Now be circumspect, Mr. Buttman, and do not draw the attention of the company towards us; we shall provoke their laughter."

"Not we, they are too much occupied with their own affairs. Now look here (he took me, and laid me on his finger), if I were to take this one off just there (laying the edge of the knife under me), it would make this ringlet just about the length of the others." Then slipping the knife considerably higher up, he said, "That is just the piece I should like for a memento," when Miss Buckingham suddenly threw back her head, exclaiming, "Oh, impossible;" and, severed from my sisters, I fell into Mr. Buttman's hands.

"There," said that gentleman, "in withdrawing your head so suddenly, you have made me cut off quite three times as much as I asked for."

"Nay," said Miss Buckingham, "it was because you held it so tight when I withdrew my head. However, it is no use talking or scolding now; am I not a fright?"

"A fright, no; nothing could make you look so."

"But I will make my escape at once, or I shall certainly be observed.

"I hope you are not angry?"

"Certainly not."

Thus parted from all that was near and dear to me, my next lodging was in Mr. Buttman's waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER IV.

Before Mr. Buttman had left Miss Buckingham five minutes, he was compelled to submit to a rallying from a group of gentlemen, who had observed his attentions to

that young lady. They expressed some surprise to see him amongst them, agreeable as his occupation must then have been.

"The fact is, I accomplished my purpose," said he, "there was no necessity for protracting our interview. You see (he drew me from his waistcoat pocket), I have one more memento to add to the many, nay, almost countless number I already possess, and to-morrow I intend to have this lock made into a ring, or, at least, a portion of it."

And so he did. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, he went to the said artist, and desired him to convert me into a guard-ring. The duty I had now to perform was one quite foreign to my nature, but I had learned to submit patiently to whatever befel me, conscious that no display of feeling on my part would ever make matters better or worse. He placed me on his little finger, which was little and bony enough, when I had to protect and guard two gold rings already located there, in one of which was set a diamond, and in the other a ruby.

Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. Buttman returned to his lodgings for his dinner. He had scarcely seated himself in the dining-room, when his tiger entered, and presented on a waiter a small billet. He opened it, and I read it simultaneously with him. It ran thus:—

"Dear Mr. Buttman,—The extreme anxiety which you showed last night to possess yourself of a lock of the hair I was wearing, has led me to think you might possibly like to possess more of it. Should I be correct in my conjecture, you will be glad to know that the whole of the head-dress was returned to the Messrs. Hairpin & Co., who, I am sure, will only be too happy to accommodate you. To remove all mystery from the circumstance, I may just tell you, that having suffered from a severe attack of fever a few months ago, I was under the necessity of having my head closely shaven, since which it has been my custom to wear such a substitute for my own hair, as a joint effort on the part of art and nature might be able to produce.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Buttman, yours, with the profoundest esteem,
Lily Buckingham.

"P.S.—There are grounds, apart from those above named, on which it appears to me expedient that you should give Messrs. Hairpin & Co. an early call."

I dare not repeat the language Mr. Buttman used as he threw down this note, nor the imprecations he uttered when he removed me from his finger, and tossed me carelessly on the table. Many of the words which dropped from his lips were such as I never heard before; and I was not sorry when he inflicted his last cruelty upon me, by giving me a sharp fillip with his finger, which sent me spinning into the middle of the room, and which he followed up by giving me a kick that consigned me to an obscure recess under the sofa.

In that recess I lay concealed for several days; at the expiration of which the housemaid had a grand turn-out, and gave the room and its furniture a general brush up. Then it was my retreat was discovered, and again I was introduced to my irate master. But he did not care to see me—"I was only a bit of rubbish, and of no consequence: she might throw me into the fire." Abigail did not choose to treat me thus, but slipped me into her pocket, with an air which seemed to say, "I shall have a use for you before long."

My supposition was correct. Abigail was married to a cabinet-maker a few weeks after, and in the intermediate time I was consigned to a casket in which she kept a brooch, a bracelet, and one or two other trinkets which she donned at those times, when, in the eye of the said cabinet-maker, she thought to make herself look attractive.

A few days after their marriage, upon being withdrawn from the casket, I found myself in Abigail's chamber with her and her husband. "This," said she, showing me to her husband, "I picked up in Mr. Buttman's room one day, and he said it was useless, and he told me to throw it into the fire; but I thought it would be just the thing to guard my wedding-ring, and for that purpose I now intend to use it."

I am now old, and fast going to pieces. My dissolution is evidently near, but I cannot help recording, that the whole time I spent in Abigail's service was a time of calm, unbroken pleasure. I was always prized; my services were always rated at their full

value; and the company by which I was surrounded was respectable, though poor; while affection was the rule by which every action was regulated, and every word dictated.

CHARADE.

From my *first* I've experienced much trouble and sorrow
Which cast o'er the years of my youth a sad gloom,
Deeper shaded the night, threw a cloud o'er the morrow,
And nearly consigned me a prey to the tomb.

The sailor my *next* hails with joyful emotion,
When far from his friends and his dear native home,
He is tossed on the waves of the pitiless ocean,
And the wild winds around him so fearfully moan.

These parts, when combined, a loved name will discover,
For which, while life's stream in this bosom shall flow,
Till the cares and the sorrows of life are all over,
My heart with the warmest affection shall glow.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."

"How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherer's by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of ——, when he recognized a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction appeared to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from ——. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I was strolling along the cliffs, when he paused as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example and taking a seat on the grass, near him, the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining the rope once round it, in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it was thus: and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet, and to look up and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not to be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him;—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to rocst;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we'd haul him directly. 'No—no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there's no necessity for that. When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from ——. I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattered with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over

the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

"Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out the rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to regain his footing against the rocks, and in doing so broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight *that* for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far *far* below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and, with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slided down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliffs arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, sir; and, swinging to and fro, round and round, as it were betwixt heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and, I shudder at the bare recollection when I tell it, *we continued to supply the rope!* Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sea-mews flitting around him and joining in his frightful shirks."

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet water; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few minutes motionless on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave.

"Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought,—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer,—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet,—staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand.—Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long

and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat; and, to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose.

"As you may imagine, Mr Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for *them* to use it. 'It matters not,' he said, 'they (meaning us) have gone to ——. We shall have boats here soon; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavouring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.

"Two hours, sir,—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold, when a large, heavy, Dutch-built boat—you don't see such now, sir,—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her until she was within the cave; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunate was it that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them——"

"Why I should have thought that at such a moment even smugglers——"

"Not they, sir,—not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and a dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir; while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They could'nt hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it.

"They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At length the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men.—And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea.

"They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no further. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with the cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not un-

derstand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in—'Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they have lost their prize.'

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements voice sounded almost at her side! There he was, sir,—there he was, in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and get clear of her, when she went down. The revenue-cutter came up, and took them on board all alive; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the events of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He had held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and her sister. The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going homewards. Mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

A CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

PREPARATION AND FLIGHT.

"Do I believe in clairvoyance?" exclaimed Dr. Zwingenbock. "How can a man not believe vot he knows? vot he has experienced and vitnessed? Hein? Do I believe in clairvoyance, indeed? Here is my goot friend. de Baron Schwartzlippe, as my vitness."

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue!" cried the baron, striking the table with his fist.

"Ve make de grand experiment to night," said the doctor. "You sup vid us and some oder friends, vot is great magnifiers—magnetizers I mean. Ve vill get you en rapport vid someboy or something."

"It's of no use," I replied; "you have tried your utmost before, and never been able even to send me to sleep."

"Dat vos because you vos in de darkness of uncredulity," observed the doctor; "now it is much bester, as you believe."

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue!" again exclaimed the baron, flourishing his right hand over his head.

I informed them that I had no particular wish to become a somnambulist, nor to be sent spinning upon one toe, like a teetotum, along the backs of sofas; but that a peep into futurity would certainly be very agreeable to me, and that I would do my utmost to assist the endeavours of any gentleman who would give me a lift in that direction. And thereupon the doctor spake, in mystical enthusiastic terms, of the wondrous magnetic powers of several of his friends, concerning which and whom he related sundry marvellous matters; and, at every pause, the baron gave vent to his usual ejaculation,

"Yaw, yaw! emery ding ish drue."

* * * * * * *

The scene of our supper was a private room at a tavern; the provisions were substantial beyond all bounds, and the appetites of the guests prodigious. There were seven besides the baron and the doctor, making the mystical number of three times three magnetic illuminati, prepared to unite their incomprehensible influences to operate upon one neophyte. Little was said during the consumption of the solids; and when that important task was at an end, each of the sages took out his meerschaum, and began smoking and talking in a most fuliginous style; but what seemed most singular was, that every one occasionally fixed his eyes upon me; and then turning to his neighbour with a smile of approbation, said, "Yaw, yaw!"

When this process had been repeated several times, and solemn dulness appeared to

be the order of the night, I, doubtless, manifested symptoms of impatience, as Zwingenbock shook his head, and said, "Never mind; keep your temper in the equilibriums. Ve are all doing your business. You vill go sleep by and by."

"And no great marvel either," I observed, "If you find me no better entertainment."

"Hush!" said he, "dat is not respectful to de grand science. Keep de eye of your inside looking into the future, and he vill come. Never mind de present no more as noting. But ve vill not be always so silent. De foundation of de vork is laid, and now ve vill have some toast. Mine good friend, de baron, vill speak to de master of de house, and see as de kellner bring us de bestest vine."

The baron took the hint, and went out, muttering his queer scrap of English as usual; and, presently after returned with the kellner, or waiter, who deliberately placed a bottle of wine before each guest, as they were handed to him from a basket by the baron. Then we had toasts and songs alternately (the former out of compliment, they said, to me,) till the room became so intolerable from the fumes of tobacco, that I was induced, contrary to my habits, to accept of a cigar presented to me by the baron, "to smoke in my own defence."

My recollection of what subsequently occurred, till I found myself in a state of "clairvoyance," is somewhat cloudy. I remember observing that there was a peculiar flavour in the cigar; and being assured that it was the very best Havannah, and when I made a similar remark concerning the wine, the doctor requested to taste from my bottle, and, having sipped at a glass, expressed himself highly delighted.

"It has got by sympathy," he said, "a little of de magnetic flavour, and proves as you are coming a little en rapport vid dese philosophes. I telled you vé vos doing your business. Drink so fast as you can, and I hope you get more of de taste presently."

That it did taste worse and worse, as I frequently had recourse to the glass, to remove a parched feeling produced by the cigar I have a dreamy remembrance, as also of endeavouring to comprehend and follow the thread of a long, dreary story, concerning magnetic influences and somnambulism. All was in vain. The wondrous power hovered over me; then came down, and, as a cloud, separated me from my fellow men. The precise moment I knew not; but, anon, I felt myself borne away as though by wings, —and away, away, smoothly and pleasantly enough, but with immense rapidity, I sailed through the air without interruption; though, at the first start, I had been stopped by an old fellow with a scythe and an hour glass, and a single lock of hair on his forehead, who angrily declared that he never suffered any one to go "a-head" of him in his dominions. I was in a placid mood, and rather amused by his irritation; so I merely said, "Don't be in a passion, old daddy! It's of no use; I've been regularly magnetised, and am a clairvoyant."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that alters the case entirely. I beg you a thousand pardons!" and throwing down his scythe, he laid hold of his forelock (for want of a hat), bowed with obsequious awkwardness, lifted his left leg behind, as though to take a step backward, and added with an odd sort of smile, "You are perfectly welcome to go just wherever you please."

"Am I?" thought I, as I glided onward; "well then, since I feel perfectly clear of the times in which I have hitherto lived, here's for a good long stretch into futurity! If an unlettered child could discern events, of which she knew not the meaning, ten years before they occurred, surely I ——" (Here I fell into an overwhelming fit of self-conceit—a delusion pretty general among the initiated,)—"surely I—I, who have studied, travelled, written, philosophised, &c. &c. &c., when in an unmagnetized state, may now dash forward a few centuries at least! It shall be so!"

"When and where would you like to be wafted?" inquired the voice of my invisible, guide, which I then heard for the first time. "Let us skip a brace of thousands at once!" I exclaimed: so, hey for London, and *anno Domini* 3855!"

"Here we are, then," said my cicerone, and immediately, gently as a snow-flake meets the ground, I felt myself placed upon

my legs in the centre of a large city, in the midst of a moving multitude dressed after strange fashions, which I am neither tailor nor milliner enough to describe.

"I don't know this part of the town," said I. "Which is the way to Regent Street?"

"Regent Street," replied my magnetic guide, "was in old London, a city long since deserted, and now so utterly gone to decay, that its remaining ruins serve only as matters of speculation for the antiquary."

"What!" I almost breathlessly exclaimed, "London! the emporium! the queen of cities! Is it possible?"

"Nothing more regular," replied my guide dryly; "followed the example of Babylon, Nineveh, Paris, and others. All regular."

"But how, and why was she deserted?" I inquired.

"By degrees," said my attendant. "But you may judge somewhat for yourself, by going about a dozen miles westward, and looking at the narrow, choked-up river, where the remains of some two or three long bridges yet stand. For my own part, as you have chosen to pass by the years of transition, I am not permitted to reveal particulars, and dare merely to give you hints, such as—unexampled extent of commerce,—a determination to manufacture all sorts of things for all the world,—consequently the whole island covered with factories,—consequent redundant population, liable to be affected in their comforts and even means of existence, by the proverbial uncertain fluctuation of demand for foreign markets,—consequent frequent dissatisfaction, and outbreak of unruly passions among the multitude,—consequent advantage taken thereof by pseudopatriots for their own aggrandisement,—consequent union of turbulent spirits,—consequent alarm of weak governors, willing to grant or do any thing for the sake of momentary peace, and blind to the future,—consequent more decidedly menacing air of the multitude, demanding and obtaining supplies of cheap corn from countries where labour and land were of less value,—consequent dependance for the staff of life on foreign states,—consequent neglect of agriculture at home—all consumers, few producers. War. Consequent advantage taken by powers ever envious of the once happy little island,—supplies denied or furnishing grudgingly at exorbitant rates,—consequent discontents, riots,—hunger owns no laws,—consequent overthrow of the —— But I must not proceed, as I am called to order by the voice of a superior magnetico electrico-daimonion which you cannot hear."

"I wish *you* could not," said I pettishly; "for you were hinting about the corn question, which has perplexed me much latterly."

"Very likely," observed my daimon; "the Holy Bible was not quite so much in use among you as it is now in the thirty-ninth century. When you get back, consult it, and you will find that bread or corn is the staff of life, which always gave the possessor power over others. Read particularly the 47th chapter of Genesis, and you will find how Joseph therewith first gathered all the money of the people; then all their flocks herds, and horses; then their lands, and at last their bodies. And hard bargains he made with them, no doubt, as men always will when they can. But your governors seem to have fancied that other nations would always be willing to supply you with all the corn you consumed, at the lowest price, even though they knew your wants, and that your warehouses and manufactories were glutted with excess of produce, and unable to employ——But I'm called to order again! so no more of the past. You are now in New London, and had better make the most of your stay. You will be able to understand the language spoken here, though in reality, totally different from that of your own time. What would you like to see first?"

"*Any thing—every thing,*" I replied.

"That's impossible," observed my invisible guide. "You see that the human race has not changed in outward appearance; but their customs, opinions, and progress in science and arts are matters requiring a pretty considerable deal longer time than will be allowed to you this trip, I guess. Therefore, make your choice."

"Let us see where old London stood then," said I.

FUTURE METROPOLITAN ANTIQUITIES.

The open vehicle in which I was conveyed was light and convenient enough, and the driver was a smart, active fellow, evidently on excellent terms with himself. Finding that I was a stranger, he congratulated me on having selected him, as he had already, that morning early, driven two gentlemen down to look at the old places, about which they seemed to know every thing, and had got a map of what the old city was two thousand years ago.

"I did that job for my brother Tom," added he, "who isn't quite well. This is my own horse, and quite fresh; so never fear!"

"I suppose the gentlemen were antiquaries?" said I.

"That's the name, sure enough?" he exclaimed. "They were to meet three or four more of the same kidney at breakfast, down yonder, by the ruins of what they say was once a bridge called Waterlow, because the tide used to end there; but I can't believe as the tide ever went so high; because as how, it stands to reason if it had, it must have overflowed all the low land right afore us, which is some of the best in the country."

We were then going down the hill from what we call Blackheath, and he pointed with his whip towards Lambeth, where I beheld only open fields. On the other side of the river, instead of the "sulphureous canopy" of London, all was so clear, that I could discern here and there, rising above farm-houses, villas, and cottages, the ruins of stately edifices, some of which I but too well recognised. The river, too, was but a rivulet, creeping along in the centre of its former bed. I covered my face with my hands, and felt a wish, but not the power, to weep.

"All regular," observed my invisible guide. "The yellow Tiber is now a petty rill, thick as pease-soup. Wherever you mortals swarm together by millions near any moderate sized river, for a thousand or two of years, you always make a mess of it. And then Nature does her work, too. The city of Venice no longer stands in the sea. All regular."

"You seem to be thinking about the old place, and the ancient people, sir," observed my driver, to whom plainly the voice of my invisible companion was inaudible; "most gentlemen do when they first comes; but it soon wears off; and, arter all, why should we care any thing about the ancients? They never did nothing for us, as ever I heard on, nor for our forefathers either, unless 'twas building a town so high up the river, that they couldn't find water enough to drink, and keep their houses tidy, and so was obliged afterwards to dig great reservoirs over yonder" (and he pointed towards the East and West India, London, and St. Katherine's Docks); though one of them antiquary gentlemen says as how they were public washing-places, and the washer-women used to live in the caves as stands all round. However, for my part, I sha'n't trouble *myself* about such matters, as long as I've a good horse to drive six days in the week, and rest, and a good sermon, and a good dinner of a Sunday."

"I'm glad to hear that you spend that day so properly," I observed.

"Why, who doesn't?" exclaimed the astonished driver, shrinking into his corner as far from me as possible. "Do you take me for an infidel? or like them old heathens as built that temple to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom?" and he pointed to the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Shocked as I was at this abominable misrepresentation of my own and former times, I had sufficient presence of mind to apologise and make my peace with the offended driver, by lauding the institutions of the Sabbath.

"Ay," said he, "It's a pleasant day for me, always; and, *besides* that, it's just *the* thing for the cattle. One day's rest in seven, keeps them on their legs—keeps them in spirits—just *the very* thing. Why, there's this here nag afore us, looks forward to, and knows Sunday just as well as any Christian in the land. The old people, they say, worked every day, pretty near all the year round, and so worked themselves stupid, and no wonder; and so they built a temple to the goddess of wisdom, hoping I suppose, to recover their senses.—Well, I'll just tell you one thing about 'em as an antiqueery gentleman told me was a positive fact, and could

be proved by old manyscrips. Just away at the end of that long lane on the left as we're now passing, there's a place called the Elephant and Castle, because the old East Indians used to have their houses there, and always rode upon elephants instead of carriages, like other people, because they were such a desperate deal richer than all the rest. And how do you suppose they got their money?—But you'll never guess."

"Then it's useless to try," I observed, somewhat pettishly; but, as the words passed my lips, my magnetic monitor whispered,

"Take things easy, and do not attempt to contradict him, or any one else, in what you may hear about your own times; they'll not believe you."

"Very well," I replied; "I'll try."

"It's no story of my making, sir," resumed the driver, in reply to my testy observation; "and, between ourselves, I can't quite swallow it, though the gentleman as told me is one of the big-wigs. I *can* believe as the East Indians used to meet in a large leaden hall; because, the richer folks are, the more out-o'-the-way things they do, particularly in the building line; and so why shouldn't they have used lead to make bricks of if they liked?"

"None in the world," said I, good humouredly; "but how was it they got so much money?"

"Ah, that's it!" he replied; "that's the queerest discovery them antiqueerones have made. They say as the East Indians, who were all black, of course,—and a queer sight they must have made, sitting all round in their black-lead hall!—they say as how they used to send great ships all the way to t'other side of the world to fetch—what d'ye think? Ha! ha! Why—weeds! reg'lar bitter weeds, which the stupid old people used to buy and soak in water; and then drink the water, and throw the weeds away, and buy more weeds. Rich and poor, men, women, and children—all were bamboozled into drinking it, morning, noon, and night, and some of 'em nothing else!"

"Well, that was strange!" said I.

"Strange!" he exclaimed, "You may say that! But that's nothing to what them antiqueer old fellows will tell you, if you listen to them."

"Do you think you could drive me to where they are?" I inquired. "I should like much to make one of their party, if they would permit me."

"Oh, ay!" replied my driver; "I'll ferret them out, for they've got a great carriage with four horses, what they calls a quadragon,* down at the Waterlow public-house, to take 'em all back; and they will be all glad enough, no doubt, to get hold of any body as will listen to their rigmaroles."

We accordingly proceeded to the river-side and soon ascertained that the party I sought had been recently seen bending their steps towards St. Paul's, whither, after crossing the narrow stream, I followed them; and, as I strolled along, the magnetic influence breathed into me by my invisible guide, enabled me to look upon the traces of former times without pain; all seemed, as he had observed, "quite regular."

"I found the antiquaries in the centre of the ruins of the cathedral, engaged in disputing whether the circle, indicated by the fragments of pillars, had ever been covered in; and if so, in what manner? The prevailing opinion was, that there had been a cupola, left open in the centre, after the fashion of the Pantheon at Rome.

One long line, indicated the principal street of the ancient place, was drawn on their map, as having extended from the spot on which we stood, to the Highgate Archway; and, as the name of Highgate was still preserved, my instructors declared that there could be no doubt as to its being the spot where the principal northern entrance, the high gate, or porta alta, of the city formerly stood. The Royal Exchange, or Byrsa Regalis, was marked as having occupied the centre of an open space near the well-known Angel at Islington; and my attention was particularly called to that point by one of the *savans*, who appeared to feel that he had won unto himself something like immortality by, as he said, "exploding a vulgar error." After bidding me notice a number of lines diverging in various directions from the said spot, and indicating streets there joining the

* Perhaps a quadriga.

main thoroughfare, or, as he styled it, the via alta, he exclaimed triumphantly, "In what more central or fitting place could the forum or exchange have stood? And then, as for the name, the common people call it the Angel, which is a manifest corruption of angle, which, in the plural, was, without doubt, the name of the spot, as you may see here," and he jotted his finger upon the numerous corners,—"here! angles, angles, angles, of all sorts! obtuse, acute, and right angles! So it is clear, as the sun at noon, that "the angles," or auguli, must have been the name of the place, and no other. As for angel—pshaw!"

The next subject of inquiry was the Post Office in St. Martin's le Grand, the ruins of which were still known by the name of "The Post," a word very puzzling to the philosophers, who were divided in opinion as to whether it had been a military post or station, a temple to futurity, or a depository for wills and other documents for the benefit of posterity.

I conducted myself with circumspection, and was permitted to look over the highly-prized map, in which I was surprised to find so many fields bearing names similar to those of the buildings, streets, and squares, by which they had been formally covered. Of these the antiquaries had made ample use. Smithfield was marked off in red lines as the quarter appropriated for workers in iron; Finsbury was the fish market; the site of Buckingham Palace, was the residence of the buck-rangers of the adjacent parks; the name of the Isle of Dogs was accounted for by placing thereon the dogana, or custom house; Bloomsbury was the flower market; Golden Square was the location of bankers, and the rich meadows of Lambeth were declared to have been appropriated to the rearing of early lambs for the luxurious old citizens.

From poring over these and similar mistakes, I was aroused by an exclamation from one of the party, whose name I learned was Dr. Fussey.

"Yes," said he, exultingly, "I have it! On that next field, just below us, called Doctors' Commons, stood a court of justice."

"On what grounds has our learned brother arrived so suddenly at so important a conclusion?" inquired Dr. Tuffotropos, with much dignity.

"Not suddenly, my most erudite brethren," replied Dr. Fussey, throwing back his broad unmeaning face, and elevating his short round body as much as possible; "not suddenly; oh, no! I have thought much on the subject! and yet somehow, the truth did flash suddenly upon me. That is not unusual, I believe; a sort of inspiration—ahem! But you shall hear. The fact is, that last week, when I was breakfasting with my friend, the lord-chancellor, his lordship was pleased to shew me certain papers relative to a case which, as his lordship very properly observed, ought to have been decided by one of his predecessors, inasmuch as it was first brought into the chancery court in the second year of Victoria the First. That I discovered, his lordship (between us be it said, with all due deference to his station and legal talents) being no antiquary. What the nature of the case is, I do not pretend to know, and I rather think his lordship is equally in the dark; but that's no great matter. Our labours are to elucidate antiquity; and in one of the papers that I allude to, I found it stated that the case was an appeal from the decision of a court in Doctors' Commons—ahem! Well, finding *that* name *here*, and considering the convenient distance from hence to Billingsgate, where there can be no doubt the principal pleaders of the time studied elocution (inasmuch as Billingsgate oratory was proverbial) I very confidently pronounce that to be the spot anciently occupied by the said court."

"Not the least doubt of it," said Dr. Tuffotropos; "I congratulate you most fervently. We must contrive to get a facsimile of a few lines of the old writing for our next volume of Transactions. We are all particularly indebted to you, doctor, for this display of critical acumen; but, no one perhaps so much as myself, as your discovery has made clear to me the meaning of three letters frequently placed at the end of names, and concerning which there has been much disputing; I mean D. C. L., which we may hereafter fearlessly translate Doctors' Commons' Lawyer!"

A murmur of admiration and approbation rewarded this egregious folly, and my singular friend whispered something about the extraordinary readiness of the last speaker in availing himself instantaneously of one discovery by making another. I, of course, said something civil in reply; and having heard enough of their topographic guesswork, expressed a wish to be present at their evening meeting, when the learned doctor was to deliver his announced lecture on certain points of ancient history. My new acquaintance politely offered to introduce me, and, having agreed upon the time and place of meeting, I left the party discussing the nature of an ancient omnibus, which some believed to have been a sort of Lyceum, while others pronounced it the name of public gardens open to all persons; but, whatever the institution, as they call it, really was, all agreed that its name clearly denoted it to have been public property.

FUTURE HISTORICAL ERRORS EXPLODED, &c.

The hall or chamber of the Society of Antiquaries in the thirty-ninth century, presented nothing very different from public meeting-rooms of the nineteenth; and the same may be said of the routine forms of reading the minutes of the preceding sitting, &c. &c. I shall therefore pass over all preliminary matters, and come at once to the moment when the lion of the evening, the celebrated Dr. Tuffotropos, got upon his legs, and, after hemming and coughing considerably for himself, and being proportionately cheered by others, spake nearly as follows:—

"It has, for some centuries, been a cause of great regret among the learned that our more remote ancestors printed so little (indeed almost nothing) of their history in the Latin language, with which, as also the Greek, we have clear evidence they were not unacquainted. I need scarcely remind my erudite hearers, that the clear evidence to which I allude, is the existence of many copies of the best classic authors of Greece and Rome, still preserved in the libraries of the curious, and bearing the names of printers resident in ancient London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, &c., to which I may add the various fragments of inscriptions on stone which have, from time to time, been dug up in and about the spots where those cities are supposed to have formerly stood. Why their best writers did not endeavour to perpetuate the memory of historical events, and to hand down to posterity the records of their progress in arts and science in a dead, and therefore unchangeable language, will, probably, long remain a disputed question; but to me, their conduct appears to have been the result of most arrogant self-conceit. They persuaded themselves, generation after generation, that they had arrived at the acme of perfection; and that, after their day, no alteration would take place in a language which they well knew had ever previously been shifting as a quicksand, both in the meaning and orthography of the words. And so they went on printing, each after the fashionable idioms of his own little day; and thus the piles of their books, which have miraculously escaped destruction, are utterly useless to all save the very few who have been led, by some peculiar infatuation or singularity of taste, to study deeply; or, rather, perhaps I should say, to grope darkly in their search for truth amid multitudinous and monstrous fictions, ridiculously vain boastings and innumerable irreconcilable contradictions, all rendered more obscure by the uncertainty of a vernacular tongue, which appears to have alternately adopted and repudiated words, and even whole sentences, from every other then spoken language upon the face of the globe.

"Without further preface, I shall now proceed to communicate to this learned body a very few of the results of much study and patient investigation; and the time of which I shall first speak is the first part of the nineteenth century, a period in which a certain hero or giant, called Napoleon, is said to have conquered or overrun all the nations of Europe, till at length he was vanquished, or put down, by a no less extraordinary personage, named Arthur Wellesley, or Wellington. This tale has hitherto been implicitly believed; but I am prepared to shew that, if not entirely a fiction, its sole basis rests upon transactions very different from those of war and bloodshed.

"You appear surprised. I marvel not thereat. I was equally so when I first caught

a glimmering of the truth in my researches about the site of ancient London, for the purpose of completing my map thereof, which I had the honour of presenting to this society, and of which I am happy to see a copy against our wall, as I have seen occasion to refer thereto, for the purpose of elucidating this and other matters.

"Well, gentlemen, I was surprised; but I kept my suspicions to myself.—One does not like to part with the favourite legends of one's childhood. For the first time in my life the dawning light of truth was disagreeable; but I remembered my duty as an antiquary, and persevered, step by step, in my inquiries, till at last I found it impossible longer to doubt that the giant, or hero, Napoleon, was no other than the evil spirit, or the spirit of evil, called Apollyon, or the Destroyer, and that his adversary, or vanquisher, Arthur Wellesley, was a celebrated preacher.

"In my forthcoming work upon modern errors concerning the ancients, I purpose to give, at full length, the processes of my various inductions upon this and other subjects; and, therefore, shall now confine myself to a few observations and quotations, which I venture humbly to believe must carry conviction home to the minds of this enlightened and judicious meeting.

"In the first place, it will be asked how the letter N became attached to Apollyon? The reply is simply this: The old English article A always required the letter N to be prefixed to any word commencing with a vowel. Thus they would say and write *a* Wellington, *an* Apollyon, or Napoleon. The change in the rest of the letters is accounted for at once by remarking that the name which is translated Apollyon in the highly figurative language of the Revelations, in plain English letters to give at once the word *apoleo*; to which add at the end the letter *n*, to make it a substantive, according to the genius of their language, and we have the very word Apoleon, or a Napoleon; *i. e.* a Destroyer—Ahem!

"And now my learned brethren, let us look to the state of the times, and the traditional history of the said giant, or destroyer. In the first place, pray observe and keep in mind that, about the termination of the eighteenth century, there occurred in the kingdom of Gaul, or France, a revolution, during which not only was the then king dethroned and, as the chronicles say, beheaded, but also an open warfare was declared against religion, and priests of all descriptions were driven from the land. Of what took place in that country, immediately after, we have monstrously incredible accounts. For instance, that the rulers proclaimed liberty and equality to all, and yet that all the prisons of the country were overflowing with persons confined on suspicion of some trivial difference of opinions, and so many thousands were brought to the scaffold, that, for lack of executioners, they were compelled to erect machines for the work of decapitation! Again, it is gravely asserted that the people, after they had shaken off what they termed "the trammels" of religion, would, ever and anon, seize upon any indifferent woman in the street, and carry her into their temples, where they would place her upon a throne, and worship her as the Goddess of Reason!

"Now, if we could believe such statements as these to be facts, we must imagine that the whole nation was stricken with insanity, a thing not to be conceived; therefore we are compelled to suppose them allegorical, denoting a state of anarchy, cruelty, and infidelity—a time of the march of destructive principles — a period in which established laws and institutions, both divine and human, were trod under foot or thrown down. In brief, the evil spirit, the spirit of destruction, was at work; and, shortly after, we find IT (typified as the giant Napoleon) stated to be the ruler and leader of the French people.

"Here, then, from amid the fuliginous chaotic mass of records, fable, and distorted narrative, something like the ray of light breaks in upon us." [The speaker had, once or twice before, been favoured by approving nods and smiles; but here a simultaneous cheer from all parts of the room elevated him into a delightful feeling of self-complacency; and, after bowing and smiling, he confidently proceeded.] "And now, my learned brethren, having once caught a ray of truth, behold how, in an

instant, it will disperse the mists of errors! What now becomes of the fabled conquests of the giant, or hero Napoleon? What shall we say of his reported triumphant marches into or through Spain, Italy, Helvetia, Germany, Poland, Russia, and Holland, and his intended invasion of England? Simply this, that the destructive spirit spread far and wide, and succeeded in subjugating divers nations upon the continent, and might eventually have overrun Britain, but for the strenuous exertions of Arthur Wellesley, the great preacher, who was a mighty conservative, or upholder and defender of his church and king, and his country's institutions. The legends of our childhood tell us of the said Arthur overthrowing the said Napoleon, in a severe conflict at a place called Waterloo: but where Waterloo was has long been an unsettled question among antiquaries. The ruins of the old bridge bearing that name would long since have set the matter at rest, had it not been for the idle fancy that Napoleon was a man, and had never been in England. I have, however, in my hand some fragments of a work, printed in London in 1812 (three years before the fabled fight of Waterloo,) which clearly proves that Napoleon had, before that period, been in and about the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and in other, now unknown, parts of the British dominions, playing such mischievous, superhuman pranks, as would serve alone to prove, if any further proof were needed, that he was any thing but a man.

"These fragments, from which I shall now, and may presently again, have occasion to read a few passages, are part of a collection of prize poems, by the first authors of the time, written to be spoken upon the stage at the opening of a newly erected theatre. It is important to keep this destination of the poems in our view, since no writer, however given to the fabulous, would dare to affirm, before a crowded audience, any matter as a fact, unless it were generally accredited. I will now read, or rather translate, a line or two from the first, and therefore, no doubt, the most approved address:

'Base Napoleon——'

"Napoleon was also called Bonaparte, because he had no good part about him. But to the quotation:

'Base Bonaparte, filled with deadly ire,
Sets one by one our playhouses on fire.
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
The Opera-house, then burnt down the Pantheon.
Nay, still unsated, *in a coat of flames*,
Next, at Millbank, *he crossed the river Thames*;
The hatch, O halfpenny! passed in a trice—
Boiled some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice.
Then, *buzzing on through ether with a vile hum*——

"There, my learned brethren!—surely I need read no more! Here we have him represented as crossing the river in a coat of flames, and buzzing or flying through ether with a humming noise,—metaphorical in some degree, of course, but perfectly consistent with the character and conduct of the destructive spirit; whilst nothing can be more ridiculous than attributing such flights to a giant or a hero. So we may consider the identity and presence of Napoleon, or the destroyer, in England, as settled. And now for his antagonist.

"That the names of Wesley and Wellesley were indiscriminately used by members of the same family,* I shall furnish abundant proof in my forthcoming work upon modern errors concerning the ancients. Let it suffice now to say that it was used by the followers of Arthur Wellesley, as may be seen by divers antique stone tablets in our museum, whereon are engraven words signifying 'Wesleyan chapel,' 'Wesleyan school,' &c. These, I confess, did not attract my attention closely until, having discovered that the adversary of Wesley, or Wellesley, was an unembodied spirit of evil, I felt assured that he must have fought with other weapons than those borne by warriors in the field. I pondered then over the name of Waterloo, still existing, and felt confident that there alone, near the ruins of the old bridge, and not far from the spot where the poet describes the fiend's flaming, humming flight across the Thames, must have been the scene of the conflict, of whatsoever nature it may have been. Ahem! I am almost ashamed to refer to the nursery tales of our infancy; but you must all recollect that another giant, or hero, called Hill, is said to have fought under Wellesley, or Wesley, and to have assisted materially in the discomfiture of Napoleon. At first I considered this an emblematical name, signifying a mount or elevation, on

* See Southey's Life of Wesley.

which Wellesley might have stood to preach; but that idea was unsatisfactory, when I discovered, in an old copy of the legend, that the said secondary giant was sometimes called Rowland Hill,—a strange name, rendering the darkness still more obscure. Judge, then, my learned brethren, of my delight when, by means of that very name, by its extreme singularity alone, I discovered a clue, by following which I have unravelled the whole of the mystery.

"It happened in this wise. I was carefully reading the poem which I now hold in my hand, forming a part of the collection before alluded to. It bears the initals W. S.; and from internal evidence, and comparison with certain of his other works yet extant, I scruple not to attribute it to Walter Scott, the great magician or wizard of the North. In beauty and correctness of description he was unequalled. Now, observe, he is portraying in vivid colours the principal buildings of London, as rendered visible in the dead of night by a mighty conflagration of one of their theatres; and the very second important edifice he mentions is——but I will read the passage:

'Meux's new brewhouse shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell'—

"Rowland Hill's chapel! Can any thing be more conclusive? Remember, my learned friends, this volume was printed in 1812, and the *encounter*, ridiculously called 'the battle' of Waterloo, occurred in 1815. We thus identify Rowland Hill as a preacher.

"I was perfectly satisfied, then, with the truth of my theory. It is a great thing to be satisfied. One then proceeds rapidly, gathering proof upon proof from trifles, otherwise apparently light as air; yet, when combined, forminga structure, against which the breath of vulgar prejudice is as the idle wind. I persevered, gentlemen. The particulars of my various journeys will appear in my forthcoming work; therefore I shall not trespass longer on your time than is necessary to state that, among the mouldy records of Oxford, I discovered the name of Wellington as the head of the university there established, and both him and Hill upon the list of doctors. Here error is impossible, as we have the unchangable Latin, *Doctor*, a teacher or preacher. Ahem! (*Great Applause.*)

"I am almost ashamed of detaining you longer, but I must mention one further evidence. By patient calculation, I found that the 18th of June, 1815, was Sunday, or preaching day, the Christian Sabbath, ever kept more strictly by the better portion of the ancient British. Now, supposing Wellesley and Napoleon to have been giants, is it probable that the former, being a stanch Conservative, would in defiance of religion and mortality, consent to fight a pitched battle with the latter, on such a day, in the centre of the British metropolis? The idea is preposterous. No; on that day he preached a most convincing sermon, by which the destroyer was utterly put to shame. Somewhere near *the ruins of Waterloo Bridge it* was no doubt; but the precise spot I have not yet decided upon, though I am much inclined to think that he stood upon the hill described by the poet as

——'The height
Where patent shot they sell'—

the precise locality of which I trust shortly to ascertain. In the meanwhile I shall be most happy to receive hints from, and answer any questions or objections that may occur to, or be put by, any of my learned brethren. The only one I have yet heard was the applicability of the title of *dux*, or duke, to a preacher. Nothing can be more easy than the reply. He, Wesley, or Wellesley, changed his name, *for some unknown* cause, to Wellington, and was certainly styled 'Dux Wellingtoniensis.' But the word, *dux*, does not necessarily imply more than that he was a leader, or head of a party, which party chose to call themselves after his patronymic; and therefore the aforesaid title means no more than that he was the *dux gregis*, the head of the flock of Wellingtonians, or Wesleyans."

During the burst of applause that greeted the conclusion of this rigmarole, I exclaimed, "This is too much! Let them miscall streets and places, and gas-pipes and railroads, as they please; but to dare thus to make a field-preacher of our late *field-marshal the* duke! I can bear it no longer, and will tell them to their faces——"

"Hush!" whispered my magnetic daimon.

"As we've passed over two thousand years, you may as well see their next meeting." And immediately a mist passed before my eyes, as if for a moment; but, when it disappeared, I found myself re-entering the room, and the members taking their seats.

Here the president called the meeting to business. The minutes of the preceding sitting were read, &c.; and then a fine military-looking veteran rose, and, after casting an arch semi-contemptuous glance toward the redoubted Doctor Tuffotropos, said:

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen,—When I was informed of what passed at your last meeting, I felt that it was my duty to attend here to-day, not for the purpose of controverting the wonderful discoveries of a certain learned doctor, step by step, but to demolish the whole of his theory at once. He says that we are under a mistake concerning the character of an ancient illustrious warrior; but I say that there has been no mistake, there is no mistake, and there shall be no mistake! And, in order that there shall be no mistake, I now place upon your table a Latin copy of the despatches of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, &c. &c., translated from the old authenticated version of Gurwood."

The speaker then sat down, and an awkward, gaping, staring silence, as though all had been paralyzed, reigned among the members, till Dr. Tuffotropos ventured, in a tremulous voice, to observe, "Re—al—ly, I—I never before heard of su—ch a—a work."

"Perhaps not," said the veteran calmly; "yet every first rate *military* library in the world has a copy."

"Hurra!" I shouted; "that's as it ought to be! Hurra! Wellington for ever!"

"Good by," said my magnetic guide; "I'm off."

"Huzza! Wellington for ever!" I shouted again.

"Now, do, pray, sir!—do, pray, not make such a noise," said a well known voice at my ear: "the doctor said that you was to be keep quiet."

It was my faithful servant Peter who had spoken. I was in a strange bed, and no longer a clairvoyant; but, doubtless, a portion of the magnectic influence yet remained in my system, for I felt dreamily that my ideas were wandering; therefore I must take Peter's word for what occurred.

It seemed that, after sinking into a state of clairvoyance, I had been carried off and put to bed, under the care of Dr. Zwingenbock and the Baron Schwartzlippe, who gave strict orders that I should be kept quiet, and not disturbed on any account, let me sleep as long as I would. They had then returned to their comrades, and "kept it up" till a late hour. So my body had remained about eighteen hours dormant, while my spirit went on the clairvoyant expedition.—Peter had come to look after me; and having learnt the doctor's injunction, determined to see it fulfilled to the letter, in spite of the landlord's repeated attempts to the contrary. The latter, however, had now heard my shouting, and, entering the room, insisted upon presenting me with his bill, amounting to fifty-eight thalers and some odd kreutzers.

AT TREVETHO.

BETWEEN ST. IVES AND ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Here in gray Trevetho's bowers,
Far outstretching o'er the deep,
Safe through midnight's storm-rocked hours,
Weary wanderer peaceful sleep;
Let soft slumber close thine eye,
Wild winds chant thy lullaby.

Fear not thou the tempest's roar,
Nor the Atlantic's swelling tide;
Saints and angels guard the shore—
Holiest names on every side,
Blend in seraph harmony,
With old ocean's lullaby.

H. L.

DIRGE.

Hark! the solemn bell slow swinging,
See, the gathering mourners weep;
Say for whom that knell is ringing,
And for whom that grave so deep?
Ah, woe is me!
Deep let it be—
And bid the bells toll mournfully!

Life's bright morn too briefly closing,
Bade frail Hope's fair promise cease;
But from sorrow calm reposing,
Here a broken heart hath peace;
Then be it so;
Sweet sleep lies low—
Ye mourning bells toll sad and slow.

H. L.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

No. V.

CONCLUDING SKETCH.—THE UNDER TEACHER.

One of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to pourtray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively *ugly*, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists where so many nobler and more gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint, was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D—— was just one of those common-place, red and white, *unindividualized* girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or to paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich. Fifty thousand pounds has a magic power which might convert a Hottentot Venus into a divinity; and Miss D——was not strikingly plain—it would have been something of a relief if she had been so. *Any* expression would have been preferable to the blank, mindless-looking tract of countenance, of whose resemblance I was doomed to make my canvas the recipient.

Miss D—— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D——justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronize one of their votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled *that* question for ever—"Dear, dear! well, I dare say its like me, though—and I am sure the lace tucker is the very same!" The back ground, and the rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her!

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dreams beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, and even reconcile him to the task of painting a Miss D——! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under teacher at Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental sight amidst the memories of that time as one of the fairest visions that ever blest the eyes of painter.

Miss D—— had favoured me with one or two sittings when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as (heaven bless the mark!) I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did *not* expect that any thing under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented; and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and eliciter of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D——, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. I suppose I should sadly err from the right way of story-tellers if I omitted to give a description of my heroine; but truly charms like hers are more easily pourtrayed in colours than in words.

