

**Heath's book of beauty : with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings of the first artists / edited by the Countess of Blessington.**

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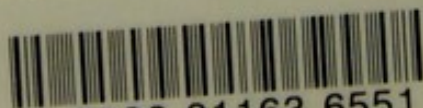


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THE  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.





W. Devismond

W. H. Egleton

*Her Majesty the Queen,  
in her Nuptial Dress*

HEATH'S  
BOOK OF BEAUTY,

Edited by the

*Councils of Blesington.*



1841.

LONDON PUBLISHED OCTOBER 1, 1840 FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY  
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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*The Lady Seymour*  
*as the Queen of Love & Beauty.*

HEATH'S  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

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WITH  
BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

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DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS.

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## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
TO LADY SEYMOUR, AS QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY. By Miss POWER .....	1
IMAGINARY LETTER FROM PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. By LORD POWERSCOURT .....	3
ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT. By THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON .....	12
MUNICH. By B. DISRAELI, Esq. M.P. ....	13
LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO .....	20
WESTOVER COURT. A TALE. By R. BERNAL, M.P. ....	28
TO THE COUNTESS ZICHL. By Miss POWER .....	58
THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP. By THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS" ..	59
ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE VISCOUNTESS DUNGARVON.....	82
ON RECEIVING SOME VIOLETS, TAKEN OFF THE TOILET-TABLE OF THE QUEEN ON THE MORNING OF HER MAJESTY'S MAR- RIAGE. By SIR HESKETH FLEETWOOD, BART. M.P. ....	84
THE MOTHER AND SON. A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE. By ISABELLA ROMER .....	86
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWARD ELLICE. By HENRY F. CHORLEY .....	101
LINES. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq. ....	102
A SENSIBLE WIFE WHO NE'ER LISTENS TO REASON! By Miss LOUISA H. SHERIDAN .....	103
THE BARBER OF FERRARA. A SCRAP FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK. By COLONEL HENRY WEBSTER .....	105
ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE MRS. STANLEY. By THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON .....	110
NARRATIVE OF SOME PASSAGES IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE MARÉCHAL DE BIRON. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. ....	111
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHARLES MARTYN .....	135
THE INDIAN CAVE. By ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT, Esq.....	137
THE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN. By THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON ...	139
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHITE. By THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY .....	162
LOVE. By MRS. FAIRLIE .....	163
THE ROSE TO THE BUTTERFLY. FROM VICTOR HUGO. By MRS. TORRE HOLME .....	164

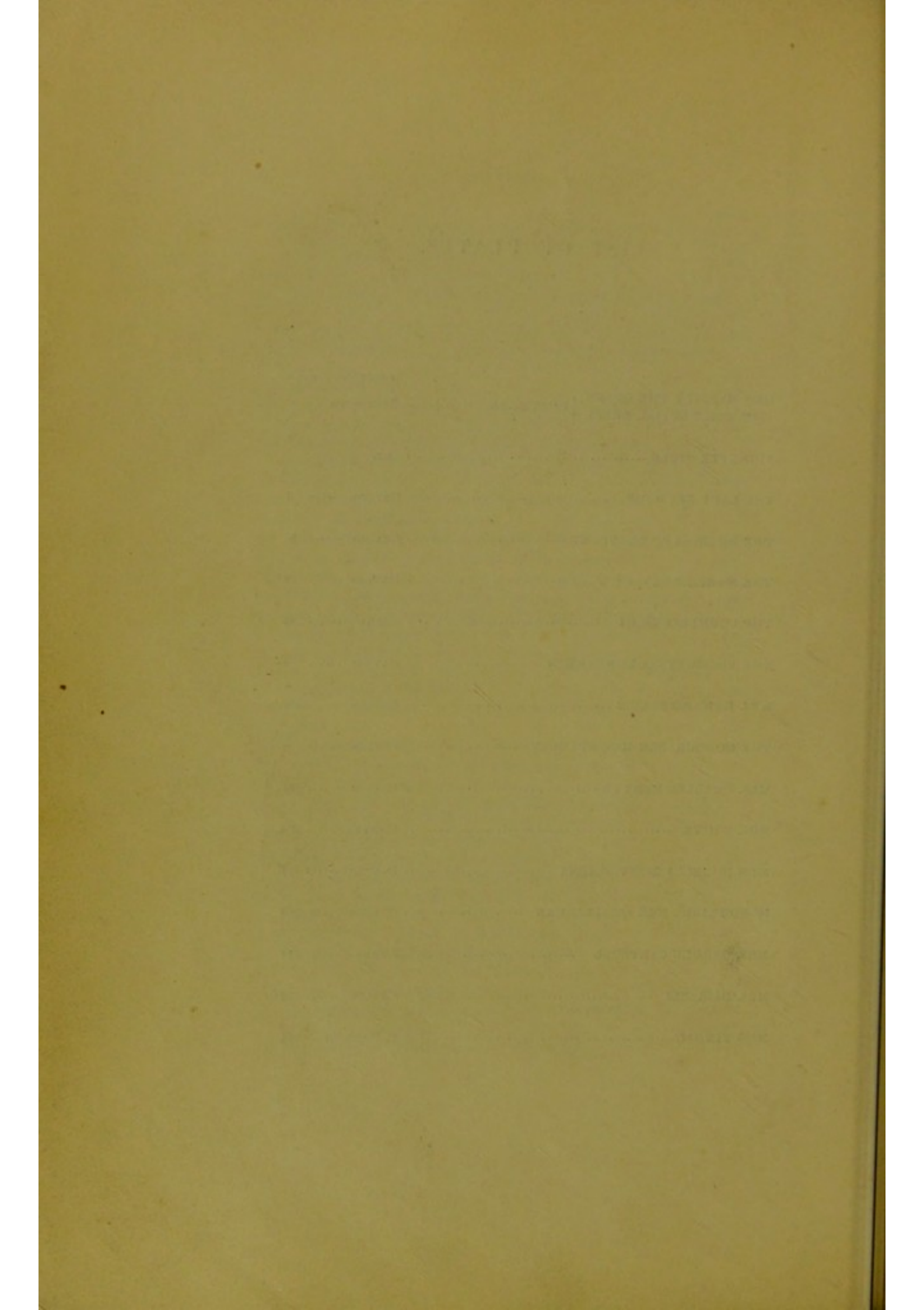


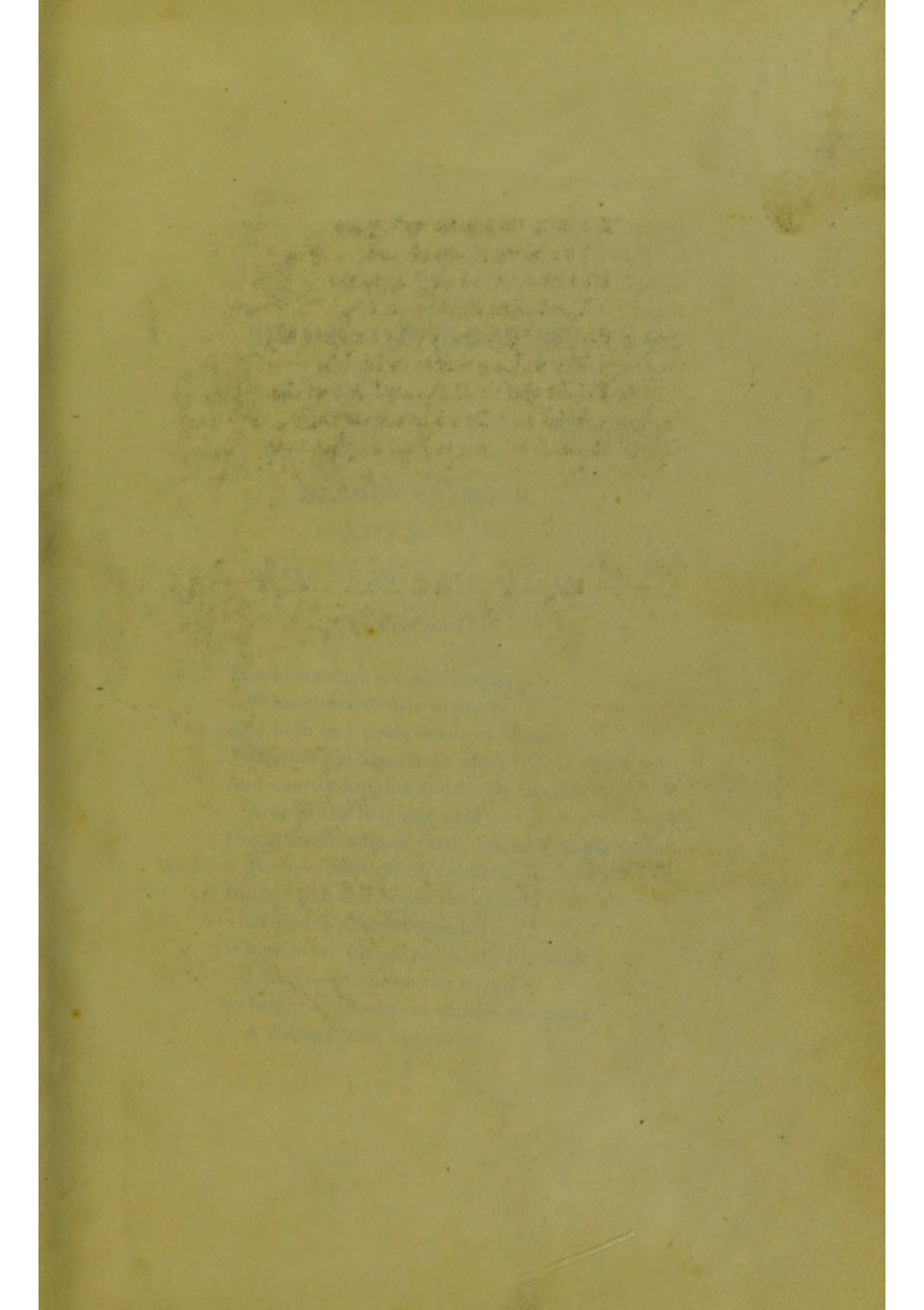
	PAGE
RECOLLECTIONS OF TANGIER. A TRANSLATED EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE COUNT CHARLES DE MORNAY. A RE- LIGIOUS SCENE AT MOROCCO .....	166
ROBIN HOOD. A BALLAD. BY MRS. MABERLY .....	172
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS ISABELLA MONTGOMERY. BY MISS POWER .....	174
FROM THE REVELATION. FOR MUSIC. BY THE VISCOUNT JOCELYN .....	176
A RENCONTRE. BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N. AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," ETC. ETC. ....	178
THE DEPARTED. BY MRS. ABDY .....	198
ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE MRS. O'CALLAGHAN. BY SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, BART. ....	200
THE BOY BLOWING BUBBLES. SUGGESTED BY A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF W. HUNT'S IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE GENERAL PHIPPS. BY THE HONOURABLE E. PHIPPS .....	202
THE QUEEN OF THE MAY. BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX .....	204
STANZAS. BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN .....	211
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. GARDEN CAMPBELL .....	212
THE IRISH HUSSAR. A BALLAD. BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ. ....	214
THE USHER .....	217
FIRST AND LAST. AN ODE. BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART. ..	235
ON MRS. DISRAEL'S PORTRAIT IN "THE BOOK OF BEAUTY." BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DAWSON .....	236
LOVE'S WAYWARDNESS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS" .....	237
THE MAID OF THE INN. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND. BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M.P. ....	238
WINTER AND SUMMER. A NORTH AMERICAN SKETCH. BY MISS POWER .....	239
SONG OF THE WINTER SPIRITS. BY MISS THEODOSIA GARROW .....	249
CARACCIOLI. BY MILES STAPLETON, ESQ. ....	251
ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS TINDAL .....	254
THE SHAWL AND COFTAN. BY SIR GARDNER WILKINSON, AUTHOR OF "A GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT," "TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES," AND "MAN- NERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS" .....	255
YOUTH AND AGE. BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ. M.P. ....	258
"ETERNA MARGARHITA." BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ. ....	261
IMPROMPTU ON BEING REPROACHED WITH INSENSIBILITY TO ROSSINI'S MUSIC. BY B. SIMMONS .....	263
LOVE'S SEASONS. A LYRIC. BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON .....	264
LINES. BY THE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS, BARONESS DE RUTHYN .....	265
A MYSTERY. BY THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY .....	266
LINES. BY THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY .....	272
ON THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS A. DE WIRTEMBERG. BY LADY JERVIS .....	273
TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY. BY LORD GARDNER .....	275

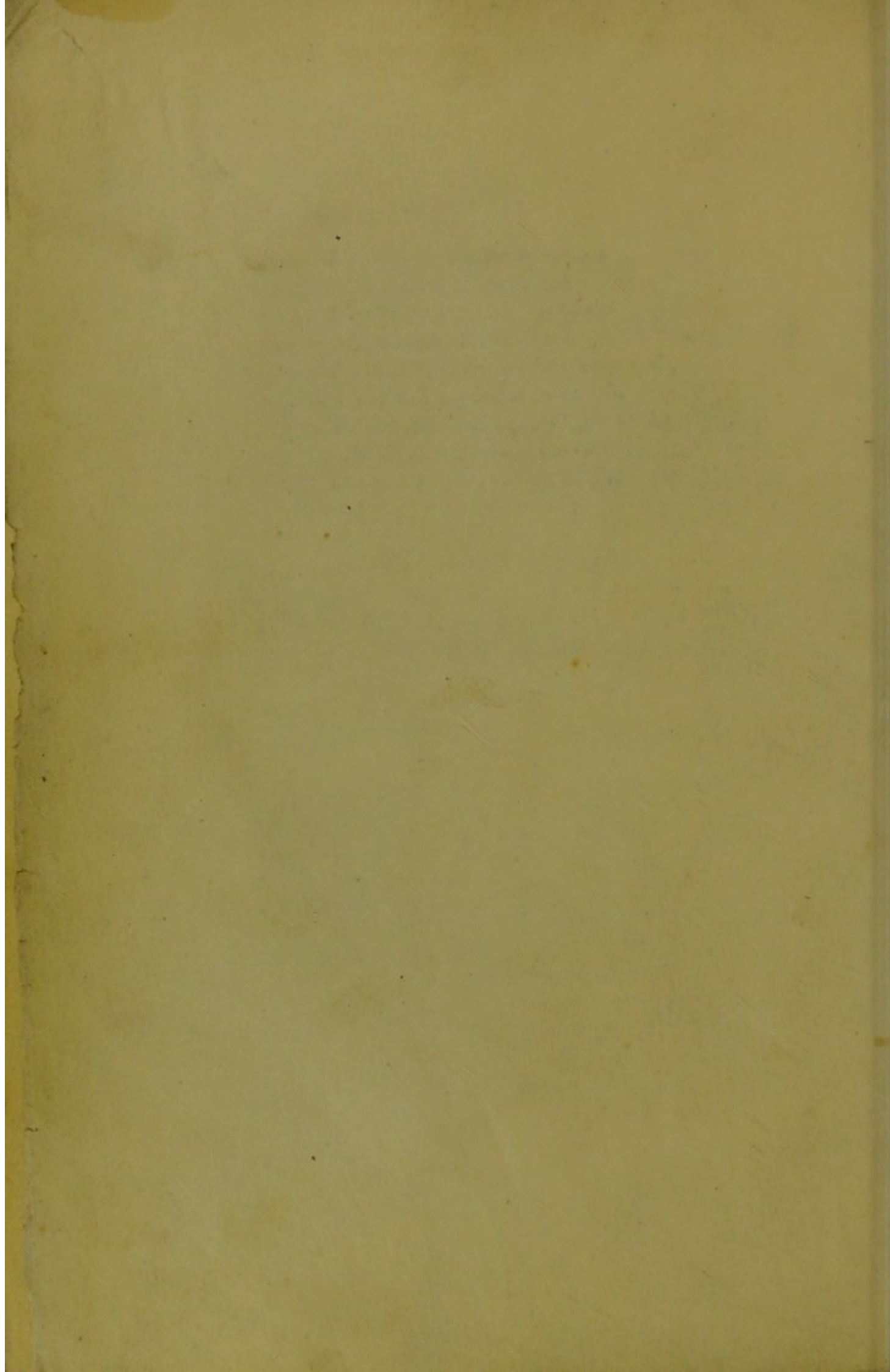
## LIST OF PLATES.

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	PAINTERS.	PAGE
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN HER NUPTIAL DRESS } FRONTISPIECE .....	DRUMMOND.	
VIGNETTE TITLE .....	COX.	
THE LADY SEYMOUR.....	HAYTER	1
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT .....	CHALON	12
THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO .....	HAYTER	20
THE COUNTESS ZICHI .....	GRANT	58
THE VISCOUNTESS DUNGARVON .....	HAYTER	82
MRS. EDWARD ELLICE .....	CHALON	101
THE HONOURABLE MRS. STANLEY.....	CHALON	110
MRS. CHARLES MARTYN .....	CHALON	135
MRS. WHITE .....	FISHER	162
MISS ISABELLA MONTGOMERY .....	HAYTER	174
HONOURABLE MRS. O'CALLAGHAN .....	CHALON	200
MRS. GARDEN CAMPBELL .....	FISHER	212
MRS. DISRAELI.....	CHALON	236
MISS TINDAL.....	L. HAWKINS	254







THE  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

---

TO LADY SEYMOUR,

AS

QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY MISS POWER.