She was about nineteen; her height just sufficient to redeem her figure from the charge of petitness, and yet without any approach to the stature of a tall woman. Her

complexion was not sickly white, but so transcendently clear, that never might a feeling rise within her heart, but you read an intimation of it on "her cheek, her brow, her lips." Her eyes were soft and dark, and the lashes raven black, but the long curls which fell *in showers* upon her neck—(the expression is not original, but no other will fitly describe their luxuriance)—were of a deep, bright chestnut. Her mouth was small and sweet; and she might have been pronounced the prettiest of the pretty, but for an expansive white forehead which gave too much of dignity to her appearance to admit of the application of that term. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the Under Teacher. She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape by means of a *camera*.

But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy body of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and the needle-work, and of an old French Governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D—— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvas, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D——'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian Nabob left England earlier than he had intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the exhibition. Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight, were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendant portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words. "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close, and the exhibition rooms was unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest. Long did he pause before it, long after the groups around had departed, and he was left alone to survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind,—and I was not mistaken. That very evening a servant announced, "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement. the gazer of the morning entered my apartment.

Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me.

Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Barrodaile. Left

an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to her fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward, for if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable, as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starched inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors. Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it—(it *is* a conceit, but it is *so* like her)—from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and very henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant. Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her sway over any person until she should reach, the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir. Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident at Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister and no more. But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visitor at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrors of *misalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly for a wise woman Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and, as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence and ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

That Eleanor should be indifferent to such a passion was not at all likely. The seclusion in which she lived debarred her from comparing him with any other who could claim the slightest equality with him. In him was her image of perfection embodied, or rather she moulded her ideas of perfection by his standard. How could any young girl with a heart full of affections, and yearning for sympathy, withstand the love of such a youth as Philip Borrodaile—so frank, so noble, so kind? So the fair Eleanor blushed and sighed, and murmured forth a promise to be his—his for ever; and never thought that his mother's anger would be implacable, nor that she herself would be deemed artful and ungrateful, so entranced was she in the happiness of loving and being loved. But a new light dawned, or rather a new cloud gloomed over her, when the discovery was made (as, somehow, such discoveries always *are* made,) of their mutual attachment. Each was too proud to deny it when charged with it,—each was too much in love to promise to forego it. Of course both fell under the bann of the old lady's severest displeasure—a displeasure, however, more bitterly ex-

pressed against Eleanor than Philip; for a mother's heart, be it ever so chilly, is always willing to find excuses for her own child, even though his crime be the deadly sin of opposition to her will. Nothing could exceed her indignation at the poor orphan—nothing could surpass the terseness and eloquence of her declamations on the subjects of meanness, ingratitude, and low artifice. Poor Eleanor began to feel for the first time that to be dependent is a bitter thing. This state of affairs could not long remain without some change; and Sir Philip left Borrodaile Park, trusting that time would mitigate his mother's anger, and reconcile her to the idea of his marriage with Eleanor. But he had to deal with one who, though cold and slow in most of her feelings, was vehement in her wrath, and obstinate in her resolutions. He had scarcely left Borrodaile Park, when she directed against poor Eleanor a series of annoyances, so systematic and so pointed, that the friendless girl, patient and enduring as she was for some time, at last could bear no more. She entreated to be allowed to seek another residence.

"I can surely work!" said she, proudly, though her eyes were streaming with tears. "I can surely earn a livelihood somewhere—I can do any thing—any thing rather than remain under a roof where my presence is no longer welcome!"

"Pray, leave it, then," was the cold reply. "But believe me, Miss Armstrong, you shall not go where you will have the opportunity of disgracing yourself and your friends more than you have already done. You shall be placed in a situation where I know you will be safe, and have no further opportunity of acting in the deceitful manner you have lately done."

A fortnight after the conversation Eleanor Armstrong was installed in Miss Toogood's seminary as under teacher.

Before my heroine quitted Borrodaile Park, she had received a letter from her lover, full of passionate protestations of unalterable love, and entreaties that she would write to him while he remained at the little German village where he purposed passing some weeks. She had done so, and waited day after day in anxious expectation of a reply. None arrived, however, and she was compelled to leave the roof of Lady Borrodaile without receiving any assurance that Sir Philip was aware of her intended change of residence; or the harsh treatment which compelled her to the step she was taking. Should she write again! It was a long struggle between pride and love before she could prevail on herself so to do; but at length another epistle was written and despatched. —Weeks passed by, still no letter came; and at length the high spirit began to droop and the light heart to despond. He must be ill—he must be dead, or no! he could not have forgotten her!

But even that bitterest possibility seemed fixed on her belief, when, on taking up a newspaper which had wonderfully found its way through the outer barriers of Miss Toogood's establishment, she read an announcement of Sir Philip Borrodaile's arrival from the continent, and farther on a mysterious *on dit* respecting a projected union between himself and a certain Lady Honoria M——, with whose family he had formed an acquaintance in Italy, and with whom he had returned to England. I need not dwell upon the violence of such a shock to poor Eleanor's feelings. She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution and an elastic spirit will bear up marvellously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering. Eleanor Armstrong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one is capable; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the lovely under-teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and

respect of every being near her whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness.

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more she would in time have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which *would* sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might at some future day, have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this *might* have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion.

Perhaps Sir Philip may be forgiven for not answering Eleanor's letters, when it is explained that he never received them, and, moreover, was as fully convinced of her faithlessness as she was of his. Lady Borrodaile had managed to intercept the first of these missives, and the last did not reach the village to which it was addressed until the traveller had quitted it for another resting place. True, he had left orders that any letter arriving after his departure should be immediately forwarded to him; but the postmaster was absent, and the postmaster's wife put the letter in her huge pocket, where it lay, amongst a curious chaos of other matters, for a week, and then, in her fright at having caused its delay, the worthy *Frow* committed it to the flames. Sir Philip, unable to account for his fair one's silence, wandered restlessly from place to place, and at length received a letter from his venerable parent, entreating him to return home, and informing him that Miss Armstrong had chosen to quit Borrodaile Park, but that she would not pain him by detailing any particulars of the affair until his return.

The baronet had contracted an acquaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V——'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love; and it was only the very eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long-delayed visit to the Earl of V——, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favourably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town. Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing-room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes!

A fortnight after his memorable visit to the exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more a bridal party stood before the altar of St. George's, Hanover-square. Sir Philip Borrodaile was the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong.

The portrait, which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There

are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *debut* at Somerset House in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady."

I MISS THEE ALWAYS.

Lonely and sad, this blighted heart,
Can find no solace without thee,
Winter may linger, or depart,
But withering gloom abides with me.

From spring—the bright and joyous spring—
I turn with sick'ning soul away,
Thee, loved and lost, it cannot bring,
Oh! grief without thee still to stay!

When summer, in its pomp and pride,
Scatters around its countless flowers,
Oh! then I miss thee at my side,
In the cool evening's quiet hours.

When changing woods once more I see,
In autumn's gorgeous hues arrayed,
My heart in anguish turns to thee—
To thee—in death's deep slumber laid.

Alone—in crowds—in weal or woe—
At dawning morn, or even-tide,
I pine for thee—where'er I go,
I miss the ever at my side.

October 30th, 1855.

TEMPERANCE.

Once, Nature and Art furl'd their feathers with spirit,
About their respective pretensions to merit—
Quoth Nature, "Boast not of your high-season'd stews,
Racy wines, eau de vie, fricassees and ragouts,
Men should gather my berries, my fruits they should pluck,
My milk they should quaff, and my eggs they should suck,
The richest of sweets from my honey-combs flow,
And medicinal herbs will in all countries grow;
But your new-fangled kickshaws their appetite seizes,
And thus you engender a host of diseases"

Art smil'd, suck'd a lozenge, and gaily retorted,
"No doubt, my good mother, you *feel yourself* thwarted,
But I do nothing more than select and combine,
For the simples are yours, though the compounds are mine:
Do not think that the lords of creation, like brutes,
Will live on wild berries, eggs, honey and fruits—
Excess is the cause of the evils you name;
Is not man a free agent? then, who is to blame?"
Yes—man is no *freeman*, if appetite reign,
For the culprit both forges and fastens the chain.

J. H.

Redmarley, England.

THE MARINERS OF THE POLLET.

Closely adjoining the town of Dieppe in Normandy is a suburb called the Pollet, which, though divided from it by the estuary of a river scarcely half the width of the Thames, differs as completely from the parent town in manners and customs, dialect and costume, as the capital of England from that of Spain.

The Pollet is supposed by historians to have been colonised by the crews of vessels from some Mediterranean port;* the dialect of the Polletais, or Poltais, containing a number of Italian words, and resembling that of the Lazzaroni of Naples in idiom and pronunciation rather than the French language. Their original costume, also, is strictly Italian. Their bigoted superstition savours of Italian origin; while the barcarolles, with which the mariners mark the measure of their oars as the fishing-boats are rowed back into the harbour, might almost be taken for those of Venice; the letter *j* and *g* being pronounced by the Poltais, as by the Venetians, *z*.

The peculiarities of the tribe, thus strangely isolated, can of course have been preserved through succeeding ages, only by force of strong prejudice and extreme superstition. It was inculcated as a matter of religious observance among them from sire to son, that a Poltais must match with a Poltaise, and that any deviation of costume was an offence against the community. Accordingly, though a Poltais family might cross the harbour on the Sabbath to perform its devotions in the noble church of St. Remy, or the cathedral of St. Jacques, (the patron of the fishermen, of which the population of the Pollet is entirely composed,) yet, on occasions of such family celebrations as marriages or baptisms, they never failed to solemnize their rites in their own humble chapel of Notre Dames des Grêves—a temple which might pass, belfry and all, through the porch of either of the Dieppois churches without bowing its head. Though at times the town of Dieppe has arrived at high prosperity, and distinguished itself in the annals of the

* In the letters patent, by which, in 1823, Phillip III. ceded to the Archbishop of Rouen his crown lands in the Pollet, the place is styled "*Villa de Polcto.*"

country, the Pollet has neither condescended to ape its fashions, nor to court, reflected from its face, a ray of royal sunshine or civic advancement. Mansions of considerable dignity have arisen in Dieppe worthy to afford shelter to Napoleon and the Duchesse de Berri, in their successive days of triumph; but the Pollet contains not a single house of mark, remaining composed (as in the days of the bombardment of Dieppe by the English in 1694) of a few narrow streets, inhabited by mariners and their families, and the petty tradesmen requisite to supply their wants. An ancient convent converted into a barrack, and a modern prison and house of correction, are the only buildings of consequence in the little suburb of the Pollet, which is comprised between the mouth of the harbour and the base of the chalky cliffs overlooking the junction of the river Dieppe with the sea.

Within a few years, indeed, the connexion between the town and suburb has been drawn closer by the construction of a *passerelle* or floating bridge, facilitating the intercourse of their respective inhabitants, long interrupted by the ruinous state of the ancient bridge of the Pollet. But till the middle of the last century the differences between the Poltais and Dieppois amounted almost to the feuds of rival factions. The former appear indeed to partake of the fiery particles of those Castilian children of the sun from whom they are supposed by many to have their origin; while, as an instance of the violence of their opinions and doggedness of their obstinacy, it is related that D'Aubigne, archbishop of Rouen, coming to preach at the church of St. Remy, in Dieppe, after having suspended from his duties one of the vicars of the Pollet, suspected of inclining towards the reformed church, the Poltais, not choosing to be confessed by any but by their favourite priest, proceeded in a body to the church, clambered up the rails of the chancel, and, with vehement threats and imprecations, drove the archbishop from the celebration of the mass into the sacristy. In the sequel the prelate was compelled to restore the officiating vicar to his office, having departed furtively from the town in the dread that the contumacious Poltais might execute their threat of seizing the archbishop and flinging him into the harbour over the bridge of the Pollet, which he must traverse in order to proceed to his visitations in Normandy.

About the year 1800 a small house in the Grande Rue of this curious suburb was in the possession of a family by the name of Crosnier, by one of whose forefathers it was constructed nearly two centuries before. Pierre Crosnier, the father, was accounted in his neighbourhood a wealthy man, being proprietor, not only of the aforesaid solid dwelling-house of stone, consisting of two stories and a *grenier*, but of a fishing-smack, known by the name of the Belle Gabrielle, esteemed the best weather-boat belonging to the port of Dieppe. The Crosniers were, in fact, a prosperous generation. It was recorded that the dwelling in the Pollet, having been completed scarcely twelve months before the bombardment, by which the town was destroyed, and the principal inhabitants deprived of shelter, was hired at a high price by one of the notables as a refuge for his family during the reconstruction of his own; and that, on quitting it two years afterwards to take possession of his new residence in the Rue de l'Epée, the tenant marked his satisfaction towards his host, by endowing him with the household furniture wherewith he had replenished his abode. This might account for Crosnier's possession of two richly-carved *armoires*, or cupboards of oak, and two old-fashioned beds of walnut wood, with a set of screen of gilt leather gracing the parlour, still commanded the admiration of the Pollet. But we must look to more recent sources of prosperity as the origin of the prodigious supply of household linen filling the *armoires* in question; to say nothing of the twelve clumsy *couverts d'argent*, and soup-ladle and coffee spoons of the same material, which distinguished the board of Jacques Crosnier from those of his less wealthy brother mariners. The family was not only well to do in the world, but appeared to have uniformly prospered by the same good luck. It was calculated in the harbour that finer turbots were despatched to the Paris market by the owner of the Belle Gabrielle than by all the other fishermen of the Pollet; and the first haul of mackerel for the season, was sure to reach the port from the nets of Pierre Crosnier.

The fisherman's family consisted of two sons; the elder, Jacques, being named after the holy patron of his calling, and the younger, Maxime, after his grandfather. His helpmate was a jolly soul, some four *feet in circumference*, whose ruddy brown complexion and comely countenance proclaimed that in her earlier days she had shared the toils of her husband, exposed to the scorching sun as retailer of his wares in the fish market. But Madame Crosnier enjoyed a distinction far beyond that conferred by her comely face, or the rich garniture of Valenciennes lace in which it was enveloped; or even by her rights as wife to a thriving house and shipholder. Madame Crosnier was, according to continental phrase, "*née Pierrette Bouzard*," being daughter, sister, and aunt to those three remarkable mariners of Dieppe, who having, as pilots of the port preserved from shipwreck and other maritime disasters more lives than the Hotel Dieu has saved by its mendicants, were honoured by Napoleon with golden medals, commemorating their prowess, and the free gift of a substantial dwelling-house, erected on the jetty for their hereditary use, and bearing the inscription, "*Don de la patrie.*"

The brother of Pierrette had even appeared at the court of Louis XVI. to receive from the hands of Marie Antoinette the cross of St. Louis as a reward for his services; and on his return from this visit to Versailles, honoured with the title of "*le brave homme*" by his royal hosts and their courtiers, Bouzard undertook the part of sponsorship for little Maxime Crosnier, now a flourishing lad of twenty-one.

On account, perhaps, of this auspicious circumstance, Maxime became a sort of pet in the family. It is true, the boy bade fair to emulate the renown of his maternal kinsfolk, having distinguished himself by exploits of courage and address in the harbour, at an age when most youngsters are clinging to their mother's apron-strings. But Maxime, in his blue woollen jacket and woollen cap, and trousers of coarse canvass, was seen one moment clinging to the maintop of some Norwegian sloop, and the next diving to the bottom after some object flung overboard by the crew as an incentive to his attempts till his adventurous spirit rendered him as great a favourite with the sailors of the Pollet, and the crews of the foreign merchantmen trading with Dieppe, as with his own parents.

The high spirit of Maxime was rendered more apparent by the inertness and taciturnity of his elder brother. Jacques Crosnier, though bred amid the perils and pastimes of seafaring men, displayed a natural distaste for his father's vocation, which grew with his increasing years. Old Bouzard, apprehensive, perhaps, that his grandson might in some case of emergency evince a want of hardihood discreditable to the family, at length backed the boy's entreaties to his father to be allowed to settle to some sedentary trade; and after innumerable family dissensions, Jacques was apprenticed to an ivory-carver, (a trade which for three centuries past has afforded a monopoly to Dieppe, where, early in the sixteenth, it originated in the trade of the Dieppois with the gold coast, of which they were the first discoverers, their settlement being antecedent to those of the Portuguese.) In his new calling, the sober youth displayed capacities for which he obtained little credit among his relations. A hardy, blustering race, they had no patience to see a fine likely lad wearing out his days at a turning-lathe, or in scraping with a file at a slender piece of ivory, to form spillekins for the toy shops.

Even when, at the expiration of five years' close attention to his business, Jacques Crosnier was enabled to present to his mother, on her fete day, one of those full-rigged miniateur frigates in ivory, which constitute the *chef d'œuvres* of the trade, together with two exquisitely carved figures of our Lady, and her patron St. Peter, with his keys, to form a suite of ornaments for the mantle-piece of her state parlour, the jolly dame could not help attaching more value to the branches of coral and glossy shells brought home by Maxime from his first voyage to the West Indies, than to the elaborate productions of her more gifted first-born. Maxime, with his fine frank countenance and hearty disposition, still remained the favourite child.

Maxime, meanwhile, devoted to his brother the strongest affections of a warm and loving

heart. Though the partiality injudiciously betrayed by their parents might afford some slight pretext for the envy and jealousy of the elder brother, it should have been disarmed by the generosity with which Maxime, disdaining to profit by his influence, seized every occasion of displaying to advantage the talents and industry of Jacques, and bringing forward to the notice of the family his claims and deserts; still, Maxime enjoyed the Benjamin's portion. It was Maxime whom the old folks called to their side when on Sunday or fete days, the family proceeded together to dance at the *guinguettes* of Janval or Martin l'Egise. It was Maxime's head on which, in childhood, they had been apt to bestow their first benediction; and it was Maxime's hand which, in dawning manhood, they sought as their support whenever there was rough work to be done, or a rough step to be overpassed.

Though strongly attached to the calling of his forefathers, Maxime's adventurous spirit could not long rest contented with the monotonous life of a Diepppe fisherman. Having succeeded in persuading his father that his place as simple mariner of Belle Gabrielle might be easily filled up, he obtained permission to embark on board a lugger freighted for Havre, whence it was easy to work a passage to the West Indies, with a view of improving his maritime experience, and seeing something of the world. From the West Indies Maxime Crosnier proceeded to New York, and previous to his return to his native town he had obtained such high testimonials for steadiness and good conduct, that two of the principal merchants of Dieppe, engaged in the North Western trade, contended to obtain his services at a higher rate of remuneration than had ever yet been offered on the quays of Dieppe. By the liberality of his father the same sum of money which had been advanced for the setting up in business of Jacques, was now bestowed upon him to invest in ventures presenting themselves in the course of his voyages; and the young man took leave of his parents for the second time in exuberant spirits, arising at once from his own happy prospects and the prosperous position of his brother.

For Maxime had successfully exerted his influence with his parents to obtain their sanction to the marriage of their elder son, whose *ateliers* as an *ivoirier* were established in the house adjoining their own in the Pollet; and though the young person to whom he had united himself was come of a family with which the Crosniers had been formerly at variance, the persuasions of Max, and the prudent deportment of Madame Jacques, prevailed in inducing the old people to admit the newly-married couple as inmates under their roof. One of the chambers of the second floor was assigned to their use, leaving the other still sacred to the goods and chattels left behind by Maxime on embarking for his voyage. The *ivoirier* repaired every morning to his workshop, slipping home for meals and an occasional chat with his demure bride: and the old people not only reconciled themselves to the addition to their household, but were cheered by the constant spectacle of happiness and affection.

"Thou hast done thyself an ill turn, lad, by introducing to thy father's hearthside two that are little inclined to advance thy interests in life," cried Bouzard to his nephew, when Max went to take leave of his friends previous to sailing. "A word in thine ear, Max, my boy,—thou wilt repent having given thy shoes to wear in thine absence to that bone-clipping brother of thine."

"Jacques hath as good a right as I to abide under my father's roof," replied Maxime; "nay, *more*,—since *he* hath a wife to maintain, while I (thank God) have at present no mistress save fine weather."

"Thou wilt have a master soon, if I have any skill to read the compass," cried Bouzard; "Jacques is a smooth spoken chap, able to palaver the eyes out of a man's head; as thou wouldst have known long ago to thy cost, but for the favour thou seemest to have brought with thee into the world thou wert born to. But smooth as he is, Max, he hath taken to himself a mate with fifty-fold his own cunning and make-believe. If Madame Jacques don't get the length of my sister's foot before the year's out, my name is not Jean Bouzard!—Mark, I beseech thee, Max, how artfully this woman hath already rigged herself from top to toe after the strictest

fashion of a Poltais, instead of the gay fly caps and body-gear she wore as a maiden; and, not a word from her lips *now*, forsooth, that a soul t'other side the harbour is likely to understand!—'Tis not natural, Max, in a Dieppoise to whistle her words Pollet fashion. As our song says,—

"Moi, ze fais ma rondo
En Poltais racourchi,
Et tout au bout du compte
Ze n'ai qu'un molan ouit!"

But I am plaguily mistaken if Madame Jacques don't get more as her portion by pretending love for the Pollet than a stale whiting, or even her lawful half of thy father's belongings."

"I'm not apt to judge harshly those who are loved by those I love," cried Maxime. "I warrant, uncle, you'll have changed your mind about my sister-in-law by the time I'm home again!"

It was Maxime, however, who was fated to change his mind. Scarcely had the Amphitrite sailed, when Madame Jacques, who, by dint of the most artful obsequiousness, was now high in favour with the narrow-minded old Madame Crosnier, began to insinuate that it was a lucky thing for Maxime he was forced by his profession from Dieppe; as another month's sauntering among the bosques of the Faubourg de La Barre would have placed him at the mercy of a certain Mademoiselle Louise, a coquette of indifferent reputation, the daughter of Swiss refugees, who, after a life of adventure in Paris, were fain to hide their heads and their poverty at Dieppe,—probably with a view of escaping from their creditors by embarking for England.

Madame Crosnier heard and trembled! It had been for many years her favourite project to unite her darling son with the only daughter of one of her *commères* of the Pollet,—her fellow-labourer of old with the shrimping-net and the *chalut;* and now her evening companion over a cup of *café noir*, or a glass of *anisette*. That Max should not only defeat her plan, but think of introducing into an honest family of the Pollet some tripping foreign minx covered with ribbons and furbelows, caused a flush of indignation to overspread her bronzed cheeks.

"This then was the reason that the blockhead could never be persuaded to spend his Sundays at home with us!" cried Madame Crosnier; "and no one to warn me of the danger that was hanging over the family!—*s'apristée!*—to think that I might have had a daughter-in-law pretending to sup my soup in a flounced petticoat—and, who knows—perhaps a silken bonnet cocked on the top of her empty head!"

"You would not have wished my husband to injure his brother by hinting what was going on?" inquired Madame Jacques meekly.

"I would; and even now I will have him acquaint his silly boy of a brother in the letter he has undertaken to write for us to Max in the course of the winter, (for God knows Pierre Crosnier and I are better hands with the rudder and distaff than with pens and ink!) that when he comes back to Dieppe, he must make up his mind either never again to set foot in the house of this foreign hussey, or never to re-enter his father's. There's choice left *him*, Madame Jacques, and that's enough."

This denunciation was duly transmitted to his brother by Jacques Crosnier, who undertook at the same time to exert his influence with his parents to procure a remission of the sentence previous to Maxime's return. Yet so far was this engagement from being fulfilled, that neither the *ivoirier* nor his wife omitted a single occasion to poison the ears of the old people with rumours and anecdotes redounding to the discredit of Ma'amselle Louise. They even eventually admitted their apprehension that—according to the common report of the neighbourhood—Maxime was actually pledged to marry the foreigner, and had only been restrained from communicating his intentions to his family by dread of prematurely provoking their opposition.

"He is only waiting," quoth the demure Madame Jacques, "till his ventures have prospered, ere he takes unto himself a wife of his own choosing."

"That shall be seen," cried old Pierette, in a fury. "Our lady be praised! children have as yet no warrant in France for rebellion against their parents!"

And having arrayed herself in the richest

Sunday cap and amplest petticoat of scarlet kersey, she set off across the *pont des écluses*, and up the *cours*, towards the Faubourg de la Barre; where, having attained the modest habitation of the widowed mother of Louise, she poured forth her denunciations—rendered almost inarticulate by the unusual effort of transporting her sixteen stone of solidity to the sunny slopes of La Barre. Had not the old lady's eyes been somewhat dazzled by the glare, as well as her respiration impeded by the exercise, she would have noticed that the fair and humble girl, who, by her industry as a sempstress, was supporting a venerable parent, was a far different being from the flaunting coquette described by her artful daughter-in-law. But after having called the saints to witness that neither she nor her husband would ever sanction the marriage-contract of their son Max with any but a Poltais, Madame Crosnier rushed forth again on her way homewards, without pausing to examine the result of her invectives, or the aspect of the Dumont family.

Overpowered by so strange an inbreak, the poor girl beloved by Maxime had in fact fallen senseless to the ground. Louise was a patient, laborious, gentle creature, the very person to have conciliated the regard of his mother, had she viewed her with unprejudiced eyes.

Madame Jacques's report of the engagement of the young couple meanwhile was a true bill—having been communicated in confidence to her husband by his brother, who intended to choose an auspicious moment at some future time for breaking the matter to his parents. But now, all hope of a favourable termination to the business was at an end. The Crosniers threatened their malediction in case of Maxime's perseverance; and the elder brother, satisfied that under such circumstances the high-spirited Max would neither complete nor relinquish his engagements with Louise, flattered himself that his junior must remain a bachelor to the end of his days, and that there would be no new rival to this influence in the Pollet.

The vessel in which Maxime Crosnier had departed was at length seen in the offing, waiting for the tide that was to enable her to enter the harbour. According to the custom of the place, a pilot-boat instantly put off to communicate to the Dieppois captain the events that had occurred in the town during his absence; which *he* alone was privileged to announce to his crew: for while the deepest anxiety prevails on a French homeward-bound ship among husbands waiting to know the welfare of their families, and children dreading to learn the loss of their parents, the men are summoned one by one to the cabin, and informed by their captain of the good or evil news awaiting them on landing.

As it happened, however, to be Jean Bouzard who, on the present occasion, hailed the Amphitrite, the captain consented to allow him the favour of a personal interview with his nephew, her second mate; and in a moment Maxime Crosnier was in the arms of his uncle.

"All's over with thee, lad," cried the mariner, after having satisfied the young man of the health of his family; "that which I predicted hath come to pass. A serpent hath knotted itself round thy mother's heart; and thou must prepare to give up all intercourse with thy *bonne amie*, Louise Dumont, or re-enter thy father's house no more—*et voilà!*"

Maxime's heart, which was still beating with the delight of being again pressed to the bosom of his kind good uncle, sank like lead at this afflicting announcement. Further explanations did but aggravate his despair.—"Thy foolish mother charged me to be the bearer of these evil tidings," said Bouzards. "Now thou art warned of the worst. I know not how to advise thee, since I cannot guess how far thou art committed with the girl. But unless thou art minded to give her up, hazard no meeting at present with thy father and mother, for there is no saying to what extremities their vexation may urge them."

This declaration was soon painfully attested. Amid the hundreds who thronged the jetty to catch the first sight of the long absent ones, as the good ship the Amphitrite was towed into the harbour, no one came to welcome Maxime Crosnier. Louise and her

mother were weeping silently at home. They dared not make their appearance on the quay, lest they should seem to confront the wrath of his parents; while Madame Crosnier and her spouse were watching anxiously, yet sullenly, from their window in the Pollet, waiting the event of their negotiation with their son.

The result was, that Maxime made no attempt to re-enter his father's abode. A tear sprang into his eye as he steered past the Belle Gabrielle in the harbour, and inferred, from the manner in which the good old craft lay neglected, that his father had no longer heart to superintend his property. But he slept that night under the roof of his uncle Bouzard, after spending an evening of intermingled joy and affliction with his affianced wife; and having learned in detail to what excess his parents were carrying their exasperation, entreated his uncle to acquaint them on the morrow with his determination to wait the influence of time upon their prejudices; but his fixed resolve to wed with no other wife than the excellent Louise Dumont.

Madame Crosnier, meanwhile, who, in spite of all, was burning with impatience to clasp her rebellious but darling son in her arms, would have been unable to persist in her obduracy, had not her insidious daughter-in-law laboured to convince her that the eyes of the Pollet were fixed upon her proceedings, expecting an example from her firmness. Madame Jacques had already succeeded in obtaining an express interdiction, on pain of paternal malediction, of all intercourse between Jacques and his brother, and now filled up every spare moment with reports of disrespectful language uttered by Maxime against his parents; and insinuations that, in the filial duty of her own little boy, the grandfather and grandmother would find consolation for the contumacy of their ungrateful son.

It is astonishing, when once a family feud is established, what pains are taken by neighbours, not otherwise ill meaning, to widen the breach! A few of the relations of the designing Madame Jacques—a few of the disappointed rivals of Maxime—a few of those who found it convenient to court the rising sun of the *ivoirier* and his wife—and not a few who, for want of better employment, amused themselves with stirring up the wrath of old Pierrette,—contrived so bitterly to aggravate, in the course of the next six weeks, the ill will of the parties, that Maxime, who had determined previous to his return to spend the winter at home, in order, if his parents' consent could be obtained, to solemnise his marriage with a wife whom the success of his ventures already afforded him the means of maintaining, now acceded to the proposals of the owner of the Amphitrite, and accepted the command of one of the fine vessels, which were about to sail for the codfishery on the coast of Newfoundland.

It was noticed that on the week preceding the sailing of the little fleet, Maxime, as well as Madame Dumont and her daughter, were missing four days from Dieppe. Some said they were gone to Rouen on an excursion of pleasure; some said to Havre; and one or two, recollecting that Louise and her mother were of Swiss origin, whispered that perhaps Maxime Crosnier had suffered himself to be converted to the Reformed church; and that the young people were gone to get furtively married according to the rites of the Lutheran church, of which, in many cities of Normandy, there exist congregations.

It was fortunate for Maxime that he was already out of the port before this rumour reached the ears of his parents, or even of his uncle Bouzard, who was a bigoted and superstitious Papist. But before Madame Jacques found occasion to repeat the tale, Maxime was gone, and the Dumonts gone also. The mother and daughter, having sold off their scanty furniture, had retired to the village of Argues, probably to be beyond reach of the animosity of the Crosnier family, and to subsist upon the funds left with them by Maxime.

It is not to be supposed that Jacques Crosnier (though his jealousy of his brother was stimulated a thousand fold by the unconcealed misery of his parents at losing sight of their favourite son) could consent without scruple to all the malpractices of his wife. It was only by pleading hypocritically the cause of the two infants of whom she was now the mother, and representing

that, should Maxime once re-obtain a footing in his father's house, he would inevitably retaliate upon *them* and procure their expulsion,—that Madame Jacques obtained his co-operation. They had gone too far to recede; and he silenced his conscience by reminding himself that all stratagems were lawful to secure his brother's salvation, by preventing his marriage with a Protestant. Still, when at the close of the five months which usually formed the limit of the absence of the Newfoundland fleet, Bouzard took his station every morning, glass in hand upon the jetty, and announced that the *Terre-Neuviers* were not yet in sight, the heart of the elder brother began to wax heavy. Six months passed away — the seventh was advancing—and still no tidings. On the Exchange of Dieppe not a broker could be found to listen to the proposals of the owners. It was clear that the ships and their crews had come to misfortune. Bouzard was to be seen from sunrise to night fall, watching upon the *falaise*, and old Crosnier and his wife spent their lives on their knees at the foot of the Calvary erected on the jetty. Already they had vowed an offering of a full rigged frigate in ivory to the shrine of Notre Dame des Greves, in the event of Maxime's return; and would have rushed forward to grasp the truant in their arms, even had he presented himself holding the hand of a Protestant wife. But it was fated that Maxime should come no more. In the eighth month, a letter from Prince Edward's Island apprised the associated owners of the Newfoundland fleet, that having been dispersed by a frightful storm, four of the vessels had reassembled in the most distressed condition, and with great difficulty made for the nearest port, to refit; the Pearl; the fifth vessel, having foundered at sea. Of the Pearl, the fated fifth, had Maxime Crosnier the command! The vessel had been seen for the last time, at nightfall on the 30th of December, battling with the rising tempest, and Maxime was then on the deck, encouraging the men, and exerting unexampled energies in working his dismasted ship. On the arrival of the Terre-Neuviers in the harbour, amid the acclamations of multitudes who had dreaded never to behold their entrance into the port of Dieppe, it was a sad thing to see the widows and orphans of those who were lost in the Pearl, crowding to interrogate their surviving comrades; and obtaining from *all* the same answer, that the poor Pearl could not have lived half an hour in such a sea as that of the 30th of December, after she had been last seen by her convoy.

No one, however, appeared to make further inquiries after Max! Old Crosnier was on his death-bed, and his family in anxious attendance upon his last moments; and it was noticeable, that although the tidings of the loss of his son had broken the heart of the old man, so obstinately did he cling to the hope of Maxime's survival, to re-appear at some future moment, that no persuasion of the notary employed by the *ivoirier* and his wife could induce him to frame his last will and testament, otherwise than by bequeathing his whole property to his wife for her life-time, with a request that she would divide it by will between his representatives. It was conjectured by the disappointed Jacques that his uncle Bouzard had some share in suggesting this absurd disposition; and vexation was gnawing at his heart when, with outward signs of grief, he followed his father to the grave, and remembered that for her life his mother must retain her authority.

Nevertheless, so thoroughly was Madame Crosnier's spirit broken by the loss of her husband and son, that it was easy for the *ivoirier's* wife to obtain sole ascendency in the house in the Pollet. Half the old woman's time was spent in that long closed chamber of the second floor, which still contained a few personal tokens of her beloved Max—foreign shells and feathers, and Indian implements and toys, which the poor old mariner had chosen to have laid upon his deathbed, that he might stretch his hand over something that had once belonged to his boy. Amid these treasures, and opposite to a rough canoe of birch-bark, the handiwork of the shipwrecked man, would the venerable Pierrette sit for hours, wandering back into the past; reviling her own hardness of heart towards her Maxime, and grieving that not one of the tame-hearted cunning children of her son Jacques should,

in the slightest degree, recal to mind the brave, rebellious, curly-headed varlet who, twenty years before, used to tag after her along the shore of the Pollet, watching for the return of the Belle Gabrielle. The Belle Gabrielle was sold to a stranger; and the little curly-headed lad a senseless corse beneath the howling waves of the Atlantic! No wonder that the afflicted mother should weep and bemoan herself. No wonder that Madame Jacques, impatient of her continued control in the house, should reproach her with indifference towards her more deserving and still surviving son.

Weary of these constant recurring remonstrances, and anxious to conceal her tears, Madame Crosnier was apt to wander out from the Pollet, on summer evenings; sometimes along the cliffs, as if she expected that a future fleet of Terre-Neuviers might include the long-lost Pearl: but oftener along the green valley of the Scie and the Saane. On one occasion, about four years after the loss of her husband, the poor old soul, no longer comely, no longer oppressed with *embonpoint*, was taking her sad and solitary way through the silence of a dreary September evening, up the ascent leading to the cemetery of the Pollet; without noticing that, before her on the road, toiled a poor woman heavily charged with one of the wicker hods of the country, who now and then turned round to look after a little fellow as raggedly accoutered as herself. At length, a few paces in advance of Madame Crosnier, she paused to call the boy, who was seeking berries in the hedge: and the name by which she addressed her child went straight to the heart of the sorrowing mother. *It was Max!*

"How art thou called, little one?" inquired Madame Crosnier, taking the hand of the boy, when, tardily obeying the call, he at length followed his mother, who was proceeding at some distance along the road.

"My name is Maxime Crosnier—but I am only called Max. Now let me go, for I am tired and hungry; and mother has promised that if I step out, perhaps she will give me a bit of bread for supper."

"And who is thy mother?" persisted the agitated Pierrette.

"She is yonder there, at the top of the hill."

"Thou hast a father, perhaps?" persisted the old lady, in a faltering voice.

"Yes."

"And where is thy father."

"Far away, under the sea. My poor father was lost by shipwreck; and granny is dead, and though mother works very, *very* hard, it is not always we can get food."

Madame Crosnier sat down on the bank by the way-side, without relinquishing the hand of the child, who stood wondering by her side.

"What was thy grandmother's name!" she continued, in a scarcely audible whisper, dreading that the reply might crush the delightful hopes already dawning in her heart. And when poor little Max breathed in her ear the name of "Dumont," the sobs with which she threw her arms around him, and then, placing him at arm's length, considered and reconsidered his handsome intelligent little face, so terrified the boy, that he soon mingled his tears with those of his unknown relative. "Thou art *his*—thou art *mine*—thou shalt *remain* with me!" cried the poor old soul—who, at the moment, felt as if one restored from the dead were folded in her arms; and while the boy struggled to extricate himself from her embraces, his mother, having returned along the road to seek her lost treasure, stood beside them in utter amazement. The explanation that ensued was heart-rending. The wasted cheek and callous hands of poor Louise, attested the tale of her sufferings, her wants, her labours for the sake of Maxime's son. After the death of her mother, she had made known to Jacques Crosnier her situation, and the lawfulness of her wedlock with his brother, yet, at the instigation of his partner, the churl had not only refused her relief, but prevented the tale from reaching the ear of his mother. The widow of Max had been led to believe, that if she presented herself before the family of Maxime, both she and her idolized boy would be exposed to injury and insult. Sheltering herself, therefore, in the obscure village where her mother had breathed her last, she devoted herself submissively to the severest daily labour. Her comfort was in her child. It was sufficient

for her consolation to breathe the name of "Max," and to find it answered by the sweet voice and fair looks of one who was the living portrait of the lover of her youth.

In the dusk of that eventful evening, the two sorrowing women returned together to the Pollet; and, from that night, scarcely lived one hour apart, till the sister of Bouzard was laid in the grave. Together they wept over him they had lost; together, related to the young child the prowess and feats of his father. Old Pierrette felt that she could not lavish sufficient love and affection upon this recovered treasure,—this morsel of her favourite son,—this image of her darling Max; and old Bouzard was scarcely less delighted to perceive that the boy was likely to become a worthy representative of his favourite nephew. From the startling moment of Madame Max's appearance in the Pollet, under the protection of her mother-in-law, Jacques and his wife, as if hoping by submission to disarm inquiry and silence invective, gradually withdrew from the place, and established a household of their own; more especially on perceiving that Madame Crosnier, instead of shuddering at the heresies of her daughter-in-law, exerted herself with success to establish the legality of Louise's marriage, in order to bestow upon her grandson his lawful share of the property of his forefathers.

The two oaken presses of the mansion of the Pollet are accordingly now disunited; and the twelve silver *couverts* have diminished to six. For Pierrette, great as was to the last her adoration of the Max of her own Max, was strictly just in her division of her belongings between her two grandsons. According to the desire of the widow Jacques, her eldest son received in money, from his grandmother, an equivalent for the family dwelling, and is now a flourishing tailor in the town of Dieppe. But the jolly mariner, who may be seen to this very hour upon the quays, in affectionate discourse with his cousin, the Bouzard of the present day, and who inhabits, with a pretty, merry, little wife and a grave but happy old mother, a house in the Grande Rue of the Pollet, (the windows which are bright with geraniums, and seem to be alive with linnets and canaries,) is no other than Maxime Crosnier! His children still delight in showing to strangers the shells and curiosities gathered in foreign parts by their shipwrecked grandfather; and the family may be visited and regarded by travellers as an advantageous specimen of the mariners of the Pollet.

CHRISTMAS.

Hark! the trembling steeple's iron tongues
Herald forth, as if with brazen lungs,
That hearty Christmas is come again.
With merry laugh we'll usher him in,
With holly's bright red and hearty green—
Sweet emblems of joy! we'll deck the scene
Of his festive mirth and hearty glee,
And hail him with holy minstrelsy.
Yonder swings on high the mistletoe,
Where young Cupid, with his darts and bow,
Licens'd by old Christmas holds his court,
With bright eyes and ruby lips to sport—
Heap high the logs upon the glowing pile,
Hark! how they crackle and blaze awhile,
Now break forth in bright and cheeful flame,
Now the bright sparks play a merry game,
Gamboling round with furious might,
Now up th' sooty pathway take their flight.
'Tis a fire around to martyrize
To Christmas, kind hearts and joyous eyes.
Spoke I of hearts? Ah Christmas! thou'rt dear,
Dearer than sunny seasons of the year,
To those who scattered o'er this wide earth,
But meet with love at thy social hearth,
Where sweet and kindred sympathy claims
Her throne, and friendship's harmony reigns.
All who battle with life's stormy wave,
Torn from kindred friends as by the grave,
At Christmas' coming arouse from the sleep
Of friendship's death, and holiday keep
Of love, happiness, and social mirth,
At th' shrine of the merry Christmas hearth.

H. K.

THE BLIND REEFER ADRIFT.

War has an appetite that is universal, and a maw to which nothing comes amiss. "Food for powder," as honest Jack hath said, "food for powder," not only includes those ill dressed wretches, with whom we would not willingly "march through Coventry," but too often, also, a part of the gentlest, and the best, and the most beautiful of the creation.

And, then, some of this food is so young—so tender! I do not now speak of those barbarian general massacres in which the devil rides astride upon the human heart, and a sort of rational madness mocks humanity, at which after-thought sickens,

notwithstanding every opiate that may be administered to the murderers, under the imposing titles of the victims being termed the spawn of heresy, rebels to their King, or a God accursed race; when, with the aged, the women and the children at the breast are slain. I only speak of the young, sacrificed on the altar of legitimate warfare; the mere boy, who wonders while he fights, and is swept off in his fresh youth, even while he wonders. It is one of these tender specimens of "food for powder," of which I am about to speak, who escaped the smoky devourer, with the iron throat, only through a misfortune hardly less horrible than being made a mouthful for a long four-and-twenty pounder.

Henry Latimer was an orphan; of father or mother he had no remembrance. At a very early age the cross and slatternly nurse was exchanged for the school-master—though by no means so cross, yet almost as slatternly. But Harry had an elastic spirit—press him to the earth one moment, and he seemed like the fabled monster of antiquity, to gather strength from the contact, and to renew his energies of life and soul and imagination.

And he was beautiful to look upon. How much I venerate the unstained beauty of the young! What is the sublimity of the mountain, the loveliness of the exquisitely chiselled Parian marble, or even the gorgeous magnificence of the monarch sun himself—what are the beauties of all these compared with those high revealings of the Divinity that mantle over the countenance, and flash forth from the eye of the young, who are really and truly imaged after their Maker!

Countenances such as these are rare, but they are less rare in England than in any other country that has yet been discovered. They appear now and then to prove to us, that the impress of our first parents has not yet wholly disappeared; and they seem to me as a sort of a pledge, that, when "we have shuffled off this mortal coil"—and some of us, it must be confessed, are mortally ugly,—that our world stamped, care-worn features shall lighten into comeliness, and that we then shall all possess a more genuine and a keener sense of the beautiful. This is a very pleasant speculation, for the ill favoured especially; but, as it has but little to do with my tale, we will take our leave of it.

Henry Latimer was one of those splendid creations. Did he want a well-wisher, he had but to turn the radiance of his countenance upon the person nearest to him, and the ingenuousness of his smile caused friends to rise around him, in a manner almost as miraculous as flowers springing beneath the feet of a gentle spirit.

Living in the far North, Henry had a proud, cold, and rich guardian, who had never seen him. This guardian's man of business, a solicitor of King's Bench Walk, in the Temple, was the link of communication between the guardian and the ward; and he of the many years and musty deeds, although he saw Harry but seldom, fell under the influence of the boy's fascination of manner and appearance. He loved him as a father would have loved his only son.

He thus lived, this Latimer the centre of his circle, actually blessing and being blessed, until the age of fourteen, when the fiat came from Sir Charles Osborne that Mr. Sotheby, the lawyer, was to fit him out for his Majesty's naval service, and that he was forthwith to join the Mohawk, a sixteen gun brig, at that time cruising in the Channel. This news was less afflicting to Henry than to all those who knew him. His spirits were as buoyant as his face was beautiful—yet were those spirits borne down to very melancholy, and the beauty of that face not dimmed, but its character made the more touching by tears, on the morning of his departure from that school which had been to him almost the only home that he could remember.

This guardian had, in the promulgating of his orders, condescended to acquaint him, for the first time, that he held in trust for him a little property in the funds of something more than the annual value of two hundred pounds. He was told to draw to the amount of fifty pounds yearly on the good lawyer, until further instructions, and then, with a frigid "God speed him," he was consigned to the 'multitudinous waters,' and the tender mercies of the naval commander of a fir-built brig of war.

The solicitor saw his charge not only down to Chatham, but also safely on board the Mohawk, burst into tears when he took leave of him, and immediately he went to town, the soft hearted good old bachelor put him down in his will for a sum that I will not designate, lest those of the world should suppose him to be soft-headed also.

Well for one pleasant year the blooming boy ran the same course of triumphant friendship that had made him so happy at school. The rough North country skipper, who seemed to be made for hard fighting, loved and petted the lad; the two lieutenants petted him, and excused him from his duty when the wind was keen and the nights very dismal; the gunner petted him and taught him all about windage of shot, despart sight, and point blank firing; the boatswain petted him, and taught him to make Turk's heads, gammon, and drink grog —the last with a reservation; the carpenter petted him, and taught him, among other accomplishments how to shoot with a long bow; and his brother middies petted him more than all, for they took an especial care of his health, by drinking his allowance of wine and spirits, and exercised him in the virtues that made Martin a saint, for they wore his clean shirts, parted his garments among them, and wound up the climax of their benevolence by that most searching test of friendship—borrowing his money.

The rough seaman looked upon him as a being cast in another mould from himself His brilliant complexion, his clear ruddy cheeks, and the soul-informed expression of his countenance, puzzled the tars amazingly; and yet, with all these rare endowments. Harry had not the least appearance of effeminacy. His laugh was hearty and loud, and his bearing bold and frank. Jem Styles, the captain of the forecastle of the larboard watch, once broke out in the following ejaculations, when he saw Harry Latimer looking down from the fore-top mast rigging.

"Eyes!" said Jem, "now, shipmates, I knows what the words in the song means, when it says,

"There's a sweet little cherub that's stuck up aloft."

for there it is, sure enough."

Now these halcyon days (halcyon is a pretty word, and, as the boatswain assures me, derived from halyards) were soon to be overclouded, and to close upon poor Henry with mental and physical darkness. The captain never felt himself comfortable a shore without Harry. The youth's stipend being liberal, and the captain having private directions always to keep him well supplied in the articles of dress, he was as much petted by the ladies on shore, as he was by his shipmates on board. Invitations were constant whilst the ship was at anchor, and many a good dinner did the hard-a-weather captain attack, for the sake of his entertainers possessing, for a few hours, that "little love of a midshipman."

How truly has it been said, that our accomplishments, and even our virtues, sometimes turn traitors to us, and seduce us to our ruin. Henry Latimer proved, to a dreadful extent, the truth of the observation. On the 4th of June, 1809, he had nearly attained his fifteenth birthday. As a preliminary to his overwhelming misfortune, he received a letter from the lawyer's office in the King's Bench Walk, that his old friend, Mr. Southeby, had departed this life, and that the writer, a perfect stranger to Henry, had succeeded him in his multifarious business, and that the future bills that the young midshipman might have to draw were to be directed to him. The letter also mentioned that Mr. Southeby had left him a considerable sum of money, which his informant acquainted him had been invested, conformably to the orders of his guardian, with Latimer's other property, in the Consols.

This event, little as it would appear to influence our hero's happiness, had, however, a great effect in aggravating his approaching misery.

On this inauspicious 4th of June, his Majesty, George III. still held a palace at Weymouth, and, on the birth day of the sovereign, a ball there was given to the officers, naval as well as military, that happened to be in the vicinity. Of course, all the principal inhabitants, and the civil authorities, were present. Captain Lilton of the Mohawk could not go comfortably without his handsome pet, Henry; so they pushed off from the brig together about ten o'clock at night

in very dreadful weather. They were in the gig. The angry gale swept along the bay, and the waves trembled over each other, like breathing monsters in clumsy play. The lightning mocked the pale blaze of the illuminated town, whilst the echoes of the thunder bounded along the waters, and rattled with horrible dissonance among the roofs of the houses.

The close-reefed lug was set, and the lee oars carefully pulled, and yet, with the most scientific seamanship, it seemed hardly possible to fetch the landing-place, at that time only a small wooden jetty. If they did not, as the tide was galloping down the Channel, instead of dancing at the ball, a more boisterous dance awaited them with the demons of the storm, and the fearful ball would assuredly have been opened with a gallopade through the Race of Portland.

Nestled and well cloaked, and hugged up to the side of the tough skipper, sat Henry in the stern sheets of the gig, whilst the slight and fragile boat actually leaped from wave to wave. The rain fell in a manner as if it strove to quell the rebellion of the sea, whilst the lightning quivered around them, making every object instantaneously brilliant with its blue and livid light. They were now within a short quarter of a mile of the shore, when a ball of vived fire decended almost perpendicularly over the boat, and, when apparently above it but one hundred yards it exploded like a shell, and folked and arrowy flashes streamed from it in every direction. The instant crash of thunder was stunning.

"I am blinded," said Henry, trembling through every limb, and pressing his hand upon his agonized eye balls.

"Nonsense, my dear boy," said the kind-hearted captain; "you will see directly. I am myself dazzled."

"I cannot see now," said the youth, removing his hand from his eyes; "I sha'l never see again."

"Come, Harry, don't alarm yourself, and frighten me to death—hold up your head—don't you now see the illuminations?"

"Thank God—thank God! I believe I do; but very dimly—but very imperfectly. Yes, they are plainer now, but my eyes ache and smart terribly."

"Cheer up! A glass of grog, and all will be well; and see—we have got the jetty well on the lee-beam—we shall not be driven to sea to-night. Hurrah for the ball!"

And the landing place was fetched, and the gig safely beached and drawn up high and dry, and the grog drunk, and the dress re-adjusted, and to the ball the captain and the midshipman went. That night Henry's large hazel eyes were observed to be unusually brilliant, and wildly restless.

With this entertainment we have but little to do. It was enjoyed by the young reefer with all the zest of youthful and physical excitement. The company seperated at four o'clock, the sun then being several degrees above the horizon. The storm of the previous night had settled into a strong and steady gale, dead upon the shore. The brig was riding in the offing, with two cables on end, and all idea of getting on board of her until the gale should have moderated was necessarily abandoned.

Youth loves not sleep, except it be in a middle watch—at least midshipman youth. And yet sleep, like death, though it may be sometimes defrauded, will at last conquer. Henry strolled forth amongst the fields of newly-mown hay, and being at length borne down with fatigue, threw himself upon a hay-cock, reeking with its own natural moisture, and the deluge of rain of the preceeding, night. Thus lying sheltered from the gale, with the burning sun of June above him, he slept till past mid-day.

By this time the gale had abated, and the coxswain having discovered Henry's *al fresco* couch, aroused him by telling him that the captain was waiting for him to go on board.

When the poor youth enclosed his eyes, the light of heaven was too much for them. At every attempt to look about him, the scalding tears overflowed his bloodshot orbs, and blistered his ruddy cheeks. He was led to the gig, and no sooner were they all on board than it was "All hands up anchor," and away they went for the Mohawk's cruising ground.

Now, there were at this time some seven or eight French line of battle ships blockaded

in Cherbourg by five or six English vessels of the same description. Frigates and small craft on the part of the enemy were never taken into account. Jack looked upon capturing them as a matter of course. When the *pieces de resistance*, as the gastronoms call them, struck, the *entremets* followed in the natural order of things.

It was the duty of the Mohawk, at night fall, when the squadron stood off, to stand in, and remain as near to the harbour's mouth as was consistent with the safety of the vessel, so that at daybreak the little craft was often found bobbing under the guns of Fort Peleé.

The patience and endurance of bravado by that monster fort was remarkable. We must suppose that, like the stork in the fable, which would not open its beak for so small a matter as a minnow, Peleé never condescended to open her batteries upon so insignificant a thing as a look-out sixteen gun brig, which made the said brig look in the harbour the fort was placed to protect, the more pryingly and the more impudently.

We have now arrived at a point of our little history which we scarcely know how to handle so as to procure for ourselves credence. The surgeon on board the small vessel was so little versed in general professional knowledge, that any discreet barber could have more successfully undertaken a common case than this person, to whom the preservation of the health of nearly one hundred persons was entrusted. As an oculist, he was totally ignorant. So great was the paucity of men of talent and science in the medical profession in the height of the war. But the man was honest, and said at once that he did not know what treatment to adopt to meet a case so alarming as that of Henry's eyes.

Such was the case on board the Mohawk. Rapidly, and with excruciating pains, was inflamation followed by absolute blindness to the eyes of poor little Harry Latimer. Not a soul in the little vessel but would have forfeited a year's pay and a week's grog to have relieved the poor boy; yet no one for a moment thought of saying to him, "Go for relief to the ignorant surgeon."

And the honest old captain, what did he do? In the fulness of his kindness he did the very worst thing possible. He loved him and petted him with an intensity that continually brought the unwonted tear into his eyes; and as, with his large and tanned forefinger he rubbed it off his russet brown cheek, he would look at the damp digit, and shaking his head sorrowfully, exclaim, "D—n the boy, he's making a fool of old Lilton at last. Never mind I'll hang that villian of a 'pothecary; so there's some comfort left yet."

Of course, in Henry's affliction he was domesticated in the cabin. The captain abandoned to him his own cot, and had a hammock slung for himself. They ate together, and, sorry am I to say, they also drank together. After supper, old Lilton, conscious only that he heard the sweet voice of the boy, forgot that the poor fellow could no longer see, and that a course of half and-half brandy grog was not the best medical treatment for an acute inflammation of the eyes.

At length the poor little lad's once brilliant blue orbs became reticulated with a close net-work of bloodshot veins, the larger vessels being distinctly marked by nobs of angry red, and the pupil of the eyes became dull and clouded. Nothing now was distinguishable to him but the difference between light and darkness, and scarcely that. When he held up his hand between the sun and his blighted vision, the shadowy outline of his fingers was barely visible, magnified enormously, and seen as it were through the thickest of conceivable fogs. The pain also became daily more intolerable.

Old Lilton, who could not conceive that, in a subject so healthy and so young, this state of things would not mend, fed himself with a false hope, and procrastinated.

At length, Henry himself began to seriously ponder upon the misery of blindness to one so young, and to whom God's beautiful creation offered so many pure sources of enjoyment, through the medium of the most useful of the senses. He was not wanting in energy, and finding that, morning after morning, instead of bringing him amendment, brought to him only increased darkness, he told his too kind captain of his exceeding misery, and demanded relief.

Lilton did what he should have done long before—made the signal for leave to speak to the commodore, which being obtained, he ran down to the squadron. Henry was led on board the Venerable, and his eyes submitted to the inspection of the surgeon and his assistants. This gentleman found the case so alarming, that he requested a consultation with the other medical officers; they came on board. Henry was conducted into the cabin, and, after many learned things had been said on the subject, they all decided to have nothing to do with the patient, and that his only chance of even a partial restoration of sight, was being placed on shore immediately, and under the experienced care of the most eminent London oculist.

So Henry Latimer was, like damaged goods, returned on board the miserable and wet little Mohawk, and to all the horrors of despair. He now became fully sensible of his dreadful state, and, no longer able to bear up against his misery, his assumed manhood forsook him, and the tears of grief mingled with those of inflammation, and actually, as they continually ran down his face, scalded off the skin from his ruddy and beautiful cheeks.

We must now suppose ourselves well advanced in July, and about two hours before sunset, a thick, and, for the time of the year, an unusual fog upon the face of the waters. The opportunity was not to be neglected—the temptation not to be resisted. Instead of drawing in close to Cherbourg, old Lilton up with the helm, clapped on studding sails alow and aloft, and, with a spanking breeze, deserting his post, ran slap over for Weymouth. All that I can say to any animadversions upon the probability of this daring violation of duty is, that it is a fact. What I am relating is true.

A little after midnight, the Mohawk shortened sail, and hove-to off Weymouth. Henry, with his chest, and a fifty-pound bill endorsed by his good captain, was landed on the jetty—the boat shoved off—was hoisted in, and, before day broke, the Mohawk was again on her station, or very nearly so, apparently in chase of a strange sail, and her slipping away had not been noticed.

But let us turn to Henry. Blind, and almost once more upon his native shores, he called to the first passer-by, and caused himself to be conducted up to one of the principal inns, kept, as will afterwards be seen, by one of the most unprincipled rascals of the not very reverend race of Bonifaces.

This fellow, imposing upon the supposed simplicity, and taking advantage of the extreme youth of Henry, under the pretence of not being able to get his bill discounted, kept him for many days, to Henry's great expense, and still more to the detriment of his sight, in his extortionate clutches. This fattening on a poor boy's misery was the more disgraceful, for in Weymouth, Latimer, with the rest of the Mohawks, had always used his house.

At length Henry decided upon something. One morning, after breakfast, declining the officious hand of the well-fed waiter, he groped his way down stairs, and reached the stable-yard. When there he stretched forth his hand, and seized the first person within his reach. He felt that he had laid hold of something extremely greasy; this, however, in his then excited state of mind, made no difference to him. "I am Henry Latimer, a blind reefer," said the poor youth; "hear what I have got to say to you."

The person stopped—indeed he could do no otherwise, for Harry held him with the grasp of desperation. When our blind hero had finished his tale, the unseen of Henry vented forth his indignation at the landlord in a very sincere oath; after which very necessary relief, changing his voice into a most respectful tone he thus addressed the midshipman:—"Do me the kindness to come with me. Leave me to settle with that bloodsucker. I am not a man of words—but come, my dear sir come."

And Harry went, and as he was led forth from this den of extortion, he had the pleasure of listening to a sort of fugue from his conductor—execrations following, in a low voice, his attempts at consolation of his adopted guest. And very soon Henry found himself on a comfortable sofa, in a comfortable room; and soft and gentle voices were murmuring around him, and cool and delicate hands were upon his heated forehead, and

refreshing lotions applied tenderly to his blood-surcharged eyes—he was in the care of women, God bless them! And there were conveyed to his lips the most refreshing and refrigerating summer fruits; and the room was cool—how deliciously cool! And one to him unseen, sat down to her instrument, and sang him a sea-song, in a low and sweet voice—for they would not allow him to talk much—not much; and Henry, blind and till then deserted as he was, felt himself happy, and unbidden, but now rapturous, tears were in his eyes.

At a very early hour the fragrant breathings of the young females were upon his brow, and their cool kisses, as they wished him "God's blessing and a good night," were inexpressibly grateful to his still-heated face; and one of these kisses—it was the last—lingering a little longer, and was pressed a little—only a little—more earnestly than the others, and on the spot where the young lips had been was left a tear not his own.

How fervently, then, Henry longed for his sight! He retired to rest, and enjoyed the most refreshing slumbers.

Early the next morning his kind host was at his bedside. "I should not be your true friend," said he, in a blunt but still respectful manner, "if I kept you with me. The coach will start for London in an hour; so get your breakfast, and let me see you off."

Though it was not later than eight, the ladies were up, and were as kind and gentle, and considerate, to Henry as they had been on the previous evening. The parting with them was sad, for Henry had no other course but, when he arrived in town to repair to the strange lawyer who succeeded to his old friend Sotheby.

We must now suppose Henry safely stowed in the best place of the coach, with a basket of fruit in his hand, the farewell gift of the unknown ladies. "I know not who they are," was Henry's soliloquy, "but I will keep this basket as long as I live, or till I return it to the giver."

"Now, Mr. Latimer," said the man in the greasy vest, "you have nothing to do but to get up to your friends as you can. I have cashed your bill for you, and you shall pay me the discount at the next meeting. Those are ten, and those five pound notes; don't make a mistake, but put them in different pockets. That's right. Here is some silver, and this the account—hope you may be soon able to see to read it. I have settled with the coachman and guard; they'll take special care of you. Keep up your heart, sir—good-bye—God bless you—ah! my name!—why, it's Bullen—Tom Bullen, and I am butcher here at Weymouth."

"All right!" The coach door was slammed to, and off it started for London.

We must now pass over eight years. A present had been forwarded to Tom Bullen, with a letter of thanks from Harry's guardian, and the whole transaction seemed to have been forgotten; but the ex-midshipman still kept the basket. In the interim Mr. Ward, the most excellent oculist of the day, had after a long time of unremitting attention, cured Henry and restored his sight completely. The naval service had been abandoned, he repaired to college, and several deaths had made him the heir to his morose guardian, who in due time was himself entomed, and Henry Latimer, at the age of two-and-twenty, was Sir Henry Osborne, (having taken his guardian's name,) and a great landed proprietor.

One day Sir Henry fancied, by a shriek that he heard, that something extraordinary had taken place in the steward's room. He sends to inquire. He is told that a family which had been ejected from their house under the late steward, was endeavoring to procure some favour from the present one, too exorbitant to be granted. As Henry was then young in the possession of his property, and riches had not yet spoiled his naturally good disposition, he ordered the whole party up into his library. It consisted of a shock headed, burly, but kindly featured man, a little beyond the middle age, and three really handsome though very poorly attired daughters.

The case was stated. The steward was quite in the right, as, for the house from which the man had been ejected, three years rent had been over due. During the discussion, the youngest daughter seemed very intent in her look upon the basket, which Sir Henry still prized, and had used for a re-

ceptacle of cards and papers of minor consequence.

During the altercation between the steward and the ejected tenent Sir Henry preserved a profound silence, but busied himself in emptying the basket of its multifarious contents. At length he asked for the title-deeds of the house and premises, and, as it appeared, in mere absence of mind, he placed them in the basket; then, with the strangest inadvertency in the world, for he was a young gentleman of very regulated habits, he placed a bank note of the value of one hundred ponds upon the deed, but still preserved his silence.

"You perceive, Sir Henry," said the steward, "that this poor fellow's request is rather too much to be granted; yet I wish we could do something for him. I think him a very honest person."

"So do I," was the brief reply.

"Well, Sir Henry, perhaps you may not think it too much to give him a release for the over due rent."

"I don't indeed; sit down and write him out the necessary document."

Whilst this was performing, and the tenant was endeavoring to express his thanks, Sir Henry kept swaying about the basket in the most whimsical way,—so much so as to excite even smiles on the tearful countenances of the daughters.

At length the receipt was placed in the man's grateful hand, and the steward said, "There my good fellow, thank Sir Henry. I wish we could do something more for you."

"Stop," said Sir Henry; "this young lady seems to be struck with this basket. Permit me, sir, to present it to her. I now know that you are *one Tom Bullen, butcher there at Weymouth*, and I—I was Harry Latimer, *the blind reefer adrift;* so your daughter must take back the basket which I am sure she only lent me, and, in your own words, "May God bless you."

MIDWATCH IN A MERCHANTMAN.

BY A MIDSHIPMAN ON HALF PAY.

It was on the night of the 10th July, 18— in lat. , long. , that the good vessel, the Brothers, was on her passage home from Antigua. She was about 450 tons register, barque-rigged, and a very fine vessel for her class—but which is not saying much for speed—for, being built for the West India trade, for burden and not fast sailing, she was not what one would call a clipper; but still, though bluff about the bows, she was a good sea-boat, and a nice roomy ship for a passenger. Her Captain—I should say her Master—had been a long time in the trade, and had saved sufficient money to purchase the half-ownership of the vessel he commanded. He had for his Mate, a man who had served for many years during the war as a Master's Mate in the Navy. The two together kept the craft very ship-shape, more so than I have ever seen a merchantman before or since.

My fellow-passengers were a Mr. Melville and his son. The father was a man who was thoroughly just from principle, always strictly honest and honorable, both in word and deed, once a wealthy planter; but having suffered from the fluctuations and depreciations in colonial property, he was now returning to England ruined in fortune, and broken in health and spirits. The son partook of his father's melancholy; and the poor boy's pale, transparent cheek, told plainly of the approach of death, through death's dreadful helpmate, consumption. As if in contrast to these, we had Lieutenant Edward Fergus Blake, Esq., of H. M.—Regiment of foot, a rattling thoughtless Irishman, who with his friend, Ensign John Horton, of the same Regiment, were about to spend their six months' leave in their native land. This same Ensign was a self-styled poet; he always had about him a volume of Spenser or of Byron, from which he continually made ill-applied quotations; as for his own verse, it was so grand that it was perfectly unintelligible to common understandings, but therein, no doubt, lay its beauty. Moreover, he was so brimful of sentiment, that he could not open his mouth without some of it running over.

The wind was S. S. W., light but steady; and the Brothers, with her royals set, both larboard and starboard studding sails out, was going through the water at about six and a half knots an hour. There was on

deck the two officers, young Melville, Gore the Mate, and I, who was then "a gentleman," who had the privilege of writing R. N. after his name. The moon was at full, and shed a clear and strong light on the heaving waste beneath. We were leaning over the taffrail watching the sparkling appearance of the eddy in the ship's wake.

"What a beautiful night," said I to Horton, wishing to draw him out. "What does it put you in mind of? what does it most resemble?"

Looking upwards, he began, "The moon, like the Queen of Beauty, beautiful, yet vain; she surrounded by her nymphs, delights in seeing her beauty multiplied and reflected by the bowing waves beneath, who, though they live but one moment, give that moment to the adoration of——"

"Blarney?" interrupted Blake, as the other was proceeding in tones that melted us to tears,—of suppressed laughter. Blake was a bit of a wag, and Horton having a dreadful horror of every thing that was not perfectly genteel, he often had some fun with him, by assuming the brogue and peculiar quaintness, in which the lower orders of his countrymen are so rich. The Ensign first folded his arms with an air of offended dignity; but afterwards pointing upwards with his right hand, asked, "What would you say yourself, of such a night as this?"

"Say of it? why, it's a capital night for a cigar."

Half choked by the puff of smoke that accompanied the reply, and which the wind carried in his face, Horton coughed out.

"Phoo! phoo! you have no soul for the beautiful, no soul for poetry. I would, however, forgive you, if you could make a verse."

This was said in a tone of so much pity, that the Irishman broke out with a grin,

"Och, honey, poethry! hear to that now,—poethry! faith, an' the poethry ye'd make would bother a blind donkey; yet it was kind of you—it was, to let us all into the trick. He told us one night, when he'd taken a trifle too much sangaree made raythor strong, that he looks into the rhyming dictionary; and when he gets the rhymes, he can do the rest comfortable; this kind o' way:—

When to make a verse you try,
I'll recommend a useful book;
Before you do so on the sly,
In your rhyming dictionary look.

"That's what I call rale poethry; bate it if you can."

The indignant Ensign turned away; and seeing poor Melville's pale face, asked him to what he could compare the appearance of the firmament.

"It seems to me," was the answer, "that the stars are small apertures in the sky, through which glimpses of God's glory and the heavens, are visible to us on earth."

"Well," interrupted Gore, "It was just such a night as this ——"

"A yarn, Gore, give us a yarn," said I; "here, Blake, bring yourself to an anchor on that gun, (the Brothers carried two guns on her quarter-deck, and four very respectable carronades in her waist.) Melville, coil yourself away to leeward of Horton and me. Now, Gore, saw wood, 'it was just such a night as this.'"

"Well, Gore, why do you not go on; he's started you."

"Yes, but not man-o'-war fashion."

"But, Gore, if you freshen your way, you shall freshen your nip at the same time; and that's, a better starting than a boatswain's rattan. Here, boy, go to the steward and tell him to bring on deck a bottle out of the starboard locker, water, and glasses."

"Well, 'taint for the sake of the grog, but I don't mind spinning ye a bit of a yarn; but you must wait till I heave the log."

The glass was turned, the log hove, the line ran out, and five and a quarter marked on the board; and the old seaman having stowed away about half a pint of half-and-half, began:—

"It was about the end of the year eleven, that I joined the St. James, one of your jackass frigates; she was as lubberly a lot o' timber as ever was put together; what was the use of building such a craft I never could find out. Sail,—yes, she'd sail, but it was all to leeward like a haystack. We were ordered to the West Indies, and a dreary spell we had of it. There wasn't a man fore and aft that did not wish himself out of her;

for while we heard of other men-o'-war on the station picking up prizes, we got nothing in such a slow-going tub as ours, but one little privateer schooner; we cut her out during a calm.

"It was about the middle of May, in the year 1814, the war was over in that part of the world, and we were all wishing for the end of our three years' broil, and to return to Old England; for though going home with no prize-money wasn't pleasant, or what we expected when we left, but as the chance of getting any was gone, we were eager to get back. We were on a cruize from Port Royal, and it was just such a night as this, as I was saying, when you asked for the yarn, (your health, sir,)—it was just such a night as this, that the look-out forward reported a sail right away to windward; she came down upon us hand-over-hand: she was a West Indiaman.

"We hailed her, and ordered her to heave-to; she was named the Coquette, as pretty a craft for a trader as ever swam, about fifty tons larger than this we are in now, only much neater about the bows, and a better run aft; she wasn't built for carrying sugar like us. She could have beat us easy; and as for the frigate, she could sail round her. Reported from London to Jamaica, left England about a month. Captain under pretence of hearing the news, and, with his permission, many of the officers, to go on board.

"The moonlight was as bright as day, and we saw on her deck two ladies, round whom were playing some children, noisy, rosy, fair children; most of the hands came up to look at 'em. If for two years and a half you had seen nothing but dirty little black piccaninnies, to come suddenly on such a sight, made a man think of home; some would have given up their grog sooner than miss it. A landsman can't understand the feeling; how should he? he never felt it.

"I was one of those who went on board. You may guess the Captain was very polite to the ladies; the elder one was about twenty-six, a very fine handsome woman indeed, but the younger, who was not more than nineteen, ah! she was the beauty, just such a face and figure as young men, like you make themselves half crazy about. We were all introduced to the ladies; but the children, they did not wait for that, they introduced themselves. We might kiss them without making a hole in our manners. The gruff old surgeon told the mother that the night-air injured their health. "If you had been asked as prettily as I was, I do not think even you would refuse for once," was the answer, and when the little rogue he was playing with looked up smiling in his face, and asked to be allowed to sit up a little longer. Bolus would as soon have thought of swallowing his own prescriptions as denying the child. Our Captain having been on board an hour, and having no pretext for continuing his stay, after biding good-bye to the ladies, unwillingly returned on board the St. James, and the master of the merchantman wishing to take advantage of a fair wind, and make as quick a run as possible, squared his yards, and soon left us astern. Our first Luff, who had not long joined, and was a nephew of, and a great favourite with, the Captain, was leaning over the hammock netting, watching the Coquette's decreasing size, when, having occasion to go over to windward, I heard him say to his uncle, "I should like to know more of that young lady, I feel deeply and unaccountably interested in her." "Nonsense," laughed the Captain; "what, in love with a girl you have seen but once for an hour, and will never see again. How absurd!" He little thought, as he laughed, how nearly true his words proved. In less than two hours the trader was hull-down, and before morning out of sight. The people were at dinner the next day, when the man at the mast-head saw two vessels dead to leeward. There was something strange about them that he could not make out, and, as he thought, too, he heard the sound of firing, our Captain went into the top to examine them; he could plainly make out through his glass that one was on fire. The frigate was directly put about, and all sail made to near them, a sharp look-out being kept on both vessels. In about half an hour we noticed that the smaller, a schooner, filled her foresail, and stood away to windward, and, as she was evidently a very fast sailing craft, we soon lost sight of her. The

other now occupied our sole attention, and in less than an hour we were near enough to make her clearly out. Fancy our surprise and sorrow when we found it was the vessel we had so lately spoken with. Her foremast and mainmast were blazing away, their sails and most of their rigging were already tinder; her mizen and after-part had escaped, but the smoke that escaped from her fore and main hatchway proved the flames were not confined aloft. When we got to windward of her we hove-to, and sent boats on board; we were much surprised to see one man on deck, but when we got alongside were hailed by another, who was hanging on her stern by the pintles of the rudder.

"They told us a sad tale. During the short time they had left us the previous night they had been boarded and taken by the pirate schooner we had seen go so slick to windward. It appeared she came up with the Coquette about ten in the forenoon. From the schooner carrying guns, and the union jack she hoisted, they mistook her for one of our cruizers. If they had not been so deceived they would have fought her, and might have, eventually, been saved, by our coming to her assistance. After sailing a short time in company the schooner sent boats on board, with two officers in our uniform. "A few questions were asked, when our Captain (said one of the men) expressed surprise at seeing them armed, they answered, they came to search for five of their men, who had deserted some time since in the schooner's gig. They requested that the crew and all on board might be called on deck for examination. When we were all aft they threw off their disguise; the one in Lieutenant's uniform gave the signal by firing a pistol, and in an instant down went the schooner's colours, and in their stead they hoisted the black flag. At the same time the men drew their cutlasses and pistols, which they had hid under their jackets.

"'Pirates, by heavens!' cried our Captain, and, turning to us he said, 'My men, arm, arm yourselves.' He and the Mate rushed towards the cabin; the latter was instantly shot dead, and the Captain wounded and seized. We would have fought, but resistance was useless; for, being unarmed, and cooped together, we were quite in their power, though double their number; the schooner was also laid alongside, and the pirate-captain, with many of his crew, came on board. Our Captain, whose name was Houghton, was questioned by the pirate what his cargo was; and the last got greatly enraged on being told it consisted of negro-clothing and other light goods.

"'Have you any passengers; what is your cabin freight?' was quickly asked. Poor Houghton, who was bleeding fast from his wounds, owned that there were seven boxes of watches and plate in the cabin, and his passengers were ladies, whom he begged,—when he was stopped by a blow in the face that laid him senseless. The villain, after this cowardly act, entered the cabin, followed by five of his men. What there took place I do not know, but in a short time the two ladies were brought out insensible, and carried on board the vessel alongside; the plate was soon after transferred to the pirate, and the captain returned on deck, when the work of death was commenced. 'Throw those men overboard,' said he, pointing to the senseless body of the captain and the dead mate, who were quickly tossed into the sea. My shipmates were then called aft, one at a time, and examined. The whole of the crew, with the exception of three of the younger ones, who were allowed to volunteer, and myself, who escaped, were then murdered in cold blood; most of them were stabbed, and then tumbled over the ship's side, the others were shot. I was among the last that were to be called, and seeing that death was certain if I remained, I determined to make one desperate effort for my life. Breaking from the man that was guarding me, I ran forward, and jumped quickly on the ship's bulwark. I heard directly three shots fired, but, luckily, all missed me, and I sprung unhurt into the sea, where I took a long dive, which I suppose made them think I was shot and had sunk. In the water I had a still more horrible danger to encounter; by what miracle I escaped the sharks, which were devouring and tearing my shipmates limb from limb, I can't say;

the water was reddened with their blood, and the horrid rush of these savage creatures, when a new victim was thrown to them, I shall always remember; even when I gained the rudder I was not safe from them. I had to keep a look-out as they swam about the ship. There, there, look,' continued Marks, (for that was the man's name;) 'See,' and he shuddered as he pointed overboard, where we could plainly discern the fin of a shark that still followed the vessel in her slow lee-drift.

"The account of Atkins, the other man, was much shorter. He was ill in his berth, when he heard the cry of pirates; he directly crept out of his hammock into the fore-hold, where he hid himself among the cargo. He saw the pirates search, and partly plunder, the vessel, and was once nearly discovered. When they found it was impossible to sink the ship by scuttling her, they set fire to her, and placed two barrels of powder where the flames would reach them in much less than an hour. When they were gone he got out, and rolled the powder to the pump-well, where it fell down and got jammed. He thought the fire had too much hold on the ship to be got under; he did not know when it would reach the powder, but it would not be safe to remain much longer on board.

"As we could not go forward on account of the smoke and flames, we lost no time in examining the cabins. In the fore-cabin everything was in its usual order,—nothing appeared to be disturbed; and the after one, which was the ladies,' seemed the same. The only sign of confusion was a capsized chess-board. We then went to the state-rooms. The door of the first we came to had been forced open: it was the berth for the children and servants. We saw that that made us all tremble: the blood of the boldest of us curdled. There lay the children murdered; and the servants, as though in trying to protect them, had also been killed by these devils,—men you could not call them, for men don't butcher women and children. But there the poor little things lay, stabbed and hacked about; and, when we thought how merry and happy we had seen them the night before, and now!—and their poor mother, too!—if you'd have seen the clenched hands, the quivering lips, and the flashing eyes of the men, you might have known what they meant. But, though I felt it myself, I can't tell you: I don't know how, because I arn't got the words.

"The roaring of the flames told us we had not much time to lose, so, taking the dead bodies with us, we returned on board. Our Captain immediately shaped his course for Jamaica direct. We had left the burning wreck about an hour when we saw two bright flashes, and heard a sound like a distant broad-side.

"We all on board had sorrowful faces that day; and, in the afternoon, when the bodies had been sewn up in hammocks, and were placed in the lee-gangway, our Captain, though a very stern man, made two or three gulps before he could read the service, and, even then, not in a steady voice; ay, and fore and aft there was hardly a dry eye.

"We made Port Royal in a few days. Our cruise was nearly up, but the Admiral was surprised to see us back so soon, and was much shocked when he heard the cause. The unfortunate victims were the wife, children, and sister of a Mr. Ellis, a gentleman lately settled, but still well known and respected on the island, and who was daily and anxiously expecting the arrival of the Coquette. The Admiral wished to break the news as gently as possible to the unhappy man, but he had already heard it from the report spread by some of our crew, and he came on board almost mad. We were the only spare vessel in the harbour, and we were delayed one day in taking in fresh water before we were sent to look for the pirate.

"From Mark's description of her, she was at once recognised as a well-known vessel, called the Snake. She had been a privateer during the war, but had since changed the name, though perhaps not the nature of her doings. She was commanded by an Englishman, was of very large size, carrying from fourteen to sixteen guns, and, from being so well manned and handled, and such a fast sailer, she had always contrived to escape our cruisers, though once or twice not without a little fighting.

"Poor Mr. Ellis prayed to be allowed to

continue on board; and the first Luff willingly gave up his cabin to him. We intended to cruise around and about the neighbourhood of Hati, and look into the harbours and creeks on the coast, though we all dispaired of catching such a clipper as the Snake was known to be. We had been to sea for nearly a month without success; and Mr. Ellis—who hardly for a moment could be persuaded to leave the deck, but night and day, with a glass in his hand, stood watching the horizon—was looking like a skeleton, and we feared could not last out much longer.

"Let me see,—it was on the 26th of June, —no, it must have been later in the month but, howsomever, the morning broke very hazy, and we all could see we were going to have a teazing gale. We prepared for it as quickly as possible, got down our top-gallant-yards and masts, took in her courses, close-reefed topsails, set staysails, and made all, as we thought, snug and comfortable: we only waited for the gale: and on it came at last in a suden squall: but the wind, instead of abating, increased in quick and sudden gusts. We were laying-to; her lower deck guns were in the water, and our Skipper, seeing she would not bear the canvas she had on her, was giving his orders to hand the topsails, when a squall laid the frigate on her beam-ends, and, with a crash, slap went our maintop mast and mizen-mast, and our forestay-sail split to rags the same moment. She did not right even then, but lay with the wreck of the mizen-mast hammering against her side, in a way that seemed to start her timbers every rap. Mr. Ellis had been holding on the topmast backstay, and, when the tightened rope snapped, it coiled round his arm like a snake, and dragged him overboard; it's a wonder we managed to haul him on board again unhurt. We had to throw the guns overboard before she righted. Old John, as we called our Commander, knew that the lubberly craft would strain herself to pieces if she still lay-to, and that our only chance was to scud for it. As it was blowing too hard to hoist a stitch of canvass, we tried to wear, by bracing the foreyard round, but she still remained broadside to the gale. We then cut away the mainmast, and she fell slowly round and got before the wind. The well was then sounded and the pumps rigged, and, after twenty minutes' spell, we found that she had strained pretty considerably, and that she was leaking like a sieve. There we were, for six-and-twenty hours, running right before the wind, the pumps going all the while. It was about eight o'clock next morning I saw a heavy sea coming, and had hardly time to sing out 'Hold on, all!' when it struck her nearly aft. The old frigate trembled with the blow, and she broached-to directly; and what with the shock and the heavy rolling, in about half a minute away went her foremast. We were then a complete wreck, with not a stick standing, and the sea making a breach right over her, the people tired out with fatigue, hunger and wet. Eleven hands were washed overboard, and not an effort could be or was made to save them. We expected every minute to go down, and had given ourselves up for lost, when the gale began to lull; this gave us new hopes, and we set to work with a will. We lashed a spar to the broken stump of the foremast, got a staysail on her, and got before the wind. By eleven o'clock it fell nearly calm; but, from the heavy sea that remained, we were still far from safe. We had a good spell at the pumps, and the carpenter stopped the most serious leaks. Next day we had jury-masts on her, and made her more ship-shape. We had a fire, too, and got some soup in the coppers,—it beat all your turtle and calipash hollow, at least we hungry men thought so,—and brought up the leeway with a wet sail, take my word for it.

"When we got back into harbour, there had been no news of the schooner. Mr. Ellis was carried ashore so ill that we thought it was all up with him,—the gale, the watching, and anxiety, had driven him into a high fever."

"But the pirate,—what became of her? And the ladies,—were they never—"

"Handsomely! young gentlemen,—handsomely! Let's pay out the yarn ship-shape. The St. James was ordered to be hove down for repairs, and we were drafted on board the Wanderer, a corvette of twenty-four guns. She had been taken from the Mounseers, commissioned and rechristened. She was a

very smart craft,—and we were sent on our old cruise. We really had some hopes of catching the rascal, 'ticularly as we sailed on a Sunday, while the frigate started on a Friday. Ah! you may laugh,—but old heads know better than young ones; many and many a fine vessel has rued that unfortunate day. It's experience that makes us dread it.

"We had been to sea about a month, and had brought-to several craft, when one morning we spied a very suspicious-looking sail; in fact, it turned out to be the very one we were looking for. I heard old John, who had been appointed to the Wanderer, after taking a long look at her through his glass, grit his teeth sharp and hard; and I knew then that he meant mischief, and what she was. She was on the weather-quarter, and saw us about the same time we discovered her, for she altered her course directly, and bore down to us. We were rather surprised when our Captain ordered the guns to be run in; but, when he had a spare hammock-cloth rolled out from head to stern, so as to hide her ports, sent the Jollies and most of the people below, we twigged what he meant. He wanted to make her look as much like a merchantman as possible; for he knew that a rover never atttacks a man-o'-war, however small she may be; and that 'small profits and quick returns, as the advertising newspapers say, warn't to their taste."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, d'ye see, they'd profit very little by firing into a ship-o'-war and they'd get it monstrously quickly returned. Well, we made more sail on her that she might seem to be running away, but we checked her by towing an old sail under her bow. She neared us fast, and our men were all ready to spring at once to their stations on deck. When considerably within gunshot, and nearly abreast of us, she somehow seemed not to like the looks of us, for she put down her helm and went about. Our captain, seeing his plan had only partly succeeded, piped all hands to quarters, and determined to speak to her by a little iron argument; the first two balls went over her, and she was a very pretty mark. We gave her many very weighty reasons, but still, for some time, could not prevail on her to stop; she had the heels of us, could sail closer to the wind, and was fast leaving us, when we had the pleasure of seeing her fore-topsail shaking useless in the wind: she now, for the first time, opened fire on us. She fought smartly, and gave us nearly gun for gun, but, of course, her endeavour was to escape: but the breeze freshened; the corvette gathered way, and, before she had time to repair her damages, we were near enough to open a heavy and steady fire on her, and we had the further satisfaction of seeing, first her jib go, and *then her foretopmast fall over the side.* She was now fairly ours, and our men gave one cheer. We neared her, and gave her both grape and round, while the Jollies kept up a pretty good pattering of musketry on her deck, which we could plainly see was in great confusion, and her guns were not fired *half so quickly as a short time before.* When within about five ships' length of her, we gave her a broadside of grape and a volley of small-arms. The destruction on her crowded deck must have been dreadful: almost ever ball told, and on her fore part there was not a single living man left—at least, they were all disabled or dying: but the pirates, though they saw the odds, would not strike, but fired two cannonades right amongst us. This was at best but cold-blooded and useless murder, and made our men chafe to get at the villains; but our Captain would not risk his seamen's lives by boarding, but fired, again and again, broadsides at the schooner, whose deck was torn up by our shot, and strewn with the dying and mangled bodies of her crew. There were but two men standing on her deck when we came alongside, but when we boarded, seven others started from the companion, and under cover of the bulwark where they had been hid. They were a desperate gang, and formed a circle abaft the mainmast, where they fought like wild beasts: in the centre were two armed with pistols, who deliberately shot our men from over the shoulders of the others.

"It was a short but hot fight; several of our men were wounded; but, fiercely as the dogs fought, they were soon overpowered by numbers; they were quickly broken, and almost all cut down, for most of them neither asked nor would take quarter. The Lieu-

tenant, a tall, powerful man, armed with a heavy cutlass, and his belt stuck full of pistols, was, perhaps, the fiercest of the whole, for even when lying dying on the deck, he shot the man who was leaning over him. The Captain had been shot at the commencement of the chase by one of the first balls that struck the hull. In all, we took but four unhurt prisoners, one only of whom surrendered, the others were disarmed by force.

"Soon after the schooner was in our possession, we had a rummage, but found no signs of the ladies. The prisoners were all very sulky, and answered no questions; but one who was wounded, and thought he was dying, told us that, on the north-east end of St. Domingo, near Samana, we should find Mrs. Ellis and her sister. But afterwards, under promise of pardon, one of the others gave fuller particulars. He told us that he believed the ladies had been ill from the time they had been brought aboard the schooner, and been left on shore nearly dying: he gave us an exact account of the bearings of the creek, offered to pilot us there, and showed us all the signals the schooner made. It seemed, from his account, that they had a small colony there, but that there were seldom more than twenty men left when the schooner was away on a cruise. Our Captain was determined to rout out this nest, and hit on the plan of surprising them by a sudden attack from what they would think their friends in their own vessel. We put forty men into her, and after repairing damages, sailed for the coast. She was accompanied by the corvette, and the frigate Panther, which joined us the next day, and the Captain of which, by taking the command, gave his approval of the scheme.

"We had a quick run, and after coasting for a day, came to a bluff headland, to seaward of which about six miles the frigate and corvette tacked off and on. The schooner went round, ran in, and came to a narrow channel, up which we went. The man conned the ship, with a file of marines keeping guard over him in case of treachery. We struck our topmasts, as he said that was always the practice, and fired three guns in quick succession, which was the signal. Directly we were through the gut, it opened into a fine, wide, lake-like body of water which was hid, notwithstanding its width, by the high woody hills that surrounded it, and also by the narrow entrance, opposite to which was an outlet equally narrow, and through which we took our course. After sailing about three hundred yards it opened a little, but was still a narrow slip, at the broadest not a quarter of a mile, and in length about three times that distance. It was here, at the foot of a hill, that the pirates had made their home. They had built a small fort-like looking place, in which they had four guns, a church, and a good many houses. We entered their harbour with a tricolour at our foremast; and they must have mistaken us for what we seemed—their friends returning, for a boat came out to meet us. We rather surprised them, and made short work of it: we captured the boat, and, with two cutters and the gig, made a dash on shore. There was little or no resistance; the fort was taken without opposition, and we did not lose a man; in fact, they were nearly all unarmed. We took twelve prisoners; the others ran up in the woods, where, of course, we lost them.