THE olden days are come again,  
Whose records live in story,  
And high and noble deeds of arms  
Restore old England's glory ;  
And courtly knights and lovely dames  
Around the lists assemble ;  
Proud steeds prance forth, beneath whose tread  
The very earth doth tremble.  
But see yon star, amid the crowd  
Of Briton's fairest daughters,  
Whose every glance sheds down a beam  
Like moonlight on the waters :  
So bright she looks, as though she came  
A visitant from heaven,—

B

A spirit, for a moment's space  
To mortal vision given ;  
E'en as we gaze we fear to see  
The bright illusion vanish,  
And tremble, lest we break the spell,  
The waking dream to banish.  
Bright Queen of Beauty ! fair as she  
Who rose from out the ocean,  
Beneath whose sway all empires bow  
In passionate devotion ;  
Victors are vanquish'd by those eyes,  
And humbly yield thee duty :  
Long may'st thou reign with pow'r divine,  
Bright Queen of Love and Beauty !

## IMAGINARY LETTER

FROM

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

IN compliance with your request that I should write something for the "Book of Beauty," I, with much diffidence, offer the following scrap to your acceptance, if upon perusal you think it worthy of the immortality which a printer's devil can confer. I hope, however, you will bear in mind, that I mean to give the precepts of Lord Chesterfield and not my own.

Believe me, dear Lady Blessington,

Yours very faithfully,

POWERSCOURT.

*London, May 6th, 1840.*

---

How infinitely is it to be regretted that Lord Chesterfield had no daughter, that he might have left behind him a code of politeness for the fairer sex, similar to that which he composed for his son. Perhaps he would have shrunk from the task; but yet it is hard to conceive that, well versed in the ways and feelings of women as he must have been, he would not have been capable of rendering much useful advice



and much profitable admonishment to the youthful *débutante*, as he did so conspicuously to his young tyro. If he had been bold enough to have essayed the task, I can conceive him to have set about it as follows :—

MY DEAR SELINA,—You are coming out at the next drawing-room, and I hope you will listen with some degree of attention to the advice of a father as to the conduct which most becomes a young woman of station on her entrance into life. You must not allow the consciousness of beauty to influence your behaviour. And this I inculcate, not from any wish to injure your self-esteem; on the contrary, a sufficient supply of that valuable commodity is absolutely necessary to your success in the world: but because the surest way to enhance its value with beholders is to appear unconscious of its possession. A woman of a certain age is in a manner privileged to give herself airs and graces: Nature in her would, if I may use the expression, be unnatural. Nothing is so graceful as the untutored waywardness of the tendrils of a vine in its native woods; but transplant it to the hothouse and it becomes necessary to train it, and prune it, according to the rules of horticulture: the same wanton luxuriance which is a charm to the forest, would convert the conservatory into a wilderness. It is a good axiom for the young, that the highest triumph of Art consists in a close imitation of Nature; but it applies only to them. Simplicity is

admirable in youth and beauty, but it degenerates into folly when allied to age. You will do well, therefore, not at first to put too great a check upon your natural disposition; endeavour always to hold yourself under command; never lose sight of the wish to please; and accommodate yourself on all occasions to the company in which you find yourself. So far Art is becoming, but here her influence should cease; let no one be able to perceive where Nature ends and Art begins. If you cannot find means to dovetail them both together without the joining being seen, you are a bungler, and your success in society will be questionable. If you can possibly avoid it, do not use an eyeglass: such an appendage always *wears the air* of affectation, and it is better to cut your acquaintance, through short-sightedness, than to annoy them by spying at them. I always think, when under the basilisk fascination of the *lorgnette*, that there must be dirt upon my face, or some fault in my apparel, to attract such pointed observation. Never refuse to play or sing: if you perform ill the audience will soon find it out, and you will not be pressed again; but your good nature will obtain for you that applause which is denied to your musical proficiency. There are few men that really care whether you play ill or well; but, in the country especially, there is a hiatus after dinner, and music is a good softener of ceremony. In this way it is equally beneficial, whether good or bad; and you are sure to receive the gratitude of every youth whom

you release from the conversation of the dowager who sat next him at dinner, and of all in the company who have been waiting for a decent opportunity to form into coteries or to resume the flirtation of yesterday. However white your teeth may be, be careful not to display them unnecessarily. Bear in mind that the best teeth, as has been quaintly said, are nothing but naked bones. They are placed in the head as a good contrast to a pretty lip, but they must be seen only *under the rose*. An open mouth, a hanging jaw, and a display of grinders, has spoilt many a pretty face. It invariably makes me think of the grinning skeleton in the old caricature of "Death and the Doctor." I need not mention what constitutes a good carriage, although nothing is more necessary to your success in society. The fact is, that no art can give it—no education can alter it. If Nature has not bestowed it upon you, it is in vain for you to seek it from any other source. In this respect, and perhaps in this only, her laws are immutable. You cannot, in your years of maturity, improve upon the unconscious gracefulness which I remember when you were an infant in the cradle. Suffer not the exuberance of gaiety to betray you into extravagance of gesture, which would be intolerable; but, at the same time, do not allow any foolish fear of becoming boisterous to induce you to pin your arms to your sides with the precision of a boarding-school miss, and as if you expected some modern Osiris to hand you down to posterity as a mummy or a sphinx. Beware of any

peculiarity which may excite surprise. Ridicule has been fatal to the most highly gifted : I have seen talent fall a victim to an epigram, and genius extinguished by a nickname. Respect is the first step to advancement. Do you think that wit is genuine when you see it accompanied by a clown's grimaces, or talent respectable if disguised in the motley garb of harlequin? Nature sometimes indulges in such freaks, but Nature's freaks are not to be made the rules of Art. There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Never lose sight of the effect you are producing at the moment, but *appear* to be thinking only of other people. A woman of the world should have it always in view to make the talents of others conducive to her own ends, but at the same time she should *seem* to be ready to sacrifice herself for their benefit. If you can gain your own ends, and at the same time make others believe that you are working for them, you gain doubly. For, first, you have your own way, which is always more or less the test of a clever woman. And, next, you persuade your friend of his own superiority (a very happy circumstance, which will leave him wholly at your mercy for the future), and the world of your good-nature ; so that all blame, if any arise out of your difference, will be cast upon your friend who could be brutal or unreasonable enough to quarrel with such an angel. This piece of advice would be more applicable to you when you marry ; but, as it depends upon yourself whether I shall write you another letter, I give it now, and hope you will im-

press it upon your memory. Your beloved and lamented mother's mantle of what is technically termed *management* has, I have little doubt, descended upon her daughter. Never let your feelings master your judgment. If you succeed in this, you will be the envy of your sex. It is the rock upon which more women split than on any other. As long as you have a grain of feeling left, your reputation will never be safe from slander. Therefore, if you cannot altogether get rid of it, veil it carefully.

Beware that you become not a standing dish at assemblies. If girls are not married in their first season, they are apt to fear that they will never be married at all. This is a fatal mistake; and it is the more dangerous as it gets worse and worse every day. I have seen many young ladies, who on their first appearance attracted a fair share of admiration, dwindle in public estimation by being eternally seen dancing with any man who is complacent enough to take pity upon them. It has often afforded me amusement to observe the anxiety of certain spinsters lest they should be left out of a quadrille or a waltz, and so be reduced to languish for a quarter of an hour among chaperons. It awakens pity; and, believe me, it is a capital mistake to suppose that pity is akin to love. You had better dance too little than too much after your first season. You must not forget to shew discrimination in the salutations with which you receive your friends. It is a sure sign of good-breeding to hit the exact degrees of intimacy to which your several

acquaintance may be entitled. There is more character shewn in the kiss of a hand from a carriage window, or the flirting of a fan in a ball-room, than in matters of greater apparent importance. But, in all cases, abstain from the slightest approach to the familiarity which breeds contempt. In public, even near relations should be treated with modest decorum. If you see a great outward display of homage, pause ere you believe it genuine. The first approaches of the artful will be made on the side of vanity. The best way I know to unmask the pretender is to suffer him to believe himself on the right tack. The result, if you keep your wits about you, will soon separate the real from the counterfeit. I often amuse myself in this way, and laugh in my sleeve when some shallow trickster is all the time pluming himself upon having found a dupe. But it is a dangerous game for one that is too young. If you handle edged tools, you must be sure that you know their uses. If you acknowledge presence of mind as the basis of your operations, I need have no fear of your marrying a younger son. To one of the acute perceptions that I know you to possess, any advice upon this point will be superfluous. At the same time, take heed that you do not display too eager a spirit of fortune-hunting. Extremes are always ridiculous; and, though your object may be laudable, and your reasoning sound, a happy medium is, if not always the right course, generally the successful one. The younger son may be the most agreeable lover, but he can be tolerated

only as such; the moment he verges upon the husband he is detestable. It is allowable to make use of him for your own purposes, and he may frequently be turned to good account. Younger sons are to society what froth is to malt liquor: if there is none, the beverage is stale and flat; but at the same time the *nutriment* is below, at the bottom of the goblet. The dregs in beer, as in physic, may not be the most palatable part of the mixture; but, nevertheless, neither the thirsty nor the sick would do well to set down the glass half drained. Refrain from any delicate manœuvres till you have overcome the shyness which every one feels, more or less, on their first introduction to society. Nothing is so great a foe to success as *mauvaise honte*. If your heart flutters at an introduction, trust not your head at an intrigue. Moral courage is as necessary to a woman as to a man, only the way in which it develops itself is different. Shyness in society is like the *tic douloureux* in surgery—it comes when least expected; its twitches are irresistible; and it as completely paralyses for the moment the mental faculties, as the other does those of the nervous system. Cultivate that peculiar agility of mind which adapts itself, without an effort, to any society and any circumstances. This is a high and a rare qualification. You will have constant opportunities of remarking how persons, who are well enough when upon their favourite hobby, betray shallowness when forced from the sphere to which they are accustomed. They who study books may afford to

concentrate their ideas upon one subject, and leave all the rest to shift for themselves; but the practical study of mankind is a nobler science than any theoretical philosophy. There are fixed rules for analysing chemical affinities, or for calculating the distance of a fixed star; but your own practical sagacity can alone enable you to penetrate the secret recesses of the human heart, and distinguish the springs which control the actions of men. Always bear in mind that "the world's a stage, and men and women only players." This reflection will at once prevent you from attaching too much reality to the professions of others. It is a mistake to suppose that people are always to be judged of by their acts any more than by their words. You see the puppet move, but it is sometimes difficult to discern who it is that pulls the strings.

But enough for the present: I shall observe your progress with all the watchfulness of paternal anxiety; and, perhaps, if you appear to deserve it, I may, at some future time, assist you with a few more words of counsel. In the meantime, always believe in the natural and disinterested affection of your father,

&c. &c. &c.



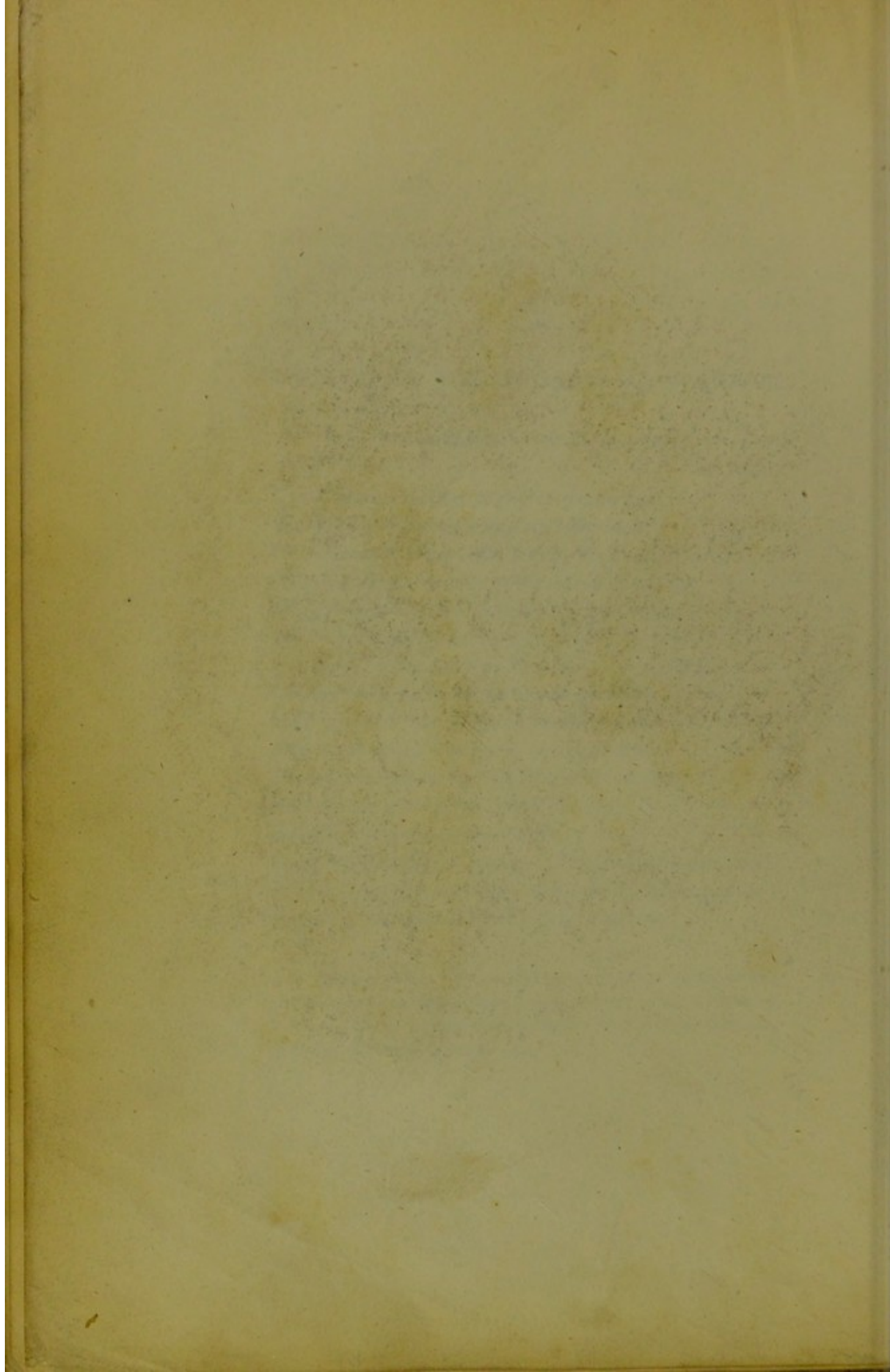
ON THE  
PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

LADY, methinks that in thy speaking face  
We mark the likeness of that lofty race ;  
Of statesman, hero — Wellesley, Wellington —  
Who proud renown by noble deeds have won.  
Oh, glorious names! for ever linked to Fame!  
Erin may well be proud such sons to claim!  
Yes thou, fair dame, hast brought a precious dow'r,  
Laurels to twine with the ancestral flow'r  
Plantagenet,\* the badge of princely line  
And regal blood, yet purer not than thine.  
No marvel that in thy bright glance we find  
Sure indications of the master mind,  
Hereditary in the gallant stock  
From which thou'rt sprung; men firm as ocean rock,  
Whose counsel and whose sword did kingdoms save —  
Wellesley the gifted, Wellington the brave!

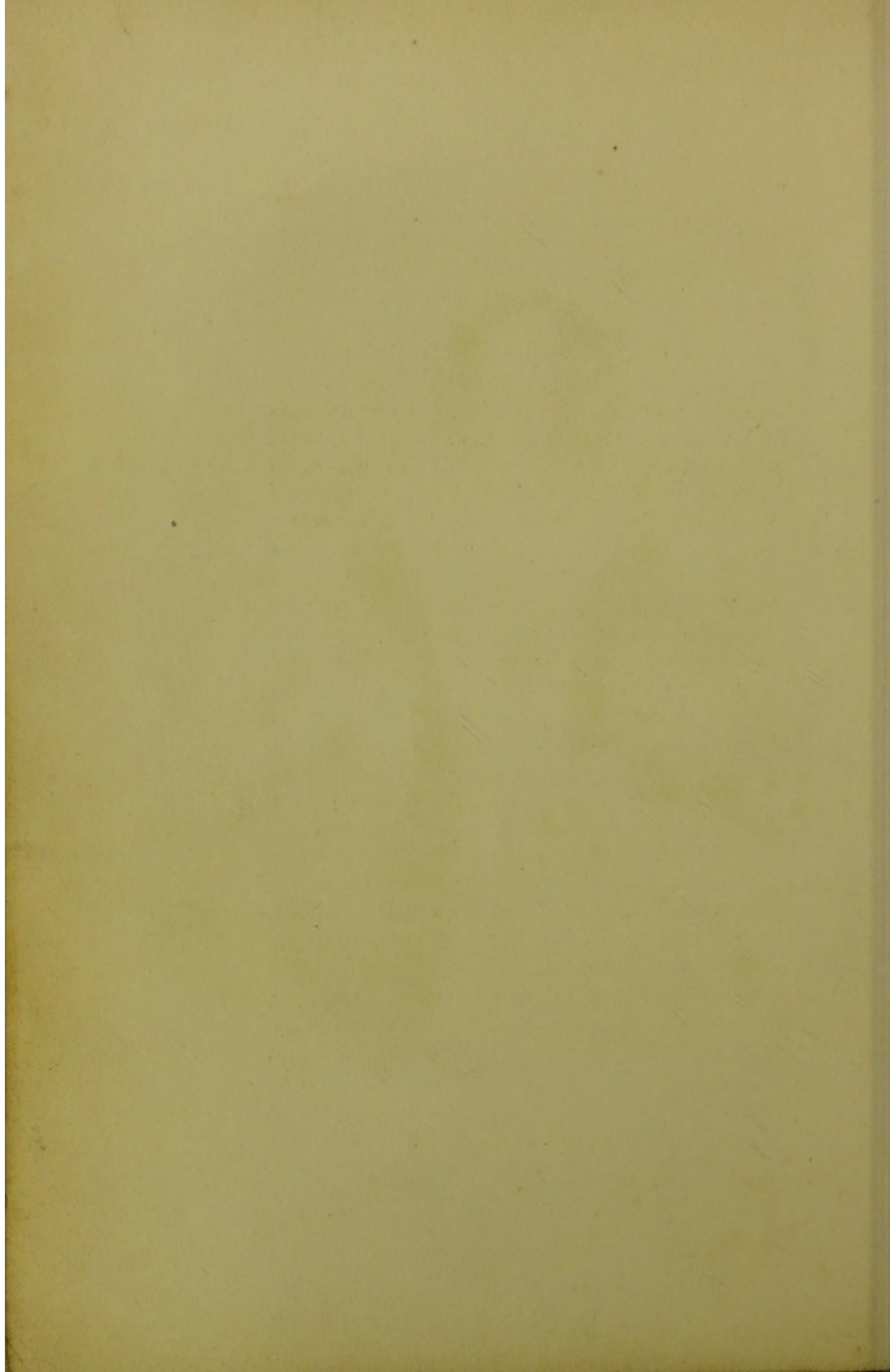
\* *Planta-genista*. "We are told by some authors that the surname of Plantagenet was derived from a sprig of heath, or broom, worn by Prince Geoffry on the crest of his helmet."—See LYTTLETON'S *History of Henry the Second*, page 149.