"We soon found the ladies. They were both ill; the elder one was very bad indeed; she wasn't in her senses, and was I believe above a year afore she got quite well; but Miss Russell (that was the other's name) soon got over it, and barring being a bit sad, was as well as ever when she got to Jamaica. It seems that when they were taken on board the pirate, they were both nearly dead with fright, which brought on a high fever, and it was that that saved them. We dared not put 'em on board the schooner again, as the sight of it would frighten them, so we took 'em on board the corvette, in the barge, under a cover made of the deck awning. I don't know how he managed, but Lieut. Wilding (old John's nephew) contrived to get 'em aboard the Wanderer, though there was better accommodation in the frigate; and I believe that it was he who first took the news to Mr. Ellis, and it was that news that saved him from the grave. I heard, too, that about two years after, when he got his step, he and the young lady made a splice of it; but of this I ain't certain, though I am that I and Morton asked and got leave to see

the hanging of seven of those beggars, though I ain't not usually fond of such sights.

"Spell ho! the yarn's out, and there is that there Mr. Horton asleep."

Gently drawing the wet log-line over his face, while Blake applied the lighted end of his cigar to his nose, we roused him and drove him below; and so ended his first

MIDWATCH IN A MERCHANTMAN.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Merry words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
Telling all that Affection can say;
'Tis the music of heart-cords that dwells in the sound,
"Many happy returns of the day."
The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
When his mates hail his birth in their holiday mirth,
And drink "happy returns of the day."
The old man may smile while he listens, and feel
He hath little time longer to stay;
Still he liketh to hear from the lips that are dear,
"Many happy returns of the day."

Though misfortune is nigh, let the kind words float by,
And something of hope will spring up,
That the hand of the Future may drain off the gall,
And some nectar drops yet fill our cup.
If we bask in Content, while another short year
Is recorded with eloquent bliss;
How we prize the fond wishes, all gladly sincere,
That come round with the soul-pledging kiss.
Oh, our place in the world will be chilly and drear,
When our natal-tide passes away,
Without one to remember, or breathe in our ear,
"Many happy returns of the day."

There are moments when memory cruelly brings
The grim spectres of joy back again,
When sorrow malignantly sharpens her stings,
Till we quiver and bleed with the pain,
And the spirit will groan in such moments as this,
When our loudly-hail'd birthday shall fall,
But among the warm greetings there's one that we miss,
And that one was the dearest of all.
What would we not give if the grave could restore,
The dear form it hath wrested away,
If the voice of that lost one could wish us once more
"Many happy returns of the day?"

There are moments when truth and devotion increase,
Till they burn in the crucible breast,
With an increase of might that we knew not the light
Of our smouldering feeling possessed,
And that flame will be vividly flashing out thus,
When we welcome returns of the time,
That gave some loved beings to life and to us,
The sweet bells in mortality's chime,
Then a garland—a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
Let the natal-tide come when it may,
Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,
"Many happy returns of the day."

A GAME FOR AN HEIRESS.

Once on a time (for we are old-fashioned story tellers,) once on a time, and that time not long ago, there lived an heiress. We do not say that she is now dead; we only say that she lived at the date of this veracious history and she had the habit—for young ladies, even under age, and with their parents near them, have habits now-a-days—of spending a short time occasionally at a pretty villa, in the vicinity of London. There she was at the epoch when my narrative commences, just on the eve of the season, and there also were a crowd of danglers, such as heiresses seldom fail to congregate around them; beaux and lovers, misanthropes and fortune hunters, together with nameless other general and less positive admirers and hangers-on, who had assembled as idlers do at a hunt, more from curiosity to see who shall be in at the death, than from any more definite intentions.

Among this silken rabble, there were two individuals utterly different from the rest in character, and enjoying very superior chances (jeopardized, indeed, only by their mutual rivalry) of winning the hand of our heiress.

The age of one of these persons was but nineteen; handsome to excess, clever "to a degree"—that is, in the cleverness fitted for this bustling "working-day" world, and, by-the-bye, heir to five thousand a-year. His baptismal name was Edward Devon, but from the darkness of his complexion, and the curl of his raven hair, he had obtained among his immediate circle, the *sobriquet* of Gypsy Devon. He was a reader (strange combination!) of Plato and Machiavel. Of the latter he used to say, that there was "a certain epic dignity in the style of Machiavel, nowhere else to be met with in prose;" and of the former, "that it was not the least wonderful, that whole nations should have gone mad with admiration, in poring over the golden reveries of Plato."

The rival of this our boy-hero had "seen five-and-twenty summers," as the novelists very nicely phrase it—indicating that *their* heroes are blind to all the other seasons of the year. He was well-looking, shrewd, had ample experience of human nature and ten

thousand a-year, not to mention the reversionary prospect of a coronet. *He* was a reader (more natural amalgamation) of Machiavel and Voltaire. The former, he said, taught one how to be serious, the latter how to be gay. His name was George Wimbledon.

The characters of these two memorable rivals were somewhat similar, without being wholly alike. Devon had more genius and less experience, greater boldness and smaller circumspection, than his dangerous competitor. Wimbledon possessed no enthusiasm whatever; he was light, like his complexion. Devon was somewhat of the dreamer; he could feel occasionally in spite of his plotting nature; and when he did feel, it was deeply and truly. In fine, they were both intrinsically very much as they each extrinsically *appeared* to be. Wimbledon was cold and polished, like marble; Devon dark and glittering like ebony.

Our platonist had arrived some days before Wimbledon at the fashionable little rendezvous, where the "distinguished" party destined to figure in these historic pages were already assembled. Little did he conjecture when he surveyed the future field of his diplomatic operations, that a hard, cold, worldly-minded, and experienced competitor was soon to follow him, with the same objects, and the same arts, and, if with less genius, with at least infinitely more *habitude*; or that what he not unnaturally deemed his own matchless skill in the management of the human heart, was speedily destined to prove the proximate occasion of bringing upon him a most severe and singular visitation. And he really loved our heiress, too; did poor Gipsy Devon!

When Gipsy Devon arrived at the little gathering-place we have mentioned, the preliminary means he adopted for ridding himself of the rabble-rout of rival admirers, who stood in his way with Miss Ormsby, "beseeching and besieging," were not only very efficacious in themselves, but very characteristic of him who used them. Improving upon Nero of old, he more than *wished* his enemies into a single head, he actually reduced them to that.

It was his first step: among a set of well-matched imbeciles, it is never very difficult to procure for any one of them a distinguished preference—if you (being a man of sense and consideration) take part with this individual, in presence of the fair arbitratrix, by bestowing at once a judicious and temperate eulogistic *persiflage* on *him*, and a quiet depreciatory silence on the *rest*. This was precisely what Devon did for the Honorable William Hartly.

Although extreme youthfulness is a bar to any extensive knowledge of the *world*, in the conventional and technical acceptation of that world, yet it is no bar whatever to a deep knowledge of human nature, which is universally the same beneath all the varying masks of mode and education. The next step of our hero showed no inconsiderable share of this knowledge in him.

He had arrived at that single neck, which his Nero-like fancy had exulted in anticipating; and unpitying was the stroke which he now suffered to descend upon it.

Abuse of a rival is of no avail in matters of love; but malicious *ridicule* is all powerful: that a lover should be a villain, and an acknowledged one, is often no depreciation of him, in his lady's eyes; but that he should be a fool is irretrievable, irredeemable, and not to be atoned for. Eugene Aram might break a thousand hearts; Jack Brag has worked miracles, in touching *one*. A sword whose shining blade has blushed more frequently than its owner's cheek, scarcely scares away the eyes of a fair admired one; but a soiled glove, or an ill-fitting boot are fatal.

One day, then, Gypsy Devon was, for a few minutes, alone with Miss Ormsby, and he said to her,

"Young Hartly—is not he an 'honourable' by-the-by?"

"Yes; son of Lord ——."

"Well, then, Young Hartly—I mean the Honourable William Hartly—is an excellent, an exemplary young man."

"Pray do not call him that. I cannot endure the thought of exemplary young men."

"Well, this delightful Hartly, whom I must not call excellent, is, however, exceedingly perfect in every way; but he has one fault."

"What is it? Does he swear in private?"

"I am not admitted to his private confidence; but I should think *not*."

"Perhaps he gambles?"

"Between ourselves, I do not believe he does any such thing."

"What in the name of heaven can it be then?"

"A trifle—comparatively a mere trifle. Did you ever observe his hands? You will perceive the nails are always very unpoetically tipt with ebony. But he's an excellent, good young man!"

Ah! Gypsy Devon! Gypsy Devon! The axe fell indeed upon the concentrated neck of all your rivals. But the hour of retribution is at hand.

The next day came Mr. Wimbledon, who was a favourite acquaintance of the Ormsby family. Devon perceived in the very first general conversation which occurred, that Wimbledon was an admirer of Miss Ormsby; and having heard also that he was very accomplished and passably rich, he became convinced that he himself would be obliged to use his utmost efforts, and put all his talents in requisition, in order to eclipse the new comer, or the Honourable William Hartly called him the *nouvel arrivé*.

* * * * *

When the gentlemen adjourned, the drawing-room became animated and brilliant. Mr. Wimbledon has not, as the reader may suppose, taken his post at the side of our heiress, Miss Ormsby. No; he is gaily absorbed with two other ladies, of an appearance and character very opposite to each other—with one of whom *he* is flirting—the other of whom is flirting with *him*.

But leaving him: reader, mark Gypsy Devon! He has just deserted Miss Ormsby's side to search for a portfolio, containing something about which he has excited her curiosity. And he thinks, that he remembers having thrown it carelessly behind the velvet curtains of yonder window. Of that, however, he is not sure; and in the act of recollecting, he stands for a moment on the small velvet foot-cushion which lies accidentally between the two windows. Little does he dream that his destiny for life is to be decided by his choice between those windows. Near that one of them towards which his handsome face is turned, there is grouped a little circle. Ah! Devon, Devon! why not choose that window?

In this circle were the Hon. William Hartly and a Miss Julia Bankenwell, whose heart the repulsed admirer of Miss Ormsby had long possessed. Lord Autumn and Lady Winter, together with a metaphysical phrenologist called Saunders, made the remaining members of the little *coterie*.

When Devon had poised himself for a moment on the cushion in question, his foot chanced slightly to slip—this decided his selection; and the next moment his figure had, unperceived by the group, glided behind the velvet curtains.

Scarcely had he been a moment there, when his own name, pronounced close to him, attracted his attention. However, he continued to search on, and endeavoured *not* to hear what was said. But this (probably from some change in the position of the speakers) he found was impossible. He accordingly moved on tip-toe to what we will term the entrance of the curtains, hoping that he might get out unperceived; for it was evident that what had been said had not been meant for his ears, and he would not for worlds have given to those who had said it the pain of supposing he had overheard them. What then must have been his horror when, on half drawing the hanging, he perceived that the group had so moved its position, that it was perfectly impossible for him to leave his accidental place of concealment without doing so in the eyes of them all. And he would be thought a listener!—*he*, Edward Devon! He allowed the curtain to wave to again, and meditated a moment. It was clear he must either submit to be considered an eaves-dropper, or actually become one. He did not intrinsically care so much for the first, only it would be attended with so disagreeable a feeling on the part of his critical friends, that he paused, in sheer pity, ere he showed himself; for the reader must observe that while Devon was revolving these little perplexities in his mind, the group had not ceased speaking of him, and every moment tended to make his position more perplexing.

"Oh! he shows genius in his compliments, does he?" said Hartly, jealously, to Miss Bankenwell.

"*He* does," repled she, desirous of proving to her "honourable" admirer, that if he continued his present, unfair, unhandsome, and dangling course of conduct towards her, she might revenge herself by imitating Miss Ormsby, and permitting the very person who had eclipsed and outshone Hartly in his first attachment, to do the same in his second. "*He* does, Mr. Hartly, though indeed he is rather pert and familiar at times." (Devon had never exchanged three words with the pretty manœuvrer.) "The wit of the compliment he has paid my poor eyes, excuses the freedom of it."

Devon grew pale, and relinquished all thought of making a mortal enemy for himself, by leaving his awkward position. Julia Bankenwell would never forgive him if she discovered that he had overheard her last innocent fabrication; neither would she ever forgive *herself;* and two such evils were not lightly to be encountered.

Under all the circumstances he thought it would even be preferable to *be* an eavesdropper, and not to *appear* one, than to *appear* and not to *be* one.

And yet what was he to do? He could not remain there all night. Miss Ormsby was probably by this time both surprised and offended at his rude delay. He looked around him; he even examined the window, fully resolved, if the thing should be practicable, to attempt an egress in that direction. But no, he could not raise it without making so much noise, that it would be impossible to avoid drawing the attention of the fatal party itself in the first instance; and then what a dignified situation he would be discovered in! Ludicrous in any one's case: but in that of the sublime and sombre Devon, insufferably absurd; a detected listener flinging himself out of the window—perhaps for fear of being *thrown* out!

He waited patiently for some time; but as if to spite him, the conversation, which was carried on three or four inches from his face, became every instant less and less what he could decently appeared to have overheard. Now, indeed, he could not venture to show himself; and yet he could *not* remain a moment longer away from Miss Ormsby. He even heard, just then, somebody asking at a little distance, "Where was Mr. Devon? Miss Ormsby was looking for him!" Besides this, he could not, in honor, permit the party who were discussing him, to continue pouring, unconsciously, into his *ears*, what they would have made some sacrifices to keep far from his *hearing*.

There was a small sofa in the window, and it instantly struck Devon's quick fancy, that he could at once leave his fantastic prison, stop the mouths of the busy gossipers, and instil the balmy conviction into their minds, that they had not been overheard—by a single simple expedient. So simple is it, that though it would not have occurred to two persons in a thousand similarly circumstanced, it yet stands in some peril of sharing the fate of Columbus's egg, and of being denied to have been the intuitive suggestion of a very high and distinguished order of mind.

Be all this as it may, Gypsy Devon stretched himself gracefully upon the sofa, and extending his foot so as suddenly to startle Miss Bankenwell, by touching her heel when she was on the very point of playfully fabricating for him some new compliment to her—so extending his foot we say, he was presently surrounded by the whole group, and caught *asleep!* Many a glance was interchanged before the Hon. William Hartly gently shook our gipsy hero by the shoulder, and awakened him.

"What a bore!" exclaimed Devon, pathetically, after having well acted the self-arousing sleeper; "I cannot escape to get a quiet half-hour's sleep, notwithstanding all my efforts! Ah! how do you do, dearest Miss Bankenwell?"

This last sudden courtesy was answered by a blushing face and a parched lip; for though perfectly a lady, and therefore perfectly self-possessed on ordinary occasions, Julia Bankenwell could not but contemplate with horror the likelihood which there was of her "honorable" lover, Mr. Hartly, mentioning to Devon her boast about the compliments which she had pretended to have received from him; and *then* what would

she do?—what *would* she do? The "dearest Miss Bankenwell," which he had just pronounced, was by far the most tender speech that he had ever addressed to her. Heavens! the possibility of what might happen was maddening.

"Mr. Devon," said that awkward Hartly, "Mr. Devon, I assure you that your complimentary powers are highly valued by a certain lady present." (Poor Julia Bankenwell gasped and clung to the arm of the Countess of Winter. Lord Autumn cried, "Hartly! for shame!" And Devon, meantime, listened with complacent attention). "For she says that 'your compliments to her poor eyes is excused for its freedom, on account of its wit!'"

The one saving circumstance—that which prevented poor Julia from literally swooning—was the gentle look of mirth and good-nature that greeted her from Devon's dark eye, while Mr. Hartly continued to make his dishonourable speech. The moment which concluded that speech, seemed to wrap within it the very life and being of Miss Bankenwell, so full of terrible anxiety was it to her.

"Ah! you mean, Hartly," replied Edward Devon, with perfect composure and a charming smile, "when I said to Miss Bankenwell, that while I and lady Winter, for instance, had eyes given us by Providence that they might gaze at the fools, knaves, and other matters of a very opposite nature around us—she alone, my dear and merry friend, Miss Bankenwell, had eyes given her to be themselves gazed at. There was not much wit in it to be sure; but I shall improve." And so saying, he bowed, smiled, and left the circle hastily.

Fortunate was it for our hero, that he chose *that* window in which to search for the portfolio. A more steadfast friend than he made by this little speech, no one ever made. Everybody knows the danger of making a woman your enemy; a more agreeable moral attends the progress of our present *historiette*. But we must not anticipate. Suffice it to say for the present, that Julia Bankenwell was the intimate and inseperable friend and confidant of Miss Ormsby, our heiress, to whom we might now return.

Devon, immediately on his happy escape as above related, approached the heiress, and having, like herself, utterly forgotten the portfolio, drew a chair beside her, and for some time leant back without speaking. At length Miss Ormsby turned towards him, and said.

"So, Mr. Devon, you grow like Fielding's ghost, and will not speak till you are spoken to. Or is it that you wish people to look at you well before they are impelled to listen to you?"

It was advisedly, as the lawyers say, that our hero had preserved the silence to which Miss Ormsby alluded. For when a person seats himself by another's side, without appearing to have any thing particular to say, it is then self-evident that he has chosen his post for his companion's sake *alone*; while on the contrary, if the moment he arrives within hearing, he begin forthwith to *talk*, it seems as if he had come thither expressly to do so. Some men seek a pretext for approaching any human being—a matter which needs no pretext at all. Devon was a profound master of these important nothings; nothings which the superficial are prone to make *little* of, and which, in return, often make very little indeed of *them*.

"Really I do not desire that your attention should dwell on my face, to the point of overlooking my character," returned Devon, slowly, and half-smiling. "I am very handsome, I know; but what then? Beauty is—

'A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour!'

And the reason I remained silent was, because I had nothing to say. I felt quite happy in being *permitted* to retain my position, while I was *forced* for a moment to retain my silence. But then *you* are my inspiration; only preserve your present poetic smile, and you shall not complain of any ghostlike taciturnity in me."

"'A gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.'"

mutterred Miss Ormsby, with an affected and yet pretty sigh. "My poetic smile will vanish Mr. Devon, if you quote such ungallant and unconsoling lines again. But *is* my smile poetic!"

"Yes (and I am a judge). There is more

character in a smile than in a frown or in any other physiognomical expression."

"What sort of smile would you term the one which is directly the opposite of *my* smile?" inquired Miss Ormsby.

"I should term it the precise opposite of my individual taste and liking," replied he who had genius for a compliment.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Peter Brown, who came up just then. "Come, Mr. Devon, and *my* smile now. What is the opposite of *that*?"

Devon glanced superciliously at his questioner; but on seeing the hearty, cordial, rubicund, and beaming face of poor, innocent, harmless, good-natured Peter Brown, he instantly replied, with courtesy and warmth.

"The opposite of your smile is the famous 'smile sardonic;' a mixture of suffering, of intellect, hem! and of malignity; the person seems in torture even while he laughs; his grimace is but the hieroglyphic of a spasm. *Your* smile, Mr. Brown, is the exact reverse of this."

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Peter. "Oh! ha! ha! ha! Mr. Devon." (But I think he did not understand Devon at all.)

Wimbledon and his antithesis, a certain modest Mr. Bernard Crimson, now approached, and made, with Mr. Peter Brown and Devon, a group around our heiress. Devon's glance rested for a moment thoughtfully and yet triumphantly upon Wimbledon; while the latter did not seem very vividly aware even of the presence of one, whose presence was, in reality, like an incubus, upon the spirit of his hope. Wimbledon's pale impassive face—Devon's perpetual pride-of eye—the contrast was an "interesting" one.

And now, Miss Ormsby, who did not seem at all deeply affected by Mr. Wimbledon's hitherto neglectful, and (as that personage himself had hoped), jealousy-inspiring absence, soon gave life and animation to the social scene.

After a time the conversation rambled to literary topics, and Wimbledon, cold as he was, acknowledged that there was scarcely in all the world a more enviable thing than a wide-spread and well deserved literary fame. Devon's remark on this was characteristic,

"Of all the words in the English language," said he, "proper names alone are supposed to signify nothing of themselves. But take the name of a great author, of one known all over Europe; when *he* writes a new book, his name upon the title-page, at once brings back to the reader's mind his great literary achievements; in those few simple syllables there seem to be visibly wrapped up, pages, chapters, volumes, a world of long-imparted ideas: it is the epitome of all he has ever written worth remembering, the actual compendium of all he has ever publicly thought. Of such a man the name means something; it has a positive and a glorious signification; the book he has written—even if it be not worth much in the inside—is worth something in the title page. Such an author has changed his individual patronymic into a general term—there may be no reading in his pages—but there *is* reading in his name. This is a proud thought. Every man, then, who has raised himself to the honorable notice of the world, may rest assured that he has infused a touching signification, into his very name, which was before something—a mere "sound," "signifying nothing."

"Talking of language," said Wimbledon, "language is a bridge over which many silly thoughts, and one or two wise ones, in a century pass from the mind of one man into the mind of another. Now, some people make this bridge so excessively long for their unfortunate thoughts, that by the time they reach the end of their journey (which between some minds is no trifle, and he glanced at one or two of those near him), they are so worn down and emaciated, that they are utterly incapable of making their way into the mind they were destined for. Now Mr. Devon's thought has fallen down into my mind, and broken its neck. I suppose (added he, with an almost imperceptible sneer) on account of the lofty height from which it had to descend."

"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Wimbledon," said Mr. Peter Brown.

"I think," said Devon quietly, "but I will not be positive" (all the circle attended in a sort of anxious hush), "that it *is* Miss Julia Bankenwell,—yes, surely, it must be—

what do *you* say, Mr. Brown—beyond the third chair, behind Mr. Wimbledon?"

A sort of low, laugh, in which Gipsy Devon himself joined, followed this quiet remark, whose contemptuous significancy nobody could misunderstand.

"Never shall you wed Miss Ormsby, Edward Devon," said Wimbledon to *himself*.

Soon afterwards the party broke, and now, gentle reader, our scene must change to London.

The season was in its flush and zenith. London was full. The game for our heiress draws towards its conclusion.

Wimbledon had long perceived that his youthful rival was no ordinary character; and no sooner had he satisfied himself of this than he resolved that no ordinary means should be resorted to, to counterwork him. And now, dear reader, we must implore your special attention. We have called Wimbledon a man of the world, and a man of talent, and yet we are about to relate an expedient of his, which perhaps no man of talent or of the world ever employed before. But then no fool ever employed it either; and a fool would be infinitely less likely to furnish such an exception to such a rule. In critical and unusual affairs peculiar courses may be pursued without the imputation of either temerity or stupidity.

One day, then, while Wimbledon was quietly a-stretching his person on a lounger of more than oriental softness and luxury, a ragged fellow was heard to elevate a stange cracked voice at the confluence of Oxford-street and Regent-street. The passers-by looked curiously at him: some stopped and smiled, some shook their heads on hearing his words, and looked about for the police, and some of the ragamuffins and urchins followed him, hooting and brawling, and by all sorts of "becks and nods and wreathed smiles," attracted fresh hordes of curious listeners.

At the same identical time, another man of equally equivocal raiment repeated the same scene in Brook-street, and another in St. James's-street; and that night at the Opera-house, and round the Haymarket, three or four individuals raised the same talismanic cry. All this produced what the newspapers call a "sensation." The cry, the talismanic, the magical cry, was "*The handsome and fashionable Mr. Edward Devon is at present in town and spends some hours daily at his elegant residence in Grosvenor-square.*"

This was repeated, and repeated again, until our "gypsy" hero became the very by-word of ridicule, and the proverb of preposterous absurdity. No one ever asked whether it was he who so advertised *himself*, nor was it from any such reflection that the sentiment of damning ridicule against the lofty and poetical Devon arose. It was a vague feeling, but not to be withstood Many a man has been forced to quit a kingdom because a jest has hailed too strongly in it upon his devoted head; exile has been as often the effect of social ridicule as of moral proscription.

Many a woman would take pride in sharing with her husband the splendid storms of a hating populace of *men*, but *no* woman but would shun participating in the squalid storm of a gibing populace of *boys*. Love can delight in the solemn opposition which seems to lend additional importance to its chosen object; but love is not proof against the profane and depreciating touch of *derision*. Hate dignifies, even while it strikes its victim; ridicule tears away the ideal veil of romance, and desecrates, dishonors, and debases what it scorns to annihilate, and does not even condescend to maim.

Ah Gipsy Devon, what a fall was *there*? And where was Wimbledon all this time? On his lounger, his indolent, perpetual lounger, sneering with Voltaire.

One day Edward Devon escorted Mr. Ormsby and his daughter, who was accompanied by Julia Bankenwell to a certain fashionable shop, and as they were coming out again, Devon was in the act of declaiming some high-flown brilliancy to Miss Ormsby, who was on his arm, when one of those anonymous advertising men shouted out his trite and perfectly true, yet cruel and killing *nota bene*. Let us not describe that torturing scene, the prestige of our hero's career was over; his life's life, the vague halo of romance that had hovered round him, was among the things that *had* been.

Let us pass it over—that piteous ordeal of a gentleman's degradation! It will be sufficient to record that he who had hitherto been called Gypsy Devon, with a sort of mysterious admiration, was now termed "Advertising Ned." Would Mr. Ormsby suffer his daughter (even were she so inclined) to make a public show and exhibition of her fair name, by allowing the papers to couple it among the matrimonial *on dits* with that of "Advertising Ned?" Not for worlds! and poor Devon must in future, among those families which still endured his visits, brook the cutting charity of a pitying and a patronising smile.

To have an escort of hooting boys in rags, attending her equipage, whenever it appeared, is a contingency under which no woman would agree to marry, even a Gypsy Devon; and to be protected by the public authorities from such a degradation is not much better than to bear it. Devon, too, as we before remarked, really loved Miss Ormsby!

It now appeared in one of the fashionable papers, under the head of "chit-chat and varieties," that Miss O——y, the heiress, was about to be led to the hymeneal altar, by Mr. D——, better known as "Advertising Ned," to whom she was ardently attached, and in favor of whom she had scornfully rejected Mr. W——n, of an ancient family and large estate in Yorkshire."

Mr. Ormsby and his daughter were of course shown this paper, by some "good natured friend." What was to be done? Wimbledon was warm and instant in his suit, and had never been refused; what would be the triumphant course of conduct to pursue? What the wisest, the most congenial, to a cold, formal, and aristocratic family? To send some flimsy and undignified denial to the newspaper, or by a *silent scornful act* do justice to both Wimbledon and themselves, and cancel the ignominious rumor at once and for ever; and Wimbledon was at their elbow besides, strengthening every favorable impression, laughing away every doubt, and charming them into an appreciation of every gay and every grave advantage that hung around his suit, and Devon, his rival, *was morally no more.*

The conclusion of the game then for our heiress seemed now very likely to be, that the advertiser, the paragraphist, and the admirer of Voltaire, would carry it completely against the gifted, and (with all his faults) the high-minded platonist.

"I have made a long, and I fear, a troublesome visit, Miss Bankenwell," said Mr. Devon, taking up his hat, "but you and your family are the only persons who can look on certain ridiculous contingencies that have lately befallen me, in the contemptuous light which they deserve, and this, perhaps, makes me abuse your generous regard."

"No, indeed, Mr. Devon," replied Miss Bankenwell; "and I sincerely hope you are not yet going to bid me good-bye; there is a matter which I had wished to speak to you about; it concerns Miss Ormsby. I am the most intimate of all her friends, and if —if you thought,—that is,—wished to send her—any verbal token of affection, you would make me happy by employing me. I am sure she likes you."

See what it is to make a friend of a woman! Devon suddenly checked himself and put down his hat again. His eyes sparkled.

"Miss Bankenwell," said he, "had I only known your too partial willingness to serve me, all my apparent difficulties with Miss Ormsby would have long since vanished."

"Ah! now, Mr. Devon, I am more than repaid for the awkwardness which I naturally experienced in introducing this subject. I knew that your genius, which I have always admired and praised, would nobly rise against this mean opposition, like a good ship, which mounts higher upon the very wave that rolls against it. Do you remember you once told me that (under Providence) you defied all enemies and rivals, and could (you felt certain) extricate yourself (these were your words) from difficulties which it would have puzzled another even to count and appreciate."

"Miss Bankenwell, it was that style of conversation, that boastful and contemptuous arrogance which first instigated the desire and then suggested the means of lowering my vain pretensions. And yet," added he, with a thoughtful smile, "I think I shall now, by your kind assistance, furnish an

exemplification of the truth of my own high flown gasconnade." He then continued absently, and as if musing to himself, "Having married Miss Ormsby, I can avoid this ridiculous persecution by residing for a few years on the continent."

"Then you *will* marry Miss Ormsby?" exclaimed his companion eagerly.

The reader will be good enough to recollect that, in the round game of cross purposes which we are recording, Miss Bankenwell was *éperdument* in love with the Hon. William Hartly, who was on his part, equally devoted to the *beaux yeux* no less of Miss Ormsby's *casette* than of her countenance.

"Yes," replied Devon, "if Mr. Wimbledon has not been formally and publicly accepted."

"Then he is not," replied Julia, with delight; "but how do you propose to bring so well-avowed a lover, so nearly accepted a suitor, into disfavor with his all but destined wife?"

"That I shall easily effect," answered Devon, "by the double means of *your* kind friendship for *me*, and *his* hollow and superficial preference for *Miss Ormsby*. Could you, who are so intimate with Miss Ormsby, strongly excite her curiosity to know the exact degree of attachment borne to her by each of her still numerous admirers respectively?"

"That is a curiosity," replied Miss Bankenwell, "which every lady naturally feels, and which of course could, as you hint, be easily excited, and to a feverish degree."

"Then I shall marry Miss Ormsby," said Devon.

"Heaven be praised!" interrupted Julia. "I like each of you best in the world, and should be truly happy to see you united. But what is your plan?"

"It is this," answered Devon: "you must make Miss Ormsby (in order that she may discover who really loves her best, and thus for ever satisfy her curiosity) *feign to catch the small-pox*. Wimbledon will leave her for ever; but I shall not. Those who love the outside of her face will be then distinguished from those who love her heart and character; and those who would not love her twenty years hence, will be distinguished from those who would love her even *then*."

"Admirable, Mr. Devon!" ejaculated Julia, with eyes that silently repeated the sentiment.

Devon shortly afterwards warmly pressed the hand of one of the best friends he had on earth, and left her for awhile. And now, George Wimbledon, your boat must feel the turn of the tide!

"I protest," said Wimbledon to Miss Ormsby, on his first admittance to see her, after a certain illness by which she had been attacked, and which he had heard say was the small-pox, but which he could not himself ascertain the nature of, as Miss Ormsby wore her veil, "I protest I feel the most ardent love, the sincerest and tenderest affection, the most unlimited preference"—(Miss Ormsby raised her veil)—"*for a drive in the park*," he confusedly added, and in five minutes he was gone.

"Dearest Miss Ormsby," said Devon, a quarter of an hour later, "can you doubt that I love"—(the veil was raised)—"*yourself*?"

It was not long afterwards that the papers really and truly announced the union of Mr. Devon and Miss Ormsby, and Mr. Wimbledon was, by Devon's special desire invited to the bridal. Did his eyes mock him, where was now the pitted cheek? Was he then out-manœuvred by a "boy?"

Julia Bankenwell (now Julia Hartly) accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Devon in their continental tour; and thus ends the GAME FOR AN HEIRESS.

THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT BADEN.

Hither come flocking the representatives of every nation of the world, and of almost every class in each. Royalty, princely houses, and nobility with twenty quarterings, are jostled in the indiscriminate crowd with houseless adventurers, beggared spendthrifts, and ruined debauchees. All who can contribute the clink of their louis-d'ors to the music are welcome to this orchestra! And woman, too, fair, delicate, and lovely, the tenderest flowers that ever were nursed within domestic care, mixed up with others,

not less handsome, perhaps, but whose syren beauty is almost diabolical by comparison. What a Babel of tongues, and what confusion of characters! The grandee of Spain, the escaped galley slave, the Hungarian magnate, the London "swell," the old and hoary gambler, with snow-white moustachios, and the unfledged minor, anticipating manhood by ruining himself in his "teens." All these are blended and commingled by the influence of play; and, differing as they do in birth, in blood, in lineage, and conditions, yet are they members of one guild, associates of one society—the gambling-table. And what a leveller is play! He who whispers in the ear of the Crown Prince yonder is a branded felon from the Bagnes de Brest; the dark-whiskered man yonder, who leans over the lady's chair, is an escaped forger; the Carlist noble is taking friendly counsel of a Christino spy; the London pickpocket offers his jewelled snuff-box to an Archduke of Austria. "How goes the game to-day?" cries a Neapolitan prince of the blood, and the question is addressed to a red-bearded Corsican, whose livelihood is a stiletto. "Is that the beautiful Countess of Hapsburg?" asks a fresh-looking Oxford man; and his friend laughingly answers. "Not exactly; it is Mademoiselle Varenne, of the Odeon." The fine-looking man yonder is a Mexican General, who carried off the military chest from "Guana-guato;" the pompous little fellow beside him a a Lucchese count, who stole part of the Crown jewels of his sovereign; the long-haired, broad-foreheaded man, with open shirt-collar, so violently denouncing the wrongs of injured Italy, is a Russian spy; and the dark Arab behind him is a Swiss valet, more than suspected of having murdered his master in the Mediterranean. Our English contingent embraces Lords of the Bedchamber, members of parliament, railroad magnates, money-lending attorneys, legs, swells, and swindlers, and a small sprinkling of University men out to read and be ruined—the fair sex, comprising women of a certain fast set in London divorced countesses, a long category of the window class, some with daughters, some without. There is an abundance of good looks, splendid dress, and money without limit. The most striking feature of all, is the reckless helter-skelter pace at which every one is going, whether his pursuit be play, love, or mere extravagance. There is no such thing as calculation—no counting the cost of anything. Life takes its tone from the tables, and where, as wealth and beggary succeed each other, so do every possible extreme of joy and misery: and one wagers their passions and their emotions exactly as they do their bank notes and their gold pieces.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

There does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that Spirit, who Himself 'is Love;' and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and l ,ting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the most favoured. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, aye, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are broken sometimes with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links never to be re-united; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle: she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and alas! in all his sorrows.

"Not because it is lovely," says Herder,

"does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathise with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her."*

Say that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by his former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow-beings, but one there will be found, like a ministering angel at his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to new exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited,—all men rush to heap their *virtuous* indignation on his head; they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. If at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off *every* claim; and if an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not, to approach him —one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see the tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to hers, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life; and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

He dies—the shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament.* In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting with fatigue, she beholds her infant —her only companion—dying from want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. —Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, 'Let me not see the death of my child!' "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compels me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lifted up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad."†

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, labouring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who followed him through all trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and best of our fellow-creatures,‡ we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late. Many of us

* Mrs. Austin's fragments from German writers.

*Genesis, xxi. 14, &c.

† A very fine picture of maternal suffering is exhibited in the fable of Niobe, (Ovid's Metamorph, lib. 6, fab. 5,) after the destruction of her sons.

"Heu! quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illa!
* * * * * * *
Invidiosa suis, at *nunc miseranda vel hosti!*
Corporibus gelidis incumbit; et ordine nullo
Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes."

And after the death of her daughters, how appropriate was her change into a lifeless marble statue, paralysed—*yet weeping.*

‡ Tasso, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Kirke White, Canning, may be adduced, among many others, as well known examples.

have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

Trifle not with a mother's love. It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet delicate and sensitive;—then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

Let us endeavour to share in the sentiments of the poet Kirk White, as expressed in the following lines:

"And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?—
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine thy life in solitude away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age."

CALENDARS AND ALMANACS.*

'Waste not time, it is the stuff of which life is made,' was the saying of a great philosopher who has concentrated the wisdom of volumes in these few brief but most expressive words.

All ages, all nations, have felt the truth of this definition, of time; and as if with a presentiment of this all-wise injunction, not to waste the precious stuff of which life is made, have ever busied themselves with an endeavour to discover the best method of accurately measuring it.

It forms no part of our present intention to record these different attempts; to trace the various changes and corrections which increasing knowledge has introduced into the Calendar; or to show wherein consisted the superior accuracy of the Julian over the Alban or Latin Calendar; or how Gregory XIII., upon finding that by the introduction of the Bissextile days a difference of ten days had arisen between the Calendar and the actual time, caused them to be abated in the year 1582, by having the 11th of March called the 21st, thereby making it for that year to consist of twenty-one days only. As little need we dwell upon the fact that this new, or Gregorian style, as it was called out of respect to the Pope by whom it was introduced, was immediately adopted by all those countries of Europe which recognized the papal authority; while on the other hand, those who then held the opinion, so prevalent even in our own days, that no good thing could come out of Rome, agreed in rejecting it—so that it was only recognized by the Protestants of Germany in the year 1700, and by England in 1752.

Sir Harris Nicholas, in that most useful little book, his 'Chronology of History,' has pointed out the fact, which is very little known, that an effort was made to reform the Calendar in this country as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—by the introduction of a bill, entitled—'An act, giving her Majesty authority to alter and new make a Calendar, according to the Calendar used in other countries,' which was read a first time in the House of Lords, on the 16th of March, (27 Eliz.) 1584-5. This measure having however failed, for reasons which do not appear, Lord Chesterfield is entitled to the credit of having overcome, in this matter, John Bull's deep-rooted prejudices against novelty, and the following passage from one of his letters furnishes a very characteristic picture of the difficulties he had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them.

After stating why he had determined to attempt the reformation of the Calendar, he proceeds. 'I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which

* Having just issued their celebrated Canadian Almanac, the publishers think the above article on Calendars and Almanacs will prove interesting to the majority of their readers.

they do not. For my own part I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well, so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of Calendars, from the Egyptain down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, and to my, action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them, and many of them said I had made the whole very clear to them, when God knows I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob: their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.'

As the noble reformer could bring these 'various parts of oratory' to bear upon the mob within the house, he succeeded in carrying his measure; but as these persuasive means had no influence beyond the walls of parliament, the mob without clamoured against the change, and the 'ears polite' of my Lord Chesterfield were not unfrequently assailed with cries of 'Give us back the ten days you have robbed us of!'

Absurd and disgraceful as was this opposition to an alteration in the Calendar, called for as much by a regard for public convenience as the dictates of common sense, it was, if possible, exceeded by that which attended the attempt made by Frederick the Great to reform the Almanac published in Prussia: and here, lest any of our readers should labour under the same error as the 'moral-mouthed Pecksniff,' who, speaking of the Calendar in the 'Arabian Nights' as a 'one-eyed almanac,' justified himself in doing so because an almanac and a calendar are much the same, let us point out the distinction between them,—namely, that a calendar is a perpetual almanac, and an almanac an annual calendar.

But to return. Frederick being disgusted, as doubtless he had good cause to be, with the absurdities with which the almanac most in vogue amongst his subjects was filled, directed the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin to prepare a new one, with the omission of the astrological and other objectionable passages, the place of which was to be supplied by matter calculated to instruct, amuse, and, at the same time, increase the real knowledge of his people. This was accordingly done, and a reformed almanac was published in 1779, to the great satisfaction of the king and some few of the well-educated classes of his subjects; but to the generality of the nation its appearance gave the greatest offence. It was looked upon as an attempt to rob them of their ancient faith, and introduce a new religion: one woman in Berlin was nearly beaten to death by her husband for having dared to bring a copy of it into his house; in short, so great was the opposition made to this reform, that Frederick thought it advisable to permit the almanac of the following year, 1780, to appear after its ancient and approved fashion.

We know not precisely which was the almanac which thus unequivocally established its character as a popular favourite. Possibly it was one entitled 'Bauern Practica,' and which, despite of the march of intellect and the labours of the school-master, is, we believe, still printed, purchased, and read in Germany, as the '*Vox Stellarum*' of Francis Moore, physician, with its awful hieroglyphic, and 'chiaro-oscuro' explanations of it, is with us. Goerres, in his 'Teutschen Volksbucher,' speaks of the 'Bauern Practica' as copied from an older book, similar in title

and contents, which appeared at Frankfort on-the-Main as early as 1570, when it had probably had many predecessors. — That Goerres is right in this conjecture we can testify; for an edition of it, bearing date in 1567, is now before us.

If the author of this extraordinary production cannot claim the credit awarded to the respected father of the well-known Caleb Quotem, who is declared to have had

> A happy knack
> At cooking up an Almanac,

he has at all events availed himself, to the fullest, of the privileges conferred upon the members of his profession, by the '*Penniless Parliament of threadbare Poets*,' who, among other enactments, declared it 'lawful for almanac-makers to tell more lies than true tales;' and he has consequently succeeded in producing a volume which, however worthless with reference to the especial object for which he compiled it, is invaluable for the striking and extraordinary picture which it exhibits of the age in which it originated. Its little wood-cut representations of the employments peculiar to each of the seasons are admirable illustrations of German life in the latter half of the sixteenth century, while its numerous rhyming rules and astrological and medical jingles, are equally descriptive of what were then the popular feelings and beliefs. The author of the 'Beuern Practica' may indeed be regarded as the 'Murphy' of the age in which he lived. His book is essentially a weather almanac; for though it contains many medical directions, numerous rhyming calculations for finding the days on which the feasts of the church would fall, it is principally occupied with rules by which the husbandman and the vine-dresser might calculate the nature of the seasons, and signs of changes of weather.

How ancient many of these rules are; how long many of these signs have been observed, is shown in the rebuke which the Pharisees and Sadducees received when they desired to be shown a sign from Heaven. 'When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red: and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and louring. O ye hypocrites, ye can decern the face of the sky; but can ye not decern the sign of the times.'

Coming nearer to our times, we find the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons abounding in tables of prognostications of the weather, and of the good and bad influence of the lunar and solar changes. A manuscript in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, may be cited as an instance: since it contains, among numerous tracts of a purely theological character, a great variety of short treatises, some containing rules for judging of meteorological changes, others showing the influence of the planets upon the health and fortunes of individuals, and others again treating on the interpretations of dreams. Thus we find a prognostication of the seasons of the year, drawn from a consideration of the day on which the kalends of January may chance to fall: *Gif bith Kl. Januarius on dæg drihtenlicum, winter and god bid and winsum and wearum.* 'If Kalends of January fall on the Lord's day, the winter is good, pleasant, and warm.' While another tells us: *Kl. Januarius gif he bith on monan dæg, thonne bid grimme and gemenced winter and god lencten*, i. e. 'If the kalends of January fall on a Monday, the winter will be severe and stormy, and the spring good.' We have also considerations as to what is foretold by thunder—one tract treating of it with regard to the time of the day or night when it is heard, another according to the day of the week. These, and several similar treatises on the interpretation of dreams, fortunate and unlucky days, predictions connected with the hour and time of birth, form altogether a body of materials sufficient for the stock in trade of any Philomath, William Lilly, or Partridge of those days, and who might well apply to its compiler the words of Gay:

> We learnt to read the skies,
> To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
> He taught us erst the Heifer's tail to view,
> When stuck aloft that showers would straight ensue.
> He first that useful secret did explain,
> Why pricking corns foretold the gathering rain;
> When Swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
> He told us that the Welkin would be clear.

The weather-wisdom of our ancestors, like every other species of knowledge they possessed, was handed down from generation to generation in short proverbial sentences

whose antiquity is shown by their rhythmical, or alliterative construction, even when they do not, as is generally the case, consist of rhyming couplets. In many of these popular rhymes, we have doubtless the result of years of observation and experience, a fact which accounts not only for the general accuracy of some of the predictions contained in them, but also for their co-existence in so many languages.

We have made one allusion to the belief embodied in the English Proverb,

The evening red and morning gray
Are certain signs of a fine day.
The evening gray, the morning red,
Make the shepherd hang his head.

The Germans have a similar saying,

Abend roth gut Wetter bot;
Morgen roth mit Regen droht.

Evening red and weather fine;
Morning red, of rain's a sign.

In England we say,

February fill dike, be it black or be it white;
But if it be white, its the better to like.

The Norman peasant expresses a like wish for snow in February, but in terser language.

Ferrier qui donne neige,
Bel ete nous plege.

When Feburary gives snows,
It fine summer foreshows.

The intense cold which generally prevails about Candlemas-day, is the subject both of French and German saying. 'Lichtmiss, Winter gewiss.' 'A la Chandeleur, La grande douleur;' and Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, tells us, 'There is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldnesse of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas Day,' according to the proverbial distich,

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante.
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante;

which is Englished in the proverbial saying,

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;

while the old saw tells us,

As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens,

it is repeated in the German,

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen
Dann komm erst der Winter gegangen.

A cold May and a windy,
Makes a fat barn and a findy,

says the English proverb. The German tells us,

Trockner Marz, nasser April, kuhler Mai,
Fullt Scheunen, Keller, bringt viel Heu.

A dry March, wet April, and a cool May,
Fill cellars and barns, and give plenty of Hay.

Again,

Maimonat kuhl und Brachmonat nass,
Fulle beide Boden und Fass.

May cool and June wet,
Fill both floor and vat.

The peasant of Normandy, again, uses this saying, but, as the Heralds say, 'what a difference.'

Froid Mai, chaud Juin,
Donnent pain et vin.

Cold May, June fine,
Give both bread and wine.

The importance of a dry spring is declared by the English proverb—'A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' while the Germans, in like manner, declare 'Marztaub ist dem Golde gleich,' March dust is like gold.

These examples, which might be multiplied to an extraordinary extent, will suffice to convince the reader how great is the uniformity which exists in the popular belief among the natives of totally different countries, as to probability of coming seasons coinciding with the prognostications embodied in these semi-prophetical proverbs: several of which, it may here be remarked, have been tested by modern observers, who have borne evidence as to their general accuracy. A collection of the weather adages of different countries would be extremely curious, even as mere illustrations of national peculiarities, observances, and in some cases perhaps of national superstitions—but they would moreover be of considerable value, as affording materials to the philospher for investigating the changes which are believed to have taken place in the climates of such countries, since the very remote period in which the majority of these sayings had their origin.

But while our ancestors calculated the nature of the coming year in the manner already referred to, they, like the naturalists of our own days, drew many important prognostications of atmospheric changes from the peculiarities evinced by various natural objects—plants, insects, birds, and animals—on the approach of a coming storm, or other change of weather or temperature. Instead, however, of citing instances of these, or seeking to prove the general accuracy of calculations founded upon such data

we will substitute the following remarkable historical anecdote, which bears very strongly upon this point, and which, we believe, will now be seen by most of our readers for the first time. The spiders which cheered King Robert the Bruce, and encouraged him to resist the English monarch, had scarcely a higher claim to be numbered among the trifling causes which have led to mighty conquests, than those which figure in the following narrative.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots, when they revolted against the Stadtholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years.

Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed from natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement, in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pa n on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes, and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headach attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and northeast winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well and the fine weather returned.

Further observations confirm him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving, and general habits, were so intimately connected with changes in the weather, that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which lead to his release.

When the troops of the French Republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th Januray, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph: and Quatremer Disjonval, who had

watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

And now, before we conclude these desultory remarks upon Calendars and Almanacs, and the alterations and reformations which they have from time to time undergone, we cannot omit all mention of one proposed change which was advanced with so much reason and common sense as ought to have secured its universal adoption. We allude to the endeavour made by the Emperor Charlemange, to substitute for the Roman names of the months, of which the signification must have been unintelligible to a great proportion of his subjects, the far more expressive names of German origin; in which case we might with reason have retained the apt and significant designations used by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, which, to our mind, are as suggestive and picturesque as the miniated illuminations, rich in gold and purple, which ornament our very early Calendars, and afford us a far better insight into the manners and customs of the olden times, than we can obtain from the annals of the historian or the disquisition of the antiquary.

At the present moment, when greater attention to the history and literature of the Anglo-Saxons is manifesting itself among us, a few illustrations of the manner in which the year was divided, in the days of Bede, Alfred, and Ælfric, may, perhaps, be read with some interest.

The year, which was divided into two parts, commenced with the so called 'model or medre niht—(mother night,) with the night which gave birth to the year; the second division commencing with the summer solstice on 'mid sumor niht.' These divisions were again equally subdivided by the Vernal and Autumnal equinox. Throughout all the Teutonic nations the winter and summer solstice were seasons of festivity and rejoicing. By the Anglo-Saxons the winter festival was called 'Geol' or 'Gehol,' the seasons for rejoicing—a name which is still preserved in Yule—the common designation of Christmas in the north of England. The summer festival on the other hand was called 'Lid,' or the feast of drinking, and some of the names of the months were partly derived from these festivals. Thus December, the month which concluded the year, and preceded the feast of 'Geol,' was called 'Arra Geola,' or before Yule; while January, which followed it, was called 'Aftera Geola,' or after Yule. June and July were in like manner designated 'Arra Lida,' and 'Aftera Lida,' with reference to their preceding and following the great summer festival.

But these were not the only designations for these months; the twelve months of the Anglo-Saxons being distinguished by the following characteristic epithets.

January, as we have already observed, was entitled 'Aftera Geola,' from its falling after Yule or Christmas.

February was called 'Sol monad,' or soil month, because at this season the tiller of the soil began to busy himself with the labours of the field, over which, as we see by illuminations in the old MSS., he now laid 'of dung (or soil) full many a fodder.' This name, we learn from Mr. Akerman's interesting little 'Glossary of Wiltshire Words,' was long preserved in that county in a saying commemorative of the proverbial coolness of February.—'Sowlegrove sil lew,' February is seldom warm.

March was designated 'Hlyd monad' (loud month), and 'Hred monad' (rough month), from the boisterous winds which then prevailed; and we again learn from Mr. Akerman that March continued to be called Lide in Wiltshire, as late as the time of Aubrey, who has preserved the following proverbial rhyme in which this name occurs:

> Eat leeks in Lide, and Ramsins in May,
> And all the year after physicians may play.

April was entitled 'Easter monad' (Easter month), and May 'Thry Mylke' (three milk month), from the abundance of that essential article of food to the Anglo-Saxons, at this season, when, owing to the richness of the pasture, they were enabled to milk their kine and goats three times a day.

June, in addition to its name of 'Arra Lid' (before Lide), was also called 'Sear monad,' or dry month, because at this time the wood required for use during the following winter was hewn and dried.

July, which, as we have already observed,

was called 'Aftera Lide' (after Lide), was also known by the name of 'Mæd mor ad' (mead or meadow month), because now the harvest being concluded, the cattle were turned to feed in the meadows,

August was called 'Weod monad' (weed or grass month), because as soon as the grain was cut and carried, the shepherds went into the fields to collect the weeds and grass growing among the stuble as fodder for their cattle.

September was called 'Harvest monad,' because the harvest was brought to an end, and the harvest feast celebrated. This, which had in the times of Paganism been regarded as a sacred festival, gave rise to a second name by which this month was distinguished, namely, 'Haley monad,' or holy month.

October was called 'Wynter fylled (winfilleth or beginneth), because the full moon in this month was the commencement of winter among the Saxons; and November was called 'Blot monad,' blood month, or the month of slaughter or sacrifice, because before their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons were at this season accustomed to celebrate their great festival in honour of Wuodan, when many of the animals, which they then killed as provisions for the winter, were offered as sacrifices to that Deity.

December called 'Arra Geola,' (before Yule) and 'Midwinter monad,' (midwinter month,) concludes the list; in which we have not inserted the names Wolfmonad, Sproutkele, and others cited by Verstegan, because although in use among the Saxons of the continent, they do not appear to have been introduced into England, or adopted by our more immediate ancestors.

THE GENOESE MASK.

A STORY OF ITALIAN LIFE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.—THE VEIL AND THE MEETING.

If the reader had been in Genoa on a certain Sunday evening in the early part of June, 18—, he would have found all the world of that beautiful city enjoying the promenade in the lovely gardens of the Acquasola. The spring had been unusually prolonged, the tramontana more bleak than usual, and the delicate inhabitants of the city of palaces had been deprived of their out-of-door amusements; but the Sunday in question showed clearly that the spring had brightened into summer, and old and young joyously resumed their accustomed pleasures. The Acquasola was thronged—a fine military band was sending forth bursts of inspiring harmony—the leaves of the long avenues of laburnums were waving in the gentle breeze—naval and military officers in abundance were sporting their tasteful uniforms to the admiration of troops of fair girls, whose white muslin head-dress and capes contrasted gaily with the dark hood of some sombre padre.

While this exciting scene was at its height, considerable sensation was caused by the appearance, upon the promenade, of several young men, in a uniform different from and much plainer than these of the Sardinian services. 'Chi sono questi?' (who are they?) buzzed about by many a fair lip, and it soon became known that they were officers of the English man-of-war, which had anchored that morning within the mole, having been sent by our government to do honour, at some approaching fetes, to a recent marriage in the royal family of Sardinia.

For some little time the English officers walked together, observing the costumes and appearance of the Genoese, but they soon separated; one or two retired with the consul; others who had been long enough abroad to forget English customs, strolled into the Teatro Diurno, or formed a party for the 'Carlo Felice,' where a new opera was to be performed. The twilight soon darkened into evening, and the gardens became almost deserted. Of the English officers, one only remained, quietly walking up and down a secluded path, which afforded a fine view of the sea, of the vast amphitheatre formed by the junction of the Alps and Apennines, and of the beautiful villas picturesquely scattered among the hills, and shining brightly in the rays of the rising moon. He was absorbed in reverie, enjoying the placid beauty of the scene, pondering in a half-dreamy state over former scenes and recollections, and comparing past with present

enjoyments—the pleasures of memory with those of imagination and hope.

Strolling along with feelings thus occupied, at a turn in the path he suddenly encountered a lady. Both were arrested for a moment by the unexpected meeting, but after a moment, the Englishman raised his cap, and the lady bowed and passed on, but not before their eyes had met, and those of the lady proved to have a deep lustrous beauty rarely observed.

For the sake of appearances, our countryman walked to the end of the path, but immediately turned, in the hope of seeing the signora again. He had observed that she was closely veiled by her mantilla, and followed by a respectable-looking servant; but on his turning, they were no longer visible. He was greatly disappointed, for the hour, the scene, and his previous train of thought had all been highly favourable to the influence of the softer impressions, and he felt that he had never before encountered such lustrous orbs as those of the fair incognita. But it is time that we should introduce our hero to our fair readers.

Charles Stafford was the son of a gentleman, who, by lavishing expenditure, had early run through a large estate, and Stafford had been, in consequence, obliged to enter the navy at an age latter than is usual in the service, and when his own habits had led him to look forward to a less arduous career. This, while disadvantageous in some respects with regard to promotion, was, on the whole, beneficial, as his education had been prolonged, and he therefore entered the service much better informed than the majority of those at his own age, who had spent some years at sea. He was at the time of our story, about three-and-twenty, not above the common height, without any remarkable personal advantages, slenderly but still powerfully formed, and conveying in his air, manner, and conversation, that indescribable tone of refinement, which, is seldom, if ever, seen in those who have not habitually enjoyed polished female society. His face, without being what is generally termed 'handsome,' commanded interest at once, from the deep intellectual power conveyed in the expansive forehead, and the glance of his deep blue eye. Under a gay, frank, cordial manner, which, with a kindly disposition, made him generally popular on board, he concealed, perhaps unconsciously to himself, a profundity of passionate feeling and romantic aspirations, clouding and tinging the more practical ambition of a man of the world. It was only when he met with one of the other sex, whom he felt understood him, that his hidden vein of character appeared.

The high standard of ideal perfection which Stafford had bodied forth in his reveries, had rendered his love hitherto of that lighter kind which suits the sailor. He loved, and he sailed away! Perhaps this did not render him less popular with the gentle sex; he had neither too much intellect to want heart, nor too much heart to want intellect or spirit; the men of this stamp are often preferred to those whose passion renders them the humble slaves of thefair, who naturally value more that which appears somewhat difficult of attainment. Continually in search of the creature of his imagination, he had failed to meet with any who excited more than a transient affection, and living with a sort of presentiment that his ideal would be realized in some unusual manner, he was peculiarly susceptible to impressions from unknown fair ones. Thus the single glance of the veiled lady, which in another would have passed scarcely noticed, in him was a source of vague undefinable hopes and fantastic castle-building, in which we must leave him for the present.

CHAPTER II.—THE OPERA—THEORY OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The week following the commencement of our story, was passed in Genoa in a round of excitement and preparation. The court arrived from Turin, the king reviewed his ships and troops, held levees, and attended high mass in the cathedral. The governor gave soirees, and the doors of numerous palaces were open to the English officers, who in return gave an entertainment on board their vessel, which was most favourably received by the Genoese. Every day the ship was thronged by natives, curious to examine one of our floating castles, and Stafford, who spoke Italian fluently, spent a good deal

of his time in conversation with the more intelligent among the visitors.

One morning he had been paying some little attention to an old count, who invited him to share his box at the opera that evening, which offer Stafford accepted, and after a stiff official dinner at the Government House, found himself at the Teatro Carlo Felice. The opera, which had commenced, was a new one by Ricci, and at the moment when Stafford entered the box of the count, the prima donna and tenor were in the midst of a duet, which at once enchained his attention, and a silent bow was the only salutation exchanged between himself and his host. The theatre, as is the custom throughout Italy, was very badly lighted, the stage being the only illuminated part, so that the boxes were in deep obscurity,—so much so, that Stafford was perfectly unconscious of the presence of a lady in the box, who sat behind the curtain, which was partially drawn, rendering the corner next the stage quite dark.

Between the first and second acts he kept up a lively conversation with the count, on the effects of music on society, on the happiness of individuals, and thereby on the welfare of communities. The second act soon commenced, and the plot became interesting. The daughter of an old noble loved the son of one of her father's dependants; the love was returned; the mutual attachment discovered, and the youth banished the country of the lady's father. He pursues his fortune abroad, is valiant and successful, and returns, loaded with honours, to the land he had left a miserable dependant. The lady had cherished her early attachment, had rejected noble suitors, and had watched the career of the youth with pride and devotion; believing that his deeds were excited by his love for her. The youth probably indulged the same belief, without being conscious how much ambition had given a colouring to his love. Both looked forward with eager anticipation to a meeting, which at length took place. Old vows were renewed, and the happiness of a life appeared consummated,—when the lady was agonized at discovering that her lover was faithless—the adorer of one of her dependants, a young girl of surpassing beauty, who resided in the castle. All his boyish dreams, the love of his youth, the aim of his ambition, had yielded before the influence of 'love at first sight,' and this the forsaken one discovered. While the most plaintive music conveyed, with the admirable acting of the prima dona, the nature of the feelings she might be supposed to endure to the auditor, Stafford was startled by a deep sigh, and now, for the first time, found that a lady shared the box with himself and his friend. The second act closed upon the sorrows of the heroine, when, without any introduction, and still remaining within the shade of the curtain, the lady said in a low voice,

'Do you think it possible that the feelings of years could be thus destroyed in a moment?'

'No,' said the count, decidedly; 'the plot is anything but natural, and the success of the piece entirely depends on the beauty of the music.'

'It is well,' said Stafford, 'that in an opera we need not expect perfect stage propriety, or the object would be lost. The aim of the composer is to convey the emotions of the soul by music; the stage action merely elucidates his meaning more clearly. If you do not regard it in this light, how absurd would be the interchange of vows of passionate love in the runs of a tenor, and the cadenza of a soprano; the thundering chorus of a set of midnight robbers about to surprise their prey; or the deep schemes of a villain explained in the lowest notes of the basso.'

'But,' replied the count, 'at any rate you have a right to expect that the emotions portrayed by the composer in his music, should be natural ones. He may write the air of a despairing lover, but do not let this despair be brought about by unnatural causes. This, instead of assisting, mars his efforts.'

'Very true,' said Stafford, 'but to return to this piece; every one, I suppose, could judge of the probability of the lover's conduct, by his own feelings.'

'And would it be fair to ask,' hastily interrupted the lady, 'if you consider it true to nature?'

'Why, perhaps scarcely so,' laughingly replied Stafford; 'for as I have just said that one can only judge by his own feelings, if I do not deny its probability, of course I am

set down as the most faithless of mortals.'

'But seriously,' said the count. 'you cannot think such conduct within the bounds of possibility.'

'I should, perhaps, at times agree with you,' said Stafford; 'but I can conceive a man acting even for years under a mistaken feeling. He might not know how much the gratified vanity of the boy, the aspiring ambition of youth, had been mistaken for the love of the man: and when, his ambition being accomplished, the inequality between the parties was removed, the same flattering preference could not be shown, and the man misses one of the most powerful of the boy's emotions.'

'But,' replied the count, 'the feelings of years to be destroyed by the first glance of a pretty face! Impossible!'

'You are no Platonist, my dear count,' said Stafford.

The conversation appeared to be finished, when, after a short pause, the lady suddenly resumed it, saying, 'But what has Plato to do with the question?'

'Why,' said Stafford, 'perhaps not much; yet I feel that some of his notions are almost verified in this very question of love at first sight; in this unaccountable attraction, which many must have felt towards one never seen before. This secret sympathy is a kind of memory, perhaps the imperfect and clouded consciousness of a former existence.'

At this moment some one knocked at the door of the box, and one of the messengers of the house brought a message to Stafford from his captain, who was in a box below, asking him to come down immediately. Stafford just explained the nature of the interruption to his companions, and followed the messenger, expecting to return after a few minutes. The captain, however, wished to introduce him to some friends, and before he could leave them, he had the mortification of seeing that the count had quitted his box.

As early the next morning as etiquette allowed, Stafford called on the old gentleman, feeling a strange sort of impatience to hear something of the fair *incognita*, but had the mortification of finding that he had left Genoa that morning for Turin, on official matters of importance. He therefore remained in a state of very puzzling uncertainty as to the name, condition, and even appearance of the lady of the box, which was still more perplexing, as he felt an almost unaccountable conviction that she was also the veiled lady of the Acquasola.

CHAPTER III.—THE ASSIGNATION.

Rather late in the afternoon of the same day, Stafford, who had been engaged on some trifling matter at the consulate, was returning by the Strada Nuovo, and was stopping to admire one of the beautiful marble palaces which adorn that street, when he felt a hand placed upon his shoulder, and a clear, ringing voice cried,

'Ah, Stafford, my boy, I did not know you were ashore. Have you heard the news? We're off.'

'Indeed! I thought we were to wait for the illumination.

'I thought so too, but the skipper has just said that he had had feasting and dancing enough, and only waited to end some business with the ambassador to be off. Heigho!'

'What! a sigh from you, the prince of reefers? Why, you must be in love. Come, there's no occasion to look foolish; I suppose one of the dark-haired signorine has let you see that she has no objection to the *capelli bianchi* of we northmen.'

'Well, to tell you the truth, Stafford, I have seen one of the dearest, prettiest, and most seducing little devils you can fancy—neither tall nor short—neither pale nor dark—nicely rounded off—as lively and sparkling as a bottle of champaign. Oh, such love-telling eyes!—such a voice!—such a laugh!—by Jove, I shall die of vexation if I never see her again.

'Capital, really! You'd act a romantic lover in light comedy to admiration! And pray who is this paragon?'

'Ah! that's the question. I saw her the first time in the Aquasola.'

'Ah! the Acquasola?' said Stafford to himself, and started slightly; but his companion did not notice him, and continued, 'I put my Italian to some purpose—pretended it was the custom in England to dispense with formal introductions—had a long chat with the pretty creature—made an

appointment to see her again, and have done so every day since.'

'And after so many meetings have you not found out who she is?'

'Nothing more than that her name is Laura, and that she is a sort of companion with one of the duchesses, contessas or marchesas, who swarm here as thick as bees. I have always tried to accompany her home, but she always makes a stop at a certain spot, and though I have followed as closely as I could, I have never been able to find out where she disappears.'

'Singular, certainly,' said Stafford, "but why not go to the house of this contessa, or marchesa, or whatever she may be?'

'Why not?—why because I don't know her name, and Laura refuses to tell me; and by the bye, I forgot to tell you that the other day she was making very particular inquiries about you, so particular indeed that I began to get a little jealous, though I believe she wormed out of me all I knew about you.'

'Satisfactory that, at any rate; but here's the cafe del Cairo; suppose we talk the matter over, and enjoy an ice at the same time.'

This was agreed upon, and the two friends had not been long seated when a man, having the appearance of a gardener, who had been loitering about the door, entered and addressed them in that barbarous mixture of Italian, French, and German, which the Genoese call a language, but which is certainly the vilest *patois* under heaven. It was, of course, incomprehensible, but he managed to make Stafford understand that he wished to speak with him alone. Stafford, rather amused, walked aside, when the man presented one of those notes of which the fanciful folding at once betrays their feminine origin. Stafford at once opened it, and read in a fair Italian character:

'I wish to speak with you this evening. Do not misunderstand me; I am a lady of honourable birth and reputation. I wish to see you on an affair of importance, and trust you will accept invitation. Excuse the liberty, and take in good part the offer of one who is no stranger to your person or character.'

There was no signature, and the surprise and curiosity of Stafford was excessive, but he controlled any appearance of them, and went into the cafe, where he wrote a note, simply stating that he should be happy to comply with the lady's request, gave it to the bearer of his billet, and appointed to meet him at the Porto Franco early in the evening.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MASK AND THE MASKER.

In a small apartment opening into a drawing-room of one of the magnificent palaces which form the characteristic feature of Genoese architecture, two ladies were seated, the one employed upon a piece of fancy embroidery, the other leaning back in a fauteuil, and running over the strings of a guitar with a hurried hand, and in an irregular manner, evidently abandoning herself to the enjoyment of a reverie. There was a striking personal resemblance between these two ladies, but the former was the younger, apparently by five or six years. She was a tall, sparkling Italian beauty of eighteen, whose olive complexion, eyes and hair of jet, ruddy lips and swelling bust, would have perhaps expressed rather too much of the *passion* of woman's nature, if their effect had not been softened by an air of quiet dignity which the young lady had derived from her birth and station. Her companion was of the same stature, and her figure rather more developed; there was something imperious and commanding in her appearance, combined with a melancholy expression proceeding from her beautiful eyes, which were partly covered by a luxurious veil of long dark, eye-lashes. The ladies sat for some time without speaking; at last the elder appeared to rouse herself from her reverie, and said,

'Lucia, how do you like that dress which Laura has left so carelessly on the table yonder?'

'Oh, it is extremely elegant, I admire it very much,' replied the younger lady.

'I am glad you like it, for I have obtained one of the same pattern for you, and besides that, during the last few days I have employed an artist to paint you in it. I wished to have your portait to console me in some measure for your expected departure.'

'My dear cousin, you are always spoiling me by your kindness. But I see the carriage is ready, shall we go out?'

'Why, I suppose you will only make a call or two, and then go to the usual conversazione, so I think I will meet you there. I shall perhaps come a little later than usual, as I rather expect a person I wish to see.'

The younger lady left the room, and her late companion remained sitting in a thoughtful attitude, occasionally running her beautiful hand almost unconsciously over the strings of her guitar.

The Contessa Palestrina was a young widow, who had been married when quite a girl, by the desire of her father, to the count, who was more than three times her own age. He, however, had scarcely survived the marriage a year, and left our heroine mistress of a splendid property. Her beauty and accomplishments (not to slight the Genoese by adding, and her uncontrolled possession of a splendid income), drew around her a crowd of suitors; but four years had now elapsed since the commencement of her widowhood, and all were equally unfavoured. She had lost her mother at an early age, had been brought up under the eye of a stern, unapproachable father; had been married to a man she never loved, and thus being dependant upon her own resources for pleasure, she had by reading and study, under the best masters, become a highly-educated and self-dependent woman. She was naturally romantic and enthusiastic; the imaginative literature she often indulged in was of this caste, and she had determined that her second marriage should be one in which her heart alone was engaged. She frequently reflected upon the various young men who came before her, but had never met with one who approached the ideal she had set up as her bosom's idol; never one who had inspired the secret inward thrill of love. She felt one great end of her nature was unfulfilled, but remained happy in the society of her cousin, until her accidental meeting with Stafford in the Acquasola. Unseen by him, she had observed him at a party the following evening, and was more impressed by his manners and conversation than she would probably have ever confessed to herself.

She planned the meeting in the box at the opera, and had ever since been in a state of dreamy delight. She had at last found, as she fondly imagined, one who could sympathize in her feelings—one who knew what it was to love. She accidentally discovered that her confidential attendant had been noticed by one of Stafford's companions, and without showing any remarkable anxiety, she had gained a very good idea of his character from the sentiments of his friend. She fancied, partly from this information, and partly from his conversation at the theatre, that although he was very susceptible to the influence of the sex, these impressions might be as fleeting as sudden. She had therefore formed a plot by which she thought she should discover if he had been deeply impressed by herself, and could judge as to the stability of his passion.

After her cousin had left the room the countess revolved her plan over in all its bearings, and was rising to reach a close black silk mask from her desk when Laura entered and told her that Paolo had returned, accompanied by an English officer. The lady, with suppressed agitation, masked very closely, placed the picture of her cousin under the guitar, and told Laura to bring in the stranger.

CHAPTER V.—THE BOUDOIR AND THE PORTRAIT.

Stafford, after dressing on board, with rather more than his usual care, was punctual to his appointment at the Porto Franco, where he met Paolo, as agreed upon. A plain carriage was in waiting, in which he at once seated himself, and saw that they were leaving the city by the Rapallo road. After a short drive they entered the grounds of a noble residence, and drew up at the entrance to the gardens. Here Stafford alighted, and was shown into a small room opening into this garden, when Paolo left him. After a few minutes he was conducted into another part of the mansion by Laura, and was standing before the masked lady we have just introduced to the reader. Rather an embarrassing silence ensued; Stafford appeared confused, the countess agitated, but she was the first to speak, and said in a faltering tone.

'You will pardon me, sir, for the liberty I

have taken, and the trouble I have given you. Pray be seated.'

Stafford stammered some common-place answer, to the effect that he was honoured and proud, and so on; feeling as if all his usual confidence had deserted him, for though the mask he caught a glance of the same eyes he had encountered in the Acquasola. A short conversation followed with regard to the movements of the ship, Stafford stating that he expected she would leave on the following day, but that he thought of obtaining leave of absence, and proceeding over land to join his ship at Naples, where she was expected to remain for some time.

'Are the attractions of Genoa so great then?' said the countess, smiling.

'The idols of the ancients were veiled from their worshippers,' replied Stafford, 'but they attracted no less devotion.'

The countess bowed to the implied compliment, and Stafford, wondering what the mask implied, but not wishing to ask directly, turned the conversation upon music, and begged that the lady would favour him with some little air on the guitar. She took it up, and he observed that she threw her handkerchief over something lying beneath it, but his attention was diverted by her commencing an air very popular at the time along the Italian shores.

The countess finished, and sat in a thoughtful attitude for some moments. She then assumed an air of gay raillery, and said, 'Would it be fair to ask if these sentiments were addressed to a real or imaginary beauty?'

'Lady!' replied Stafford, suddenly, 'we cannot reason upon the affections. I feel that I have seen you before. Without knowing why, I feel that the lighter loves of my youth were but as transient shadows that leave little more than a mournful melancholy in their retrospect; I feel that the aspirations of, my boyish dreams and of my later reveries in you are realized, in you I feel that I may find that love which should guide and purify the ambition of manhood.'

The countess trembled and her breathing was hurried, but she said nothing and Stafford continued, 'You are silent, lady; why this concealment, why that mask? Nay, suffer me to remove it.

'Stop, sir,' said the countess, almost rising, 'listen a moment and answer me. I am noble, rich, young, and a widow. Take care that you do not suspect the honour of my intentions, because I am acting in a singular manner. If I loved much, I should desire to be much loved.'

'Ah, lady,' interrupted Stafford, 'to live in your presence—to hear that soft voice—to speak of the past—to hope for the future; —no! not hope for the future; communion with you would be the consummation of *hope*.'

'Your feelings are too sudden to be real,' said the countess, after a pause; 'you have not yet seen me.'

'You must be beautiful.'

'And if I were not?'

'You must be. Those accents could only proceed from beautiful lips. I know that admiration as well as sympathy will form the sweet chain of love.

'Well, I warn you that you will soon see me.'

'Oh, when?'

'This evening.'

'And where?'

'At a conversazione. Here is a card of invitation, and the carriage you came in will conduct you there.'

'But how shall I be able to know you?'

'That is the point; perhaps you will not know me.'

'Oh lady' then why the meeting?'

'Listen—in two hours I shall be at the conversazione without a mask; there will be other ladies there, not wanting in grace or beauty—you will see them—examine your heart with regard to them—judge which most excites your admiration—if myself, you will return here to-morrow in a manner I will appoint—if another, you will go into foreign lands, and I shall always remain concealed from your knowledge.'

'But, signora, why expose me to the *chance* of being deceived? Your voice, your manner, your sentiments, all call up my boyish dreams of love, and I feel that if I lose you I lose all that I have been hoping for since the wild fancies of the boy have been exchanged

for the active life of the man. Why then this mystery, this stratagem?—why not at once remove the mask? Nay, allow me—'

'No; you must understand my reason. I fear that unless you admired me above all others your passion would be as transient as it is sudden; but if, in the midst of rank and beauty, I am preferred by you above all, and your understanding afterwards approve the dictates of your passion, I shall not doubt your constancy, *and*—'

This *and* of the fair countessa was very expressive, and her hand fell in a half-premeditated manner upon her knee. Stafford reverently kissed it, and said.

'Lady, I submit to your conditions, but tremble when I think of the loss I may sustain. Only think, I might not see you among so large a crowd.'

'Still,' she replied, 'I am resolved. Wait here a few moments until I return.'

The contessa suddenly left the room, and Stafford remained in a state of half stupefaction from contending feelings of newly-excited passion, wonder, and curiosity. For a lady, noble, young, and rich, to have conceived an evident passion for himself, and to have sent for him to propose a stratagem by which he might lose her for ever! Then he began to analyze the strange nature of his own tumultuous feelings towards one whom he had not seen, and began almost to fancy himself the hero of an ancient tale of Eastern enchantment. Whilst engaged with these thoughts he mechanically took up the guitar, and saw the handkerchief which he remembered to have seen the countess lay there rather carefully on taking up the instrument herself. He took up the handkerchief, and at once started to see the miniature which lay beneath it.

'Ah!' said he to himself, 'the mystery is solved. This must be her portrait, and by the souls of my fathers, there lies a dress exactly like this of the portrait. Yes, it must be so—everything proves it to be her portrait. Glorious discovery! but it has spoiled a very pretty plot. This is woman all over—to let the most trifling accident, which the slightest care would have avoided, interfere with their best designs. I shall not forget these beautiful features, though not exactly what I had imagined—the painter has certainly not done justice to her splendid eyes—but it would be an impossibility. I shall go well prepared to my trial—I shall know her among a thousand. How beautiful she is!

Stafford was interrupted in his soliloquy by a footstep, and had but just time to replace the portrait, when the contessa returned and said,

'Do me the favour to wear this ring this evening.'

'Signora!' said Stafford, surprised and somewhat offended.

'It is part of my plot,' she answered; 'if you recognize me, give me this ring, and I shall find means of seeing you to-morrow; if not, keep it as a remembrance of one you will never see more. Now, addio! the carriage will convey you to the conversazione of the Marchesa Azzopardi. You will find plenty of your Genoese acquaintance there, so with the card I gave you, you need not fear for your reception. Addio!'

Stafford took the ring, and they parted.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TRIAL.

A suite of rooms in one of the largest of the palazzi of the Strada Balbi was that evening thrown open for company, with more than usual attention to gaiety and effect. The beautiful marble staircase was brilliantly lighted and adorned by the rarest flowers. Two large drawing-rooms almost surrounded by mirrors, and lighted by splendid central chandeliers, formed by reflection the appearance of an almost interminable suite of gorgeous rooms. The principle salon was surrounded by smaller apartments in which were card-tables, music, and refreshments. The corridor opened into a conservatory, at the extremity of which a band was stationed. Many of the distinguished official visitors at the fetes were present, and therefore every one was in full dress, producing a scene of great brilliancy; the uniforms of the ambassadors and their *attaches*, from different courts, and the military uniforms of almost every European nation, contrasting with the fair white dresses and fairer cheeks of Genoa's beautiful daughters.

Stafford, who had not had time to go on

board to dress in uniform, was in a plain dark evening dress, and stationed himself near the principal entrance in order to observe the guests as they passed, and make more certain of seeing his mysterious friend. A Neapolitan nobleman was leaning upon a pedestal in an attitude of studied negligence, and the admiral of the Sardinian fleet was standing at his side, when two of Stafford's messmates, in the full dress of the English navy, sauntered past.

'What a pity it is,' said the admiral to his companion, 'that the English, who are so proud of their navy, should make such figures of their officers by that abominable dress.

'True,' returned the Neapolitan, 'but, notwithstanding their horrid dress, these English manage to monoplize all the prettiest women in the room. It was but last night that pretty Lucia Sforza told me she was engaged to dance, and next moment accepted a brat of a midshipman in a blue jacket.'

They passed into the music-room, and while they were listening to one of the beautiful duets of Bellini, the Signorina Lucia Sforza entered with another lady, and joined the group who were enjoying the harmony. Stafford at once recognized her as the original of the portrait, and determined to watch her movements. She and her friend soon seated themselves in a sort of recess, upon a sofa, behind which Stafford was standing; and the admiral, who was acquainted with Stafford, addressed one of the ladies, and then introduced Stafford to both. A game at cards was proposed, and when passing into the card-room, Stafford said to his companion in a soft, confidential tone,

'Now allow me to tell you how happy I am that we have met again.'

She bowed and said, 'I think you mistake, sir;' and turning towards her friend, Stafford heard her ask in an under tone, 'Who is this gentleman?' but the lady was chatting gaily with the admiral, and did not hear the question.

Stafford replied, 'I am one to whom you have professed esteem, and—

'*I*, signore! Do you know me?'

'Know you, lady?—yes, for the fairest and most attractive of your sex.'

Lucia was inexpressibly astonished. Her first impression was that her companion was a foreigner who had picked up a little Italian from a book of dialogues, and had ridiculously misapplied some common phrase, She then thought he was insane, and nothing but her respect for the admiral who had introduced him to her, prevented her from abruptly quitting his side, and she merely said, coldly, 'Sir, your compliments are above my comprehension, just as they formed their party at the card-table.

Stafford was seated with Lucia to his right, and the game had gone on for some time when the Contessa Palestrina entered the room, of course unmasked. Two Sardinian officers were talking together behind Stafford's chair. One of them said suddenly,

'Ha! do you see who comes?—the pretty philosopher of Milan. Per Bacco, she has the air of a sultana.'

Stafford looked up, and almost started from his seat as he caught a glance of two most lustrous eyes beaming in a face of pensive but haughty beauty. He was excessively perplexed. He could have sworn that those were the eyes of the Acquasola and of the masked lady, and yet he knew, or thought he knew, that the latter was beside him. He quite forgot his game, and when his partner reminded him that it was his turn to play, his hand shook so, that the cards fell upon the table. He rose abruptly, and simply saying, 'Pardon me, I feel unwell!' left the table. His place was soon filled, and the contessa, after speaking to her cousin, walked to another table. Stafford followed and stood near her, watching the game which was going on. The contessa, endeavouring to disguise her voice, asked a gentleman whether he was fortunate or not.

'No,' he replied, 'I have no fortune with the cards, and I fear but little with the ladies.'

Stafford, who knew him, seized the opportunity of an indirect introduction and said,

'Unfortunate, truly, if you do not underrate your success.'

'And you, then, signore,' said the contessa, turning to Stafford, 'are you more fortunate with the ladies or at cards?'

'Signora?' replied he, confused.

'Well, sir.'

'I am unfortunate in all.'

'Perhaps fortune and merit are not equal,' said she, in a slightning tone, and passed to a sofa near.

Soon afterwards there was a pretty general move towards one of the refreshment-rooms, when Stafford, seeing the contessa apparently alone, offered his arm to conduct her after the rest. She declined, and was passing him to reach the door, when he said very abruptly,

'Where are you going?'

'Sir!' said she, in a tone of great surprise.

'Pardon,' said Stafford, 'I really don't know what I am doing.' She bowed and passed on. He seated himself on a sofa.

'Oh!' thought he, 'what a fool I have been! She has discarded me, and I shall never see her more. Whence has this maddening feeling so suddenly arisen? Some fatal influence is thrown over—'

He was proceeding in this train of thought, when he was roused by the admiral, who asked him to accompany Lucia Sforza to her carriage, as he was himself engaged. They passed to the hall, and while they were waiting for her carriage, Stafford determined to undeceive her whom he considered to be his masked acquaintance, and said,

'Signora, you may consider me unhappy, but I am not ungrateful or deceitful.'

'Sir! I hope I have no reason to consider you either the one or the other.'

'You have all the charms which could excite my admiration, but my love is not in my own power.'

'To whom do you speak, sir? What do you mean by speaking thus to me?'

Stafford continued rapidly, 'Another has absorbed all my passions—'

'He is certainly insane,' said the lady to herself, looking anxiously to the door, but unwilling to cause a scene, by calling the servants.

'—My destiny will not allow me to love you.'

'To love me! Do you know who I am?'

'But too well; and I cannot retain without ingratitude the ring you gave me.'

'The ring! Certainly mad, poor fellow,' she thought, and her carriage coming up she hastily went towards it, and as he persisted in offering her the ring, she said hastily to satisfy him, 'No, no, another time—another time—to-morrow.' The door was shut and she drove off.

'Nothing will satisfy her,' said Stafford, as he went on board. 'I hope we shall sail to-morrow.'

CHAPTER VII.—THE MASKED UNMASKED.

On the following morning the contessa was seated in her boudoir, dressed as she was during her interview with Stafford the day before, and her mask was before her upon the table. Though an occasional flush on her fair cheek, a slightly tumultuous heave of the snowy bosom, and an occasional restless start, showed that she was not at ease, still the smile on her speaking countenance told that her agitation was not of an unpleasant nature. She had sent for Stafford by Paolo, as before, and was now anxiously anticipating his arrival. She was becoming rather impatient at his delay, when Laura came to tell her that he was below. She at once assumed her mask, and he was introduced.

Stafford respectfully addressed her, and after a little common-place conversation had been held in a constrained manner, he at once determined to put an end to what he began to consider rather a foolish affair, and said,—

"You will remember, signora, that yesterday you made me promise to be sincere with you. I keep my word—I will not deceive you. I might dissimulate or flatter, but such is not my habit—"

"Proceed, sir."

"I have only to repeat what I said to you last evening, and to return you the ring you then refused to receive."

"The ring! refused to accept! When, sir?"

"Last evening, after the conversazione."

"I really do not quite understand you."

"Then, lady, pray understand me now. This is your ring. I return you your gift because I do not merit it."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot offer you my love. You are beautiful and attractive, far above my

deserts, but another has made an impression on my fancy which I can neither explain nor efface."

Both were silent for a few minutes; the countess was apparently buried in a deep reverie.

At last rousing herself, she said, "I had not expected this answer."

"Lady, it is the simple truth."

"Stop, sir—you say you spoke to me last night, and that you are unfortunate in your admiration of another."

Stafford bowed; she continued,—

"Are you certain that you are not deceived?"

"Certain; I have proofs which cannot deceive me."

"But it appears to me impossible that you could have known me? How could it be?"

"Simply from your own inadvertence, signora."

"In what?"

"In allowing me to see *your portrait* while you concealed *yourself*."

"What portrait?"

Stafford pointed to the portrait, which was still lying on the table—that of Lucia Sforza.

The countess suddenly uttered a half suppressed exclamation.

"That is your portrait," said Stafford.

The countess rang her bell, and when Laura appeared, told her to ask her cousin Lucia to oblige her by coming down and joining them for a few minutes. The young lady did so immediately. Stafford was not looking towards the door as she entered the room, and did not hear her until she went behind the chair of the countess, and said,—

"Why have you sent for me, cousin?"

Stafford looked up and started from his seat, on seeing the lady of the portrait, and her whom he had addressed the evening before. The recognition was mutual.

"Oh, cousin!" said Lucia, half afraid, "this is the gentleman that last night——"

"What! do you know him?" said the contessa, archly, "And you, sir, why not speak to your old friend?"

"Lady, you have drawn me into a labyrinth. For heaven's sake, clear up this mystery. Do not leave me exposed to charges of the grossest impertinence, which this lady may bring against me—enable me to repair the offence which I committed through ignorance."

"Cousin," said the contessa, "this Englishman had divined that I loved him, and he comes here to tell me that he prefers another; but I shall know how to requite him for his gallantry."

Here she suddenly removed the mask, and Stafford was thunderstruck to see the fair unknown of the Acquasola, his mysterious companion at the theatre, the disdainful contessa of the previous evening. He remained silent from the strife of contending emotions.

"Well, sir," said the contessa, "what think you of the portrait?"

"And what of the original?" said Lucia, laughing.

"Oh!" said Stafford, "you have chosen a cruel method of diverting yourself at the expense of my feelings."

"Then I am this instant revenged for your daring to tell me that you could not offer me your love."

"For Heaven's sake," said he, "do not drive me to distraction. Lady, from the first moment I caught a glance of those eyes I felt that a blank in my existence had been filled up. You have more than realized my brightest visions, my most ardent hopes. Not love you!—why, I worship you with passionate adoration. Tell me at once, what have I to fear, what to hope?"

The contessa smilingly extended her fair hand, and the next moment she was clasped in the embrace of her lover.

* * * * * * *

We must here leave our fair readers to imagine the sequel of the adventure we have just narrated.

THE FATAL MARK.

All was gaiety and bustle at that deservedly admired and popular spa, Chaudefontaine, a spot more highly gifted by nature than any other in Belgium. The unusual circumstance of a marriage having taken place there, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the visitors and immediate neighborhood, and the real joy of the parties concerned, filled the persons congre-

gated on the occasion with perfect ecstasy.

Jules Duvivier, a subaltern in the French Lancers, had left his division of the army in Spain, having received a severe wound at the battle of Salamanca, which compelled him for a time, by the advice of his medical attendants, to seek the reviving air of his native hills, situated in the vicinity of Liege. Arrived here, he quickly recovered, and had already made up his mind to leave the neighborhood of Chaude-fontaine, when he accidently met Mademoselle Halliere, a Swiss by birth, who was here enjoying at once the pleasure of society, and the advantages derived from the admirable waters of the place.

To those who have much frequented watering-places, it will be unnecessary to dilate upon the ease with which mere acquaintanceships grow into intimacies. Thrown continually into each other's company, freed from the restraints of metropolitan frigidity, admiring beautiful scenery together, the best feelings of their nature expanding with the clear blue sky above them, can we wonder at the circumstance, or blame the graceful young lancer for falling violently, passionately in love with the fascinating Marie de Halliere?

To account for, to reason on it, is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that Jules became desperately enamoured of the lovely girl, and in less than three weeks found his suit not only approved, but his hand accepted.

Mademoiselle de Halliere had no one to consult; no kind, affectionate father, uncle, or guardian to thwart her wishes. An orphan for many years, living on a limited, but independent patrimony, derived, as she asserted, from a small estate left to her by her father, she did not hesitate to pronounce a full affirmative to the warm solicitations of our hero (for Jules was a hero) to become his bride.

During their courtship, if the pointed and love-like attentions of a youth to a young lady during fifteen days may be so called, there were many who strove their utmost to mar the match. A prudent dowager, a marchioness without a single sous, her only riches consisting of six ugly daughters, had whispered her advice to the lancer to find out first 'who and what the damsel was, before he farther compromised himself.'