*Duchess of Beaufort*



## MUNICH.

BY B. DISRAELI, ESQ. M.P.

THE destiny of nations appears to have decreed that a society should periodically, though rarely, flourish, characterised by its love of the Fine Arts, and its capacity of ideal creation. These occasional and brilliant ebullitions of human invention elevate the race of man; they purify and chasten the taste of succeeding generations; and posterity accepts them as the standard of what is choice, and the model of what is excellent.

Classic Greece and Christian Italy stand out in our universal annals as the epochs of the Arts. During the last two centuries, while manners have undergone a rapid transition, while physical civilisation has advanced in an unprecedented degree, and the application of science to social life has diverted the minds of men from other pursuits, the Fine Arts have decayed and vanished.

I wish to call the attention of my countrymen to another great movement in the creative mind of Europe; one yet young and little recognised, but not inferior, in my opinion, either to that of Athens or of Florence.

It was on a cloudless day of the autumn of last year, that I found myself in a city that seemed almost

visibly rising beneath my eye. The street in which I stood was of noble dimensions, and lined on each side with palaces or buildings evidently devoted to public purposes. Few were completely finished: the sculptor was working at the statues that adorned their fronts; the painter was still touching the external frescoes; and the scaffold of the architect was not in every instance withdrawn. Every where was the hum of art and artists. The Byzantine style of many of these buildings was novel to me in its modern adaptation, yet very effective. The delicate detail of ornament contrasted admirably with the broad fronts and noble façades which they adorned. A church with two very lofty towers of white marble, with their fretted cones relieved with cerulean blue, gleamed in the sun; and near it was a pile not dissimilar to the ducal palace at Venice, but of nobler and more beautiful proportions, with its portal approached by a lofty flight of steps, and guarded by the colossal statues of poets and philosophers—suitably guarded, for it was the National Library.

As I advanced, I found myself in squares and circuses, in every instance adorned by an obelisk of bronze or the equestrian statue of some royal hero. I observed a theatre with a lofty Corinthian portico, and a pediment brilliantly painted in fresco with designs appropriate to its purpose; an Ionic museum of sculpture, worthy to enshrine the works of a Phidias or a Praxiteles; and a palace for the painter, of which I was told the first stone had been rightly laid on the

birthday of Raffaele. But what struck me most in this city, more than its galleries, temples, and palaces, its magnificent buildings, splendid paintings, and consummate statues, was the all-pervading presence and all-inspiring influence of living and breathing Art. In every street, a school: the atelier of the sculptor open, the studio of the painter crowded: devoted pupils, aspiring rivals: enthusiasm, emulation, excellence. Here the long-lost feudal art of colouring glass re-discovered; there fresco-painting entirely revived, and on the grandest scale; while the ardent researches of another man of genius successfully analyses the encaustic tinting of Herculaneum, and secures the secret process for the triumph of modern Art. I beheld a city such as I had mused over amid the crumbling fanes of Pericles, or, aided alike by memory and fancy, had conjured up in the palaces and gardens of the Medici.

Such is Munich, a city which, half a century ago, was the gross and corrupt capital of a barbarous and brutal people. Baron Reisbech, who visited Bavaria in 1780, describes the Court of Munich as one not at all more advanced than those of Lisbon and Madrid. A good-natured prince, fond only of show and thinking only of the chase; an idle, dissolute, and useless nobility; the nomination to offices depending on women and priests; the aristocracy devoted to play, and the remainder of the inhabitants immersed in scandalous debauch.

With these recollections of the past, let us enter



the palace of the present sovereign. With habits of extreme simplicity, and a personal expenditure rigidly economical, the residence of the King of Bavaria, when completed, will be the most extensive and the most sumptuous palace in the world. But, then, it is not merely the palace of a king; it is a temple dedicated to the genius of a nation. The apartments of state, painted in fresco on the grandest scale, bold in design, splendid in colour, breathe the very Teutonic soul. The subjects are taken from the "Nibelungen Lied," the Gothic epic, and commemorate all the achievements of the heroic Siegfried, and all the adventures of the beautiful Chrimhilde. The heart of a German beats as he gazes on the forms and scenes of the Teutonic Iliad; as he beholds Hagen the fierce, and Dankwart the swift; Volker, the minstrel knight, and the beautiful and haughty Brunhilda. But in point of harmonious dimension and august beauty, no chamber is perhaps more imposing than the Kaiser Saal, or Hall of the Sovereigns. It is, I should think, considerably above one hundred feet in length, broad and lofty in exact proportion. Its roof is supported on either side by columns of white marble; the intercolumniations filled by colossal statues, of gilded brass, of the electors and kings of the country. Seated on his throne, at the end of this imperial chamber, Lewis of Bavaria is surrounded by the solemn majesty of his ancestors. These statues are by Schwanthaler, a sculptor who to the severe and classic taste and profound sentiment of his master, Thorwalsden, unites

an exuberance of invention which has filled Munich with the greatest works since Phidias. Cornelius, Julius Schnorr, and Hess, are the principal painters who have covered the galleries, churches, and palaces of Munich with admirable frescoes. The celebrated Klenze is known throughout Europe as the first of living architects, and the favourite of his sovereign when that sovereign did not wear a crown; but we must not forget the name of Gärtner, the architect who has revived the Byzantine style of building with such admirable effect.

But it was in the private apartments of the king that I was peculiarly impressed with the supreme genius of Schwanthaler. These chambers, eight in number, are painted in encaustic, with subjects from the Greek poets, of which Schwanthaler supplied the designs. The antechambers are devoted to Orpheus and Hesiod, and the ornaments are in the oldest Greek style; severely simple; archaic, but not rude; the figures of the friezes in outline, and without relief. The saloon of reception, on the contrary, is Homeric; and in its colouring, design, and decoration, as brilliant, as free, and as flowing as the genius of the great Mæonian. The chamber of the throne is entirely adorned with white bas-reliefs, raised on a ground of dead gold; the subjects Pindaric; not inferior in many instances to the Attic remains; and characterised, at the same time, by a singular combination of vigour and grace. Another saloon is devoted to Æschylus, and the library to Sophocles. The gay,

wild muse of Aristophanes laughs and sings in his majesty's dressing-room; while the king is lulled to slumber by the Sicilian melodies and the soothing landscapes of Theocritus.

Of these chambers, I should say that they were a perfect creation of Art. The rooms themselves are beautifully proportioned; the subjects of their decorations are the most interesting in every respect that could be selected; and the purity, grace, and invention of the designs, are only equalled by their colouring, at the same time the most brilliant and harmonious that can be conceived; and the rich fancy of the arabesques and other appropriate decorations, which blend with all around, and heighten the effect of the whole. Yet they find no mean rivals in the private chambers of the queen, decorated in an analogous style, but entirely devoted to the poets of her own land. The Minnesingers occupy her first apartments, but the brilliant saloon is worthy of Wieland, whose Oberon forms its frieze; while the bed-chamber gleams with the beautiful forms and pensive incidents of Goethe's esoteric pen. Schiller has filled the study with his stirring characters and his vigorous incidents. Groups from "Wallenstein" and "Wilhelm Tell" form the rich and unrivalled ceiling: while the fight of the dragon and the founding of the bell, the innocent Fridolin, the inspired maiden of Orleans, breathe in the compartments of the walls.

When I beheld these refined creations, and recalled the scenes and sights of beauty that had moved before



*The Mischance of Dore*



me in my morning's wanderings, I asked myself, how Munich, recently so Bœotian, had become the capital of modern Art; and why a country of limited resources, in a brief space, and with such facility and completeness, should have achieved those results which had so long and utterly eluded the desires of the richest and most powerful community in the world?

It is the fashion of the present age to underrate the influence of individual character. For myself, I have ever rejected this consolation of mediocrity. I believe that every thing that is great has been accomplished by great men. It is not what I witnessed at Munich, or know of its sovereign, that should make me doubt the truth of my conviction. Munich is the creation of its king, and Lewis of Bavaria is not only a king but a poet. A poet on a throne has realised his dreams.

1840.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER  
A PORTRAIT  
OF  
THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO.

“ Blue Lammermoor and Yester's ancient bowers ;  
The Tweed—and she, the fairest of its flowers.”

WHEN songs of Peace had hush'd the din of War,  
And home and triumph heal'd the warrior's sorrow ;  
'Twas then, fair Lady—then thy natal star  
Rose with the promise of a joyous morrow !  
And more the gallant YESTER\* bless'd the morn  
That gave to his embrace his infant daughter,  
Than when, beside his CHIEF in triumph borne,  
He gather'd laurels in the field of slaughter !

Bright as thy natal—so thy nuptial day  
Maturer hopes and brighter joys unfolded :  
When WELLESLEY, wedded to the lovely HAY,  
Espoused a bride by every virtue moulded.—

\* The Marquess of Tweeddale (Lord Yester) was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Busaco—where he was wounded—September 27, 1810.

And when the joy attending brings the hour  
 Shall crown thy wish with a more tender—  
 A mother's name I will give thy bridegroom  
 The sweetest pledge that heaven can render.

Young, beautiful, and gifted as thou art,  
 Pray for the Lord thy Father's blessing,  
 What does the Lord thy Father's blessing  
 What does the Lord thy Father's blessing  
 This, the Lord thy Father's blessing  
 And every day thy Father's blessing  
 That long of all thy Father's blessing  
 Thy heart may not be smaller & poorer.

and when at last—let distant be the day—  
 That bid'st a name of Britain's page immortal,  
 That name shall live with undiminish'd ray,  
 And "George" shall be the name of Britain's page  
 For William's name, shall'd from his eye be gone,  
 Shall live as long as shines the English story,  
 For ever shall have his name preserved  
 In glory, and his name shall live in glory.

B.

WILLIAM WILKINS



THE MARCHES OF THE DUKE OF WALLINGHAM

When King of France had held the din of War,  
And from the ground had raised the banner's victory  
Then that, fair Lady - then thy crown was  
Held with the purple of a royal coronation  
And now the golden crown - then a fair crown  
That gave to his eyes the most beautiful daughter  
Then, when, from the crown of his crown  
He gather'd his crown of his crown

Bright as the crown of his crown  
When Wallingham, from the crown of his crown  
Exposed a hole in his crown of his crown

The Marches of Wallingham from the crown of his crown  
to the Duke of Wallingham at the battle of Tewkesbury in 1471  
recorded - September 17, 1471

Now—joy to joy succeeding brings the hour  
 Shall crown thy union with a name more tender—  
 A mother's name! and give thy bridal-bower  
 The sweetest pledge that heaven to earth can render.

Young, beautiful, and gifted, as thou art,  
 Possess'd of all that Love or Fame can offer:  
 What more can poet crave, or Heaven impart,—  
 What more can friendship, fancy, feeling, proffer?  
 This, this alone remains to prompt our prayer—  
 And every lip shall give that prayer expression—  
 That long of all that's good, and great, and fair,  
 Thy heart may rest in unalloy'd possession!

And when at last—far distant be the day!—  
 Thou bear'st a name on Britain's page immortal,  
 That name shall shine with undiminish'd ray,  
 And "Fortune ever watch at Virtue's portal."\*  
 For Wellesley's soul, entail'd from sire to son,  
 Shall shine, as now it shines, in England's story!  
 FREEDOM once more shall have her WELLINGTON  
 To right her cause, and lead her sons to glory!—  
 B.

\* "*Virtutis fortuna comes*"—the Wellington motto.

## WESTOVER COURT.

A TALE.

BY R. BERNAL, M.P.

At the eastern extremity of —shire, and in a retired district of that county, a mansion of no ordinary pretensions as to architecture, some few years back, might have attracted the attention of the passing traveller. Its imposing stone front, and elaborately sculptured ornaments in the Italian taste, recalled the era of Charles the First or of Charles the Second, when English artists were inclined to the ornate and classical style. It had not, however, been inhabited for at least twenty or thirty years; and, at the period of this narrative, the state of neglect to which it had been abandoned, would have excited feelings of surprise and regret in the mind of any common observer.

The gardens, terraces, and pleasure ground belonging to the house, had been originally laid out upon a scale and plan of formal, though striking grandeur. Statues, marble busts, and vases, dismantled and mutilated, were to be seen scattered in hopeless disorder over the lawns and walks; whilst the free growth of

weeds and rank grass promised to obliterate all distinction between gravel and turf. The vast building itself, with its lofty, close-shuttered windows, and its long unopened doors, appeared to be in perfect keeping with the scene of desolation it overlooked. Nothing lively or reviving was there, to welcome the eye, save some patches of hardy, native flowers, which, nowise indebted to art or culture, flourished luxuriantly, mocking (as it were) with their gaudy hues the dull and cold walls of the solitary mansion. A long range of offices and stabling was connected by stone corridors with the rear of the main building on either side; and behind them the ground rose to a considerable elevation. On the summit thereof, a grove of venerable and wide-spreading beech-trees added to the mournful effect of the surrounding objects. One end of this wooded eminence overhung a deep and extensive pool; but water, which generally presents an agreeable feature in landscape scenery, tended in this instance only to increase the gloom of the whole prospect. The pool itself was thickly covered with water-lilies and other aquatic plants, and the banks being closely overgrown with underwood, its surface seemed to be impervious to light or shade.

I have never forgotten the impression produced upon me the first time I beheld Westover Court. Journeying on horseback, and alone, the beauty of an autumnal day had tempted me to deviate a few miles from my intended route. The last rays of the declining sun were imparting a wild magnificence to the

variegated sky, when, arriving at the termination of a narrow and neglected road, over which the branches of hedge-row trees met, I suddenly fronted this deserted dwelling. Not a human being was to be seen in or about the courts, gardens, or neighbouring paths: even animal life appeared to be wanting. I listened in vain to catch the pleasing lowing of kine, the barking of a dog, or the more humble tumult of the poultry-yard. No sound, but the hooting of a distant owl, reached my ear. The bright glories of the evening contrasted disagreeably with the melancholy aspect of the buildings and gardens before me; and though I felt affected by the complete stillness, I long lingered in the contemplation of the whole scene.

Twilight, however, was approaching; I had no time to spare. Casting a parting look towards the edifice, I set spurs to my horse, and at a short distance reached a straggling village, whence I was directed to the road leading to my destination for that night.

Some little space of time intervened between my first and second visits to Westover Court. The information which I had collected in the village, on my next subsequent journey, respecting this place, had created in me an interest in every thing concerning it. Singular, though not very clear details, as to the former inhabitants of this mansion, their ancient wealth and consequence, and their gradual decay, had been repeated to me. It was said, that many years ago, some members or member of the Randolph

family (the original proprietors) had alienated or encumbered a considerable portion of the hereditary estates; that events of a distressing nature, and over which some painful mystery hung, had occurred upon the premises; that a general prejudice, bordering upon superstitious feeling, was entertained throughout the neighbourhood against the place; that the succession or right to what remained of the original property had been disputed a long time back; that the matter was believed to be still in the Court of Chancery, but that no proceedings had been taken for a considerable time past, and there not being any legal owner or authorised agent near at hand, every thing was rapidly progressing to ruin.

With the intention of rambling leisurely over the domain of Westover Court, I arrived there at an early hour of the day, and made my way into one of the back courts of the mansion, without difficulty, through a gate, which was but slightly fastened, in the rear of the outbuildings. It was evident that, whatever injuries could be remarked about the premises, they certainly had resulted from time and neglect, and had not been the effects of mischief or depredation. Few visitors, it would seem, ever penetrated or approached the interior. No traces of any living creature were to be found there; except, perhaps, of such animals or reptiles as decaying buildings and uncleared grounds generally afford harbour to. As I gazed upon the handsome architectural elevation, which once formed an assemblage of offices of every description, my busy

fancy wandered to the associations of former splendour and gaiety, of which it told the tale, but only to have the lively illusion of the past rudely destroyed by the sad and chilling reality of the present.

Time was, and that not long distant, when rank and power, youth and beauty, prospered within the walls of this princely villa; when, to its fortunate occupants, the sunny paths of life opened a boundless prospect of luxury and refinement, and the wants, thoughts, and wishes of each coming day were in harmony with the experience of the enjoyment of the past. Time was, when the full and bustling tide of existence had enlivened these spacious courts, when the music of the huntsman's horn had awakened many a cheerful echo within them, summoning a gay and gallant train of the gentry of the land, with their well-appointed retinue, to the excitement of the heart-stirring chase. What now remained of all the splendour and opulence of the family who once tenanted these halls? Where were their descendants or representatives?—All gone—all forgotten! Not one link to connect the past with the present; not one cheerful adaptation of modern tastes and pursuits to the habits and customs of preceding years. Silence, desertion, and decay, here reigned absolutely, wanting even the picturesque advantage of extreme antiquity to conceal the offensive deformity they had effected.