Another female—a rival *belle*, I believe—ingeniously hinted, 'that Mademoiselle Halliere always wore high gowns, to hide the marks of a certain royal disorder, to cure which she had doubtless sought the spa.' Another, a rejected suitor, 'swore she was a widow, and that her name was assumed.' But Jules laughed at these remarks, and only loved her the better for the envy she excited. It is true he sometimes wished that she would speak of her past life in less ambiguous terms, and as frequently he determined to question her on it; but when they met that thought was forgotten, and, with truth and innocence beaming in her countenance, the young soldier felt it would be blasphemy to doubt her.

The result need scarcely be told: the morning on which this sketch opens beheld Marie the bride, the beauteous bride of the proud Jules, who, after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, given by him to a large party of congratulating friends, started off in high spirits for the chateau of his uncle, situated near Bruges, determined to linger some few days on the road, and thus enjoy, in loving selfishness, the uninterrupted company of her, whose very life he felt himself to be.

At about twelve o'clock on the fifth day, the young and newly-married couple arrived at Bruges, having hurried past the many objects of interest which presented themselves on their journey, in consequence of most earnest solicitations to join their good old relative, whose handsome seat was at no great distance from the capital of Western Flanders. Here they halted at the principal hotel, intending after dinner to set out for the residence of their uncle. To save time and trouble, they joined the *table d'hote*, which here, as throughout Flanders, takes place at one o'clock. By the time, therefore, that the lady had taken off her shawl and bonnet and performed those little '*agremens de toilette*' incidental to an appearance before strangers, the great bell sounded, and as Jules handed down his lovely bride, the already loud clattering of forks and spoons bespoke

the fact that the substantial meal was already begun.

On entering the room, they found about forty persons seated, all greedily employed in devouring their soup, scarcely deigning to look towards the strangers who came in. In France, under similar circumstances, a dozen gentlemen would have risen to offer their seats to the lady. In Belgium, however, the case is different; and each honest burgher eats his meal, scrambling both for the best seat and daintiest dish, without the slightest attention either to rank or sex.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the loving pair to be divided thus early in their honeymoon; but so, on the present occasion, they were compelled to be. Two chairs alone stood unoccupied, and these chairs far apart, while, if possible to make the separation more severe, they happened to be on the same side of the table, so that not even an interchange of glances could take place, no word of converse pass, save for the benefit of a few stupid intervening citizens,—a benefit which neither party were anxious to confer upon them.

As strangers, therefore, they sat down to table, consoling themselves with the confident assurance that their separation could not continue above an hour, and that *then* a thousand extra caresses might make up for their lost portion of 'love's sweet interchange.' Poor Jules, however, was far too much enamoured to sit down philosophically, and enjoy his meal with appetite. His eyes roved about him, till they fixed in some astonishment on his opposite neighbour, who, having coolly laid down his knife and fork, sat anxiously gazing at Marie. At first Jules thought it might be accident; some casual resemblance might have struck him; staring might be his habit, and the next minute his regard might fall upon another. But no; his eyes remained riveted on 'la belle Marie,' and the bridegroom felt anything but comfortable.

Every man is jealous; I do not believe any one who says he is not so; nor will I assert that some qualms of this kind did not now arise in the breast of the lancer, who could not help supposing, from the continued gaze of his opposite neighbour, that he must have known the newly-married lady; by possibility he might have been a former friend, a flirt, a lover. The idea was distracting. Jules determined at once to put an end to his doubts; so, bending across the table, after some preliminary observation to his staring neighbor, he observed, with as much nonchalance as he could possibly muster,

'You appear to know that lady?'

'I *think*,' replied the other, in a grave tone, 'nay, I am *sure* I do,' and then turned the subject.

This was anything but satisfactory to the young soldier; for again the eyes of the stranger were fixed upon his bride.

There is nothing more provoking than a limited answer to a question, by which we have previously determined to elicit a full explanation. There is nothing so painful as half-grounded suspicion. Jules found it intolerable, and consequently pressed his inquiries.

'Are you quite certain you have seen this lady before?'

'As confident as that I now breathe. I never forget a face I have once beheld. It is *her*, I am sure; I cannot be mistaken.'

'That's odd! Where did you know her?' And the questioner felt that his happiness depended on the answer.

'Thank God! I never knew her,' quickly replied the stranger with a shudder.

This was indeed a perplexing answer. The husband scarcely knew in what light to regard it. It is true, it freed him at once from all jealousy; but then, again, it implied a mystery, and, from the stranger's manner, evidently a dreadful one. What could it mean? He determined to hazard one more query.

'My question seems to call up some unpleasant recollection. Will you explain it?'

'If you wish it particularly, I will, although I confess I would rather drop the subject; at all events, I would not wish to do so while she is present.'

With this reply poor Jules was forced to remain content, though he felt that the rack itself would bring less torture than the agonies of suspense. Presently, to his great relief, the well-satisfied party began to break up. One by one the plethoric burghers left

the room; but Marie stirred not. Jules watched his opportunity to give her, unseen, a signal to retire. This she did; and in less than a quarter of an hour more the lancer and the citizen alone remained.

'Now, then, sir,' said the former, abruptly turning round, 'your promised explanation.'

The stranger paused ere he replied. 'I am perhaps wrong in thus satisfying the curiosity of one whom I never saw before, and more particularly so, when I tell you that the anecdote I am about to relate involves most deeply the character of the unhappy female who has just quitted the table.'

The stroke of death would have been less agonizing than such an answer. Jules' brain seemed to burn like molten lead. He could scarcely repress his agitation as he asked, with an almost sardonic sneer, 'You were, perhaps, that lady's lover?'

'God forbid!' solemnly ejaculated the burgher, 'my tale is not of love. But, as you seem interested, I will give it you in a few words. I had a very dear friend in Victor Rossaert. From youth brought up together, our mutual confidence was unbounded. Unfortunately Victor found it necessary, for the arrangement of some mercantile affairs, to visit Geneva. Here, it appears, he met a merchant's daughter, Adelaide Moran, whose charming manners, and lovely appearance, soon won the heart of the enthusiastic young man, and he wrote to me in all the triumph of an accepted lover.'

'I cannot really see what this has to do with the lady who was here just now,' impatiently interrupted Jules.

"It has everything to do with her. Listen, and you will agree with me. Victor, by a mere accident, arising out of the jealousy of one of the lady's former suitors, learnt that she whom he thought so innocent, so good, had, long ere she had seen my friend, forfeited her reputation. There was madness in the thought, despair in future life, but honour demanded the sacrifice; and the broken-hearted young man, in a letter addressed to her, whom he could not but still love, declared his knowledge of her guilt, and his resolution never again to see her. This letter written, he instantly started off to join his friends at Dijon. To this spot she followed him, and having vainly, for some weeks, supplicated, urged, and threatened him, with a view of making him marry her, she seemed suddenly to relinquish her purpose, and entreated but to be his friend. As such, for several weeks she visited him. His health gradually declined. In vain did she try to cheer him. He hourly sank; and, feeling death fast stealing on him, he wrote to me. I started off soon after the receipt of his letter; but it was, alas! too late. When I arrived, my much-loved friend had been consigned to the tomb, but not before a *post mortem* examination had taken place, from which it appeared that he had died of poison—a slow, subtle poison! Suspicion immediately fell on Adelaide Moran; she was seized and interrogated, but she would neither confess nor deny. Circumstances were scarcely sufficiently strong to justify a trial for murder. She was therefore brought before the court for the minor offence, namely, that of forging a will, by which it would appear he left her all his property. On this charge she was tried and convicted. Mitigating circumstances, however, were urged to save her from the galleys; and she was only condemned to stand in the pillory, and be branded on the right shoulder. This sentence was to be carried into effect the very morning of my arrival at Dijon. Impressed with horror, I attended near the scaffold. The lovely, but wicked woman, was brought forth. Never can I forget that sorrowful countenance. Deeply imprinted on my memory, it cannot be effaced. Judge, then, my surprise, when I beheld that very woman, that identical female, the person who destroyed my friend, this day seated in yonder chair?"

Jules started up. His eyes dilated with horror: he approached the narrator. "You are mistaken by an accidental likeness; that lady's name is not Moran, or Adelaide. Say you are mistaken, or the consequences may be dreadful."

"By the high heaven above, I speak the truth. But why this agitation?"

"Stay, stay but five minutes, and you will learn the cause."

And Jules Duvivier rushed from the room, leaving the worthy citizen to wonder at the

interest he took in one certainly very beautiful, but most depraved.

The time mentioned by the anxious bridegroom had nearly elapsed, when the communicative citizen was summoned to the apartment of the soldier. Unhesitatingly he obeyed the summons, and entered with cool indifference into the saloon, where he found the now almost convulsed youth, who pointed to a chair; then advancing to the door, instantly locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. Such strange conduct naturally made the burgher look about him. On the table lay some objects covered by a handkerchief; a sheet of recently written paper, and other things of minor importance. A door opposite led from the saloon apparently to an inner bed-room; but this was closed. There was nothing, therefore, save the strange manner of the occupant to astonish or alarm the visitor.

For a moment Jules seemed to collect his coolness, then calmly spoke, at the same time lifting up the handkerchief, and discovering beneath a pair of richly-mounted pistols.

"Sir, you have now entered on your death-scene, or mine. The person of whom you spoke to-day is my wife. If you have dared to assert a falsehood to me, if you have coupled an innocent name with foul dishonour, by all the powers of heaven you die, and that without further shrift. If," and the young man's voice became almost dreadful to listen to,—"if, I say, you have spoken the truth, I pledge you my salvation you are safe. Speak not. Answer me not. A moment more, and herself decides the fact."

Thus saying, Duvivier walked to the inner door, opened it, and led forth his bride, who seemed much surprised at the abrupt manner of her infuriated husband.

"Madam, I desire you instantly to strip off all covering from your shoulders."

The poor girl, thus taken by surprise, perhaps conscious of her guilt, perhaps overcome by modest scruples, unwilling thus to unrobe before a stranger, astonished at the harshness of him who only a few hours before had sworn eternal love to her, hesitated, and attempted to remonstrate.

"Nay, I insist! no words, I say!" almost roared Jules.

"I beseech you, what does this conduct mean? Nay, on my knees."

"Do you, then, shrink? Thus will I prove or falsify the damned suspicion." And the impassioned youth flew with tiger-like avidity, and tore off her upper garments, till her shoulders were without covering.

One glance was sufficient. Plain and palpable the horrid brand appeared confessed. She executioner's iron had seared that marble flesh, and left the damning reminiscence of the harrowing crime for ever behind.

Jules now summoned all his coolness. A smile almost played on his writhing features. He took out the key, and threw it to the merchant.

"Quick, begone! lest madness make me stop your tongue for ever. It were better, perhaps, to close your lips, lest they again repeat this tale of shame and dishonour. But no; I have pledged myself to let you go unscathed; and, though thus fallen, I will not break my word. Quick, begone! unless you wish to see me do a deed of stern and cruel justice!"

It needed no farther persuasion to induce the citizen to leave the room. He hastily rushed down stairs to summon aid to stop the rash young man. He had reached the last step when he heard the report of a pistol. Ere he could call assistance a second weapon was discharged, and a heavy fall shook the stair on which he stood.

At once he was surrounded by a group of anxious waiters, with the landlord at their head, desirous to learn from him the meaning of these sounds. By signs alone he could reply. They therefore one and all rushed up, forced open the door, and there beheld indeed a sight of horror.

Duvivier had first shot through the heart the once lovely being who had deceived him. Her warm blood still flowed from her breast, and stained her white robe. Her flaxen locks were dabbled with the gore, and pity could not refuse a tear, however guilty the victim might have been.

Not so the destroyer; he had placed the pistol in his mouth, and blown away the upper part of his head. Horror and disgust

claimed the feelings of the beholder, as he looked upon the dreadfully disfigured remains of the stern executioner of her he had once loved so well.

Such is the brief story of those whose real names have been concealed. The poor man, who by an unguarded observation caused the dreadful catastrophe, has never held up his head since. What makes the story more distressing is, that circumstances have since come to light, which have proved that Victor destroyed himself in consequence of remorse at having unjustly suspected Adelaide Moran, who consequently died innocent of all crime, after undergoing the most dreadful degradation; her only fault having been a want of candour towards her husband, a concealment towards one who should have shared her every thought. Such concealments, I have often remarked, have brought years of misery to those who have foolishly persisted in them.

BYE-GONE DAYS.

I love to think on bye-gone days—
The joyous days of youth,
When the soul was purer—brighter,
And the end of hope was truth;
When the heart was void of bitterness,
The mind of care and strife,
Nor selfish gain or worldly craft
Had choked the springs of life.

Oh! those days come back upon me
Like the breath of summer air,
That fans the hot and burning brow,
Oppressed and worn with care;
And I hear the happy laugh,
The jocund song and merry lays
Of those sweet—though sadly thought of—
Still remembered bye-gone days.

And though Fancy often conjures up
The moments that have sped—
Ambition curbed—high hopes cut short—
Vain aspirations fled,
Yet it calms the troubled spirit,
In life's dark and dreary ways,
To live again in memory
O'er those happy bye-gone days.

William-street. G. M. Smythe.

THE MISERIES OF POVERTY.

Go to the raging sea, and say "be still!"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will—
Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,
But tell not misery's son that life is fair.

Thou who in plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight has told—
Thou, who recumbent on the lacquered barge,
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge—

Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea—
The storms of misery ne'er burst on thee.
Go to the mat where squalid want reclines;
Go to the shade obscure, where merit pines;
Abide with him whom penury's chains control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul—
Survey his sleepless couch, and, standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch that life is fair!

Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share her bed.
Go, child of fortune! take thy lesson there,
And tell us that life is wonderous fair.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou giver of all good!
At this our meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow!
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us,
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They made us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still!

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee,
The broken, anguish'd pray'r;
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck Thy mercy-seat!
Take it, Our Father! though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Naught else hath he to offer Thee,—
Oh! make it right within!

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining
With Thee, how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us,—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread Thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

James O'Leary was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his "Small College," and his pupils "his thrifle of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; and he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils;" but was so decidedly proud of "taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College," by a display of his *Graciaus*—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue; whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and fond of capping Latin verse, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning, he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time he had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his avocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A, B, C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the National Schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district,—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages, what they had not understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National School was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their school-master, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the boord." This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National School system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flourishing the board," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose merits he was so bright an example; for a long time his College was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from the "*the Master*," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "the Mistress." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom,—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighbourhood, and paid largely for the classics, and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable; in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other, the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every specious of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him," after his "Tusculum" was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for want of a latch; but somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that

was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself—"Why he should do good and bother himself so much about those who did no good to him?" He never ventured to say this aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about gruel, *a sup of broth*, which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the 'Gracian,' who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him, the place where he lodges has no convaniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of—so I'll sit down at onct."

"Then why don't you sit down at onct?" (A corruption of "at once," means, at this moment—it is the present tense—now—instantly). "Why do you sit, wasting your time, to say nothing of the sweet milk, and the," he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things, for one who does us no good?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear! why, it's for Aby the—what is it you called him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian, your top boy, as used to be, he that this old grandmother (God help us, he had no other kith or kin) walked ten miles, just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is—"

"Well, replied the Master, I know that, I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby——"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and" he drew a deep breath, and then added,—"and *take no more poor scholars!*"

"Oh James, do'nt say the likes o'that, said the gentle-hearted woman, 'don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I did'nt feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in.'

"Still, we must take care of ourselves, woman, dear," replied James, with a dogged look. Why the look should be called 'dogged' I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple potatoe, beckoning a neighbour's child, who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little court yard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopt that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure you got a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"Oh don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing—and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hould out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster

was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that want's it,' she continued—'it does them good and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the colour highly," he answered,

"Think of that, now!—And a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a trap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'! —all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes.*"

"What did he want!" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The thrifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong* man like yerself, James O'Leary;—only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's-sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a good turn to a fellow-christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow decided tone, "*that's all botheration.*"

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there looking, as she afterwards declared, "like nothing."

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake again, man alive! and tell us, is it yerself that's in it?"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously, but a little, dry, half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I tould you of," said Mary. "Come in, *ma bouchal;* the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?" he said, "He knew English and Voster—a trifle of Algaabra and Latin—and the Greek letters—he hoped to be a priest in time—and should be," he added confidently, "if his honour would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin—and let him pick up as much as he could." "And what", inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return?"

"I have but little, Sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in Heaven—my eldest sister, a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbours, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God—which never laves us—we might turn out upon the road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary, very coldly.

"I know that, Sir," answered the boy;

yet he looked as if he did *not* know it, "though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning; but I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings—besides five, which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness: and I was thinking, if yer honour would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so, I know I can't pay ye'r honour as I ought, only just for the love of God, and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said, I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton night cap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said; the masther doesn't want it, he only had a mind to see if it was safe,"—then aside to her husband—"Let fall ye'r hand, James, it's the devil that's under ye'r elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it all;"—then to the boy—"Put it up dear, and come in the morning." But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting, the "*thin* shillings," as Mary called them, and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that the Lord above would raise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that at least, for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the "great master," while the dispenser of knowledge, clinking the "thin shillings," strode towards a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards, in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that come over her husband, turning him out of himself, into something "not right."

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; he did not dare to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had fleeced to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they purtended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick?" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep, nor when he did, did he sleep very soundly, but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner. So much so, that his poor wife left off rocking, and taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil, and slept soundly; but Mary went on praying; she was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping, until the grey cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours, for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water cross and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her, "Give me your hand, that I may know it's you that's in it," Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my larning is'nt—is'nt worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary, agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of taching them, for I've had a dream, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning—there, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now, listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me:—

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but, anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down. *I could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself, mighty, curious shapes, one of them with wings like a bat, came close to me, and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought, may be, it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke; then came a great white-faced owl, with red borthered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough, and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there, and making game of me as they passed; oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek, that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or get away, I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, after a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me, and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapour, and I had my full liberty in it—so I kept going up, up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest, and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and something whispered that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees, and asked how I was to get there, for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how I was to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good, pure drop was in him!" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther dear," they said, "is for you to make a ladder of us."

"Is it a ladder of the—"

"Whisht, will ye," interrupted the master, "We are the stairs," said they, "that will lead you to that happy mansion; all your learning of which you were so proud, all your examinations, all your disquisitions and knowledge, your algebra and mathematics, your Greek, ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, are all not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther jewel, we are your charities; seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever!"

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a step ladder of the holy creatures,

who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where they were now; but as they bent, I stept, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but, anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone, I don't know where; he held me fast. Oh the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me after all," I said, "boys, darlings, can ye get me no more than half way after all."

"Sure there must be more of us to help you," makes answer Paddy Blake. "Sure you lived many years in the world after we left you," says Abel, "and unless you hardened your heart, it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you." Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? Oh then, if you did, masther," said the poor fellow, "if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you." Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open, when I remembered what came over me last night, and much more, arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart, and I looked at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart, and just then I woke; I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning." Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bed-side, weeping; tears of joy they were; she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. "And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast; and, darling, you'll look out for more of them. And oh, but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

It is the lofty Inselberg—a mountain high and strong—
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if he looks for giants there, they are all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth, the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight before her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,
To see perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and hasty steps she passed the mountain and the wood.
At length approaching near the place where dwelt mankind, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there;
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone out so fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cries the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling man, and horse, and plough, so gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.

She hastes with joyous steps and glad (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—
"Oh, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy child—
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl! come, open, let us see!"

She oped her kerchief cautiously and gladly, you may deem,
And showed her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team;
And when she placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl?—this is no toy," he said.
"Go, take it to the vale again, and put it down below;
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?

So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said:
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he were!"

A VISION OF PAST TIMES.

"Come like shadow, so depart."

All relics of the past are interesting—from the solitary cromlech to the mouldering gravestone; from the Babylonian bricks, with their undecipherable incriptions, even to the faded sampler 'finished in ye year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and twenty,' with its square scarlet house, and pyramid-shaped tree, and shepherdess over-topping them both. But of all relics, those that are handed down to us linked with the recollections of many a generation—that tell a tale of successive events, domestic though they be—are most interesting. And, therefore, the old family banner that waved amid many a conflict; the dinted sword transmitted from father to son; the tall standing-cup, that duly held its place on the table, through many a successive generation; and the huge tankard, which has witnessed so many Christmas feastings, when the spiced posset passed from lip to lip, and from which, so often, the prosperity of the family had been drunk, at so many a wedding, a christening, or a 'coming of age.' I love old plate, old family plate;—those quaint, antique, yet noble-looking things, that tell not only of the sober stateliness of our forefathers, but of their 'right merry meetings,' and pleasant and heartfelt family gatherings; and, as I sat alone looking at the quiant chasing of our old tankard (an especial favourite from childhood), I wished it had a tongue to tell me somewhat of bygone days; and, with him who has so graphically related the adventures of 'the Queen Anne's Sixpence,' I exclaimed, 'would that I had the power of the Rosy Cross! Metal, that canst already do all things but speak, what would I not give for the art of inspiring thee with a tongue!'

Was I awake? had I fallen asleep? or was I rather in that middle state, that pleasant land debateable, that belongs to both, yet to neither,—I know not, I care not; but methought my dumb companion grew most eloquent, and thus it began:—

'You have asked me for my history,—a history doubtless, as you think, commencing in the first year of 'good Queen Anne,' or perhaps extending even so far as the year of the plague, or the great fire of London; but know that a much higher antiquity is mine, and that, although for the last hundred years I have been destined to no higher station than to grace the corner cupboard, or the dumb waiter of the London merchant, yet that, in a former state, a palace was my home, and kings and kings' daughters my associates. My precious metal was drawn from no modern mine; but, long ere America was dreamt of, and while the theory of the antipodes was placed by the orthodox among the 'damnable doctrines' of Turks and Infidels, I, in the form of a tall standing cup, my brim beautifully chased and adorned with topaz studs, graced the board of King Tancred of Sicily. When your gallant Cœur de Lion came, aided by unanswerable arguments of floating mangonels, Greek-fire and ten thousand men-at-arms in iron breast-plates, to demand restitution of his sister's dower, I, together with a score of smaller cups, preceded the embassy that was to placate his lion-heart. The embassy was successful: Tancred, overjoyed that his palace had not been battered about his ears, and that his head actually remained on his shoulders, could scarcely make enough of the royal crusader; while Richard, charmed with a man who had not merely endured a good beating, but had the grace to be thankful for it, called him his 'right trusty cousin,' his 'most loving brother,' phrases which generally, in the vocabulary of diplomacy, mean much the same as 'your humble servant' at the end of a lawyer's letter, but which, in this instance (and it is worthy of especial note, from its rarity,) were sincere.

'King Tancred's parting gifts were most splendid—fit to set people dreaming of the philosopher's stone, had that brilliant delusion of science been then discovered. There was a table of gold, twelve feet long, and a tent of silk, that would hold two hundred people. Among such right royal gifts, I was not likely to attract much attention, and, with my companions, I was placed in a strong iron-bound chest, where many years passed away ere I beheld the light.

"At length I was awakened from my long and undisturbed repose by the creaking of the rude key in the rusty wards of the

lock, and the voice of a man, evidently 'in authority,' giving multifarious directions.

"'Let the popinjay hangings be forthwith put up in the Antioch Chamber, and send thither the forms and tressels from the queen's arm-chairs. Bid Passilawe go down to the vintry for white wine and red, and to De Buckerel in Sopars-lane for dates and almonds, and spiceries; and to De Gysors for dried fruits, and two silk carpets, and frankincense for the chapel, for all of which my seal shall be sufficient warrant.' I heard retiring footsteps, and immediately, the chest being opened, I perceived an elderly man in ecclesiastical vestments, bending over its contents with looks of wondering delight. 'Sweet Lady! a goodly treasure, and most fortunately brought to light,' said he: 'for the holy saints alone know where we may get money for this Pentecost feast, unless the king's plate be pledged for it.' My surpassing beauty soon caught his eye, and he gazed long, and most lovingly upon me; the trumpets that announced the king's arrival were heard, some one knocked at the door of the apartment to summon him forth; so, doubtless to put me out of harm's way, he slipped me up the ample sleeve of his gown, where, among the thick folds, I nestled securely.

"'Our sweet Lady hath been most gracious to us, and truly this night will I offer seven tapers at her altar,' said a middle-sized, mean-looking man, whose left eyelid, drooping over the half-sunken eye, gave him a sinister cast of countenance, but whose long violet 'cyclass,' with the three lions of England broidered upon the breast, showed him to be king. 'Well, good sir treasurer,' continued he, addressing my bearer, 'ye have caused all things to be made ready, that we may keep our Pentecost feast in the state that becometh a sovereign; and as for these good people,' pointing to the miscellaneous collection of vagabonds that almost filled the court-yard of the palace of Westminister, and who had followed the royal procession in anticipation of a silver penny, or a mess of pottage at the least, "let them be feasted here for three days, in honour of this holy tide.

"'Long live our good King Henry, the Third, and best,' shouted two hundred of the riotous crew in chorus,—anticipations of their ensuing good cheer having so marvellously awakened their loyality, that they quite forgot the many scoffing ballads they had sung in honour of their 'good King Henry,' and the many times that they had exhibited the free spirit of Englishmen, by breaking his purveyors' heads.

"Forward pressed King Henry's treasurer, and bent his knee before him, when, by some luckless mischance, I slipped from his sleeve, and rolled along. An hundred hands were instantly stretched forth to secure the tempting prize, but the well-plied bills of the sergeants availed to save me. The treasurer, as he arose from his unlucky obeisance, marked the flashing eyes of Queen Elinor of Provence fixed on him. But he who cannot make up a good story on occasion should not reside at court—especially that of Henry the Third, where each was forced to live by his wits, as much as any swindler in the 'present most enlightened day;' so, taking me from the hands of a billman, who, at the risk of a broken skull, had snatched me from a dozen 'masterless men,' he whispered to the king, that, having discovered a hidden treasure of silver plate, he was just about to proceed to Asher of the Jewry (King Henry's chief pawnbroker,) to endeavour by the sale to redeem the large silver image of 'our Ladye,' which King Henry had, more than six months since, pledged to that Jew.

"Now, the 'good King Henry' was one of the most comfortable masters who believe just as much as their servants choose to tell them, and not a syllable more; so he complimented the worthy treasurer on his attention to the royal interests, and gazed on my beauty most admiringly. 'We will not sell this goodly standing-cup,' said he (Henry was rather a connoisseur in the fine arts), 'so, do ye, my good and trusty Sir Treasurer, send the others forthwith to Asher of the Jewry, and cause the image of our blessed Lady to be redeemed this very evening, and set up upon the high altar."

"The treasurer hesitated. 'My liege,' said he, 'the other silver cups will not be sufficient to redeem that large image: the

cup you now hold in your hand is worth more than half."

"'But this is so goodly a cup,' persisted the king, 'that I will not part with it. So go, good Sir Treasurer, and look among the chapel plate. Surely an old broken crucifix or two, with the silver cups, must be sufficient to redeem our sweet Lady's image."

"The evening came; and King Henry proceeded to St. Stephen's chapel within the palace, surrounded by his attendant *meye*, and there the silver image, redeemed from the sacrilegious hands of the Jew, and placed on high, received the especial attention of the worthy monarch, who lighted reverently, with his own royal hands, the seven huge wax tapers before her; while the politic treasurer took that opportunity of presenting to the angry queen a purse well filled with bezants, which, in order to placate her rage, he had exorted from Asher of the Jewry, by orthodox threats of "donjon and gallows-tree."

"And with the morrow came the feast of Pentecost. But time would fail did I tell all the gorgeous observances of a court which, while it was unrivalled in splendour, was unrivalled also in necessity. But by begging, borrowing, coaxing, threatening, so right royal an entertainment was provided, that little indeed might any guest who partook its sumptuous delicacies have believed that the Exchequer, at that very moment did not contain a single mark. And conspicuous above all my brethren did I stand that day, for I was placed at the right hand of the sovereign; and so joyful was King Henry, and so greatly did his heart overflow, even towards what he most hated, that he drank prosperity to the city of London, pledged Simon de Montford, his great opponent, to their life-long amity, and called a long-bead roll of saints, and our Lady too, to witness how highly he reverenced the Great Charter. And each of these pledges he kept in his own peculiar manner. Ere the feast of St. John arrived he took away the city keys, and imprisoned the lord mayor; sent a pressing letter to the pope, praying, as an especial favour, the excommunication of De Montfort; and violated every provision of the Great Charter which only five times he had sworn to uphold.

"Again I slumbered in forgetfulness; at length, I found myself in the presence of a middle-aged man, whose lofty brow, intellectual countenance, and flashing eye, betokened him well worthy of the dignity of that crown of alternate crosses and strawberry-leaves that spanned his head. The vast hall, blazing with waxen tapers was filled by a noble and gallant company while in the lilies quartered with the lions in the royal shield, and in the songs that told of the prowess of the English knight, and the unerring aim of the English bowman, I learned that I stood in the presence of the victor of Cressy. A strain of soft music arose, the wide doors at the lower end of the hall were thrown open, and a company of ladies clad in white, young and fair, advanced; the foremost bearing a peacock! with gilded crest and shining train, in a large silver dish. 'Come forward, brave knights!' cried Edward, as the bird consecrated to chivalrous vows was placed before him; 'Come forward, and make each your avow in the presence of the ladies and the peacock!"

"Instantly a crowd of young and gallant knights advanced, and each unsheathing his sword, repeated some fanciful vow, dictated by valour or ladye love. 'And what is your vow?' said Edward, smilling, as a noble and lofty-looking knight advanced.

"'I make mine avow,' said he, 'that through the grace of St. George, I will advance my banner into the very heart of France; that I will take three good towns, and bring hither, next Christmas eve, three French knights captive to the feet of my lady." King Edward smiled at the chivalrous vow; but it was a smile of exultation, for he knew that what Sir Walter Manny promised he was well able to perform.

"Again came Christmas eve, and, amid new rejoicings and feasting, the fair and gallant company again assembled in the hall. And there, each point of his vow fulfilled, stood the brave Sir Walter Manny, and with him the three French knights, whom kneeling he presented to his ladye love, the lady Margaret.

"'Fair lady,' said the eldest, 'if aught

may compensate a knight for the mischance of captivity, it is that he hath enabled a right valiant enemy, and one pledged to so fair a lady, to fulfil his vow. We therefore yield ourselves right willingly captives to your beauty, and pray ye to name our ransom."

"'Right valiant sirs,' said the lady, gracefully bowing. "I may scarcely blame the chance of war, since it hath given to our English court the presence of three so noble knights. For your ransom I therefore demand that, during these forty days of Christmas, ye feast and disport yourselves among us; and then, your horses and armour being restored, we shall bid you a pleasant voyage to your own fair land."

"'Sweet cousin,' said the king, (for the Lady Margaret Brotherton, as well as he, called the first Edward grandfather,) 'ye have right courteously entreated your captive knights; let not, therefore, my brave Sir Walter go unrewarded,—*his* guerdon should be somewhat more than fair speeches."

"And so it was. Three days after, Sir Walter Manny led the Lady Margaret to the altar; and never did shout of the heralds and minstrels sound more appropriately than when, far and wide, re-echoed their usual cry. "Honour to the brave and to the fair!"

"Again I slumbered long; but once more I was brought forth to the light, and then I found myself in the presence of a young and richly-dressed man, whose features, but for their expression of reckless profligacy, might have been considered handsome. A flat black velvet cap and jewelled brooch supplied the place of the more graceful strawberry-leaf crown; but the deference with which each glance was noted, and the almost oriental prostration of his courtiers, proved him indeed, 'right royal.' Alas! the proud line of the Plantagenets had passed away; and the dynasty of the Tudors, with their rapacious spoliations and crushing tyranny, had succeeded; and all the graceful observances of chivalry had vanished. No song of the minstrel resounded; no lay of the *trouvere;* no peacock was brought in to the sound of sweet music; no knights stepped forth to pronounce their fanciful vows. How shall I describe the gorgeous but tasteless scene, where almost eastern splendour was combined with eastern want of taste? The 'Lord of Misrule,' followed by a dozen masquers in crimson satin, each bearing a lighted torch, rushed in, and proclaimed, amid the deafening clangor of drums and trumpets, that his reign would commence on the morrow. Then the 'Children of the Chapel,' surpliced, and bearing branches of Christmas, advanced, and sang a dolorously long carol in honour of the holy-tide, while the Lord of Misrule and his boisterous company played a hundred rude practical jokes. Lastly, came that solemn piece of foolery 'a Morality;' in which angels in watchet satin, goddesses in white damask, and devils in black serge, 'guarded with flame-colour taffeta,' and appropriately adorned with horns, danced, sung, and inflicted most soporific homilies upon the yawning spectators. But well pleased was King Henry; for the Morality had quotations of 'choice Latin' in it, and it contained also many 'pithy' remarks on the indubitably divine right of kings. So he nodded most oracularly, and smiled most graciously, and quaffed his draught of Rhenish from my jewelled brim; and, filling me again with his own royal hand, he sent me to him who, beyond all others, 'the king delighted to honour,' Wolsey.

"'Wassail, my good lord Cardinal,' said he, 'pledge me to our steadfast amity, enduring as the days of this old standing-cup."

"The favourite minister arose, and, lowly bowing, stretched forth his jewelled hand to the cup-bearer. Was it mere chance, or shall we believe that Heaven doth sometimes, by omen, dimly shadow forth approaching ill? I slipped from his hand, and the cup, the pledge of aye-enduring amity, bruised, and broken from the stem, lay at his feet!

"That day twelve months, Wolsey, degraded and heart-broken, was in his grave. For myself, thenceforth, I commenced a new existence."

"And in your new existence, said I, 'did you take your present form, and hold the diet-drink for some knight of the shire, which, duly stirred with the fresh sprig of

rosemary, and drunk at three equal draughts, enabled him to digest three pounds of his own tough beef at his twelve o'clock dinner?"

'Not such was my lot as yet,' replied my pleasant companion; 'even in my second transformation, as in my first shape, a palace or royal mansion was my home, and kings, and right royal women, my companions. After my luckless fall, my broken pieces were carefully collected and submitted to the judgment of Master Wurley, the king's own goldsmith; and he having pronounced his decision, that I was, alas! like too many around me, too bad to mend, I was sentenced to the crucible, from whence I emerged, in pristine brightness, and, by the united aid of hammer and graver, I took the form of a rich spice-plate. My destination was now to the service of that all-absorbing favourite Anne Boleyn, to whom I was sent, accompanied by a letter from her royal lover, which the refined and high-minded ladies of the third Edward's court would have instantly cast into the fire, but which the coarse-minded woman, who was so soon to assume the crown of the injured Queen Catherine, read, laughed at, and answered. For more than twenty years I kept my station in the king's palace, and few servants could number a more frequent change of mistresses. I stood on the table of Anne, until the day that she exchanged the palace for her dungeon in the Tower. I presented spices to the gentle, but short-lived Jane Seymour; I witnessed the carousals of the fair but profligate Catherine Howard and her unworthy companions, and might probably have been honoured to stand beside the bowl of Rhenish, destined for the ample mouth of the lady Anne of Cleves, but Henry, who, probably from his elegant comparison of the lady, considered a manger more suitable than a royal service of plate, kept me and my companions in his own safe custody, from whence, not long after, I was transferred to that of the politic and literary Catherine Parr. But in the midst of all this, death summoned King Henry to give up his account.

"Ere his last breath was drawn, a scene of spoliation in the royal chambers commenced, to which the riotous proceedings of the vagabonds that filled the court-yard of Westminster Hall, in the time of the third Henry, was order itself. The two Seymours, who, from the wardrobe of the accomplished Surrey, had not scrupled to accept 'a black velvet gowne, and olde saddle,' were not likely to behold the voluminous inventory of King Henry's plate and jewels, without an infringement not merely of the tenth, but of the eighth commandment; while all their friends and dependents thought they could not do better than follow an example 'set forth' by such high authority. The haughty Duchess of Somerset, too, was no inactive spectatress; and partly to secure the goodwill of a most powerful family, and partly—perhaps more than partly—to spite the Queen Dowager, who still claimed that precedence which the Duchess demanded, as wife of the Lord Protector, she snatched me up with her own jewelled hand, and sent me off with a possinet, having the royal arms graven thereon, twelve postle spoons, and a pouncet-box,' to Bradgate, as a present to the proud Duchess of Suffolk.

"'Once more I saw the light in a large tapestried room, when I found myself in the presence of a stern middle-aged woman, whose cloth-of-gold dress, and jewelled frontlet, but especially whose double train, which fell in huge folds on each side of her cushioned elbow-chair, proved her to be a Duchess. She sat at a small table, curiously inlaid with ivory and ebony, and a huge book, richly bound in crimson velvet, with the bearings of Suffolk, quartered with the royal arms, wrought in silver on the sides, lay before her. That lady was the Duchess of Suffolk, the cousin of the late king, and that book was the Bible, which, as a matter of state policy, now occupied that conspicuous place, which in the time of her mother was filled by the silver crucifix, or the gold-clasped missal. The Bible was paraded on her table, but its precepts found no home in her heart. Before her, three young girls were standing, whose plain close caps, and 'sad-coloured' gowns, no less than their shrinking and averted looks, made it difficult for me to believe that they were three heiresses of an illustrious house, standing in

the presence of their mother. 'You may go,' said the Duchess, waving her hand to the two youngest, who immediately, with low courtesy, and hands crossed on the breast, 'backed out,' (for the young ladies of this period were never allowed literally to turn their backs on their parents.) 'Come hither, Jane,' was the summons to the one who remained; and a handsome girl, of remarkably open countenance, and features that might have expressed the fullness of joy, had she been a forest child instead of a Duchess's eldest daughter timidly approached the table.

"'Mistress Atwood tells me that you pay not that attention to your broidery that you did—how is this?' sternly inquired the Duchess.

"The poor girl answered not, but stood holding a little book in both hands with her eyes fixed on the ground. 'How now, minion, art tongue-tied?' cried the Duchess fiercely, as the affrighted lady Jane, who had so often suffered from her mother's blows and pinches, drew back; just articulating in a whisper, 'No forsooth, madam.'

"'No, truly,' retorted the tender mother, "with Master Aylmer, your tutor, you can talk fast enow; but mind now;—ye know not how lofty a station may be yours, and therefore I desire you to give heed to your lute, and your dancing, and also that ye learn to shoot with the bow—it is a right royal pastime."

"'The poor girl timidly raised her large fawn-like eyes. 'But my book-learning,' said she.

"'That may be also attended to in its proper place,' said the Duchess: "but ye are past fourteen, and ere next Easter, if it so should suit, ye may be married;—so go to your studies, but remember, on pain of my severe displeasure, that ye give more heed to your dancing and broidery." The poor girl bowed her head, and was about to withdraw. 'Stay,' said the Duchess, "our right dear cousin, the Duke of Northumberland, cometh here to-day. Now we intend that you shall marry his son; so take heed, and be ready to welcome him: and also, when the Duke arriveth in the withdrawing-room, take this spice-plate, and offer him the comfits reverently."

"'The haughty Duchess swept slowly into the ante-room, just as the opposite side door opened, and admitted a venerable man in the dress of a churchman, while the lady Jane's large eyes, which had filled with tears, flashed light like the April sunshine at his appearance,

"'My own good, kind, Master Aylmer,' cried she, "then I shall have a lesson this morning."

"'If your lady mother pleaseth,' said the tutor; "but they are even now about to hunt in the park, and methought you would join them."

"'O no,' replied the poor girl, whose crushed spirits turned from the pleasures and sports of girlhood, to the lofty speculations and high imaginings of the ancient sages: "O no; let us talk of those great men, and read their works; for what can daily life afford, that can be compared with their converse?"

"'It was a beautiful, an interesting sight, to see that young girl unclasping her cherished book, and reading the lofty speculations of Plato, in his own language, with a relish that showed she made them her own; and yet it was melancholy,—for the sun was shining in his summer brightness along the green alleys and velvet slopes, and upon the rich masses of foliage in Bradgate Park; and the peasant children were abroad, enjoying their bright heritage of summer and its beauty; all was gladsomeness and poetry,—the best of all poetry, the poetry of nature. Surely the youthful lady Jane should have been abroad like them. But well was it for her, whose short and mournful life was so soon to be ended, that she turned away from the beauties of a world in which her sojourn was so brief, to commune with higher natures than those around her, and to seek, in the fabled Atalantis of the Grecian sage, that beauty and that perfection which she found not here.

"'Alas! sweet lady Jane; fair lily, that might have bloomed in the bright solitudes of Bradgate. I presented spices to her on the morning of her marriage with the Lord Guilford Dudley; I stood beside her when she refused that crown, which was forced upon her brow by her stern and ambitious

father; but the happiest day of her life was that which closed her brief career, and dismissed her from the cold, and selfish, and cruel natures, by which she was surrounded, to the fitter society of the saints in heaven.

"'Again I slumbered many years; at length I beheld the light in a noble drawing-room, where I was placed upon a large table, on which lay heaped a vast variety of things, no inapt emblem of the mind of their owner. The drawing-room was in proud Whitehall; the miscellaneous contents of the table were—sundry folios of the acts of ecclesiastical councils, sundry sheets of parchment, containing plans 'for ye effectual suppression of puritanisme,' and a 'platforme of instructions for ye Judges,' both exhibiting delectable specimens of right royal penmanship, and right royal opinions. Close beside were sundry hawks'-bells, a standing-sup of muscardine, a sprig of mountain-ash, (that infalliable preservative against witchcraft,) a huge silver inkstand, myself, the ancient spice-plate, now containing cardamum comfits, and preserved ginger, and two silver dog's-whistles. Need I after this description say, that the coarse and mean looking man, with high-crowned gray hat, and well padded doublet, who sat just beside, was the 'high and mighty' 'Prince James, King of Great Britain?'

"' Before him, in the attitude of a slave awaiting the commands of his tyrant, or the humblest of scholars listening to the opinions of some master mind, stood.—alas! for poor human nature,—the wisest man in Europe, —he of whom it may be well said, happy had it been for his fame could his whole public life have been blotted from the page of history.—Bacon. 'And O! Sire,' said he, —for his master had just before given him permission to speak,—'what more worthy of a monarch, who hath ever deemed war but an ignoble game, to commence a bloodless warfare against the errors that warp the judgment, —those *eidolæ* which hoodwink and blind the light of the understanding! Oh! what more worthy achievement for the '*rex pacificus*,' than to advance the true interests of learning; and O! what glory to the British Solomon, to lay the foundations of that temple, which, consecrated unto the glory of God and the good man's estate, shall shine with far more enduring splendour than that famed temple, of the Jewish king, since the ivory thereof will be the whiteness of pure intentions, and the gold the precious ore of heavenly wisdom?'

"'Aweel," mumbled the high and mighty Prince James, twitching the rosettes on his doublet with fingers that certainly stood in need of ablution, "Aweel, but goud is especial scarce to come at, an' in this respect the British Solomon methinks marcheth *haud passibas æquis* with his namesake. Odds, man, ye ha' sae mony crotchets in yere head, I would ye wad tak to speculations anent goud-making. Alchemy isna a forbidden art, like figure-casting, or chiromancy, or spells and enchantments, which, as I have set forth in my buik o' Demonologie, are especially forbidden. No, alchemy is ane upright art, as saith Martin Luther, and with him agreeth the learned Zanchlius and Delrio, and I wad say Cornelius Agrippa also,—only I doubt he was nae gude, seeing that he was alway attendit by ane black dog. Now, had he been in my dominions I wad soon hae seen intil it; for since the kingly power is o' God, I wad hae summoned the black dog before my tribunal, and, had he been ane fiend, hae punished him' (the learned monarch, unfortunately, did not say what he would have done had it been only a dog); "so now, my gude chancellor, what say ye to a trial in alchemy?"