Sauntering on, in a mood of mixed sadness and curiosity, and having reached one of the wings of the mansion, I was startled by the sounds of an opening

door and approaching footsteps. On looking up, I perceived a man issuing slowly from the building. My first thought was, that he must have been some domestic or retainer in charge of part of the premises; but, on reflection, I recollected this could not be the case, having been told that the house was entirely uninhabited, and that there was not any one whatever either to give or to receive charge thereof. The man was tall and thin in figure, and apparently descending into the vale of life. His features and countenance were mild and prepossessing; but the paleness and attenuation of his face, and a slight stoop in his carriage, betrayed illness or constitutional infirmity. I could not help noticing his dress, which was all of one colour and material—a kind of dark grey cloth. It was scrupulously clean; but its much worn surface and ungainly fashion disclosed plainly, either the poverty or the avarice of its wearer. Still there was an undeniable air of gentility about the whole appearance of this person, who, as he approached, courteously accosted me, saying—

“Good morning, sir. Charming weather this. You are early in your rambles, and doubtless a stranger to this neighbourhood.”

“Yes, sir; and I trust I am not a trespasser in attempting to gratify a wish to view this very interesting place,” I replied, returning his salutation, and at the same time being quite ignorant of the condition of the party who had thus addressed me.

“A trespasser! Oh! by no means, my good sir.



Can I have the pleasure of assisting your object? Few, if any, visitors ever come to Westover Court."

Other conversation ensued, in the course of which my new acquaintance invited me to enter the main body of the building. The intimate knowledge he appeared to possess of all the details of the mansion, and his facility of ingress and egress, puzzled me not a little.

He conducted me through a small door at the side of one of the wings of the house, and following a long gallery passage, led the way into a lofty and spacious apartment at the back, the windows of which seemed to have been unclosed that morning.

This, according to his information, had originally been the banqueting-room; and he pointed out to my observation the richly decorated ceiling, cornices, and panels, which damp and neglect had yet but partially injured. Having expressed my admiration of what I noticed, and my regret at the deserted situation of so fine a residence, my companion was evidently gratified by the interest I took in the subject. He welcomed me with increased civility and attention, becoming every moment more communicative in his explanations, and offering to shew me different parts of the house, and to open the shutters of the apartments.

"You will be able, sir, to form some notion," he said, "by what still remains, of the magnificence of this dwelling in its days of prosperity. Alas!" he added, with a sigh, "we are sadly and hopelessly fallen!"

My curiosity being greatly excited by the manner of my companion, and by his singular identification with himself of every thing connected with the scene around us, I ventured upon some remarks on the imperfect information I had picked up in my visits to the neighbouring village. In reply to an allusion, made by me, to the current popular feeling about the family and the mansion itself, my obliging conductor said,—

“Ah, sir! I perceive the misfortunes of the Randolph family are not altogether unknown, or, as I hope, uninteresting to you.”

“Indeed,” I answered, “I have been most anxious, and I know not why, to procure some more certain and correct account; but I fear I am too troublesome.”

“Quite the contrary. I have not for many years had the advantage of meeting with any gentleman who would care to listen to such matters, and it is a relief to a solitary old man like myself, to find one, to whom he can impart his thoughts and feelings.”

“May I ask,” I rejoined, “if there be any truth in the stories repeated by the country people in the neighbourhood, respecting the misfortunes of the former proprietors of Westover Court?”

“Yes, sir, too much truth,” my companion replied, calmly but seriously. “There is a curse upon the name of Randolph. Some members of that family lived and died here recklessly; perhaps they could not contend against the over-ruling fate which controlled the destinies of their house.”

As I received this explanation, I looked up at my informant, and was struck by the expression of his countenance. In his mild and pale face the effects of deep and sorrowful feeling were exhibited, clearly denoting his entire belief in what he had uttered with unaffected simplicity of manner. It may appear ridiculous to make the avowal, but I confess that I felt strangely influenced by the tone and manner of my companion. I intentionally diverted the course of the inquiries I had originated, by remarking, that it was stated, the wealth and possessions of the family had been considerably reduced by some of their former possessors.

“Yes, sir,” my informant said, “it is an unfortunate race. The father of the last possessor wasted much of his substance in gaming and riotous living within these walls, and finally broke his neck, while hunting, at an early age. His son,—his fated and unhappy son,” he continued, with increasing seriousness of manner, “was married to an amiable and beautiful lady; he inherited his parent’s dissipated and extravagant habits and tastes: in a few years he mortgaged a large part of the family estates. They had two children; but the life of the mother was rendered wretched by the ill-founded jealousy and brutality of her husband.”

“And has no one of this family survived?” I asked.

“The two children, who never were favourites of their father, though the objects of the warmest affec-

tion of their other parent, both died. Their poor mother, after some time of continued ill-usage on the part of her husband, was missing from her usual occupations one early winter morning; search was made for her about the grounds, when she was found drowned in that deep pool which lies under the beechwood at the back of the buildings, the water being but slightly frozen over, and only in parts. Too well do I remember that day!" continued my companion, as he spoke slowly and in a subdued voice, "when I saw her corpse, cold and dripping with the water, borne to her bed-room—to that room which is on the right of the principal staircase. Alas, poor Lady Randolph! she looked lovely and happy in that her last sleep!"

"But was the cause of her death at all accounted for? Accident, no doubt," I hastily observed.

"Accident, no doubt," he repeated. "Such was the precise account which generally prevailed at the splendid funeral of Lady Randolph, and at which I attended. It was said, that she must have imprudently ventured upon the thin and imperfect ice of the pool, and which having given way, she had been unable to extricate herself. But," he added, almost in a whisper, at the same time looking round with an air of caution and earnestness, "many old friends could not help remembering that it never was Lady Randolph's habit to walk early upon cold wintry days; and others pointedly observed, that the water was so partially frozen, that no human creature in her senses

could have thought of stepping on its surface. In short, no one who knew her, could have forgotten the misery and sorrow of her existence. Conjecture and its many-tongued reports were not idle or silent."

"And her unfortunate husband?" I exclaimed, interrupting the narrative.

"Her *unfortunate* husband!" repeated my interesting narrator, with a prolonged emphasis on the words; and then, speaking in his former low but distinct tones, he added, with a marked and melancholy expression, sighing heavily, "We are a doomed and ill-fated race! In that same apartment, on the right of the staircase, where the Lady Randolph was laid—— But we will take a view of it. I have not entered it for some time: its door, like the doors of most of the other rooms, is unfastened."

I had no desire to follow my guide; indeed, I felt a repugnance to approach the apartment: but ashamed of acknowledging this reluctance, without having any reasonable excuse, I very unwillingly walked after him as he opened the door. The chamber was spacious and had been (considering its original purpose) elegant. There was nothing remarkable which I observed, excepting that the bedstead and some few articles of furniture were still remaining therein, and which did not accord with the general state of the mansion, the interior thereof having long since been stripped of all the household and portable effects. The light was imperfectly admitted into the room through the ill-closed window-shutters and the

door; but my companion, resuming his narrative in the same subdued though impressive voice, and pointing to the bedstead, said:

“In this chamber, and on that bed, where the unfortunate lady was laid, Sir George Randolph was found lifeless, within twelve months after the death of his wife. The nature and position of a bullet-wound through his temples, and the fact of a discharged pistol lying near to his right hand, appeared to establish the fact of his having committed suicide; yet,” added the old gentleman, “there were those who differed in opinion as to the cause of his death, and who said, that the pistol might have been placed by other hands in the position, in which it was found, and I was of that opinion at the time.”

I felt little inclination to remain longer in this chamber of gloomy events, and leaving it before my companion, upon passing out of the doorway, a trifling noise made me turn my head to look behind: I could just discern, through the obscure light of the apartment, that my companion was occupied either in unlocking or in shutting a small closet or partition in the wall near to the bedstead. I was surprised, but abstained from making any observation on the act; and when he joined me, I was uncertain whether he was conscious of my having noticed this trifling occurrence, though he appeared at first slightly confused in manner. To my proposition of a ramble through the gardens, my friend readily assented, and, as we loitered in the lonely grounds, our conver-

sation upon the fallen fortunes of the Randolph family, was again resumed. I politely hazarded a direct question as to the connexion, if any, which might exist between himself and the place over which he had conducted me.

“Sir,” he answered, mildly, but, as I thought, with an increased dignity of demeanour, “I am Thomas Randolph, nearly the last, if not the last, male descendant of that unfortunate family—a family ever ill-fated; and,” he continued, in a more depressed and melancholy tone, “I too well know that I cannot expect to avoid the destiny which has always hung over them.”

There was such an union of simplicity and singularity in the discourse and behaviour of my companion, that I was at first led to suspect he was some unfortunate but harmless person labouring under a delusion of intellect; and I was the more induced to encourage this suspicion, as I had never, in the course of my previous inquiries in the neighbourhood, understood, that there was any one of the descendants of the Randolphs living there.

But beyond his assertions of his name and position, and his superstitious allusions to the calamities of the family, I could not, in reason, have adduced any fact to support the impression which I had taken up.

During our stroll through the surrounding grounds, the old gentleman conversed freely about his own situation, and upon every matter concerning the place.

The result of the information which I derived from him, was, that he stood in the relation of first cousin to the late Sir George Randolph, and upon the death of the latter, without children, became the heir to the family estates; but that his title to the same had been seriously disputed, on the alleged illegitimacy of his own birth. His father having been a younger son, and, in early life, having served in the army, had *married*, as my friend asserted, a foreign lady who had died abroad; and her husband, from whom she had been separated, had not long survived her, leaving one child only, my present informant. He had been unable, after Sir George Randolph's death, to bring forward sufficient evidence to support the allegation of the legal marriage of his mother; and the succession to the property had been warmly contested by a descendant in the female line from the great-grandfather of the last occupant.

Protracted and expensive litigation ensued, in the course of which, Thomas Randolph had expended almost the whole of the slender means he ever possessed, yet always relying on the hope of procuring from abroad, some confirmatory and decisive proofs of his mother's marriage. Difficulties had also occurred in the way of the rival claimant of the estates; and after the lapse of many years, and the outlay of a large amount of money, the right to the succession still remained in abeyance, and the suit relating thereto undecided in the courts of law. Thomas Randolph was, however, quite enthusiastic in his belief that,



if he lived long enough, he should be successful in establishing his rights; and, while he lamented with quiet resignation the delay and obstacles created by his own reduced circumstances, his sunken cheeks glowed with momentary animation, as he commented upon the humiliating doubts which had been cast upon his own legitimacy.

I parted from him at last with real feelings of regret and interest, having promised to pay him a visit, on some future opportunity, at a retired village in the neighbourhood, where, as he told me, he resided in humble obscurity. From subsequent inquiries which I had the power of making in the course of the same day, of a farmer of respectability in the adjoining parish, I ascertained that the old gentleman, or "Squire Thomas," as he was commonly called, was well known in the country around, and that the circumstances which he had related to me, were strictly correct. It was supposed, that the trifling income which still remained to him was barely sufficient, with the most careful economy on his part, for his support. But he was generally respected by the inhabitants of the rural district in which he lived, and was considered by them to be a man of simple and inoffensive habits, of a kind heart and disposition, and engrossed with the one absorbing object of establishing his disputed claims. He was not known to have any one near relative surviving, or any friend in a rank or position of life from whom he could expect assistance or benefit. Suffering from his earliest

years, from the disadvantage of a weakly constitution, he had been subject to occasional fits, which deprived him, for the time, of all power of mental or bodily exertion. A considerable interval had elapsed since any proceeding had been taken in the courts of law. Squire Thomas no longer possessed the pecuniary means to enable him to prosecute further investigation abroad, into the circumstances of his mother's marriage, and it was believed that the rival claimant (who was not at all known to my informant) had come to a pause in his former course of litigation, in consequence of the impediments which he himself had met with in making out his own title.

In the meantime, though the rents were paid to a receiver, under the orders of the Court of Chancery, the property was sadly neglected and its value greatly deteriorated. No repairs were undertaken in the mansion itself; in fact, it seemed to have passed from the attention or recollection of every body, and perhaps it was owing to its very remote situation, that it had as yet escaped more complete dilapidation from wilful injury. Thomas Randolph was the only being who ever concerned himself about, or took any interest in, Westover Court. No one ever interfered with him in his visits to the buildings, of which he appeared to have constituted himself the guardian. When health and weather permitted, he hardly allowed a single day to pass without his going over to the house; this having become, from the force of habit, his sole amusement and occupation.

Before I finally quitted that part of England in which the county of —— was situated, I had two or three interviews with Thomas Randolph, and I became greatly interested in his case. Some documents and papers, relating to legal proceedings, which he shewed to me, fully confirmed what I had heard; and ere I left the country, I gave him my address, in case he should at any time be desirous of communicating with me.

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“Love in a cottage,” has been so continually the subject of ridicule, that one feels naturally afraid of uttering any sentiment, writing any sentence, or doing any act, which might tend to prove our belief in the probability of so monstrous a theory, in these modern days of matter-of-fact philosophy.

“When Poverty steals in at the door, Love flies out at the window,” is an adage upon the lips of every discreet young lady between the ages of eighteen and five-and-fifty. We have the advantage of living in times, when the scale of affection is graduated like that of a thermometer; its degrees of intensity being regulated by the ascending steps each individual may have attained in the approach towards the lines of “*comfortably off*,” — “*very well off*,” — “*rich*,” — “*very rich*,” &c.

Not that I, for one moment, would be tortured by the sneers of my fair and lovely acquaintances into a confession that, in married life, love, *if it ever existed*,

quickly evaporates in the thin and economical atmosphere attendant upon the possession of a very few hundreds a-year. Far from it. I conscientiously believe, that the presence of the capricious deity is quite compatible with an existence under a thatched roof, in a dining-room of some eighteen feet by fifteen, and with a repast upon the table, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton, mashed turnips, and a batter pudding.

Such was the current of my thoughts and opinions, when I arrived rather unexpectedly at the residence of my friend Captain Selden, and found him and his pretty wife at dinner at an early hour. I had engaged to pass some time with them; but the letter which I had written, announcing the day of my visit, had miscarried, and thus I became their guest sooner than had been anticipated. A free and cordial welcome, however, from both husband and wife, greeted me;—there was no pretence of ceremony, no attempt at excuses. I was equally delighted at the meeting, and at once took my place as one of the family. Selden had been the playmate of long-past childhood, and the steady friend of every added year, though the diverging paths and pursuits of life had often separated us. He had been in his more youthful days a gay officer in a gay and distinguished corps; but his gaiety and flow of spirits never induced his acquaintances, on any occasion, to doubt the fact of his possessing a fund of straightforward and valuable good sense, and a kind and excellent heart.

Selden was the master of a very moderate competence; so moderate, that I am sure, most spinsters (not to include widows) would turn up their noses at its amount, if I ventured to mention it. Moreover, he was unfortunately not one of that order of mortals, whose dispositions or tastes turn to the accumulation or improvement of worldly means. Therefore, when Selden sold out of the army to marry Eliza Wyatt—a very charming girl; but who, beyond the advantages of having been well born and educated, could boast only of owning a few hundred pounds and a good wardrobe—all his former brother-officers and companions laughed outright at his folly, while pitying the unhappy destiny he so imprudently braved.

A cottage in Derbyshire, near to the romantic banks of the tranquil river Dove, was now the residence of my friends; and when I joined them, they had been married nearly four years, and had two children. A long and severe illness, from which Mrs. Selden had recently recovered, had perhaps somewhat reduced the usual flow of spirits of her husband; but for the rest, there was not the slightest trace discernible of any decrease of their affection, contentment, and happiness. While her heart was as yielding to generous impulses, as that of her husband, Mrs. Selden's maternal feelings had quickly prompted her to avail herself of her natural influence over him, to repress all propensity to any thing like dangerous and unnecessary extravagance. This influence had been successful, and their quiet and diminutive household

bore all the marks of judicious management, and of such hospitable comfort, as a limited income could allow.

Selden and his wife were desirous of making me fully acquainted with their situation and plans. She considered that by a continuance of their residence in the cheap and distant country which they had selected, they might still be enabled to enjoy comparative ease and comfort, if her husband would not at last grow weary of his retirement.

On the other hand, while he declared that in the society of his amiable partner and children, with his books, garden, and fishing-rod, the hours flew rapidly by; he at the same time expressed serious apprehensions that the expenses incident to an increasing family, to the future prospects of education, and other probable though unforeseen contingencies, would prove too heavy for the restricted income they could command. Upon my opinion being appealed to upon this point, much as I wished to adhere to my old theory of love in a cottage, I could not but acquiesce in the strength of Selden's reasons. Moreover, my advice was requested only after a step had, as it appeared, been decisively taken by one of the parties. Selden, as he informed me, had already applied to a schoolfellow of his late father, who had known his family for many years—a gentleman living in London—for his assistance in his endeavours to obtain some consular or other appointment, or agency abroad. This gentleman, Mr. Halderton, was believed to possess

some degree of influence in a quarter very likely to advance the views of my friend.

Two or three communications had been received from him of a very favourable nature; and, indeed, the last conveyed the information, that Mr. Halderton entertained no doubt of eventual success.

But, *à propos de bottes*, our readers may cry, what has all this to do with Westover Court?—A very natural question.