"'Many have attempted the making of gold, your majesty," said Bacon, "but none have yet succeeded; though what may hereafter be discovered, when men, instead of believing, upon trust, shall bring each question to the sure test of experiment, I may not say."

"'The maist o' yere discourses, maister chancellor, end wi' I may not say," replied James sullenly; "ye doubt this, and misbelieve that, and set up a new-fangled kind o' learning, while I myself can scarcely comprehend."

"'Still, your majesty, deny me not the praise of good intentions," humbly replied the chancellor.

"Nay we do not," said James, patronisingly, "nor do I think sae ill o' yere learning,

altho' there may be things ye understand not ower weel. Now, ye say, try this, an' try that—'tis doctrine that may lead to deep questioning, an' it may become a trap, set by the arch enemy for unsober minds, an' men may go to the lengths that they come to question reasons o' state, an' ask, "can the King do this?" and the addle-brained monarch actually looked affrighted at his own supposition.

"Far be it from me to seek to encourage that turbulent spirit which is even now abroad," replied the servile Chancellor, unconscious that the very tendency of his writings would, ere long, produce the very effect he deprecated.

"Well we'll gie ye due credit o' that," said the monarch, nodding, "for ye took the part o' our Star Chamber against that proud and pragmatical Coke, wha seemed to think the common law was aboon every thing,—even the will o' a king—an awfu' doctrine; but ye hae mair wisdom in these matters, as ye set forth in yere letter to Stenie, that if he followed in my footsteps, he would aye be right, meaning, that kings can do no wrong."

"'Nor can they, dear dad and gossip,' cried a handsome young man, dressed magnificently, who, at this moment, entered the room, and laid his hand on the King's shoulder, 'though this is doctrine that will require some stronger arguments than we have yet brought forward; for the rascals are at it again.'"

"'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated James, with uplifted hands, 'what! are there mair plots o' Jesuits, or hath there been mair witchcraft brought to light?'"

"'Neither,' replied the favorite, with a scornful laugh, 'only the vagabonds have put forth a pamphlet, reflecting on me and my lady mother.'"

"'They have not, surely,' cried the King. 'O these traitorous, heathenish, sons of Belial! you see, my gude Lord Chancellor, what cometh o' questionings and inquiries: men, wha ought to look up to the Lord's anointed, as they would to the invisible representative o' God, daur to speak ill o' the man whilk the king delighted to honour.' Thus saying, he passed his awkward fingers through the silken perfumed tresses of Buckingham, and patted him on the cheek."

"'I wish, good dad and gossip,' replied the favourite, you would take some stronger measures: hang up a dozen of them, and send a score or two to the plantations. I warrant you King Ahasuerus, would have done so.'"

"'Ay, King Ahasuerus had a guid notion o' government,' said James, 'as I told baby Charles the other day.

"'You did, Sire,' replied a young and interesting, though rather sickly-looking young man, who entered; 'and in truth, with these insolent libellers we must have stronger measures.'"

"'An' so ye shall,' cried James, rubbing his hands, 'an' the puritan sect shall be a harried out o' the land. 'Strong measures!' I like the words baby Charles, for they are right royal; an' do ye ay remember, when I am gone (for even kings maun gang the way o' all flesh), an' do ye, Steenie, ay remind him, that the will o' a king, an' the word o' a king, like the laws o' the Medes and Persians, maun never be gainsaid."

"Again, and for the last time, I stood in that room in Whitehall. There were shouting in the street; and 'remember the fate of Buckingham!' and previlege of parliament! resounded from the crowd without; while he who now wore the crown sat with his face buried in his hands, anxiously revolving what course he should pursue. Would that some wise and judicious counsellor had been at hand to advise him!—but the principles inculcated by the father and advocated by the favourite, had sprung up, and produced a bitter crop; and, indignant at the stern opposition he had encountered, the unhappy monarch turned from every thought of conciliation to revenge. 'I will never yield,' said he, at length starting up; 'but this very night I leave Whitehall.' That very night he left. Who knows not how he returned, seven years after, a captive, to his execution!

"Nor myself, I quitted the abode of kings from henceforth, and, carried to Goldsmith's Hall with my companions, by order of the parliamentary commissioners, I again was melted down, The days of the tall, graceful standing-cup, of the richly filagreed spice-

dish, were alike over, and in the sober substantial form in which I now exist, I finally once again saw the light.'

A WINTER HOUR.

Comes there no joy in a winter hour.
When the blast howls by with strength and power,
When flowers are withered and leaves are shrunk,
And autumn hath bared the maple's trunk,
When summer is flown—no more is heard
The mellifluous strain of the wildwood bird,
When winter hath saddened the scene of bloom,
And death stalks over the silent tomb?

Is there no mirth in the joyous dance
At the banquet board, where bright eyes glance,—
Doth not the song inspire our souls
Amid the libations of nectared bowls?
Have we a tear the eye to annoy,
A grief to shadow its light of joy;
Doth the heart return where shadows fall
On the cypress tree, or ruined wall?

'Twere vain to conjecture thus on earth,
Where mirth and sorrow alike have birth;
The clouds that hang o'er the soul to-day,
By the sun of to-morrow may vanish away;
Let us seek our home 'mid realms above;
Where strife comes not—blest land of love,
Let us flock round the hearth while burning bright,
And bless the hour on a winter's night.

GEORGE BAYLEY.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

A little before twelve o'clock of the last night of the last year, as I sat in my garret, pondering somewhat sadly over the chances and changes that had come upon me, and listening to the howl of the winds past my single, solitary window, I fell a pondering over days past and gone. Of the merry days of my boyhood, old sports, old memories, old thoughts, and as slowly the chequered page of thought passed through my memory, I heard, faintly at first, and, by and bye swelling out with a broad, deep, stern diapason that chimed in well with my feelings the distant booming of the old church bell, that told me the old year had passed away, and that a new one was coming—

"With nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

to look upon this fair Earth of ours for a time, and, like all its predecessors, to be laid on the great shelves of Eternity as another record against us—

"Come like a shadow, so depart."

It's a strange feeling that comes upon us, as we hear the chimes ringing out heavy and sombre through the midnight darkness, telling us that one year more of pleasure is passed away. That one year more of grief and trouble has drifted with us and past us on the great sea of time; that another season of, it may be, bright, pleasant, happy days, or, it may be, dark, dreary, wearisome hours of sickness, poverty, or trouble—deep, heartfelt trouble—has waned away; that the old friends who were with us but a few months since are some dead and in heaven, and others scattered over the wide face of God's great and beautiful Earth, forgetting, perhaps, almost forgotten; that old loves have been cut deeper and more boldly in our hearts, and old sorrows healed over, blunted, and possibly forgotten; that a new, untried year is coming in, and smiling upon us with all its bright hopes, its anticipated enjoyments, its deep-laid schemes, its new loves and friendships, its chances and changes—there will, perhaps, be but few who will read this, and but fewer still who have not felt this strange undefinable sensation.

Oh! as the shadow and darkness of the last night of the year comes slowly creeping upon us, stealing over us, drawing out the long, faint tracery of the fire-light upon them all—how many, many pleasant thoughts, how many pleasant faces come up before us in the broad mirror of the old Magician memory, brighter and more distinctly as the embers slowly fade away into nothingness, darkness, blackness, death. The brother who stood beside us in peril, and danger, and trial, who sought his bread hardly in a foreign land, amid the tall cedars of the Huron—who thought sadly and longingly of the dear old faces at home, and sighed once more to look upon the well-loved faces round our father's fireside—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"

with the howl of the dingoe for his sole requiem.

The old and well-tried friend who, with us, has looked death in the face, nor blanched at the grim sight, lays himself down beneath the tall, feathery palm-trees of an Eastern clime, and thinks, it may be, of the old school-fellow left behind, who has so often

shared his flask and his pillow, who has so often kept watch with him when the salt waves broke over the deck, and who, it may be, nay, who, he well knows, does think, with a heavy heart, of the remote chance that he will ever again see his well-remembered face.

And over the ashes of the past, comes the new year, bright with smiles and gay hopes of the future—pictures out happy thoughts of days yet to come, whispers pleasant hopes of re-union, if not here, in a fairer and brighter world than this.

For we forget not. The years of our early life are graven too deeply on our memory; and though faded away, and seemingly gone for ever, need but the warmth of happiness or the sunny smiles of friendship to awake them again into being—like the sympathetic tracings of olden days, that, though seemingly illegible, shone out clear and sharp when brought into the free sunlight.

It may be that many years have rolled over our heads; that crosses and disappointments have seemed to erase all memory of the past. The old tracks made in the river sand are still there, though ages have passed since they were made, and the mud has become stone long ago. The deposit from the water, the sand of the river bed, it may be even gold dust has filled them up—but the traces are there still, and the first freshet exposes them, sharp and distinct as on the day they were first stamped there.

What will the new year produce? will it end brightly, pleasantly? Will old friends again cluster around our hearth-stone ere its close? Will fortune once more smile upon us? will it bring new ties to bind us to life? Will the child creep around the mother's knees, rendering her more beautiful and loveable than ever to the happy father? or will poverty's cold hand lay its heavy gripe upon us? Will new friends group around us with fresh smiles? or will the old ones drop away? and will the oak still stand grim and grey, with the ivy rotting away from it, dead at its root? We know not, and it is perhaps as well that we should not, happiness is often as hard to bear as trouble. *Carpe diem*, sung old Horace, and we question whether his be not the true philosophy—and while we are no friends to mere Epicurianism, yet we think that may be sound sense in what the old poet sings.

Strange that these old fantasies creep around us still, and grow brighter and pleasanter as we approach or pass the meridian of life.

Stranger still, how the memories of olden time cluster around us at this season. We can still hear the sough of the wind among the palm trees of a far distant clime; still see their tall pillars, their feathery heads, and the long shadows of the evening sunlight spreading out their clustered images over the sea. Pleasant the memories that crowd around us this winter's evening—

> "As memory idly summons up
> The blith blinks o' lang syne."

As we said before, we never forget. Old thoughts are garnered away in our hearts almost past deciphering, till some casual circumstance brings the hidden treasures to light, showing brighter and brighter as the dust of years is brushed away from them. And Time's bony fingers, though somewhat often most unceremonious, serve a good office even in this. A chance word, a passing question bring up pleasant thoughts that we imagined were long years ago smothered with the dust of oblivion. Why is this? Why do the old scenes of our childhood thus rush up unbidden, it may be unwished for? Years have passed over our heads, and the snows of many winters, it may be, are silvering our temples. Yet the grey, mouldering, moss-grown walls of the old college are as fresh in our memory as on the day we last bid them adieu.

It's a pleasant thing thus to ponder over these old-world fancies; and well has poor Motherwell sung of them in his sweet song, "Jeanie Morrison," when he spoke of "bygane hours and thee." We have sat and listened to an old peasant woman crooning over the old strange ditties that we heard in our childhood, till our heart wandered back to the green hills and the grim, gray, craggy, mossy rocks of our own native Cumberland, and we longed to be boys again among the heather.

We like to hear these old songs. They remind us of pleasant days, long ere the wearisome, carking cares of this world had come

upon us—ere we had seen the falsehood and deception of the world, when we thought all men honest, all women virtuous. Alas! how roughly have all these pleasant hallucinations been torn away from us! And how hard, and pitiless, and relentless does the world appear, when we see it in its true light? The scenes of the theatre look bright, and pleasant, and inviting to us from the stage-box, but how squalid, and wretched, and dirty, and rough, when we see them from the stage itself. Pity almost that these bright visions fade so completely away from us, and that where Aladdin's palace stood are only the smoky, cob-webbed rafters of our poor garret.

We recollect once out of sight of land, hearing the sound of bells. Where it came from, we could only surmise; and thus over the wild ocean of life comes often to us, and that, too, when we least think of it, the thoughts of happier, younger years like the bells of the old church, that on this Sabbath evening came chiming over the deep Atlantic. Pleasant, too, was it when the soft, mellow shadows of evening were shrowding us, to hear the chimes of the Convent of the Blessed Virgin ringing clear and soft, as the vesper service commenced, while we thought that even then the loved ones far away were perhaps thinking over the absent ones.

And the old year rolls away with its load of cares and troubles, its pleasant scenes of enjoyments, and its long, dreary hours of sickness; and another opens upon us bright with promises of the future, it may be now to be realized. It may be, that of those who sat with us yesterday even, ere its anniversary comes round to welcome us, some may be

"Sleeping the sleep that knows no waking,"

beneath the waves of the deep, deep sea. Others far away in a foreign land. How many of our circle this evening will meet to hail the next new year? Of those who brought pleasant smiles and kind words to brighten its advent but two short years ago, one—

"After life's fitful fever, sleeps well
In the sunny south, but not forgotten,"

and amid all the crosses and troubles that life brings in its train, one is left, and another sweet face beams forth a pleasant greeting, whose tiny features oft smooth the wrinkles on our troubled brow, and bring back the smiles to our weary-worn heart. We could wish our lot to be smoother and pleasanter, yet have we learned to bear it humbly, gratefully, and yet proudly, knowing that the Almighty, and with deep reverence be it spoken—

"Under a frowning providence
Oft hides a smiling face."

Farewell to the old year, and our benison go with it. If we have seen grief, and trouble, and disappointment, as it slowly rolled into the dark grave of oblivion; if many of our brightest hopes have not been realized, yet many of our anticipations have been more than fulfilled. Nor would we rake from the ashes of the dead year one harsh thought or dreary pondering, to dim our bright dreams of the future. If they be but dreams, they are at least pleasant ones; and we are the last to cast a damper o'er these pleasant modes of whiling away a heavy hour, or to knock away a fragment from the foundation of one of our many "Chateaux en Espagne." A smiling face never yet brought trouble on us, nor do we think it ever will, nor would we give up one of our many air-built castles. If we have nothing better than Alnaschar's basket, at least there can be no reason why we should kick it over needlessly.

L'ENVOI.

We have whiled away an hour or two, O reader, pleasantly to ourselves, in penning this medley. Be it yours to pronounce on its merits. If it has helped you for a moment to forget trouble; if it has brought up to you one bright thought, one happy reminiscence; if it has banished one unpleasant recollection (and we trust these are few); if it has brought out one phase of your better nature, has induced you, though but for a moment, to look more kindly on poor, fallible human nature—then have we this pleasing unction to lay to our soul, that, in addition to the gratification we have found in this pleasant task, we have helped, in some measure, to lighten one of the many wearisome cares of this world. VIVE VALEQUE!

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XLI.

[*Laird, Major, Purser, and Doctor.*]

DOCTOR.—I have just been glancing over Bohn's edition of "*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*"

LAIRD.—It's a comely and weel favoured volume, and as fou o' savoury reading as an egg is fou o' meat. A prominent stance it occupies among my wee bit syned o' books at Bonnie Braes.

MAJOR.—Very winning to me are those rough old metricalities of our unsophisticated ancestors. There is a gusto about them which you may search for in vain amongst the more polished, but tamer lyrics of modern times.

LAIRD.—Never did ye say a truer word, Crabtree. A ballant o' the era o' that randy jade, Queen Bess, is as muckle superior to the best o' your fashionable sangs, as a haunch o' venison is to a saddle o' mutton that has been fed on turnips and oil cake!

DOCTOR.—Very possibly you may be in the right, but I cannot say that I can enter into your feelings. There is a quaintness, I grant, in many of the compositions which you laud so incontinently, which pleases the palate like an olive; but few folk, I opine, would like to breakfast, dine, and sup upon olives.

LAIRD.—Waes me, waes me! The maist sorrowfu' sight which this sorrowfu' world can exhibit, is that o' a rational creature lacking a' perception o' the picturesque and beautiful!

PURSER.—Surely our medical associate has been employing the language of exaggeration in the criticism which he has just enunciated.

DOCTOR.—To that charge I emphatically plead not guilty, and, if time permitted, could fully justify the plea. Condescending merely upon one point, look at the marrowless nature of those productions so far as plot is concerned. Why you could not fabricate the most flimsy melo-drama, out of the "fable" of nine-tenths of them.

MAJOR.—Not very familiar am I with the department of histrionic literature which you have referred to; but I have a strong idea that Mr. Nickinson, if present, could demonstrate that you have just lifted a stone which might go to crack your own sconce.

PURSER.—If I may be permitted to make a few remarks—

LAIRD.—Begging your pardon for the interruption, I would humbly venture to submit that critical canglings are as wersh as oysters without vinegar or pepper! Rax me the bottle, Crabtree, like a guid bairn, and I'll tell you a story.

MAJOR.—With all my heart! The more readily do I accede to your offer, seeing that the pipe which I am discussing vents to admiration, and is replenished with a sample of the choicest fig tobacco.

PURSER.—How strange it is that people are to be found who can bring themselves to smoke the "manufactured" narcotic vegetable! Their hairs would stand perpendicular in rigid horror, if they could be indoctrinated with the cento of abominations which in vapour form they inhale, when they batten upon the very purest of the compounds in question!

DOCTOR.—Thou sayest it! The Persian phrase of "eating dirt" is continually being realized by the nicotian million.

MAJOR.—As Bonnie Braes has now "mended his draught," I proclaim silence, so that he may favour us with the promised legend.

DOCTOR.—Gee up, old codger! Don't you see we are all waiting?

LAIRD.—Is that a like way to speak to ane o' the landed aristocracy? Little would tempt me to let your lug ken the weight o' my kneeve!

MAJOR.—Oh, for the love of sweet charity, permit this sederunt to pass without bickerings or heartburnings! I cannot away with the impression that some time may elapse ere we all congregate again around this simple board!

LAIRD.—Dinna' greet, Crabtree! I canna' thole to see you greeting! There is something gruesome in the spectacle o' a spate o' tears, gushing and splashing o'er a wrinkled face and a grey beard! Bonny and humanizing is it to witness a young, tender lassie shedding water on the pages o' some tale o' mistortunate true love—say the sorrows o' Lucy Ashton, or tho griefs o' Juliet o' Verona! But saut water in the e'en o' an auld carl is as preternaturally outrè as the conviviality o' the marble magnate in Don Juan, that I ance saw acted (backslider that I was) in the Royal Leeshaeum!

MAJOR.—Pray pardon my passing weakness, good agriculturist, and proceed with your promised prelection!

LAIRD.—Weel, you see, ance upon a time—

DOCTOR.—By Jupiter! Here comes a slice from Mother Goose!

LAIRD.—If there was a slice shaved frae your tongue, Daddy Gander, we might calculate upon the speedy return o' the Golden Age!

PURSER.—Never mind him, Squire Rustic.

LAIRD.—And wha, I should vera much like to ken, gave you title or permission to ca' me rustic? It doesna' follow, because I suffer our host Crabtree to speak to me, now and again, in a daffin and familiar fashion, that a whipper-snapper like you, that wrings bawbees frae the lean purses o' puir deck passengers in a clatty, creechy, steam vessel, should presume to mak' sae free wi' your betters! I may be a "clod-crusher" and a "plough-guider" to the Major, but let me tell you, my birkie, that I am the Laird o' Bonnie Braes, and nacthing less, to a' the balance o' creation!

DOCTOR.—You have caught it at last, friend Purser!

PURSER.—Mea culpa; mea maxima culpa!

LAIRD.—Puir spite! When reprimanded for a transgression, ye begin to rail against your rebuker in Greek, or French, or some such defunct dialect!

MAJOR.—But touching the tale.

LAIRD.—Some saxty years ago, or if I said saxty-five it may be nearer the mark, there dwelt on the banks o' the Niagara, no' very far frae Queenston, a military veteran offisher named Leedovic Cranstoun, wha, after climbing the ladder o' promotion till he reached the step o' Major, had retired to enjoy himself under the shadow o' his laurels.

DOCTOR.—Doth the laurel, then, flourish in the district of Niagara?

LAIRD.—Just listen to the matter o' fact sumph! Major Cranstoun was a widower, wi' an only son, Gilbert by name, to whom he had given the best education which the Upper Province at that time could afford.

DOCTOR.—Sorry pickings at the best!

LAIRD.—I am no' sae very sure o' that, ye auld pill-gilder! There were solid pedagogues to be met with wi' in Canada West before the present century was born. And let me tell you into the bargain, that some o' their disciples, wha are still to the fore, would put to shame, sae far as substantial learning is concerned, the pinch-back pedants that are produced after twelve months' grinding in o'our new-fangled mills!

MAJOR.—There is a glimmering of common sense in that observation.

LAIRD.—The Major, much to his sorrow, noticed before long that Gilbert promised to be sma' credit to the name o' Cranstoun. His habits were idle, I might almost say vicious, and he liked better to be consorting wi' cock-fighters, horse-racers and sic like rubbish o' creation, than gentlemen o' his ain class and condition. Being brawly cognizant o' the fact that his father could leave him, and would leave him many thousand pounds, he could na' be persuaded to study ony profession, but acted upon the maxim o' the auld heathen pock-puddin, "*eat, drink and be merry, the rest is worth nae mair than the snap o' the forefinger and thumb!*"

DOCTOR.—A pestilently free translation of the classic convivial adage!

LAIRD—I need hardly observe that Leedovic did a' in his power to reclaim the wandering prodigal, but he might as well hae attempted to dam up the falls o' Niagara wi' an embankment o' clay.

DOCTOR.—Or muzzle an ignited field-piece, by stuffing a Kilmarnock night cap into the throat thereof!

LAIRD.—If ye mean to continue the story, I'll apply mysel' to the suction o' my bit cuttie pipe!

MAJOR.—Go on, excellent, but over touchy agriculturalist.

LAIRD.—In process o' time the Major cam' to lie down upon his death-bed.

DOCTOR.—An event which must happen to us all!

LAIRD.—No, you provoking, and most intolerable vagabond! If there be sic a thing as poetical and retributive justice, your last gasp will be drawn, no' on a pillow, but within the folds o' a hempen cravat!

MAJOR.—Be persuaded, Sangrado, to entermit your comments!

LAIRD.—Just as the auld soldier was about to render up the ghost he thus addressed his wayward and ill-doing son,—"Gibby" quo' he, "I hae left ye heir to a' that I possess, and before cock-craw to-morrow you will be an' o' the richest men in Canada. For ony sake, my bairn, see that you guide weel the gear that I hae gathered wi' the blood o' my veins, and the sweat o' my brow. Noo, mark carefully what I am about to say. You behold this key! It opens the door o' the auld shanty at the bottom o' the garden, which I, and your sainted mother occupied when first we came to the Province. Carefully hae I preserved that shanty out o' regard for the mony happy days I spent beneath its humble roof tree, and I charge you, as you value my blessing, and dread my curse, that you permit it to stand as lang as two beams thereof hang together. Do you promise me this, Gibby?" "Father, I swear it," was the reply of the sobbing youth.

PURSER.—Pass the cigars, Major, if you please.

LAIRD.—"And listen, Gibby" continued the dying man, "whatever difficulties you are reduced to, you are never to sell or alienate that frail wee bigging. Ye may part wi' every thing else, but that must be sacred as the bones o' him that is speaking these words! Lastly, you will put your right hand upon the family Bible and tak' an oath that you will refrain from opening the door o' the shanty till you hae spent every plack and bawbee o' the fortune that I leave you. If you gang on at the rate you are doing the restriction will na' last very lang, I sairly fear!" Gilbert took the required vow, and ere two hours had elapsed the Major slumbered with his fathers.

DOCTOR.—I am like to slumber with mine!

LAIRD.—Hardly was the senior located in the Queenston kirkyard than his hopeful heir began to live at heck and manger. He made the sillar flee like chucky stanes, and thought as little o' breaking the back o' a hunder dollar note, as his daddy would o' changing a sax pence.

MAJOR.—The old game which will continue to be played till the crack of doom!

LAIRD.—Adjoining contiguously to Cranetoun Manor, for so was the estate denominated, there dwelt a lang snuffling, yellow-chopped Yankee tavern keeper, named Hilkiah Hartman. He had often tried to become an intimate wi' the Major, but in vain. The auld soldier never could thole the free and easy airs o' the democratic publican, wha was continually boasting and bragging about the equality o' mankind.

PURSER.—Niggers always expected!

LAIRD.—As a matter o' course Hilkiah deeply resented the slighting manner in which he was treated by the "Pesky Britisher," and longed for an opportunity of revenge. In the pursuance of this amiable aspiration he was perpetually throwing temptations in the way of young Gilbert, and encouraging him in the perpetration of every kind of wickedness and folly.

DOCTOR.—A vulgar addition of Iago.

LAIRD.—Sae deeply had he entangled the thoughtless lad in his toils, that Gilbert would spend weeks on a stretch at the "Washington's Head," drinking, and dicing and wagering wi' a' the tag-rag-and-bobtail o' the country side, till at length his money-bags began to wax thin as a consumptive tailor out o' work.

PURSER.—Consumedly rapid are those metalic declines, when once they have fairly set in.

LAIRD.—Of course Hilkiah soon saw how the land lay, and wi' diabolical perseverence redoubled his exertions. Whenever the spendthrift was short o' cash he advanced him sums at usurcous interest on notes o' hand, and finally succeeded in obtaining a mortgage over Cranstoun manor, redeemable at three years date.

MAJOR.—Which redemption never took place I presume?

LAIRD.—Never. At the close o' the above mentioned period the wily Inn-keeper took possession o' the property, and Gilbert Cranstoun was turned out o' house and ha' without a plurality o' shillings to jingle on his breek pouch.

PURSER.—And where did he shape his course?

LAIRD.—To the auld, dry-rotted, crumbling shanty, the only remnant o' his means and estate. The Major had taken the precaution o' having it strictly entailed, and consequently it had escaped the greedy fangs o' the mortgage.

DOCTOR.—The tale becometh somewhat interesting.

LAIRD.—That is nae sma' admission for you to mak'! It was on a cauld, churlish, blustering December night, that the ruined stripling entered the desolate hut. He carried a lantern in ae hand, and a basket containing some bread and cheese and a bottle of whiskey in the other. When he opened the door an odour, damp and ungracious as that o' a tomb, greeted his smell, and everything bore the appearance o' ruin and decay.

MAJOR.—*Vide* H. B. Willson's Colonial lamentations!

LAIRD.—Setting down the lantern on the skeleton o' a table, Gilbert took a survey o' the premises, and the first object which he noted, sent a cauld thrill o' horrour through his creeping veins.

PURSER.—He saw, I suppose, the indignant ghost of his sire?

LAIRD.—He saw nae sic thing, but a halter hanging frae the roof, ready twisted for use. Attached to this ominous appendage was a letter addressed to himself, which he lost nae time in perusing. Thus ran the gloomy missive:—"*Son Gilbert,—Having now come to the end of your tether, behold the only gift which I can give you. Remember what the old proverb says, 'Better a finger off than always wagging!' Take heart, grace, my poor, thoughtless boy, and end a life which is not worth continuing.*

"LUDOVIC CRANSTOUN."

MAJOR.—A truly parental epistle, I must admit!

LAIRD.—Puir Gilbert uttered a deep groan when he had come to the end of what he justly regarded as his death warrant. A' things considered he saw naething else that he could do than follow his father's directions. On the coming morning he would be unable to compass a mouthfu' o' breakfast; and though his garments were sae ragged that they could do instant duty in the potatoe bogle line, he lacked credit wi' a single snyder in braid Canada.

PURSER.—Hard up, and no mistake was Cranstoun the younger!

LAIRD.—Drinking aff the stimulating contents o' his bottle at ae draught, the ruined ne'er-do-weel mounted the feckless table, and adjusted the rope around his craig; then shutting his een' as if to avoid getting too early a glimpse o' the grim visage o' death, he kicked awa' his support, and—

DOCTOR.—Became a matter of history!

LAIRD.—Wrang, clean wrang for ance in your life! The rape was rotten as a pine that has been mouldering for a score o' years, and down cam' the unhappy reprobate on his head, wi' a dunt that made a million sparks swarm frae his optics, like a drove o' angry wasps frae a beseiged byke.

PURSER.—Verily there is many a slip, between cup and lip!

LAIRD.—When Gibby cam' to himself, he discovered a wee bit key tied to the end o' the halter that had been fastened to the roof, and attached to this key was a memorandum written on a scrap o' parchment. Eagerly opening the document, he thus read by the flickering light o' the booit:—"*Once more, Gilbert, I afford you a chance to mend your ways. Buried beneath the hearth-stone of the shanty you will find the sum of five thousand pounds, in silver dollars enclosed in an iron chest of which this is the key. Take it with my blessing, and turn over a new leaf.*

"L. C."

MAJOR.—And was the leaf turned over accordingly?

LAIRD.—Nae sooner had the rescued suicide read this blessed message frae the dead, than he sank doon upon his twa knees, and vowed that never mair would he finger dice-box or cards, nor associate wi' his late companions in unthrift and iniquity. This done he made himself sure o' the existence o' the treasure, and taking immediate possession o' a Thousand pounds o' the same, he set aff as fast as

his legs could carry him for Cranstoun manor.

DOCTOR.—He was well ballasted for the trip.

LAIRD.—Arriving at the mansion he knocked at the door, and craved an interview with the new owner who having just taken possession, was celebrating the event by a sumptuous supper. Being ushered into the dining-room, Gilbert beheld Hilkiah seated at the head of the table, surrounded by some score of roisterers who were draining healths "pottle deep" to the new lord of the manor. How indignantly did the stripling's heart beat to witness the vile Yankee occupying the favourite chair of his paternal ancestor! How his fingers tingled to hurl a decanter at his ungainly sconce.

PURSER.—The feeling, I must admit, was far from unnatural.

LAIRD.—Nae sooner had Hartman cast vision upon the new comer, than he demanded in an imperious tone, what business had brought him there?

"*I guess and calculate,*" intoned the purse-proud bully, through his long nose—"*that this here is no place for beggarly loafers! Make tracks in double quick time, or I will order the dogs to be hounded on you!*"

DOCTOR.—A sufficiently left-handed welcome, to an old chum.

LAIRD.—Restraining his ire, Gilbert Cranstoun pulled a poor face, and entreated the loan of a small sum of money. "*Many a braw pound you have had from me Mister Hartman,*" he pleaded, "*and you are well aware that you have got this property for half nothing.*"

MAJOR.—Were the bowels of Hilkiah moved by the expostulation?

LAIRD.—Sorrow a bit, "*Get you gone!* he cried, "*not a single cent will you get from me. As for your precious property, it has cost me double its value; I paid you one thousand pounds currency for the same, and if you now table down five hundred it is yours, and welcome!*"

PURSER.—Of course the offer was at once accepted?

LAIRD.—Gilbert requested that the proposition should be reduced to writing, and Hilkiah, willing to humor the joke, made no opposition to the demand. A legal man, who chanced to be among the guests, prepared the necessary instrument, which was signed and sealed in due form, Hilkiah smiling as bitterly as a crab-apple soaked in vinegar, as he adhibited his subscription to the paper. "Now," exclaimed he, "it is high time that this here farce was played out. There is my agreement, where are your shiners?" "Here, you scoundrel!" shouted Cranstoun, dashing down a sackful o' dollars upon the table, wi' a smeddum which caused the glasses to leap half-way to the ceiling, "Here is your cash, and if you stay a moment longer than is necessary to count the same, you shall take your departure from the window!"

DOCTOR.—A hint so very palpable was taken, I presume?

LAIRD.—You may safely swear that! Gilbert Cranstoun slept that night in his father's hall, the sole occupant thereof, and Hilkiah Hartman, maddened at the upshot of the adventure, drank himself into the "barley fever," and cut his throat before the week was out. He lies buried at a cross-road, three miles frae Queenston, wi' a stake through his wame, a terrible example and warning to knavish change-house keepers, especially if hailing frae the "Model Republic!"

DOCTOR.—Well, Bonnie Braes, I must do you the credit to say that the legend with which you have favored us, is not devoid of appetizing qualities. The plot thereof is somewhat more racy than what you meet with in the best of the ancient ballads whose lauds you sing so stoutly.

LAIRD.—It may be sae, but just read, when ye gang hame, the *Heir of Linne*, in Percy's collection, and haply ye may change your opinion. I add nae mair, seeing that a wink is as guid as a nod to a blin' horse!

MAJOR.—Why, I verily believe that the treasonable bucolic has been palming off upon us one of the metrical tales of Old England as a *bonâ fide* tradition of this Canada! Is it not so, thou North British cousin of Sinon?

LAIRD.—I ken naething about your Sinon or Simon, and care as little. This only will I say, that when a culprit is brought before me in my magisterial capacity, I uniformly

warn him to say naething that may tend to bring him into trouble. The advice which I hae so often given to others I intend to act upon myself in the present instance, and sae ye may just find oot, the best way ye can, whether I hae been telling ye lees or veracities!

DOCTOR.—By Jove! I will willingly subscribe a few coppers towards the purchase of a cutty-stool whereon this most mendacious of bread-stuff engenderers may do penance for his delict! I will get an old friend to tackle the case, and if he does not hammer the conceit out of the rogue, never more call me conjuror!

LAIRD.—I dinna' belang to your friend's clique, and if he daurs to touch me even wi' his little finger, he will hae to pay the piper!

MAJOR.—Come, come, Laird, let us have no vituperation against the venerable Rabbi.

LAIRD.—Clootie reproving sin! Ye might hae mair decency than to ca' a venerable Mess John, by the free and easy name o' Rabbie!

DOCTOR.—I perfectly agree with you. He will next be denominating the sacerdos "Rab the Ranter!"

MAJOR.—By the bones of St. Oal, you will make me out to be railing Rabshakeh, in spite of my teeth!

PURSER.—As Bonnie Braes has favored us with a story, perhaps he will permit me to tip him a stave. It is one of the most spirited newspaper canticles I have met with for some time, and is entitled—

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands, and feet, and garments soiling,
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye,
Borrowed from yon glowing sky,
And there's meaning in his glances,
That bespeak no dreamer's fancies—
For his mind has precious lore
Gleaned from nature's sacred store.

Toiling up yon weary hill,
He has worked since early morning,
Ease, and rest, and pleasure scorning.
And he's at his labour still,
Though the slanting western beam
Quivering on the glassy stream,
And yon old elm's lengthened shadow,
Flung athwart the verdant meadow,
Tell that shadowy twilight gray
Cannot now be far away.

See! he stops and wipes his brow—
Marks the rapid sun's descending—
Marks his shadow far extending—
Deems it time to quit the plough.
Weary man and weary steed
Welcome food and respite need:
'Tis the hour when bird and bee
Seek repose—and why not he?
Nature loves the twilight blest;
Let the toil-worn ploughman rest!

Ye who, nursed upon the breast
Of ease and pleasure enervating,
Ever new delights creating,
Which not long retain their zest—
Ere upon their taste they pall.
What avail your pleasures all?
In his hard but pleasant labour,
He, your useful, healthful neighbour,
Finds employment, real, true—
Vainly sought by such as you.

Nature's open volume lies
Richly tinted, brightly beaming,
With its various lessons teeming,
All outspread before his eyes,
Dewy glades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,
Sun and shade, and bird and bee,
Fount and forest, hill and lea—
All things beautiful and fair,
His benignant teachers are.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands, and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet 'tis health and wealth to him,
Strength of nerve and strength of limb,
Light and fervor in his glances,
Learned and happy, brave and free.
Who so proud and blest as he?

LAIRD.—Magnificent! First rate! No sae bad ava! The lad that wrote that has a just notion o' the dignity o' ploughing and sheering—

DOCTOR.—And manure-distributing! Confess now, good son of Ceres, that there is a monstrous amount of bosh and bunkum in modern agricultural lays!

LAIRD.—I'll confess no sic a thing!

DOCTOR.—Why, according to these Georgican bards, every ploughman is a Burns, having for his "benignant teachers," "all things beautiful and fair!" Speak the naked truth, and I am convinced you will own that for one "Rob Mossgiel," you will meet with ten thousand Bauldie Stotts?

LAIRD.—If there were nae ploughmen, my fine shaver, what wud ye do for bread?

DOCTOR.—A miserable blinking of the question! Lacking pigs, we should have no

smoked hams, but are we therefore to make heroes and demi-gods of the porcine tribe?

LAIRD.—Confound the rascal's impudence! Div ye mean to liken and compare farmer bodies to swine?

MAJOR.—Bonnie Braes! I must insist upon your relinquishing that bottle, which you are brandishing after such a truculent fashion!

LAIRD.—I obey. It would be a pity to break the guid glass upon the thick skull o' sic a foul-tongued auld loon!

PURSER.—Pray, Major, have you read the new work by Max Maretzek, entitled *Crotchets and Quavers: or Revelations of an Opera Manager in America?* My friend the "Mus. Bac." praises it to the skies.

MAJOR.—The commendations of the aforesaid "Mus. Bac." are not misplaced. Seldom have I met with a more genial and racy modicum of auto-biography. It abounds with lively sketches of men, manners, and music, and graphically paints the insubordinations of actors, and the miseries of managers.

PURSER.—A story as old as the days of Colley Cibber, nay, of Thespis himself, questionless, if we knew all!

DOCTOR.—As, in all probability, I shall not have leisure to peruse the affair, may I trouble you to give me an inkling of its contents?

MAJOR.—Certainly. Maretzek was lessee of the Astor Place, Opera House, in the year when Jenny Lind visited Dollardom. Being naturally anxious to procure some counter-attraction to the "Swedish Nightingale," he engaged Parodi, and prior to her advent used every means to whet the appetite of the *hoi polloi*. Puffs, portraits, and biographies were largely manufactured, and distributed through the music "concerns" of New York, but he was still doubtful as to the success of his speculation. Max shall now tell his own story:—

One morning, therefore, I dispatched a confidential friend to the office of one of the morning newspapers, and the following dialogue took place between him and one of the editors, with whom he was acquainted.

"Poor Maretzek!" said my friend, with a woeful shake of the head.

"Why! What is the matter?"

"Well! I suppose I ought not to tell you," he answered, looking as lugubrious as a man who is hired to weep at a funeral. "But he is ruined."

"Eh! What?"

"This season will finish him."

"How is that possible? Everybody says Parodi is very great."

"Yes. Parodi would carry everything before her."

"What is the matter, then?"

"She need not be afraid even of Jenny Lind."

"Explain yourself. What is it that has happened, my dear sir?"

"If I do, you must promise me the most implicit secresy."

"Most assuredly, I do."

"Poor Max would scarcely outlive it, if it were known."

"Well, I never will mention it."

"Under your pledge of the most sacred secresy"—

"Certainly!"

"I think I may tell you."

"Pray, continue."

"The truth is, that the old Duke of Devonshire has long been in love with her."

"The duce, he has!"

"And when he heard that she was to visit New York, he made up his mind, rushed to her feet, and offered her his fortune and coronet."

"You don't really say so?"

"But the worst of it is, that such a chance for the establishment of a vocalist does not occur every day—that is to say, her establishment in life as a married woman of high rank."

"I should think not, indeed. The Duchess of Devonshire?"

"Therefore, she has consented to marry him."

"And this is true?"

"It is certain. The letter came by the last steamer. But, for Heaven's sake, do not say a word about it. Remember poor Max Maretzek with the Astor Place and a large company on hand. He is decidedly ruined."

"Really it is provoking!"

"Is it not?"

"Most undoubtly!"

"Mind! You have promised me to be strictly silent."

"As the grave."

Having received this promise, Lablache, my friend then quitted the office of the daily journal in question, impressed with the sereenest of pos-

sible convictions that the luckless editor had swallowed his bait, hook and all.

And so he had. Anxious to have the first of this peculiarly piquant piece of intelligence, he suffered his promise of the most implicit secresy to slip entirely from his memory. Next morning, the whole story appeared, with additional embroidery, in his journal. Upon the following day, it was repeated by every daily paper in New York. In something less than three weeks, it had found its way into almost every newspaper from Maine to Texas, and in a fortnight more, had completed its travels by one huge stride from New York to San Francisco.

Biographies, portraits, and anecdotes about her, which had dropped still-born from the press, were now republished, admired, and listened to.

Some of the country editors even went so far as to adopt Barnum's plan, and described the very *trousseau* with which the Duke of Devonshire had presented her, in a foreign correspondence of decidedly home-manufacture. A few of them even published verbatim copies of the assumed contract of marriage. Numberless applications were received by me from musical agents, who offered to arrange my difficulties with the Duke upon amicable terms. Letters from lawyers came into my hands, which stated their writers' readiness to start for Europe and commence a process against the new Duchess. These asked only for a share of those damages which they felt certain of obtaining.

My part was very clearly marked out for me, my venerable friend, and it is needless to say that I stuck to it. This was to answer not a single letter, and to correct no newspaper. So I quietly opened my subscription list, and shortly afterwards commenced the season, without the name of one of the artists who formed my company having been previously announced.

As may be reasonably supposed by you, my subscription list was thin, nor were my houses much better. But after some two weeks more, the supposed Duchess of Devonshire arrived from Europe, in the Pacific, and was completely astounded to find such a report in circulation.

From the day of her arrival, I announced that I should accept of no more subscriptions for the season, and raised the price of admission exactly one hundred per cent. This last fact dispelled all doubt of her superiority, as it was supposed that I could not have dared to do this, with such a rival attraction as Jenny Lind in the market, if I had not been morally certain of her success. Well, she appeared as *Norma* to a crowded house, and as you know, she had talent enough to sustain that reputation which my agents and friends had manufactured for her. To the end of the season she continued to draw excellent houses, and, instead of being ruined, as I myself had predicted, with a full determination were it possible to falsify my own prophecy, I carried three operatic seasons in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston to a triumphant close, being enabled to pay the debts of the anterior season, and to close my campaign with some profit.

DOCTOR.—Of a surety, Max had cut his wisdom tooth.

MAJOR.—Here is a succinct vidimus of the ups and downs of histrionic life:—

The *baton* has been wielded by me, now as a *maestro*, again as a Conductor, and afterwards as a Manager, in various cities, from Agram near the Black Sea to Mexico almost on the borders of the Pacific Ocean. Here, I have been almost starving. There, I have been entertaining a host of guests in a style that was well nigh princely. Occasionally, my request has been made in vain for employment as a musical copyist. At another time. emyloyment has been given by me to somewhere about three hundred persons. Now, I have been forced to borrow a few score of dollars from particular friends, and then, compelled to lavish hundreds (or as it might truly be said, thousands) upon professional enemies. As a reward for the first necessity, my friends were invariably lost to him who dared make use of their pockets; and, as a return for the last, my compulsory profusion has ever managed to retain my enemies. Sometimes hissed by the public; at others, I have been the object of the most flattering ovations.

LAIRD.—That puts me in mind o' a saying o' *souple Jock*, the tumbler, that used to visit Kelso Fair. "*My existence,*" quo' Jock "*is 'ay in extremes. It is either a burst or a starve!*"

MAJOR.—Suggestive is the following passage, of Hogarth's "*Enraged Musician*":—

Rossini, although apparently indifferent, feels that he has lost a portion of that almost universal musical dominion which he once had. Occasionally, he shows his anger, by sarcastic remarks upon the leader of the reform movement in music, and his principal disciples.

Thus, one morning, when in Paris, a wander-

ing organ-grinder accidently played the tune of a romance from Halevy's "Guido and Ginerva," under his windows. Rossini summoned the luckless boy into his chambers, and catching hold of and shaking him, exclaimed—

"What do you mean by this, you little rascal?"

"Signor!" exclaims the unfortunate small malefactor, "don't beat me!"

"Have you not been paid, to play that infernal *charivari* under my windows? Answer, little whelp! and at once."

The boy swore, by all his Italian gods, that this was not the case.

"You lie! Confess, who sent you here to dose me with all this horrid music."

"No one, Signor?"

But the frantic Rossini was not to be pursuaded that the infliction was not an intended foretaste of the pleasures of Purgatory. At length, he gave two napoleons to the street-musician, who opened his eyes when his fingers touched the gold.