The place and circumstances connected with my visit to it, had temporarily passed out of my mind during my sojourn at Selden's cottage. Some time after my arrival there, however, a letter from my former acquaintance, Thomas Randolph, had been forwarded from town to me, in which, he mentioned having slowly recovered from a severe fit of illness, but that he was greatly cheered by some fresh hopes, which he was led to encourage, of procuring evidence relating to the marriage of his parents. The letter concluded with an anxious wish that I might be able to see him before long; and it contained, as I thought, an indirect allusion to pecuniary distress. This intelligence of poor Tom Randolph revived all my dormant feelings on his behalf; and I related to my friends, the Seldens, all the particulars of my first meeting with him. They entered readily into the interest which I took in his case, and they, or one of them, fancied they had formerly heard something connected with the name of Randolph, or the family of Westover Court; but when, or upon what occasion,

they could not recollect. When I mentioned my intention of complying, as early as I could, with the wishes of the old gentleman, Selden immediately proposed that he and his wife should accompany me. It would be an agreeable excursion, they both agreed. Selden adding that a little change of air, and moving about, would be of service to his wife after her own recent illness.

All parties being willing, the weather proving favourable, our trifling preparations were quickly arranged, and we had a pleasant trip of some sixty or seventy miles. We took up our quarters at —, the village where Randolph resided, which was at no very great distance from Westover Court, and in which the cleanliness of a small rustic inn made amends for the limited accommodations it afforded. I called, with my friends, upon Thomas Randolph, and introduced them to him. He was much pleased at seeing me again. It was with regret, I remarked the traces of increased weakness in his whole appearance and bearing. The last attack of his periodical disorder had shaken him considerably, and he confessed that he could not now walk to and from Westover Court as he used to do. The old gentleman did not fail to acquaint me that some Spanish merchant had written from Cadiz, very briefly, to a correspondent who had formerly been employed by Randolph as an agent, that he had discovered a clue to evidence which might perhaps relate to the marriage of his mother, but that nothing could be undertaken without a remittance.



This, therefore, unless it could be acquired through my assistance, was quite out of the question; for Randolph's finances, exhausted by his late confinement, were on the verge of insolvency.

The spirits and quiet cheerfulness of Thomas Randolph rallied, when we proposed a visit to Westover Court; and having accordingly procured such means of conveyance as were at hand, we all proceeded thither. We remained there some time. Selden and his wife rivalled me in the excitement which was created by the graphic narrations of Squire Thomas, and by the singular manner in which they were given. He was quite happy in having such eager and attentive listeners, who did not in any way interrupt his solemn and repeated allusions to the fatality which hung over the Randolph family. I could not avoid observing to myself, although I did not comprehend his meaning, that when Squire Thomas was pointing out to my friends the bed-room of the late Sir George Randolph, he muttered, as if communing with his own thoughts, that he should not have occasion to go there again. I remembered well what had past there on my first visit.

When the day was finished, it was doubtful whether Selden and his wife were more pleased with their new acquaintance, than he was with them. The Squire's decreasing strength and usual habits had induced him to leave us at an early hour; and while we remained seated round our rustic fireside, the conversation of Selden and his wife turned entirely upon

Randolph and his situation. It was evident that he was suffering, not only from weakness, but also from the absence of those ordinary comforts which his want of resources absolutely denied to him. My friends both declared, that it was pitiable to behold the last representative of an ancient family almost starving, without one relative or friend to watch over him.

Selden's kindness and generosity were fully appreciated by me; but I was surprised when both husband and wife united in the determination and plan of inviting Squire Thomas to their own residence, to remain there, at any event, until he could regain his strength or a positive improvement in health. When they added that their house, though of moderate extent, could admit of one other guest with some trifling arrangement, I did not start any objection, even though I was uncertain whether Randolph would like to quit the scenes of his early and continued associations.

When the plan and proposal were communicated to Squire Thomas on the following morning, he, after some little hesitation and diffidence on his part, assented with feeling and gratitude to the invitation. Poor fellow! his preparations were easily made—the whole stock of his worldly possessions being compressed into the smallest possible space. Of one article he was particularly careful, a square wooden box, which he persisted in retaining in his own hands. The carriage in which we had travelled from Selden's

cottage, was one of those convenient, but modest family one-horse vehicles which admit of four persons in all: we had, therefore, not any difficulty in accommodating Squire Thomas.

When our little party were established in Selden's house, we carefully looked through the papers which Randolph produced, and which related to the former proceedings in the Court of Chancery. It appeared to us, taking into consideration the information which had recently been transmitted from abroad to Randolph, that it would be very advisable once more to follow up with activity on his behalf, the chances that might still remain open for him. Selden joined with me in raising a small pecuniary fund for this object; and he also wrote several times to a solicitor in London, with whom he was acquainted, to take the necessary steps for prosecuting all proper inquiries, and for reviving the long-dormant legal proceedings. What with the excitement arising out of this change in his prospects, and with the benevolent and considerate attention paid to him by Mrs. Selden, Thomas Randolph seemed to have derived a renewal of both mental and bodily strength. His gratitude to his amiable hosts was sincerely evinced in the most unaffected and pleasing manner.

Our companion endeavoured to render himself as agreeable and as little an intruder as possible. He had in earlier days acquired a large store of varied, but quaint information, from books whose titles and contents were barely known to general readers.

Always ready to communicate anecdotes personal and traditional of his own family, his conversation proved highly amusing to my friends, from the odd combination it exhibited of simplicity and good sense, tinged by superstitious feeling, and marked by an absence of all knowledge of the world.

I do not think, at the period to which I am now referring, a happier circle could have been found than that we formed in Derbyshire. All the external and internal concerns relating to the members of that circle were productive of satisfaction. Mrs. Selden's health was completely re-established; her children were improving daily; Selden's hopes of securing some profitable employment were livelier than ever. Squire Thomas was in high spirits at the opinion which had been received from the London solicitor, expressing that his claims and case were good enough to warrant their being enforced with increased attention and despatch; and although the old gentleman would not abandon his favourite belief in the fatality which pursued the family of the Randolphs, yet he bore with perfect good-humour the gentle raillery we addressed to him.

One morning, after the arrival of the post, we perceived from Selden's countenance and language that he must have received some intelligence of an unexpected and annoying nature. Indeed, we did not remain long in suspense, for my friend informed us that one letter had apprised him of the failure of the firm of his agents, to whose custody some portion of

his little fortune had been confided. The other letter (which he read out to us) was as singular as it was unlooked for. It was addressed to Selden by Mr. Halderton, the gentleman on whom he had depended for the realisation of his hopes of obtaining a foreign appointment. The letter was to the following effect:—

“SIR,—It was with considerable astonishment and vexation, I first heard it rumoured, that you had thought proper to take up the case and claims of Mr. Thomas Randolph, the self-styled claimant of the Westover Court property. I could not believe this report; but I have since found it to be too true. As this person has, for years past, been engaged in adverse and irritating litigation with me while pursuing my just rights to that property, I cannot but regard your interference on his behalf, in such a matter, as a gratuitous attempt to injure my interests, and as a sufficient intimation that you are totally unmindful of the services I may have rendered you, and equally desirous of forfeiting any further expectation of a continuance of them. From this time, it will therefore be remembered, that all acquaintance or intercourse must totally cease between us.

“I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

“G. HALDERTON.”

We were all thunderstruck at the contents of this epistle. Even the probable chance of the loss of a

sum of money, important in its amount to my friend, did not appear to affect him so much as this communication, which was so startling and novel in its cause and result. Thus, for my friend to have every hope, when on the point of probable fulfilment, crushed by the consequences of his own conduct, when in perfect ignorance of the actual situation of the parties, was overwhelming. Selden and his wife had more than once repeated that the name of Randolph was familiar to them, and that it was connected with some early recollections, although they could not clearly or satisfactorily recall to their minds the circumstances of such connexion. Mrs. Selden now observed, that she remembered hearing that Mr. Halderton had, many years back, been engaged in an expensive law-suit upon a claim which he made to an extensive property; and her husband, while he admitted his own recollection of this fact, remarked, that there was some very distant relationship between Mr. Halderton and the mother of Mrs. Selden.

The sympathy and feeling which Thomas Randolph displayed upon this occasion, upon being apprised of this calamitous intelligence, made a deep impression upon his friends. The language, in which he expressed his sorrow at having been the innocent cause of Selden's loss of Mr. Halderton's important assistance, was artless and touching. When he first heard the matter explained, his whole countenance and demeanour appeared to have undergone a sudden change, and his melancholy and morbid fancies again

obtained the mastery over him. While with earnest warmth he entreated Selden to abandon all further interference in his affairs, to cease the continuance of his kindness and protection, and thereby to attempt to regain the confidence and patronage of Mr. Halderton; he impressively exclaimed, that he felt too well convinced his own race was nearly run, and that the worldly hopes of a destitute and worn-out old man were vain, and perhaps sinful. Distressed as Selden naturally felt by the sudden pressure of misfortune that had overtaken him, he kindly did all in his power to soothe and comfort Thomas Randolph. Accident, however, contributed to this end more than all the considerate endeavours of my friend.

It struck me particularly, when Selden mentioned the fact of the distant relationship between Mr. Halderton and the family of his wife, that Squire Thomas appeared to be very attentive to the observation. He not only requested my friends to repeat the circumstance again, but to give him every information within their power respecting the connexion; asking minute questions as to Mrs. Selden's maiden name, and that of her maternal family. Upon his being answered, that the late mother of Mrs. Selden was the sole surviving child of her parents, and that before her marriage she bore the name of Dawson, and that Mrs. Selden herself was an only child; we all noticed the strange and unaccountable animation of Thomas Randolph. He suddenly jumped from his seat, and exclaiming, "Thanks to the wonderful goodness of

God!" rushed out of the apartment, his eyes filled with tears. We remained in silent astonishment at this extraordinary conduct; half disposed to believe that the old man's mind had been upset by the occurrences of the day, and that actual insanity had usurped the place of reason.

But our singular companion soon re-appeared, triumphantly bearing the wooden box in his hands which he had brought so carefully with him, and which, as we learned, he had generally deposited, for imaginary security, in the mansion of Westover Court. Placing this upon the table, he grasped alternately the hands of Selden and his wife, while smiling with delight, he exclaimed :

" My kind and beloved friends ! all may turn out happily."

Opening the box, he emptied it of its contents, which he spread over the table. They consisted of several papers, certificates of baptisms, copies and extracts of registers, and other documents of the like description. Squire Thomas selected out of these, one of larger dimensions, which proved to be a pedigree of the Randolph family, and approaching Mrs. Selden, and addressing her with an air of solemnity, he exclaimed :

" Madam, you are, after me, the lawful and undoubted heiress of the Randolphs !"

It will be readily imagined that his audience were not a little astonished at this unexpected declaration. More than ever inclined to doubt the sanity of our



companion, we rather patiently waited for some confirmation of our suspicions: but his manner became perfectly composed, and when he entered upon a full and regular explanation of his assertion, it was so clear and convincing, that we felt ashamed at having been at all influenced by any such doubts.

Thomas Randolph, as has already been mentioned, was the first cousin of the late Sir George, while Mr. Halderton, contesting his legitimacy, claimed as a descendant of the daughter of the great grandfather of that baronet.

It appeared from the papers produced by Squire Thomas, and his oral information, that Mrs. Selden's mother was lineally descended from a son of the great grandfather of Sir George Randolph. Consequently, by the rules of legal descent, Mrs. Selden would be, after Squire Thomas, the next in succession to the property. The parents of Mrs. Selden had both died, leaving her an orphan at an early age; when she was taken under the protection, and educated under the care, of a relative of her father in Scotland. They had been certainly ignorant altogether of the true state of affairs with respect to the Westover estates, and had but a very faint knowledge of a remote connexion, in times gone by, with the Randolph family. Living in Scotland, they had heard or understood little of the legal proceedings which had been instituted to establish the right of inheritance to the property. Mr. Halderton was but slightly known to them; and whether that gentleman was or was not aware of the

position in which Mrs. Selden's mother stood with reference to the disputed claims, could now be only a matter for conjecture.

When all these facts had been carefully considered, and seriously talked over, in our domestic council, no doubt remained in the mind of any one of the party, of the truth and accuracy of Thomas Randolph's information. Although he confidently maintained that Mrs. Selden's claim was indisputable (always, of course, in consideration after his own); yet he agreed in the propriety of submitting the circumstances to the advice of the legal gentleman, who had been lately consulted on his behalf. My friends were now by this discovery placed in a situation of some little delicacy. The estates belonging to the Westover Court family were not entailed; therefore, if Randolph eventually succeeded in substantiating his own title as heir-at-law, he, of course, would become the absolute proprietor of the same, with the full power of disposition over the whole, so that it still might be a chance, whether Mrs. Selden would ever derive any advantage from her genealogical position. It was difficult to account for the motive which now actuated Thomas Randolph, who, while he appeared more gratified than either of my friends with the discovery which had been made, still evidently was more keenly alive than ever, to the object of enforcing his own claims, and more confident than usual in the hope of his own success. The old gentleman always, in conversation, spoke of the Westover property as if it would fall positively

under his own mastership, and as being only for a time unjustly and vexatiously withheld from him. This might be a foible in the character of Squire Thomas, but yet it was a circumstance which might have caused considerable annoyance to minds less generously disposed than those of Selden and his wife. For it remained a subject of reasonable doubt, whether Randolph would ever be able to prove his title; nay, perhaps, whether he was in fact legitimately descended from the family. If not, then Mrs. Selden's right to the inheritance was beyond all serious resistance or cavil; and this inheritance, no trifling prize in itself, would be of incalculable importance to persons straitened in their worldly circumstances as my friends were.

Nevertheless, in consulting his legal acquaintance on all these points, and in following up the course recommended by him, Selden never for one moment departed from his original purpose of advancing the claims of Thomas Randolph. Selden had accompanied me on my return to London, in order that he might look after his own affairs, and be better enabled to superintend the progress of the proceedings in Randolph's cause; the more particularly as some evidence was very shortly expected from abroad bearing upon the material point at issue. In the meantime, the squire, after having taken an affectionate leave of his friends, with many heartfelt expressions of gratitude, had, at his own desire, returned to his village lodgings near to Westover; Selden having engaged to write

to him regularly, and he having obtained a solemn promise from Mr. and Mrs. Selden, that they would go over to see him before long.

Hardly a month had elapsed, when the long-looked-for evidence arrived from abroad, which fully and satisfactorily established the fact of the lawful marriage of the parents of Thomas Randolph, and, as a consequence, his own legitimacy and title to the Westover property. Selden immediately wrote to him to communicate this event, and received a reply from the old man, expressing, that the dearest wish of his heart was fulfilled, and renewing his protestations of regard and gratitude. Increased activity was now used in the prosecution of the legal proceedings, and every thing was so clear and freed from further obstruction, that a final settlement was to be daily expected. Selden had been himself fortunate enough to be assured, that his own troublesome concerns had assumed an agreeable aspect: the supposed failure of his agents having turned out to be but a temporary suspension of payments, which they had again resumed. My friend was anxious to perform his promise to Thomas Randolph, and he prevailed on me to accompany him in his visit to the neighbourhood of Westover. We should be the bearers of the gratifying intelligence, that the mere formality of a final decision was only wanting, to re-instate the squire in the inheritance and possessions of his ancestors.

Thus we calculated confidently upon being the welcome messengers of happiness, and as little upon the

awful interruptions, which the events of every-day life interpose to the certainty of all continual or unmixed gratification. Upon arriving at the village, we were surprised to find its ordinary tranquillity greatly changed. Its few humble inhabitants were collected in small groups in the road-way, engaged in earnest conversation, as if some occurrence of importance had taken place. When we reached the lodgings of our friend, we were painfully affected by the information that he had breathed his last on the preceding night. He had not suffered any perceptible illness, but, on the contrary, had, during the day, appeared more cheerful and active than usual. His death appeared to have been quite sudden, and, as it was believed, had been the result of one of those fits, to which he was periodically and constitutionally subject. We deeply felt and regretted the loss of this kind-hearted and good man. Selden's feelings were much depressed, in spite of the brilliant prospects now opened to him, when he became acquainted with the testimony of thoughtful and affectionate solicitude exhibited by the old gentleman. He had made a short will, entirely written in his own hand, and dated immediately after his receipt of the communication of the evidence of his legitimacy having arrived. In this testamentary paper he had thus expressed himself:—

“ First, humbly acknowledging my imperfect sense of the Divine goodness in granting me the prolongation of life, so that I have been enabled to attain the establishment of my just rights: I may attempt to pay

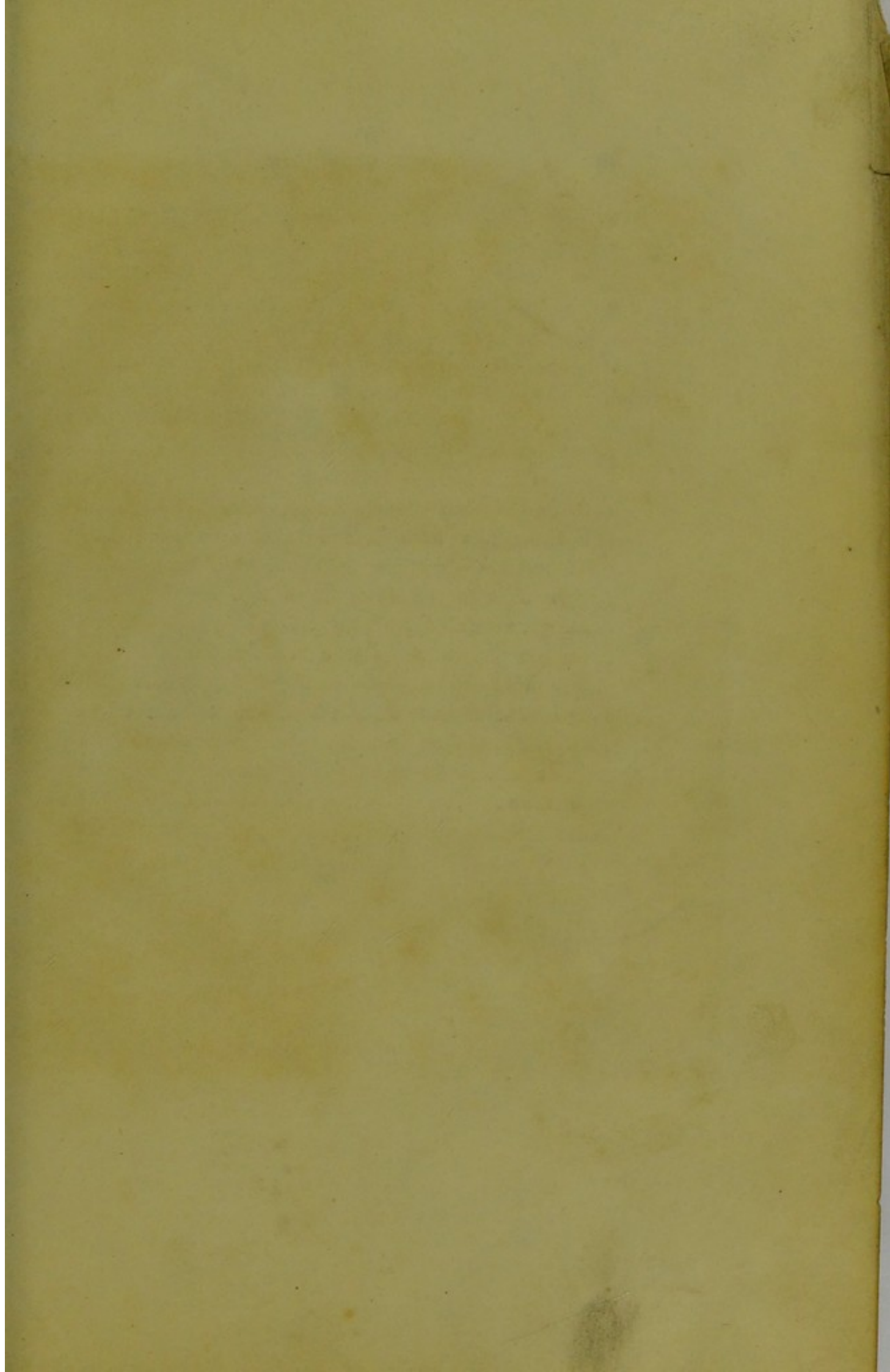
a debt of gratitude to my beloved friends, John Selden and Eliza his wife. To the latter I give and devise all my real and personal estate, of every kind whatsoever, and wheresoever, with my last and affectionate blessing."

Mrs. Selden, thus as devisee of Thomas Randolph, or in her character as heiress-at-law, was now clearly entitled to all the family estates and property. From the long accumulation of rents which had been made, and notwithstanding the great neglect and mismanagement, this inheritance was more considerable than had been expected. I had soon afterwards the pleasure of congratulating my friends upon their taking formal and legal possession of their rights, and of visiting the deserted though interesting mansion of Westover Court, once again in their company. This building, being over-large, sadly out of repair and condition, and at the same time connected with afflicting recollections of the family of the Randolphs, was pulled down by the orders of Selden and his wife; and a comfortable house was erected, on a more distant part of the property, for their own residence.

TO THE COUNTESS ZICHI.

BY MISS POWER.

'T is evening o'er the landscape,—all is peace ;  
A downy hush hath crept upon the earth,  
And all is still, save when the mournful wind  
Breathes through the forest one low quivering sigh,  
Stirring up thousand thoughts of by-gone hours,  
And calling to the eye th' unbidden tear.  
Methinks e'en now such musings fill thine heart,  
Bright lady ! for I read in that soft eye  
A pensiveness, as though the whispering wind  
Had stirred some chord within thy inmost soul,  
Waking sad memories that long had slept,  
Which lead thee on their gliding current far  
Into the land of dreams.—Stir not, sweet lady,  
For I fain would dwell on every feature,—  
Fain follow every wand'ring pensive look  
That crosses thy sweet face. O, gentle one !  
May never *real* sorrow dim thy brow,  
Or grief more deep than those sad evening thoughts,  
Those mournful musings that the summer wind  
Or murmuring rivulet hath called to birth !





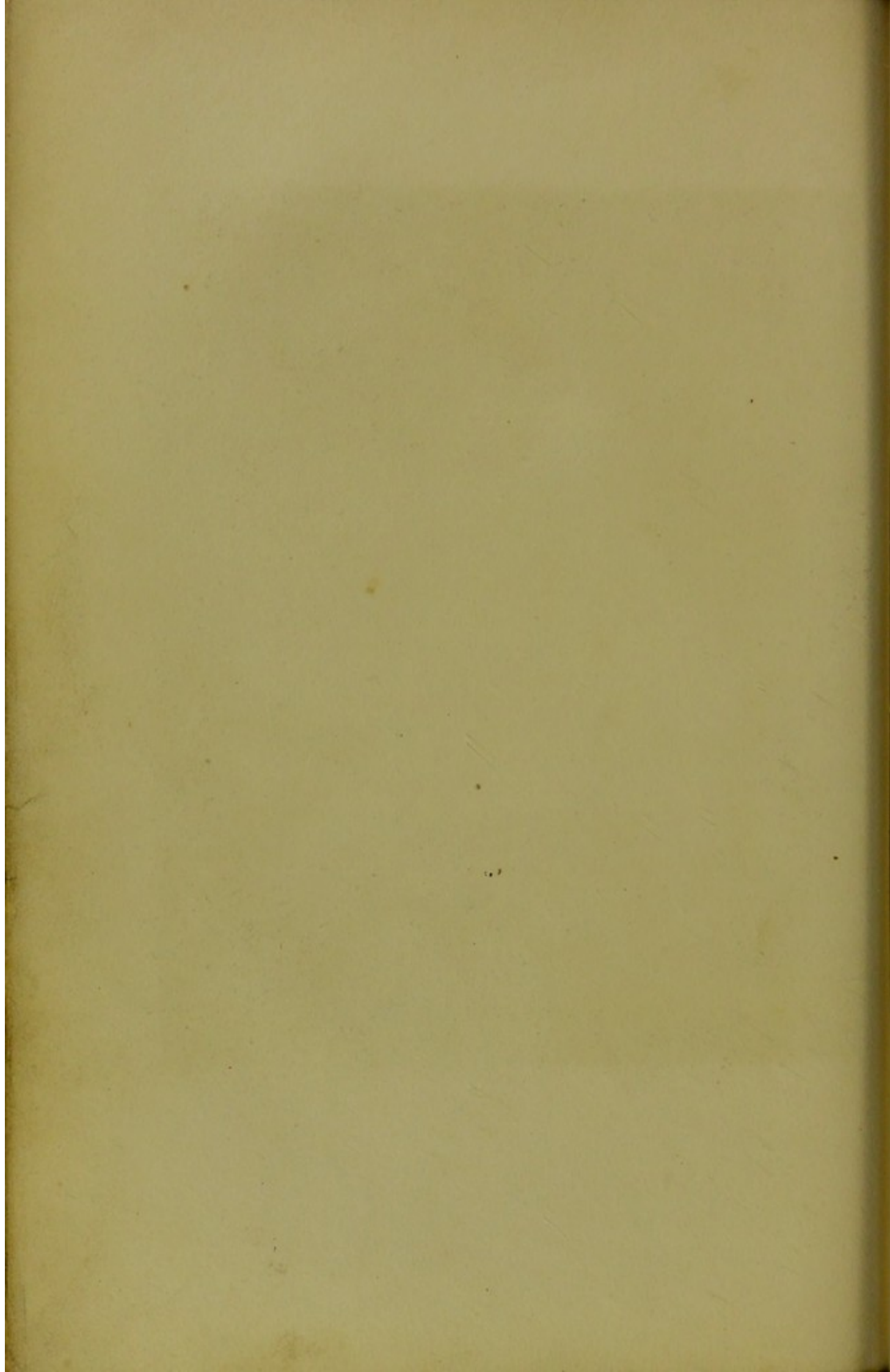




Grant.

W.H. Motte.

*Cousins, Zurich*



## THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

### CHAPTER I.

IN the days of our ancestors it was the custom, when a "strong farmer" had arrived at a certain degree of independence by his agricultural pursuits, to confer upon him a title in the Irish language, which is literally translated, "The Knight of the Sheep." Though not commonly of noble origin, these persons often exercised a kind of patriarchal sway, scarce less extensive than that of many a feudal descendant of the Butlers or the Geraldines.

In one of the most fertile town-lands in one of our inland counties, lived a person of this class, bearing the name of Bryan Taafe. No less than three spacious tenements acknowledged his sway, by the culture of which he had acquired, in the course of a long life, a quantity of wealth more than sufficient for any purpose to which he might wish to apply it.

Mr. Taafe had three sons, on whose education he had lavished all the care and expense which could

have been expected from the most affectionate father in his walk of life. He had a great opinion of learning, and had frequently in his mouth, for the instruction of his children, such snatches of old wisdom as "Learning is better than houses or land," and

"A man without learning and wearing fine clothes,  
Is like a pig with a gold ring in his nose."

Accordingly, the best teachers that Kerry and Limerick could afford were employed to teach them the classics, mathematics, and such other branches of science and letters as were current in those parts. The two elder sons shewed a remarkable quickness in all their studies; but the youngest, though his favourite, disappointed both him and his instructors. So heavy was he at his book, that neither threats nor caresses could have any effect in making him arrive at any thing like proficiency. However, as it did not proceed from absolute indolence or obstinacy, his father was content to bear with his backwardness in this respect; although it, in some degree, diminished the especial affection with which he once regarded him.

One day as Mr. Taafe was walking in his garden, taking the air before breakfast in the morning, he called Jerry Fogarty, his steward, and told him he wanted to speak with him.

"Jerry," says Mr. Taafe, after they had taken two or three turns on the walk together, "I don't know in the world what'll I do with Garret."

“ Why so, masther ? ”

“ Ab, I’m kilt from him. You know yourself, what a great opinion I always had o’ the learning. A man, in fact, isn’t considhered worth spakin’ to in these times that hasn’t it. ’Tis for the same rason I went to so much cost and trouble to get schoolin’ for them three boys; and to be sure as for Shamus and Guillaum I haven’t any cause to complain, but the world wouldn’t get good o’ Garret. It was only the other mornin’ I asked him who was it discovered America, and the answer he made me was that he believed that it was Nebuchodonezzar.”

“ A’ no ? ”

“ ’Tis as throe as you ’re standin’ there. What’s to be done with a man o’ that kind? Sure, as I often represented to himself, it would be a disgrace to me if he was ever to go abroad in foreign parts, or any place o’ the kind, and to make such an answer as that to any gentleman or lady afther all I lost by him. ’Tisn’t so with Shamus and Guillaum. There isn’t many goin’ that could thrace histhory with them boys. I’d give a dale, out o’ regard for the poor woman that’s gone, if Garret could come any way near ’em.”

“ I’ll tell you what it is, masther,” said Jerry. There’s a dale that’s not over bright at the book, an’ that would be very ’cute for all in their own minds. Maybe Master Garret would be one o’ them, an’ we not to know it. I remember myself one Morty Hierlohee, that not one ha’p’orth o’ good could be got of him goin’ to school, an’ he turned out one of the

greatest janiuses in the parish afther. There isn't his aquals in Munsther now at a lamentation or the likes. Them raal janiuses does be always so full of their own thoughts, they can't bring themselves as it were to take notice of those of other people."

"Maybe you're right, Jerry," answered Mr. Taafe. "I'll take an opportunity of trying."

He said no more, but in a few days after he gave a great entertainment to all his acquaintances, rich and poor, that were within a morning's ride of his own house, taking particular care to have every one present that had any name at all for "the learning." Mr. Taafe was so rich and so popular amongst his neighbours, that his house was crowded on the day appointed with all the scholars in the county, and they had no reason to complain of the entertainment they received from Mr. Taafe. Every thing good and wholesome that his sheep-walk, his paddock, his orchard, his kitchen-garden, his pantry, and his cellar, could afford, was placed before them in abundance; and seldom did a merrier company assemble together to enjoy the hospitality of an Irish farmer.

When the dinner was over, and the guests were busily occupied in conversation, the Knight of the Sheep, who sat at the head of the table, stood up with a grave air as if he were about to address something of importance to the company. His venerable appearance as he remained standing, a courteous smile shedding its light over his aged countenance, and his snowy hair descending almost to his shoulders, occa-

sioned a respectful silence amongst the guests, while he addressed them in the following words:—

“ In the first place, gentlemen, I have to return you all thanks for giving me the pleasure of your company here to-day, which I do with all my heart. And I feel the more honoured and gratified because I take it for granted you have come here, not so much from any personal feeling towards myself, but because you know that I have always endeavoured, so far as my poor means would enable me, to shew my respect for men of parts and learning. Well, then, here you are all met, grammarians, geometricians, arithmeticians, geographers, astronomers, philosophers, Latinists, Grecians, and men of more sciences than perhaps I ever heard the names of. Now there’s no doubt learning is a fine thing, but what good is all the learning in the world without what they call mother-wit to make use of it? An ounce o’ mother-wit would buy an’ sell a stone-weight of learning at any fair in Munsther. Now there are you all scholars, an’ here am I a poor country farmer that hardly ever got more teaching than to read and write, and maybe a course of Voster, and yet I’ll be bound I’ll lay down a problem that maybe some o’ ye wouldn’t find it easy to make out.”

At this preamble the curiosity of the company was raised to the highest degree, and the Knight of the Sheep resumed after a brief pause:

“ At a farm of mine, about a dozen miles from this, I have four fields of precisely the same soil,



one square, another oblong, another partly round, and another triangular. Now what is the reason, that while I have an excellent crop of white-eyes this year out of the square, the oblong, and the round field, not a single stalk would grow in the triangular one?"

This problem produced a dead silence amongst the guests, and all exerted their understandings to discover the solution, but without avail, although many of their conjectures shewed the deepest ingenuity. Some traced out a mysterious connexion between the triangular boundary and the lines of the celestial hemisphere; others said, probably from the shape of the field an equal portion of nutrition did not flow on all sides to the seed so as to favour its growth. Others attributed the failure to the effect of the angular hedges upon the atmosphere, which, collecting the wind, as it were, into corners, caused such an obstruction to the warmth necessary to vegetation that the seed perished in the earth. But all their theories were beside the mark.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Taafe, "ye're all too clever—that's the only fault I have to find with ye'r answers. Shamus," he continued, addressing his eldest son, "can you tell the raison?"

"Why, then, father," said Shamus, "they didn't grow there I suppose, because you didn't plant them there."

"You have it Shamus," said the knight; "I declare you took the ball from all the philosophers. Well, gentlemen, can any o' ye tell me, now, if you

wished to travel all over the world from whom would you ask a passport?"

This question seemed as puzzling as the former. Some said the Great Mogul, others the Grand Signior, others the Pope, others the Lord Lieutenant, and some the Emperor of Austria; but all were wrong.

"What do you say, Guillaum?" asked the knight, addressing his second son.

"From Civility, father," answered Guillaum; "for that's a gentleman that has acquaintances every where."

"You're right, Guillaum," replied the knight. "Well, I have one more question for the company. Can any one tell me in what country the women are the best housekeepers?"

Again the company exhausted all their efforts in conjecture, and the geographers shewed their learning by naming all the countries in the world, one after another, but to no purpose. The knight now turned with a fond look toward his youngest son.

"Garret," said he, "can you tell where the women are good housekeepers?"

Garret rubbed his forehead for awhile, and smiled, and shook his head, but could get nothing out of it.

"I declare to my heart, father," said he, "I can't tell from Adam. Where the women are good housekeepers?—Stay a minute. May be," said he, with a knowing look, "may be 'tis in America?"

"Shamus, do you answer," said the knight, in a disappointed tone.

“In the grave, father,” answered Shamus; “for there they never gad abroad.”

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that his eldest son had once more judged right; and the entertainments of the night proceeded without further interruption, until, wearied with feasting and music, such of the company as could not be accommodated with beds, took their departure, each in the direction of his own home.

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#### CHAPTER II.

On the following morning, in the presence of his household, Mr. Taafe made a present to his two eldest sons of one hundred pounds each, and was induced to bestow the same sum on Garret, although he by no means thought he deserved it after disgracing him as he had done before his guests. He signified to the young men at the same time, that he gave them the money as a free gift, to lay out in any way they pleased, and that he never should ask them to repay it.

After breakfast, the old knight, as usual, went to take a few turns in the garden.

“Well, Jerry,” said he, when the steward had joined him according to his orders; “well, Jerry, Garret is no genius.”

A groan from Jerry seemed to announce his acquiescence in this decision. He did not, however, resign all hope.

“ With submission to your honour,” said he, “ I wouldn’t call that a fair thrial of a man’s parts. A man mightn’t be able to answer a little *cran* o’ that kind, an’ to have more sense for all than those that would. Wait a while until you’ll see what use he’ll make o’ the hundhred pounds, an’ that’ll shew his sinse betther than all the riddles in Europe.”

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that Jerry’s proposition was but reasonable; and, accordingly, at the end of a twelvemonth, he called his three sons before him and examined them one after another.

“ Well, Shamus,” said he, “ what did you do with your hundred pounds?”

“ I bought stock with it, father.”

“ Very good. And you, Guillaum?”

“ I laid it out, father, in the intherest of a little farm westwards.”

“ Very well managed again. Well, Garret, let us hear what you did with the hundred pounds.”

“ I spent it, father,” said Garret.

“ Spent it! Is it the whole hundred pounds?”

“ Sure, I thought you told us we might lay it out as we liked, sir?”