"Here! take these," he said. "Order for your organ a new barrel, with an *aria* from 'Tancredi.' Then, go and play it sixty times under the windows of M. Halevy. Do you understand me? Sixty times!"

"Yes, Signor!" stammered the boy.

"It may be, that, afterwards, he will learn how to write music!"

PURSER.—Did not Maretzek visit Mexico?

MAJOR.—He did, and his experiences there form the most amusing section of his work. With hardly a dollar in pocket, the manager and his company reached Puebla. Here he received a letter from his agent who had preceded him, stating that he had taken the *Gran Teatro di Santa Anna*. Our author goes on to say:—

Its rent was $2400 *per* month, payable in advance. First month's rent was to be paid on *the day after the opening of the box-book*.

This was the *coup de grace* for me. Hitherto, I had believed in Mexico. But I had learned, already, that Operatic or theatrical subscriptions were only taken for twelve nights in that city, and were then renewed for another twelve nights. Yet, out of the first subscription, were $1000 for the Senor Martinez del Campo in New Orleans—$1320 for Don Fernando Grinda at Vera Cruz, and $2400 for the rent of the *Gran Teatro di Santa Anna*—in all, amounting to $4720, to be taken.

Whence where the other necessary expenses attendant upon the opening of an Opera House to be drawn?

How, if the amount of the subscription for the first twelve nights should fall short of the sum absolutely requisite—$4720?

In New York at twelve nights' proportion of the fifty nights' subscriptions never came near $4000.

What could I possibly do, should this be the case, in a strange country, without credit, name or friends?

These questions haunted me through the whole night, which you may well believe was a sleepless one, in spite of my previous forty-eight hours of travel in a diligence over the most wretched roads you can imagine; for I defy you to have experienced any such in Europe. At any rate, it was no use shrinking, now we had to proceed. On the next morning, I accordingly rose, haggard and jaded by the weariness of dread; and on the evening of the same day we arrived in the city of Mexico, to the great annoyance of my agent, and the pecuniary loss of his hired circus-riders and street-musicians.

Once in the capital, I felt that regret was of no avail. Energy alone could save me, if salvation were possible for an Operatic Manager in such a situation as mine appeared to be.

Therefore, I at once sent a card to all of the newspapers, in which I thanked the citizens of Mexico for the intention they had expressed of giving me a public reception; declaring that I had managed to arrive a day anterior to that on which I had been expected, expressly, as neither myself, nor any of the artists who accompanied me, could think of accepting the slightest testimony of distinction from the public, until we had shown ourselves fully worthy of it.

This new style of advertising produced a more decided effect upon the Mexican public, than any number of street-parades could possibly have done. Advertising upon the principle of a Raree-Show, had been invented in the Old World. Upon this continent it widened and developed itself into grandeur—*i. e.*, the grandeur of such a class of amusement. Under the inventive faculties of Fanny Ellsler's agent was it born. With the speculator in Singing-Birds and Fire-Annihilators, it had ripened into an acknowledged and openly avowed faculty for "humbug." An artist—Henry Herz, had himself carried it to Mexico. Judging merely from the arrangements made by my agent, it had

ripened considerably since the period of his visit.

But, immediately below the above card, the following advertisement also appeared:—

"Any person engaged by the agent of Don Max Maretzek will have to present himself at the *Gran Teatro di Santa Anna*, within forty-eight hours, for examination, as well as for the ratification of his engagement."

The publication of this advertisement made my agent absolutely furious. He threatened, begged, blustered, implored and kicked up all kinds of rows. All this was of no use. My determination was taken. My prospects, my reputation as a Manager, and even my honour as a man of business, depended absolutely upon the manner in which I should commence my season.

At first, the Choristers presented themselves, and to do them justice, I must say, that a stranger looking set of individuals had never elsewhere placed themselves before me, with the view of getting an engagement for Operatic purposes.

All human races and colors were represented in this body of vocalists. Not a shade nor a mixture of complexion from white to ebony was there, which did not appear before me. Every tone of color from pepper and salt to orange-tawny could be discerned amongst them. As I gazed upon them with a marvelling appreciation of their variety of hue, I took the liberty of informing them, that their engagements had been made at much too high a figure to suit my pocket. What was my astonishment, when with a truly singular unanimity all of them declared their readiness to take fifteen *per cent.* less, provided I made a new contract, and the former one drawn up by my agent was declared void.

Nor was this the only abatement consented to by the local members of my new company.

Painters, printers, door-keepers, carpenters, tailors and copyists, also agreed to a similar diminution in their salaries, under the same conditions.

This unanimity was so extraordinary that I was unable to explain it to myself, until I at length saw the leader of the Orchestra. He gave me an explanation which unriddled the enigma. The name of this leader was Delgado. In spite of his color (for he was a mulatto), he was an excellent violinist, and a tolerably good leader. When he came into the room where I received him, he had a white handkerchief tied around his head and white kid gloves upon his hands. He complained of head-ache; and had powdered his face with flour or pearlash. It was at once evident that he had been attempting to whitewash himself, for this occasion.

Most ingenuously did I pity him for the head-ache with which he was afflicted, seeming not to remark in the slightest manner his voluntary transmutation of the tone of his complexion. Then, I asked him to reduce the price of the Orchestra.

In the most *naive* and innocent manner *possible* he told me that this would be *impossible*, unless, indeed, I should refuse to accept the old engagement, and myself draw up another.

"How is that?" I asked him. "I scarcely understand you."

"You See, Senor!" he replied, "as long as the engagement which has already been drawn up between myself and your agent exist, he takes fifteen *per cent.* from me and all the other musicians who are members of the Orchestra."

"Oh! upon my honour he does that—does he?" I exclaimed.

The murder was, at last, out. Here was the secret of the readiness I had already experinced from the members of the local portion of my company, to abate this proportion of ther stipulated salary.

However, seeing the class of individuals with whom I had to do, I told him that the reduction of fifteen *per cent.* would by no means be enough. At the same time, I administered a small dose of flattery about his skill upon the violin, informing him that I had heard of it both in New York and Paris, and asked him why he had never yet visited the United States?

"There," I said, "I feel certain that you would do exceedingly well."

"Oh! I should be delighted to do so," was his reply; "but—" this he added in his usually *naive* style of conversation—"I feel frightened, lest they might take it into their heads to *sell* me."

As he said this, he seemed to recover his recollection, and his blood rushed into his face visibly beneath the pearl-powder. Almost unable to preserve my countenance, by a great effort I contrived to retain its immobility, and replied with an admirable simulation of the most intense surprise—

"Sell you, my dear Delgado! What non-

sense! Sell a white (!) man in the United States! Who or what could have put that into your head?"

This was too much for him. The idea of being taken for a white man overpowered all resistance. The powder actually seemed to redden with his pleasure. He immediately lowered the figure of his demands several hundred dollars, and a new engagement was drawn up and signed between us.

In this manner, I had cut down somewhat more than $2000 of my expenses *per* month, the largest portion of which would have gone into the pockets of my invaluable agent.

However, with regard to the rent of the Opera House, I could do nothing. The lessees of the *Teatro di Santa Anna* had not been willing to sacrifice fifteen *per cent.* to my agent. Therefore, they would abate me not one dollar. Neither was I able to procure any alteration in the stipulated time for payment. The first month's rent had to be paid *on the day following the opening of the box-book.*

The following Monday (May 11th, 1852) was accordingly announced as the day upon which the office of the theatre would be opened, to receive subscriptions for the first period of twelve nights.

Feeling certain that the amount of these must fall far short of the demands upon my treasurer for the following day, you, my dear sir, may imagine how I felt. Looking towards it as a convicted criminal looks upon the proximate gallows or guilletine of his sentence, I longed intensely that the agony might be over. Every minute seemed no more than an addition to my anguish.

Not even was the satisfaction given me, of shaping any idea in my mind respeting the taste of the Mexican public. All the theatres in the capital of Mexico were at this time closed. The Arena for Bull-fights alone contributed its material interest to popular amusement. This was flourishing. Having never before seen a bull-fight, and being even more anxious to take a view of that public before whom I was about to play the part of a musical *matador*, for one day I determined upon ridding myself of my doubt and dread; and upon the Sunday preceding the opening of the subscription-list for the Opera, I mustered sufficient resolution to make my appearance in the open amphitheatre where the bull-fights took place. From 10,000 to 12,000 persons must have been present. More than one-half of this immense gathering of spectators was packed together upon the sunny side of the Arena (it is called "El Soll"), exposed to the scorching beams of a Mexican sun, with no protection for their heads save their *sombreros* and scarfs or mantles, waiting for the commencement. On the opposite or shady side of the arena, were boxes filled with elegantly dressed dames, and younger females attended by their cavaliers. This immense attendance at a place of amusement awoke some degree of hope in my own bosom. But when, as I subsequently turned, almost sickened out by the disgusting and barbarous spectacle exhibited in the arena, towards the spectators, and remarked the interest evinced by the better classes of society—both male and female—in the bloody and brutal drama enacting for their amusement; when I saw that the infuriated bull received far more encouragement than the *toreadores* or *matadores* who were endangering their lives to gratify that public: when I listened to the thunders of enthusiasm, and saw the waving of handkerchiefs bestowed upon the maddened beast whenever he killed a horse or wounded a man; and when I heard the groaning and hissing of that enormous multitude, when a *toreador* or *bandillero* missed his stroke at the bull, and thereby endangered his own life, let me own that I fled from the amphitheatre disgusted and hopeless. Never could I have believed that in a city where such an exhibition could be sustained and patronized, sufficient taste could exist to support an Italian Opera.

On the next morning, therefore, I did not dare to appear in the box-office myself. My brother was sent there, with the treasurer and his asistants, while I quitted the city and repaired to the Park surrounding the Castle of Chapultopec, that I might, were it at all possible to do so, for the time forget my miseries in the balmy air of the gorgeous spring of Mexico, and deaden my anticipations of their completion by dreaming amid its beauties.

As I returned in the afternoon, by another road than that which the driver had taken to leave the city in the morning, he suddenly stopped the carriage.

Turning round, he exclaimed, "*Mira, V. Senor. Esto es el arbol del Cortez.*"

As he said this, he pointed out an immense cedar tree to me, and explained the story which was attached to its huge and giant bulk.

When Cortez was driven out of Mexico, by the Indians with great slaughter, it is said that he paused in his retreat under this tree. Here, burying his face in his mantle, he wept long and bitterly. But, added the driver with a knowing look at my face, as if he partially divined the cause of my gloom—

"Cortez again returned, stronger than he had before been, and carried the City of the Islands by storm."

Alas! thought I to myself, as I descended from the carriage and walked around the aged cedar, such will not be my fate. I shall have no chance of running away from Mexico. On the contrary, to-morrow will settle that question. My creditors will detain me here for the non-payment of the various sums due to them. Nay! more—I swore internally, that in case I should by any chance get safe out of Mexico, there should be marvellously small chance of my imitating Cortez. Never again would I return to it upon a similar speculation.

When, at length, on re-entering my hotel, my first inquiry was about my brother, the domestics told me that he had not yet returned.

Now, had his nerves been constructed upon anything the same fashion as my own were, I might with much reason have concluded that he had been so dismayed by the result of the day, as to have made a slip-knot in his pocket-handkerchief, and attempted to secure an undisturbed exit from Mexico by means of strangulation. Knowing him, I however felt comparatively easy upon this head. Scarcely anything could possibly have disturbed the serene equanimity of his endurance.

Nevertheless, my dear sir, I can assure you that my pulse was jerking in an *Allegro vivacissimo*, while I felt the blood from my heart flooding my veins at the rate of one hundred and fifty beats *per* minute.

The waiter entered my chamber to inform me that dinner was on the table. Allow me to say that this was a perfectly useless attention upon his part. Very certainly was I unable, had I attempted it, to have swallowed a single morsel of food at this moment.

At length steps were heard by me approaching the door of my apartment. My ear recognized them as those of my brother.

Swinging the door open to admit his remarkably leisurely approach, I gazed upon his face in the hope of reading the information of the day upon it. Imagination had painted to me that quiet physiognomy distorted by the sufferings of want of success. But you, my dear sir, may perchance remember that my excellent Albert possesses one of those peculiarly happy countenances which would appear to be totally unsusceptible of change in its expression. Nothing is there in the events of this life which could by any hazard derange its tranquility. Whether he had your death-warrant carefully stowed away in his breeches' pocket, or bore you the intelligence of your having drawn a large prize in the lottery, my belief certainly is, that his face could appear equally indifferent to your sensations. As the door closed, therefore, I exclaimed—

"How was it, Albert?"

"Why! So! so!"

His tone was precisely that in which he might have replied to a question put to him touching the state of the weather.

"How much?" I impatiently required from him.

"What?" he demanded.

"Why! good Heavens! The amount of the subscriptions," I replied, stamping my foot impatiently.

"Oh! That is what you want to know?"

"To to sure it is!" I ejaculated, fast ripening into a rage. "Will you answer me, Albert' or will you not?"

"You may count it, yourself," was his phlegmatic reply.

As he said this, you may believe me, that his face betrayed not one jot more expression than the head of a Chinese Mandarin does that has been limed by a Chinese painter. But my wrath, which had begun to boil over, was suddenly checked by the appearance of a gigantic Indian bearing a moderately-sized bag upon his shoulders, at the half-open door through which my brother had entered the apartment.

Throwing it down upon the floor, I heard the agreeable and harmonious chink of silver as he retired from the room without uttering a word.

"One!" said my brother.

A second Indian entered, and repeated precisely the same operation.

"Two!"

Then came a third, who also deposited his sack of the precious metal upon the floor of the chamber, making it resound with the same musical voice.

"Three!" was counted with singular equanimity by my phlegmatic Albert.

"Four!" said my brother, as a fourth bag chinked upon the boards.

I stared in literal astonishment as another Indian entered and deposited his contribution on the growing heap, while my brother tranquilly reckoned—

"Five!"

Still they followed on each other like the shadowy descendants of *Banquo*. Instead of a crown upon their heads, each bore a sack of Mexican dollars upon his shoulders, and my brother, unlike the "blood-boltered" progenitor of the shadowy race, did not

"Smile on me
And point at them for his."

but quietly went on counting—"Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen! Sixteen! Seventeen!"

As the last of the Indians quitted the apartment, doubting the very evidence of my eyes, I asked Albert—

"How much is there in each bag?"

For the first time, the shadow of a smile seemed to flicker over his features, as he answered—

"Make a bargain with me, and I will give you one thousand dollars for the contents of each bag, without counting it."

Declining the bargain, I rung the bell, and at once ordered a capital dinner. It was a singular instance of the corporeal philosophy of life. No sooner was the weight of doubt removed from my mind, than my stomach reminded me of its share in my animal economy. It was very clear to me, that, as yet, I had neither dined nor broken my fast upon this day.

Such was the result of the *opening of the box-book* for subscriptions to the Opera.

From nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, the Mexican public had subscribed more than $18,000 for *only* twelve nights of Opera.

Allow me to say, my dear sir, that I respect, honor, and venerate the taste of the Mexican public for Operatic Music.

LAIRD.—What a down-right, crying sin and shame it is, for a wheen singing mountebanks to get sic enormous sums o' money! Just think o' an Italian forked-radish, receiving mair siller for half a dozen skirling sangs, than I would for fifty bushels o' spring wheat!

DOCTOR.—Would you allow nothing for the claims of high art?

LAIRD.—Claims o' a high fiddlestick! What are a' your *bravuras*, and *sol fas*, and *falderals*, but wind?

DOCTOR.—Quite true! And the productions of Raphael, and Guido, and Teteau, and Wilkie, and Landseer are merely bits of coarse cloth smeared over with paint!

LAIRD.—I was certain that I would bring ye round to my way o' thinking!

MAJOR.—Sangrado, has Dr. Cumming's latest production fallen under your cognizance?

DOCTOR.—Not for many months have I read any of the Reverend gent's composures. He has too prolific a pen for me to keep up with.

LAIRD.—Cumming is a clever man, there's nae disputing that fact, but then, as has just been observed, he writes far too fast. Every month he lays some new egg, and the cackling which his publishers raise at ilka achievement, is enough to deave a bellman.

MAJOR.—The Doctor makes hay whilst the sun shines, but little of it will remain after sun-set. Twenty years hence, his works will be unknown, except to collectors of scarce books. Like the Vauxhall waiter, who professed to carve a ham into such thin slices that they would cover acres, he makes a brace of very common-place ideas fill an obese duodecimo.

LAIRD.—Precisely! The said duodecimo, like a mug hastily replenished wi' brisk yill, contains little but froth!

MAJOR.—No great admirer, am I, of the theology of the *Westminster Review*, but I must confess that there is a good deal of truth in the following strictures of that journal upon Cumming's literary escapades:

Given, a man with moderate intellect, a moral standard not higher than the average, some rhetorical affluence and great glibness of speech, what is the career in which, without the aid of birth or money, he may most easily attain power and reputation in English society? Where is that Goshen of mediocrity in which a smattering of science and learning will pass for profound instruction, where platitudes will be accepted as wisdom, bigoted narrowness as holy zeal, unctuous egoism as God-given piety? Let such a man become a preacher; he will then find it possible to reconcile small ability with great ambition, superficial knowledge with

the prestige of erudition, a middling morale with a high reputation for sanctity. Let him shun practical extremes and be ultra only in what is purely theoretic; let him be stringent on predestinaton, but latitudinarian on fasting; unflinching in insisting on the Eternity of punishment, but diffident of curtailing the substantial comforts of Time; ardent and imaginative on the pre-millennial advent of Christ, but cold and cautious towards every other infringement of the *status quo*. Let him fish for souls not with the bait of inconvenient singularity, but with the drag-net of comfortable conformity. Let him be hard and literal in his interpretation only when he wants to hurl texts at the heads of unbelievers and adversaries, but when the letter of the Scriptures presses too closely on the genteel Christianity of the nineteenth century, let him use his spiritualizing alembic and disperse it into impalpable ether. Let him preach less of Christ than of Antichrist; let him be less definite in showing what sin is than in showing who is the Man of Sin, less expansive on the blessedness of faith than on the accursedness of infidelity. Above all, let him set up as an interpreter of prophecy, and rival Moore's Almanac in the prediction of political events, tickling the interest of hearers who are but moderately spiritual by showing how the Spirit has dictated problems and charades for their benefit, and how, if they are ingenious enough to solve these, they may have their Christian graces nourished by learning precisely to whom they may point as the "horn that had eyes," "the lying prophet," and the "unclean spirits." In this way he will draw men to him by the strong cords of their passions, made reason-proof by being baptized with the name of piety. In this way he may gain a metropolitan pulpit; the avenues to his church will be as crowded as the passages to the opera; he has but to print his prophetic sermons and bind them in lilac and gold, and they will adorn the drawing-room table of all evangelical ladies, who will regard as a sort of pious "light reading" the demonstration that prophecy of the locusts whose sting is in their tail, is fulfilled in the fact of the Turkish commander's having taken a horse's tail for his standard, and that the French are the very frogs predicted in the Revelations.

LAIRD.—The critic might hae spared his sneer at "evangelical ladies," but, wi' that graceless exception, the observations an no sae far out o' joint.

DOCTOR.—Routledge & Co., are bravely sustaining the reputation of their cheap original publications. For one sterling shilling they give you in this tidy looking little volume, a remarkably well put together narrative of the siege and fall of Sebastopol. Two years ago half a guinea would have been demanded for such an affair, printed of course, in a more ambitious style.

LAIRD.—Here is a historical romance, rended for half a dollar, issued by the same house, which deserves a nook in the library o' every true and leal Scotsman.

PURSER.—What is the *nomen* thereof?

LAIRD.—Its no an omen, I tell you, but a story. James Grant, (I kenned his faither brawly) is the author thereof, and it is entitled "*The Yellow Frigate, or the Three Sisters.*"

MAJOR.—I have looked through the work, and must confess that it exhibits a good deal of engenuity and research. The "action" takes place in the year of grace 1488, and has reference, mainly, to the battle of Sauchieburn, and the defeat and cowardly murder of James III.

LAIRD.—In my humble opinion, Grant is a worthy second edition o' George Prince Regent Jeems.

MAJOR.—Hardly, Laird, hardly. He lacketh the knowledge of "stage trick" and "stage effect," which distinguishes the author of *Arrah Neil*.

LAIRD.—I dinna' exactly follow you.

MAJOR.—What I mean to say is, that your friend Grant crowds his pages with matters of incident and dialogue, which bear but remotely upon the catastrophe, if, indeed, they have any such bearing at all.

LAIRD.—That may be a' very true, but you canna' deny that he brings before his readers, a vast collection o' curious facts and traditions illustrative o' the land o' cakes in the aulden time!

MAJOR.—To that extent I give him full credit. In point of fact Grant is more of an antiquarian than a poet, and regarded as a resurrectionest of oblivionated annals he deserves well of the reading million.

DOCTOR.—What, oh Crabtree, would Noah Webster say, if he heard you making use of such a verbal novelty as *oblivionated?*

MAJOR.—The opinion of that presumptuous Yankee pedant would give me small ceran if unfavourable, and as little of exultation if the reverse! What a preposterous farce for that Provincial dominie to presume to give us an *improved* lexicon of the Anglican tongue! Quite as much right have I (and a trifle more) to coin a word, as the birch-wielder of Dollardom has to alter the spelling employed by Samuel Johnson, and Walter Scott!

LAIRD.—I'll back you in that, ony day, Culpepper, my man!

MAJOR.—Besides, as to the question of coining, by what valid or orthodox law am I to be condemned for contributing a stone to the cairn of vocables? Time was when the word "haggis" had no existence, and yet I never heard it affirmed that the engenderator thereof suffered death for the crime of innovation.

DOCTOR.—By the cloven cranium of St. Jack Cade, your *fossilism* is melting away, like fresh butter under the osculations of a cloudless July sun! We shall have you a veritable clear grit, upon our hands, ere much weight has been added to mundane senectitude!

PURSER.—Some three weeks ago I received a letter from a Glasgow friend requesting information touching Canada West. He wrote, evidently, in total ignorance of our social condition, and appeared to think that we were barely removed from a state of rude and rugged nature.

DOCTOR.—How very slow are our trans-Atlantic fellow subjects to acquire any thing like a rational idea of this magnificent section of British North America!

LAIRD.—And what response did you return to the inquiry?

PURSER.—I contented myself with simply transmitting him a copy of the *Canadian Almanac* for the ensuing year.

MAJOR.—Wisely did you act in adopting such a course. Not only does that compendium contain a mass of well-digested facts illustrative of the position, progress, and prospects of our province, but it is, in itself, an eloquent proof that in the item of book-making we may successfully compete with much older countries. Even the United Kingdom cannot exhibit, for the same price, a similar publication boasting of cognatic merits.

DOCTOR.—That is a big word.

MAJOR.—Granted, but I speak it advisedly. Knowing something about chronological and statistical literature, I repeat, without fear of contradiction, that no British six-penny Almanac can compare with the one under consideration.

PURSER.—It is indeed one of the noblest land-marks of our voyage down the stream of civilization, and I trust that the spirited publishers will meet with a corresponding reward.

LAIRD.—That's past hoping for, neighbour. The great bulk o' the impression, (as that douce, decent lad Richard tells me), are already disposed o'.

[*Enter Peggy Patullo.*]

PEGGY.—If ye please sir, Maister Richard would like to speak a word to your Honour.

MAJOR.—Ha! An envoy, questionless, from our trusty publishers. Admit him on the instant, daughter of Patullo!

LAIRD.—What can be in the wind noo, thinks any body? Gracious me, Culpepper, but you are looking as ghastly as a defunct grey horse!

MAJOR.—Brandy, Laird, brandy! Quick, quick, like a good fellow!

LAIRD.—Hae! There's the mercy! Tak' a guid sup, for I'm sure you need it sair! Let us ken what's the matter? Is it that wearifu' gout come back again?

DOCTOR.—Or, worse still, have you just called to remembrance, that an unprovided for note of hand, reacheth maturity to-morrow?

MAJOR.—Hush! Here cometh the biblio police Legate!

[*Enter Master Richard.*]

LAIRD.—I hope ye bring nae ill tidings, Dick my man! Hech, but ye hae an unco begrutten like face! It would be the making o' an undertaker!

RICHARD.—[Sobbing.] Please Major, here is a letter.

DOCTOR.—Blackeged, and sealed with sable wax, by Niobe!

MAJOR.—Oh Jupiter, all my funeral forebodings are realized!

LAIRD.—Haud him up Sangrado! Do ye no' see that the man is about to faint?

MAJOR.—I am better, my children! Knowing the worst, I feel calmer, and more composed.

LAIRD.—As the auld proverb says—"Better a finger off, than ay wagging!"

DOCTOR.—Call to mind that we are enduring all the agonies of suspense!

MAJOR.—Brace your nerves for a shock. The snows of December will fall upon the untimely grave of *The Anglo-American Magazine!*

PURSER.—Angels—

DOCTOR.—And ministers of grace—

LAIRD.—Defend us!

MAJOR.—Long have I been vaguely dreading such a catastrophe, though I never could find it in my heart to make you sharers in my apprehensions.

DOCTOR.—Hardly can I realize that I am not in a state of Somnolence! It seems like a horrid dream!

PURSER.—A tailor might floor me, at this excruciating moment, with a tap of his most tiny needle!

LAIRD.—[*sings,*]

Weel did I ken
That something was na' right,
For I dreamed o' red and green
A' the last night.

And twa cats fechtin',
Twa cats fechtin',
Twa cats fechtin',
I waken'd in a fright!

DOCTOR,—But Crabtree, what has led to this fatal mischance? I opined that the subscription of Maga, was of sustentating obesity.

MAJOR.—I am afraid you were at fault in so thinking.

LAIRD.—Ye dinna say so! I am sure that if the opinions of newspaper folks were to be trusted, the viands which we dispensed, month after month, were savoury in the nostrils o' the public!

MAJOR.—Know my friends, that even supposing the *Subscribers* to the *Anglo-American* had been thick as plums in a genial Christmas pudding, the *subscriptions* oozed in at intervals remote as the visits of angels! This fact, (combined with the multitudinous engagements of Messrs. Maclear & Co.,) has deprived Canada of her only literary magazine!

LAIRD.—If I was na' sae terribly stiff wi' the rhumatics, I would gang doon upon my twa knees, and devote the unhappy delinquents to a' the plagues o' Egypt, and as many mair into the bargain! It will be a strange and incomprehensible thing to me, if sic reprobates are permitted by a just Providence to die in their beds!

MAJRO.—I cannot censure your comminations, stern and sweeping as it is! The hounds deserve all that you have imprecated upon their degenerate heads!

DOCTOR.—Out upon the skunks! Doubtless there are scores and hundreds of them, who are "church-going" people, and write themselves "Christians!" Faugh! Commend me to Turks, infidels, and heretics, ooner than to such "orthodox" pole-cats!

LAIRD.—If I met wi' a solvent defaulter, I would tak' special care to button up my breek pouches, supposing that there were ony bawbees therein!

PURSER.—Messrs. Maclear & Co. have at least the consolation that they are not the only sufferers. The newspaper press throughout British, and Republican America, languishes and pines under the sorded curse. Listen to words recently enunciated by a hapless member of the fourth estate—

"Where is the money coming from to pay for paper for our next issue? We cannot get a quire without the cash in advance. We have borrowed until our credit is gone. We have worked two years for nothing and boarded ourselves—or rather our wife has boarded us "free gratis, for nothing." Our compositors want their wages. Our landlord wants his rent. Our children want shoes, and our wife wants a new calico dress. We are out of wood, out of potatoes, out of flour, out of meat, out of butter, out of sugar, out of patience—in short, out of nearly everything except a clear conscience. We dodged the Sheriff until we could dodge no longer; and we have dodged our creditors until we are tired. We have not a shilling in our pocket, and you owe us two thousand dollars! We are trying to live a Christian life, and hope to get to heaven. It affords us no satisfaction to think we shall not meet you there. We should greatly prefer to have you pay us, and

thereby remove a very great obstacle in the way of reaching that place of rest."

LAIRD. — Waesock! waesock! Can nae remedy be found for sic a shamefu' state of matters?

DOCTOR.—I would agitate, tooth and nail, for a Legislative enactment, dooming to enforced servitude in the Penitentiary, all who, being able to pay, refused, or postponed payment of their serial dues,

LAIRD.—That motion I second wi' a' my heart, but wi' a single amendment. A separate location should be assigned in the house o' correction, to the sneaking knaves. It would be a merciless aggravation to the punishment o' house-breakers, and horse-stealers, and footpads, if they were constrained to associate wi' sinners that, morally speaking, were nair depraved than the worst o' themselves!

MAJOR.—Pending the passing of that most righteous law, amended as above, publishers should take the law in their own hands. The Editor of the New York *Herald*, makes the following judicious suggestion anent the grievance under discussion:—

"Our experience teaches us that there is a very simple method of abolishing this universal plan among our country editors of furnishing newspapers and advertisements upon trust, and living upon nothing. It is to abolish the credit and set up the cash system of payment for papers and subscriptions. Reduce subscriptions and advertisements to a low profit, and require the cash or its equivalent in groceries, or dry goods, in advance, and the misfortune of starving country editors is abolished at once. The cash system of the penny press, as put into full operation by the *Herald* twenty years ago, is the true system for publishers, subscribers and advertisers. It makes clean work, and operates smoothly to all concerned. The system works well in our cities; why should it not be equally successful in the 'rural districts?'"

LAIRD.—If the fourth estate—as ye ca' them,—would tak' the advice o' a bit farmer body, they would not put on sic puir mouths when asking for their ain. Continually do you notice editors bending their noses to the very glaur, before the wretches that are starving them and their bairns! They entreat, and implore, and beseech their pawtrons, to make remittances, as if they were blin' beggars, craving a dole o' broken meat, or cauld potatoes! Never do you hear doctors, or tailors, or lawyers, or midwives, or grocers, conducting themselves after sic an unmanly, and degrading manner!

DOCTOR.—I perfectly agree with you! Let the press manifest a little more verility, and pluckfully demand its own, and genial results will assuredly follow!

LAIRD.—And sae the sederunts of the Shanty are at an end!

MAJOR.—No, Bonne Braes! I have the satisfaction to inform you (though it must go no further at present) that

[*A female scream is heard.*]

DOCTOR.—Confound it! Peggy must have broken the news too abruptly to Mrs. Grundy! Come along, my boys, and comfort the matron!

(*Exeunt Omnes*).

BUTTER.

The preparation of butter is an important part of rural economy. When salted it is extensively used as provision for domestic use and in the victualling of ships, and is a considerable article of commerce. Butter is the fat or oleaginous part of the milk of various animals, principally of the domestic cow. The milk of the cow is composed of three distinct ingredients, the curd, the whey, and the butter; the two first form the largest portion, and the last the most valuable. The comparative value of the milk of different cows, or of the same cows fed on different pastures, is estimated chiefly by the quantity of butter contained in it; and in this respect some breeds of cows are far superior to others. The union of the component parts of milk is chiefly mechanical, as they separate by subsidence according to their specific gravities, the cream being the lightest, and the curd the heaviest; the curd however requires a slight chemical change for its separation from the whey, which at the same time produces a peculiar acid called the lactic acid. From the moment that the milk is drawn from the cow it begins to be affected by the air and changes of temperature, and circumstances almost imperceptible to our senses will materially affect its quality. Hence the importance of extreme care and attention in every step of the process of the dairy, especially in making butter.

The cows should be milked in the cool of the morning and evening; they should not be much driven immediately before milking, and it is best to bring them to the place of milking some time before the operation be-

gins. In some situations it is better to milk them in the pastures and carry the milk home; in others to drive the cows gently to the cow-stall. In mountainous countries the first mode is generally adopted, because the cows are apt to leap down steep places, and shake the milk in their udder more than is done by carrying it in the pail. The same practice holds good in Holland from another cause, which is, the distance of the pastures from the home-stall, and the facility of transporting the milk in small boats, all the best pastures being surrounded by small canals communicating with the greater; so that the milk may be carried several miles without the least agitation. In England where the pastures frequently surround the habitation of the dairymen, the cows are generally driven home twice a day to be milked. As the slightest acidity or putrescence immediately causes an internal chemical action in milk, it is of the greatest importance that the place where the cows are milked, and the persons employed should be of the greatest purity and cleanliness. The milking-house should be paved with stone or brick, and no litter or dung be permitted to remain in it. It should be washed out twice a day, immediately before each milking; which, besides ensuring cleanliness, produces a refreshing coolness highly useful to the milk. The teats of the cows should be washed clean with water and a sponge. The vessels in which the milk is drawn from the cow should be made of very clean white wood; they should be scalded immediately after having been used, and then exposed to the air, so as to be perfectly dry by the next time of using them. Tin or copper vessels are preferable to wood, because they are not so easily tainted, and are more easily kept clean. Where these are used they should always be kept bright within and without, by which means the least speck of dirt is immediately discovered.

The milk as soon as it is brought into the dairy is strained through a fine sieve or cloth, in order to remove any extraneous matter, and it is then poured into shallow pans, or troughs lined with lead. The best pans are of metal, either of iron carefully tinned, or of brass. Such pans are cool in summer, and in winter allow of the application of heat, which is often very useful to make the cream rise. When leaden troughs are used they are generally fixed to the wall, and have a slight inclination towards one end, where there is a hole with a plug in it, by drawing which the thin milk is allowed to run off slowly, leaving the cream behind, which runs last through the hole into the pan placed under to receive it. The milk in the pans, or troughs, is generally four or five inches in depth, which is found most conducive to the separation of the cream. The place where the milk is set should have a thorough draught of air by means of opposite wire windows. The sun should be carefully excluded by high buildings or trees, and the floor, which should always be of brick or stone, should be continually kept moist in summer, that the evaporation may produce an equal cool temperature. A small stove in winter is a great advantage, provided smoke or smell be most carefully avoided, and the temperature be carefully regulated by a thermometer. All these minutiæ may appear superfluous to those who have no practical knowledge of the dairy, and many dairymen, who cannot deny the truth of what we have stated, may excuse their deviation from these rules by saying that good butter is made without so much care and trouble. This may be true, but they cannot ensure good butter at all times; and when cleanliness and order are brought to a regular system the trouble disappears. It is well known that even the complexion and temperament of a dairy-woman are not a matter of indifference; and that however clean she may be, there are times when the insensible perspiration of her body will have a powerful effect on the milk. In Switzerland men are chiefly employed to milk the cows, and in all the process of the preparation of butter and cheese. The women only clean the utensils, and carry green food to the cows when they are kept in the stable. When the milk has stood twelve hours the finest parts of the cream have risen to the surface, and if they are then taken off by a skimming dish, and immediately churned, a very delicate butter is obtained; but in general it is left twenty-four hours, when the cream is collected by skimming, or the thin milk let off by taking out the plug in the troughs. All the cream is put into a deep earthen jar, which should be glazed, but not with lead: stone ware is the best. More cream is added every day till there is a sufficient quantity to churn, which in moderate dairies is every two days. It is usual to stir the cream often, to encourage a slight acidity, by which the process of churning is accelerated. This acidity is sometimes produced by the addition of vinegar or lemon-juice; but however this may facilitate the conversion of the cream into butter, we would not recommend it, as the quality is decidedly injured by it, especially butter which is to be salted. It has been asserted by some authors that butter will not separate from the butter-milk until acidity is produced, and, no doubt, there is more or less of lactic acid in all butter-milk; but perfectly fresh cream, which has stood only one night, and is churned early next morning, will generally produce excellent butter in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in summer, and no acid taste can be discovered

in the butter-milk. The change by which the butter is separated in a solid form is accompanied by the development of heat in churning. That the state of the atmosphere with respect to electricity as well as the temperature has a powerful influence on the making of butter, no one can doubt who has paid any attention to the effect of a thunder-storm in a dairy, especially when it occurs at the time of churning. As science becomes gradually applied to all the common arts of life some accurate experiments will probably be made to throw light on this subject, and an electrometer may be found as useful in a dairy as a thermometer is already.

The common method employed to separate the butter from the thinner portion of the cream is by strong agitation. In small quantities this may be done in a bottle; but the common instrument is the *churn*, which is a wooden cask rather wider at bottom than at the top, covered with a round lid with a hole in the centre. Through this hole passes a round stick about four feet long inserted in the centre of a round flat board with holes in it: the diameter of this board is a little less than that of the top of the churn. Various improvements have been made on this machine. The cream should not fill above two-thirds of the churn. By means of this stick, held in both hands, and moved up and down, the cream is violently agitated, passing through the holes in the board and round its edge every time the stick is raised or depressed, and thus every portion is brought into contact with the air. In the course of an hour's churning, more or less according to circumstances, small kernals of butter appear, which are soon united by the pressure of the board against the bottom of the churn, and form a mass of solid butter. The butter is collected with the hand, and placed in a shallow tub for the next operation. The butter-milk is set aside for the pigs, or for domestic use. The butter is still mixed with some portion of butter-milk, but much of its quality for keeping depends on their perfect separation. The most usual way is to spread it thin in a shallow tub, beating it with the hand or a flat wooden spoon, and washing it repeatedly with clear spring water until all milkiness disappears in the water which is poured off. Some experienced dairymen pretend that the butter is deteriorated by much washing, and therefore express the butter-milk by simply beating the butter with the hand, kept cool by frequently dipping it in cold water, or with a moist cloth wrapped in the form of a ball, which soaks up all the butter-milk, and leaves the butter quite dry. This operation requires the greatest attention, especially in warm weather, and no person should work the butter who has not a very cool hand. The less it is handled the better, and therefore a wooden spoon or spatula is much to be preferred.

When it is entirely freed from the butter-milk and of a proper consistency, it is divided into portions of the weight required, if it is to be intended to be sold fresh. The mode of preparing fresh butter for the market is either by making it into *rolls* of two pounds, or into flat round cakes of one pound or half a pound each, which are impressed with some figure cut in a round piece of wood like a large seal, hence called *prints*. The rolls are made oblong with four sides slightly flattened by throwing the lump on a stone or board successively on each of the four sides, and then on the two ends. This requires some dexterity, which is soon acquired, and it is done to avoid unnecessary handling.

To make prints, the butter is first made into balls, and then applied by presure to the wood, which makes the impressions; the sides are trimmed up along the edge of the wood, and the whole is pressed against a marble or wooden slab, so as to have the impression uppermost, and form a flat cake. The wooden print is readily detatched by holding it in the left hand, and giving a smart blow with the right upon it. A hole, bored through the centre, prevents the adhesion of the butter from the exclusion of the air. In Cambridgeshire butter is made up into rolls a yard long, and passed through a ring of a certain diameter, for the convenience of dividing it into small portions without the trouble of weighing. Hence the butter is said to be sold by the yard.

The greatest portion of the buttter that is made, especially at a distance from large towns, is immediately salted and put into casks, which usually contain fifty-six pounds, and are called firkins. The quality of the salt used is of great importance; if it be pure, the butter will keep its flavor for a long time, but when it is impure and contains bitter and deliquescent salts the butter soon becomes rancid. The Dutch are very particular in this point. They use a kind of salt which is made by slow evaporation, and perfectly crystalized. The salt is intimately mixed with the butter. From three to five pounds are sufficient for a firkin of fifty-six pounds.* The casks are made of clean white wood. They are carefully washed inside with strong brine made hot, and rubbed over with salt. The butter being quite dry, is pressed close in the cask, a smaller layer of salt having been first put on the bottom. Every addition is carefully incorporated with the preceeding portion. If there is not a

* The following mixtures has been found superior to salt alone in curing butter:—half an ounce of dry salt pounded fine, two drams of sugar, and two drams of saltpetre, for every pound of butter.

sufficient quantity to fill the cask at once, the surface is made smooth, some salt is put over it, and a cloth is pressed close upon it to exclude the air. When the remainder is added, at the next churning, the cloth is taken off, and the salt, which had been put on the surface, carefully removed with a spoon. The surface is dug into with a small wooden spade, and laid rough, and newly-salted butter is added and incorporated completely. This prevents a streak, which would otherwise appear at the place where the two portions joined. When the cask is full, some salt is put over it, and the head is put in. If the butter was well freed from all butter-milk, and the salt mixed with it quite dry, it will not shrink in the cask, and it will keep its flavour for a long time. Should there be an appearance of shrinking, the cask must be opened, and melted butter poured round it so as to fill up the interstices between the butter and the cask; in this way it will not suffer in its quality.—There is a mode of preserving butter for domestic use without salt, in the following manner:—The butter is set in a clean pan over the fire and melted very gently; it is not allowed to boil, but is heated very nearly to the boiling-point. Experience has shown this heat to be attained when the reflection of the white of the eye is distinctly seen on the surface of the butter on looking down into the pan. All the watery particles are then evaporated, and the curd, of which a portion always remains in the butter, and which is one cause of its becoming rancid, falls to the bottom. The clear butter is poured into an earthen vessel, and covered over with paper; and a bladder or piece of leather is tied over the jar to exclude the air. When it is cooled it much resembles hog's lard. It has lost some of its flavour, but it is much superior to salt butter for culinary purposes, and especially for pastry.

The Devonshire method of making butter differs materially from the common process which we have described, and is peculiar to that county. The milk, instead of being set for the cream to rise, is placed in tin or earthen pans, holding about eleven or twelve quarts each. Twelve hours after milking these pans are placed on a broad iron plate, heated by a small furnace. The milk is not allowed to boil, but a thick skum rises to the surface. As soon as small bubbles begin to appear where a portion of this is removed with a spoon, the milk is taken off and allowed to cool. The thick part is taken off the surface, and this is called *clouted cream*. It is a sweet pleasant substance, more solid than cream, but not so solid as butter; and is considered as a dainty by all those who have been early accustomed to it. A very slight agitation converts it into real butter; after which it is treated exactly as we have before described. It does not appear that there is any peculiar advantage in the Devonshire method.

Another method of making butter, which is more generally adopted, is to churn the milk and cream together. This method is pursued in parts of Holland, Scotland, and Ireland, and is said to produce a greater abundance of butter from the same quantity of milk. In the Dutch method the milk is put into deep jars in a cool place, each *meal*, or portion milked at one time, being kept separate. As soon as there is a slight appearance of acidity the whole is churned in an upright churn, which, from the quantity of milk, is of very large dimensions. The plunger is therefore worked by machinery moved by a horse, or sometimes by a dog walking in a wheel, which he turns by his weight. When the butter begins to form into small kernals, the contents of the churn are emptied on a sieve, which lets the butter-milk pass through. The butter is then formed into a mass, as described before. In Ireland the process is very similar, but the milk is allowed to arrive at a greater degree of acidity, which is a defect.

Butter is a most valuable article of commerce, and a great source of wealth to those nations which produce it in the greatest perfection. The Dutch have hitherto had the pre-eminence: but there is no good reason why the rich pastures in England and Ireland should not produce as good butter as those of Holland, if sufficient attention were paid to the minutiæ of the dairy, to the purity of the salt used, and especially to cleanliness, for which the Dutch are so remarkable. The quality of the butter depends on some very minute circumstances, which escape the notice of all superficial observers. The smallest particle of putrescent matter, accidentally added, and even mere effluvia, give a turn to the chemical action going on from the moment the milk is exposed to the air, and they taint the cream more or less. The quantity of pure cream which rises when the milk is set in the pans, as well as its quality, is influenced by these circumstances. When the milk curdles before the cream is separated, it is almost impossible to prevent some portion of the curd being mixed with the butter. In its perfectly fresh state the taste is not affected by this; but the butter will not keep fresh above twenty-four hours, and when salted soon becomes rancid. Thus a greater quantity is produced, but of inferior quality. When cheese is made of the milk from which the cream has been taken, it will be found most profitable not to attempt to take off all the cream by repeated skimming; for more will be gained in the better quality of the cheese, than by an increase in the quantity of the butter, at the expense of the quality.