“ Is that the raison you should be such a prodigal as to waste the whole of it in a year? Well, hear to me, now, the three o’ ye, and listen to the reason why I put ye to these trials. I’m an old man, my children; my hair is white on my head, an’ it is time for me to think of turning the few days that are left me to the

best account. I wish to separate myself from the world before the world separates itself from me. For this cause I had resolved, these six months back, to give up all my property to ye three that are young an' hearty, an' to keep nothing for myself but a bed under my old roof, an' a sate at the table and by the fire-place, an' so to end my old days in pace an' quiet. To you, Shamus, I meant to give the dairy-farm up in the mountains; the Corcasses and all the meadowing to you, Guillaum; and for you, Garret, I had the best of the whole,—that is the house we're living in, and the farm belonging to it. But for what would I give it to you, after what you just tould me? Is it to make ducks and drakes of it, as you did o' the hundhred pounds? Here, Garret," said he, going to a corner of the room and bringing out a small bag and a long hazel stick; "here's the legacy I have to leave you—that, an' the king's high road, an' my liberty to go wherever it best pleases you. Hard enough I airned that hundhred pounds that you spent so aisily. And as for the farm I meant to give you, I give it to these two boys, an' my blessing along with it, since 'tis they that know how to take care of it."

At this speech the two elder sons cast themselves at their father's feet with tears of gratitude.

"Yes," said he, "my dear boys, I'm rewarded for all the pains I ever took with ye, to make ye industrious, and thrifty, and every thing that way. I'm

satisfied, under Heaven, that all will go right with ye; but as for this boy I have nothing to say to him. Betther for me I never saw his face."

Poor Garret turned aside his head, but he made no attempt to excuse himself, nor to obtain any favour from his rigid father. After wishing them all a timid farewell, which was but slightly returned, he took the bag and staff and went about his business.

His departure seemed to give little pain to his relatives. They lived merrily and prosperously, and even the old knight himself shewed no anxiety to know what had become of Garret. In the meantime, the two elder sons got married; and Mr. Taafe, in the course of a few years, had the satisfaction to see his grandchildren seated on his knee.

We are often widely mistaken in our estimate of generosity. It may appear a very noble thing to bestow largely; but before we give it the praise of generosity, we must be sure that the motive is as good as the deed. Mr. Taafe began, in the course of time, to shew that his views in bestowing his property on his two sons were not wholly free from selfishness. They found it harder to please him now that they were masters of all, than when they were wholly dependant on his will. His jealousies and murmurs were interminable. There was no providing against them beforehand, nor any allaying them when they did arise. The consequence was, the young men, who never really felt any thing like the gratitude they had protested, began to consider the task of pleasing him

altogether burdensome. In this feeling they were encouraged by their wives, who never ceased murmuring at the cost and trouble of entertaining him.

Accordingly, one night, while the aged knight was murmuring at some inattention which was shewn him at table, Shamus and Guillaum Taafe walked into the room, determined to put an end for ever to his complaints.

“I’d like to know what would please you!” exclaimed Shamus. “I suppose you won’t stop until you’ll take house an’ all from us, an’ turn us out, as you did Garret, to beg from doore to doore?”

“If I did itself, Shamus,” said the knight, looking at him for some moments with surprise, “I’d get no more than I gave.”

“What good was your giving it,” cried Guillaum, “when you won’t let us enjoy it with a moment’s comfort?”

“Do you talk that way to me, too, Guillaum? If it was poor Garret I had he wouldn’t use me so.”

“Great thanks he got from you for any good that was in him,” cried one of the women.

“Let him take his stick and pack out to look for Garret,” said the second woman, “since he is so fond of him.”

The old knight turned and looked at the women.

“I don’t wondher,” said he, “at any thing I’d hear *ye* say. You never yet heard of any thing great or good, or for the public advantage, that a woman would have a hand in,—only mischief always. If you

ask who made such a road, or who built such a bridge, or wrote such a great history, or did any other good action o' the kind, I'll engage 't is seldom you'll hear that it is a woman done it; but if you ask who is it that set such and such a pair fightin', or who is it that caused such a *jewel*, or who is it that let out such a sacret, or ran down such a man's character, or occasioned such a war, or brought such a man to the gallows, or caused division in such a family, or any thing o' that kind, then, I'll engage, you'll hear that a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recourse to history to know ye'r doin's. 'Tis undher our eyes. 'Twas the likes o' ye two that burned Throy, an' made the King o' Leinsther rebel again' Brian Boru."

At this the two women pulled the caps off their heads, and set up such a screaming and shrieking as might be heard from thence to Cork.

"Oh, murther! murther!" says one of them, "was it for this I married you, to be compared to people o' that kind?"

"What rason has he to me," cried the other, "that he'd compare me to them that would rebel again' Brian Boru? Would I rebel again' Brian Boru, Shamus, a' ra gal?"

"Don't heed him, a-vourneen, he's an ould man."

"Oh, vo! vo! if ever I thought the likes o' that would be said o' me, that I'd rebel again' Brian Boru!"

"There's no use in talkin', Guillaum," cried the



second, who probably took the allusion to the fate of Troy as a slight on her own personal attractions; "there's no use in talkin', but I never'll stay a day undher your roof with any body that would say I'd burn Throy. Does he forget that ever he had a mother himself? Ah, 'tis a bad apple, that's what it is, that despises the three it sprung from."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, now," said the eldest son, "since 'tis come to that with you, that you won't let the women alone, I won't put up with it any more from you. I believe, if I didn't shew you the outside o' the doore, you'd shew it to me before long. There, now, the world is free to you to look out for people that'll plaise you betther since you say we can't do it."

"A', Shamus, agra," said the old knight, looking at his son with astonishment; "is that my thanks afther all?"

"Your thanks for what?" cried Guillaum. "Is it for plasin' your own fancy? or for makin' our lives miserable ever since, an' to give crossness to the women?"

"Let him go look for Garret now," cried one of the women, "an' see whether they'll agree betther than they did before."

"Ah — Shamus — Guillaum — a-chree," said the poor old man, trembling with terror at sight of the open door, "let ye have it as ye will; I'm sorry for what I said, a'ra gal! Don't turn me out on the high road in my ould days! I'll engage, I never'll open

my mouth again' one o' ye again the longest day I live. A', Shamus, a-vich, it isn't long I have to stay wid ye. Your own hair will be as white as mine yet, plaise God, an' 't wouldn't be wishin' to you then for a dale that you shewed any disrespect to mine."

His entreaties, however, were all to no purpose. They turned him out, and made fast the door behind him.

Imagine an old man of sixty and upwards turned out on the high road on a cold and rainy night, the north wind beating on his feeble breast, and without the prospect of relief before him. For a time he could not believe that the occurrence was real; and it was only when he felt the rain already penetrating through his thin dress that he became convinced it was but too true.

"Well," said the old man, lifting up his hands as he crept out on the high road, "is this what all the teaching come to? Is this the cleverness? an' the learning? Well, if it was to do again! No matther. They say there's two bad pays in the world—the man that pays beforehand, an' the man that doesn't pay at all. In like manner, there's two kinds of people that wrong their lawful heirs—those that give them their inheritance before death, and those that will it away from them after. What'll I do now at all? or where'll I turn to? a poor old man o' my kind that isn't able to do a sthroke o' work if I was ever so fain! An' the night gettin' worse an' worse! Easy!—Isn't that a light I see westwards?—There's no one, surely,

except an unnatural son or daughter that would refuse to give an old man shelter on such a night as this. I'll see if all men's hearts are as hard as my two sons'."

He went to the house, which was situated at the distance of a quarter of a mile from that which he so lately looked on as his own. As he tottered along the dark and miry *borheen* which led to the cottage door, the barking of a dog inside aroused the attention of the inmates. Being already in bed, however, before he had arrived there, none of them were very willing to give admission to a stranger.

"Who's there?" cried the man of the house, as the old knight knocked timidly at the door. "Do you think we have nothing else to do at this time o' night but to be gettin' up an' openin' the doore to every sthroller that goes the road?"

"Ah! if you knew who it was you had there," said the knight, "you would n't be so slow of openin' the doore."

"Who is it I have there, then?"

"The Knight of the Sheep."

"The Knight of the Sheep! Oh, you born villyan! 'Twas your son Shamus that chated me out o' thirty good pounds by a horse he sould me at the fair o' Killeedy — an animal that wasn't worth five! Go along this minute with you; or if you make me get up, 'tis to give you something that you wouldn't bargain for."

The poor old man hurried away from the door,

fearing that the farmer would be but too ready to put his threat in execution. The night was growing worse and worse. He knocked at another door; but the proprietor of this in like manner had suffered to the extreme cleverness of Guillaum Taafe, and refused to give him shelter. The whole night was spent in going from door to door, and finding in every place where he applied that the great ability of his two sons had been beforehand with him in getting a bad name for the whole family. At last, as the morning began to dawn, he found himself unable to proceed further, and was obliged to lie down in a little paddock close to a very handsome farm-house. Here the coldness of the morning air and the keenness of his grief at the recollection of his children's ingratitude had such an effect upon him that he swooned away, and lay for a long time insensible upon the grass. In this condition he was found by the people of the house, who soon after came out to look after the bounds and do their usual farming work. They had the humanity to take him into the house, and to put him into a warm bed, where they used all proper means for his recovery.

When he had come to himself, they asked him who he was, and how he had fallen into so unhappy a condition. For a time the old knight was afraid to answer, lest these charitable people, like so many others, might have been at one time sufferers to the roguery of his two eldest sons, and thus be tempted to repent of their kindness the instant they had heard on whom it had been bestowed. However, fearing lest

they should accuse him of duplicity in case they might afterwards learn the truth, he at length confessed his name.

“The Knight of the Sheep!” exclaimed the woman of the house, with a look of the utmost surprise and joy. “Oh, Tom, Tom!” she continued, calling out to her husband who was in another room. “A’, come here, a-sthore, until you’ll see Mither Taafe, the father o’ young Masther Garret, the darlin’ that saved us all from ruin.”

The man of the house came in as fast as he could run.

“Are you Garret Taafe’s father?” said he, looking surprised at the old knight.

“I had a son of that name,” said Mr. Taafe, “though all I know of him now is, that I used him worse than I would if it was to happen again.”

“Well, then,” said the farmer, “my blessing on the day that ever you set foot within these doores. The rose in May was never half so welcome, an’ I’m betther plaised than I’ll tell you that I have you undher my roof.”

“I’m obliged to you,” said the knight; “but what’s the raison o’ that?”

“Your son Garret,” replied the man, “of a day when every whole ha’p’orth we had in the world was going to be canted for the rent, put a hand in his pocket an’ lent us thirty pounds till we’d be able to pay him again, an’ we not knowin’ who in the world he was, nor he us, ’m sure. It was only a long time

afther that we found it out by others in various parts that he served in like manner, and they tould us who he was. We never seen him since; but 'm sure it would be the joyful day to us that we'd see him coming back to get his thirty pounds."

When the old knight heard this, he felt as if somebody was running him through with a sword.

"And this," said he, "was the way poor Garret spent the hundhred pounds! Oh, murther! murther! my poor boy, what had I to do at all to go turn you adhrift as I done for no raison! I took the wrong for the right an' the right for the wrong! No matther! That's the way the whole world is blinded. That's the way death will shew us the differ of many a thing. Oh, murther! Garret! Garret! What'll I do at all with the thoughts of it! An' them two villyans that I gave it all to, an' that turned me out afther in my ould days, as I done by you! No matther."

He turned in to the wall for fear the people would hear him groaning; but the remorse, added to all his other sufferings, had almost killed him.

In a little time the old knight began to recover something of his former strength under the care of his new acquaintances, who continued to shew him the most devoted attention. One morning the farmer came into his room with a large purse full of gold in his hand, and said:

"I told you, sir, I owed your son thirty pounds;

an' since he's not comin' to ax for it you're heartily welcome to the use of it until he does, an' I'm sure he wouldn't wish to see it betther employed."

"No, no," replied Mr. Taafe, "I'll not take the money from you; but I'll borrow the whole purse for a week, an' at the end o' that time I'll return it safe to you."

The farmer lent him the purse, an' the knight waited for a fine day, when he set off again in the morning, and took the road leading to the dwelling from which he had been expelled. It was noon, and the sun was shining bright when he arrived upon the little lawn before the door. Sitting down in the sunshine by the kitchen-garden wall, he began counting the gold, and arranging it in a number of little heaps, so that it had a most imposing effect. While he was thus occupied, one of his young daughters-in-law—the same whose beauty had drawn upon her the unhappy allusion to the mischief-making spouse of Menelaus—happened to make her appearance at the front door, and, looking around, saw the old knight in the act of counting his gold in the sunshine. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she ran to her husband and told him what she had seen.

"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus; "you don't mean to persuade me to a thing o' that kind."

"Very well;" replied the woman, "'m sure, if you don't believe me, 'tis asy for ye all to go an' see ye'rselves."

So they all went, and, peeping through the little window one after another, were dazzled by the sight of so much gold.

“You done very wrong, Shamus,” said Guillaum, “ever to turn out the ould father as you done. See, now, what we all lost by it. That’s a part o’ the money he laid by from year to year, an’ we never’ll see a penny o’ it.”

At this they all felt the greatest remorse for the manner in which they had acted to the old man. However, they were not so much discouraged but that some of them ventured to approach and salute him. On seeing them draw nigh, he hastily concealed the gold, and returned their greeting with an appearance of displeasure. It was by much persuasion, and after many assurances of their regret for what had passed, that he consented once more to come and take up his abode beneath their roof, desiring at the same time that an ass and cart might be sent to the farmer’s for a strong box which he had left there.

At the mention of a *strong box*, it may easily be imagined what were the sensations of his hearers. The ass and cart were procured without delay; and, before evening, those grateful children had the satisfaction to behold a heavy box of very promising dimensions deposited in a corner of the small chamber which was to be reserved for the future use of their aged parent.

In the meanwhile, nothing could exceed the attention which he now received from the young people. They seemed only unhappy when not occupied in con-



tributing in some way to his comfort, and perceiving his remorse for the manner in which Garret had been treated, used all the means in their power to discover whither he had gone. But it is not always in this life that one false step can be retraced. The old knight was not destined to see his son again, and his grief at this disappointment had no slight effect in aggravating the infirmities of his old age.

At length, perceiving that he was near his end, he called his sons and daughters to his bedside, and addressed them in the following words:—

“Whatever cause I had once to complain of ye, Shamus and Guillaum, that’s all past and gone now, and it is right that I should leave you some little remembrance for all the trouble I gave ye since my comin’ home. Do ye see that chest over there?”

“Ah, father! what chest?” cried the sons. “Don’t be talkin’ of it for a chest.”

“Well, my good boys,” said the knight, “my will is in that chest, so I need tell ye no more.”

“Don’t speak of it, father,” said Shamus, “for as the Latin poet says:—

‘Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Recte beatum.’

Only as you’re talkin’ of it at all for a chest, where’s the key, father?”

“Ah, Shamus!” said the knight, “you were always great at the Latin. The key is in my waist-coat pocket.”

Soon after he expired, and the two sons, impatient to inspect their treasure, could hardly wait until the old man ceased to breathe. While Shamus unlocked the box, Guillaum remained to keep the door fast.

“Well, Shamus,” said his brother, “what do you find there?”

“A parcel of stones, Guillaum!”

“Nonsense, man!—try what’s undher ’em.”

Shamus complied, and found at the bottom of the box a rope with a running noose at the end, and a scroll of paper, from which Shamus read the following sentence aloud for the information of his brother:—

“THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BRYAN TAAFE, COMMONLY CALLED THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

“*Imprimis.* To my two sons, Shamus and Guillaum, I bequeath the whole of the limestones contained in this box, in return for their disinterested love and care of me ever since the day they saw me counting the gold near the kitchen garden.

“*Item.* *I bequeath the rope herein contained for any father to hang himself who is so foolish as to give away his property to his heirs before his death.*”

“Well, Shamus,” said Guillaum, “the poor father laid out a dale on our education, but I declare all the taichin’ he ever gave us was nothing to that.”

ON THE PORTRAIT  
OF  
THE VISCOUNTESS DUNGARVON.

“ Non risplende così Venere in cielo  
Quando rimena a noi l'alba novella;  
Non quando cade senza nube o velo  
Ne l'Atlantico mar ridente e bella.” — MARCHETTI.

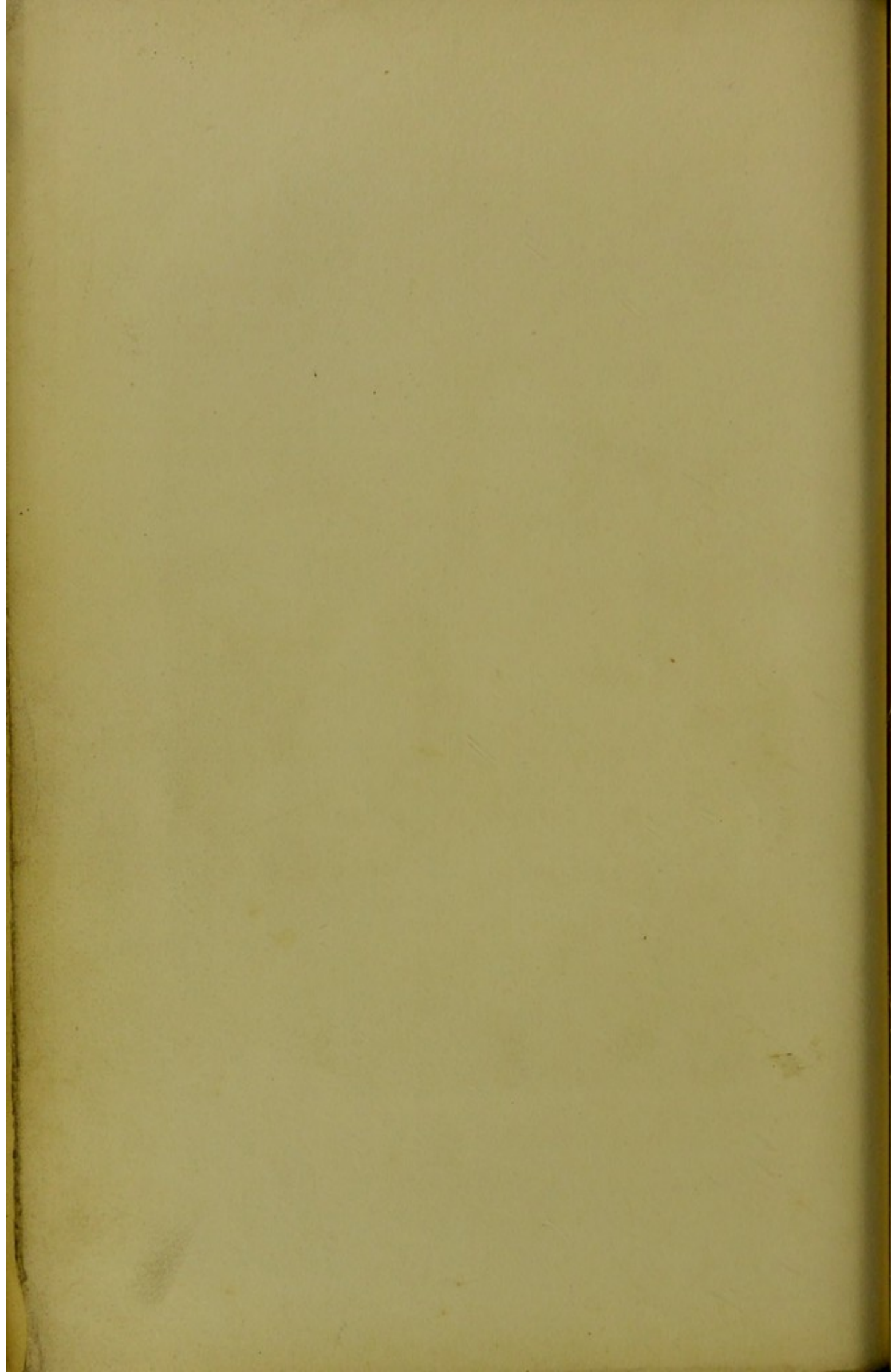
LADY! those looks of light recall  
The day when last, with trophies rife,  
There shone in Erin's festive hall,  
The gladness and the glow of life!

The brave, the beautiful were there;  
Wit flash'd, and music flow'd between;  
But fairest still, where all were fair,  
Was she — the Mistress of the scene!

Her melting look — her maiden grace —  
Her smile, such charms around her threw,  
That loth — while gazing on that face, —  
And lingeringly, each guest withdrew!



*The Lady Durgarvan*



Now, bless'd in choice — embalm'd in song —  
    May all the Genii poets sing  
In loveliness preserve her long,  
    And make her path the path of Spring!

May radiant Health illumine her cheek —  
    Hope fill her heart, and Love her eye,  
Till Zephyr-like at last she seek  
    The Seraphs' land beyond the sky!

B.

ON RECEIVING SOME VIOLETS,

TAKEN OFF THE TOILET-TABLE OF THE QUEEN ON THE  
MORNING OF HER MAJESTY'S MARRIAGE.

BY SIR HESKETH FLEETWOOD, BART. M.P.

EMBLEM of Innocence! how dear to trace  
Those hallow'd precincts where thou late hast been;  
To feel the palace was thy resting-place,  
Thy favour'd bower—the toilet of our Queen.  
Where, midst the sweet exotic charms which grace,  
With Art's rich perfume, that resplendent scene,  
In thee, behold one flower to nature true;  
And, waving rank, portray our Queen through you.

For what is rank?—the honours of a day.  
And what is art but Nature's feeble shade?  
The time will come when these shall pass away—  
A time, the fairest and the best must fade:  
But though the freshness of their bloom decay,  
Sweet fragrance will thy wither'd flowers pervade;  
Alike may Love remain, HER heart to cheer,  
When all around the throne perchance is drear.

Sacred to memory are these flowers to me ;  
And prayerful thoughts within my heart arise,  
That, through the pages of futurity,  
Each added leaf, as Time still onward flies,  
For HER may but another tablet be  
Of peaceful, happy days, with cloudless skies ;  
And may SHE, in the hallow'd name of wife,  
Forget the pains which circle royal life !



## THE MOTHER AND SON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ISABELLA ROMER.

“ No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.”

*Richard the Second.*

HERMAN CHRISTIERN was the eldest son of parents whom misfortune and improvidence had reduced from a respectable position in society, to a state of poverty and dependence upon such of their relatives as were able and willing to assist them. His father, Major Christiern, a Swiss by birth, had been originally in the service of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and was one of the few Swiss guards who survived the dreadful massacre of the 10th of August. After seeing his father and elder brother perish by his side, upon the staircase of the Tuileries, he contrived to effect his escape from the sanguinary mob; and concealing himself in Paris for a few days, he quitted it in disguise, and passed over into England, where he entered into the British service, and obtained a commission in a regiment which was chiefly officered by emigrants and foreigners. Young, handsome, and well-born, his

misfortunes invested him with more than common interest in the eyes of the romantic and the tender-hearted; nor was it long ere his manifold attractions beguiled the affections of a young and lovely girl, who, regardless of prudence and of the counsels of her family, and listening only to "the voice of the charmer," who, in that instance, charmed "not wisely, but too well," bestowed her hand and her little fortune upon the portionless refugee; and cheerfully left the comforts and luxuries of her father's house to rough it through the world as the wife of a subaltern in a marching regiment. Promotion came slowly and children came fast: Christiern was the very incarnation of thoughtless imprudence; he knew not how to restrict his expenditure to his means; he was one of those who, if they possess twenty thousand a-year, think it necessary to spend thirty! What wonder, then, that, with his slender income, debts soon accumulated, and that the fortune of his wife was sacrificed to defray them? She, indeed, was a model of prudence and self-denial; all her exertions were directed towards stemming the torrent of her husband's prodigality; she gave up society and quietly resigned herself into becoming a household drudge—but all in vain: her unceasing efforts could only retard, not ward off, utter ruin; and, after nineteen years of perpetual struggle, during which period the patience and the pecuniary resources of her family had been more than once exhausted by the perpetual demands of Christiern for assistance, she found herself a beggar,

burdened with six sons, and a husband who was too proud "to dig," although "to beg he was *not* ashamed!" Christiern had sold his commission to save himself from a prison, and the whole family were dependent for bread upon the generosity of a widowed sister of Mrs. Christiern's, the last of her family who adhered to her in her misfortunes.

At that period of their history, Herman, their eldest son, who had been educated at Sandhurst, was fortunately provided for, by receiving a commission in a distinguished corps then serving in the Peninsula; and thither he proceeded, as soon as his outfit had been completed, in all the happy exultation of eighteen, dreaming of nothing but glory, honourable scars, laurels, and promotion.

He was his mother's favourite: of all her children, dear as they were to her, Herman was the most precious; he had wound himself round the very fibres of her heart by his adorable disposition, and from his earliest infancy she could remember no single instance in which he had voluntarily caused her pain. Gentle, though high-spirited, and dutiful, and thoughtful beyond his years, he seemed early to have understood the struggles and trials to which she was exposed, and to have resolved upon compensating as much as possible for her other privations by his unlimited devotion and obedience to her wishes. His affection for her had endued him with a precocity of judgment and feeling rare as it was beautiful in one of his years and sex; the rudeness of the school-boy was laid aside for

the rational bearing of the matured friend and companion; and at an age when other youths are bent only upon boisterous pursuits and selfish indulgences, Herman Christiern had learned to place his greatest happiness in the society of his mother, and to feel that he was more than repaid for the sacrifice of his boyish tastes, when he had called forth an approving smile in her meek, fair face.

That gentle mother! she was one of those patient, enduring beings, who never give expression to their grief, but courageously struggle to avert its dominion as long as possible; and when they find the effort unavailing, silently resign themselves to become its victim, and die, as they have lived, without uttering a complaint. Calm and undemonstrative, she was by many pronounced to be apathetic; but even while that judgment was recorded against her by superficial observers, the canker of care was corroding the vital principle within her—her step was gradually becoming less firm—her smile less frequent—her eye more sunken—her cheek more transparent! The utter hopelessness of her prospects, the misery of feeling herself a burden upon the generosity of a beloved sister ill able to sustain such a charge, the altered disposition of her husband, to whom misfortune had imparted asperity and not prudence, all had combined to sap the foundations of a constitution which had never been very robust: she was dying of a chronic heart-break, and nobody believed that she was suffering!

I remember about that time hearing her one evening sing that beautiful song in "The Stranger," the music of which is said to have been composed by the all-accomplished Duchess of Devonshire; and, child as I then was, being affected to tears by the deep pathos of her unrivalled voice as she gave utterance to words which I was afterwards aware bore so strange an analogy to her own sad feelings:—

"I have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart;  
It breathes no sigh—it sheds no tear—  
But it consumes my heart!"

I have often since remembered it with a sigh, and thought how touchingly she then illustrated the poet's idea of the nightingale singing with a thorn in her breast.

Still there was one drop of sweetness left to temper the bitter cup which fate had prepared for her: Herman was provided for; he delighted in his profession, he had borne himself gallantly in his first campaign (which was the closing one of the Peninsular war), he was beloved by his brother-officers, and had won golden opinions from those under whose command he had served; a slight wound in his arm, and advancement to a lieutenantcy, had put the finishing stroke to his contentment; and when, after the affair at Toulouse, he embarked with his regiment from Bordeaux to proceed to Cork, it was with the promise of soon obtaining leave of absence to visit his family, and

also with an assurance from the general of division under whom he served, that he should be appointed to the first vacancy that occurred in his staff.

How did the tender mother exult when she heard all this! how did her quiet eye brighten and her sinking heart throb at the thought of once more beholding her gallant boy, dearer than ever to her from the dangers he had passed through! Forgetful for a while of her many sorrows and her daily increasing weakness, she dwelt only upon the prosperous future that was dawning upon him: handsome, and amiable, and beloved as her Herman was, he *must* succeed in the world; he would marry well: perhaps Heaven would reward her past sufferings by permitting her to live to witness that happy event; and then how thankfully would she close her eyes for ever, knowing that he at least was rescued from the destitution which had fallen upon her other children; that, when she was gone, he would be to *them* all that he had ever been to *her* in affection,—friend, comforter, counsellor; and, besides all these, yet another tender tie would be added,—he would become their benefactor!

Still these fond speculations, although they beguiled her sorrows, could not arrest the fatal progress of disease; her decline had been so gradual, her courage in abstaining from all expression of complaint so unshaken, that it was not until the churchyard cough struck like a knell upon the ears of her affrighted husband, and that frequent faintings testified to the exhaustion of her frame, that Christiern was

aroused to a sense of her danger. Then medical aid was resorted to, but too late: for, after a careful examination of her case, the physician pronounced that repose of mind and a warmer climate might prolong her life for a few months; but that ultimate recovery would be little less than miraculous. Under these circumstances it was thought expedient to spare her the fatigue of a long journey, which must eventually terminate in a foreign grave; and she was removed to a quiet lodging at Brompton, there to await the slow fulfilment of her doom.

Meanwhile Herman was enjoying as much popularity in Ireland as he had done in the more trying scenes of his short but glorious campaign in the Peninsula, and all his letters were filled with pleasant details of the charming life he was leading among the hospitable, warm-hearted Irish, who seemed only bent upon making him forget that he was "a stranger in the land." He had been sent with a detachment from head-quarters into a wild part of the county of Cork, where the society was widely dispersed: but it so happened that one family—the most delightful in the world—resided near; and they had called upon him, and insisted upon his taking up his quarters in their house. There were seven daughters, all of them angels; an amiable mother; a father, who was the best of good fellows; and with these lovable people he was domesticating as *enfant de famille!* A few weeks after this communication, Herman wrote to solicit his parents' consent to his union with one of the fair

daughters of his hospitable host, whose consent had been cheerfully given to an arrangement which was to secure the happiness of his child; and all that was wanting to complete the general satisfaction was the approval of Major and Mrs. Christiern, without which Herman felt that his marriage could not be blessed. Then followed a lover's description of the fair object of his preference; and when every flattering epithet which the glowing imagination of a youth of twenty could lavish upon his first passion had been exhausted, Herman acknowledged that his beloved had no dower but her beauty, and no expectation of ever receiving any marriage-portion from her father except her wedding clothes.

The Christierns lost not a moment in writing to forbid this most imprudent connexion. The father made an immediate application to Herman's colonel that he might be recalled to head-quarters, while the poor mother, trusting that her influence with her son would not be exerted in vain, wrote to conjure him to listen to the voice of Reason, and to be guided by the experience of those who had learned wisdom under the severe discipline of adversity. Then, for the first time, she unlocked the sorrows of her heart to him; and, oh! what sad eloquence was there in that transcript of misery so long borne and never before told! What truth in her description of the bitterness of dependence to a proud spirit, of the anguish of bringing innocent beings into the world predestined to beggary, or dependent for bread upon the precarious and unwilling



charity of cold-hearted relatives! With what force did she paint the power of misfortune to sour even the kindest nature, and to substitute querulous reproach and vain recriminations for the endearments of affection! how feelingly dwell upon the romance of love vanquished by the vulgar cares of life! All this she had experienced; these fatal consequences of an imprudent marriage she now avowed to him were leading her to the grave: and she adjured her son by all his past affection for her, by all his future hopes of happiness for himself, to take warning from her example, and to forbear giving the last blow to her breaking heart by wildly persisting in a step which must end in his utter ruin.

But when did Love ever listen to Reason? And what youth of twenty but thinks "the world well lost" for the bright eyes of a beautiful girl, who smiles like an angel while she assures him that poverty with him would be preferable to the most brilliant worldly position with another? Herman was staggered, but not convinced, by his mother's letter: he, however, felt it to be his duty to avow to the young lady and her family his parents' objections to his marriage, and the motives on which they were grounded; but to his glad surprise he found that they carried no weight with them: the father was too anxious to marry his daughters, and too hopeless of marrying them well, to hesitate in giving them to any one with the name and profession of a gentleman. And as for the young lady, she bade him choose between his mother and

herself; at the same time vowing that, if she did not marry Herman Christiern, she would consign her sorrows to the pond behind the house, and die like poor Ophelia of "too much water."

These sentiments and declarations but too well accorded with his own feelings for Herman to hesitate in acting upon them. He married the beautiful Honoria, and then wrote to inform his parents of the event and to implore their blessing upon it. No answer was returned to that letter; and the young bridegroom, although grieved by this first proof of stern unrelentingness, was too much in love to be long depressed by it; and, in the fulness of his joy, soon forgot that his own gratification had been purchased at the expense of his mother's peace — that this first solemn act of his life had also been his first violation of filial duty and obedience.

About a fortnight after Herman's marriage his regiment was ordered to England, and, precisely at the same time, a vacancy occurred in General B.'s staff, who, remembering his promise to the gallant young soldier, wrote to him to express his deep regret that, by his recent marriage, Herman had precluded the possibility of its fulfilment, as he, the general, made it a rule never to appoint married men to be his aides-de-camp. And thus early was the first consequence of his ill-advised connexion visited upon the unfortunate young man.

Still, despite the wounding silence of his mother towards him, Herman's heart yearned fondly for her

forgiveness and blessing; and when he heard that his regiment was to march through London, *en route* for its new destination, he determined upon presenting himself to his parents without any previous appraisal, trusting that the sudden emotion of such a meeting would take their feelings by surprise, and do more towards effecting a reconciliation than volumes of letters could do written *à tête reposée*.

Accordingly, when in the course of a long march of many days, the detachment of the regiment to which Herman belonged reached Kensington, at an early hour one morning, he had no sooner seen his men billeted for their few hours' repose, than, without allowing himself a moment's rest—without even waiting to brush his dusty uniform—he fled, rather than walked, towards Brompton, where he knew that his family then resided. The quiet little street in which they lodged was still wrapped in deep repose; the shutters of all the houses were closed, not a housemaid had yet risen to her daily labours; and the “uncertain glories of an April day” were still unclouded by any smoke curling upwards from the chimneys. Herman knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and in the silence that prevailed, the beating of his heart became distinctly audible to him; at last a half-dressed, half-awake, slip-shod maid-servant opened the door.

“Does Major Christiern live here?” he inquired.

“Yes, sir,” was the answer; “but nobody is up yet.”

“ I know,” replied Herman: “ it does not signify announcing me!” And, rushing by the astonished girl, he ran up-stairs, opened the first door that presented itself at the head of the staircase on the first-floor, and found himself in a chamber dimly lighted by an expiring candle.

There was a bed in the room, the curtains of which were unclosed, and the noise he had made in opening the door startled from slumber the form that was stretched upon it, outside of the coverlet.

“ Who is there ?” inquired a well-known voice—the voice of his father.

“ It is I—Herman, your son,” he replied. “ Where is my mother ?”

*Where, indeed!*

No answer was returned to this question; but Christiern slowly rose from the bed, and, going to the window, threw open the shutters. The bright morning light streamed into the apartment and revealed to Herman an object which had hitherto been buried in deep shadow, and had escaped his observation,—a coffin, placed upon trestles, stood at the foot of the bed, and a white sheet was thrown over it. Christiern pointed to it.

“ Your mother is there!” he said, in a voice husky and inarticulate from emotion; “ your disobedience killed her! Have you come here to triumph in the barbarous deed ?”

And, as he spoke, he raised the white covering from the coffin, and displayed to Herman’s bewildered

gaze the marble features of his mother, rigidly fixed in death, and colourless as the ghastly trappings of the grave in which the shrunk form was enshrouded.

“She was much better; she might perhaps have been saved,” continued the unhappy man, his haggard eyes almost fiercely scanning the countenance of his son; “when your letter arrived, and she never held up her head afterwards. She scarcely ever spoke again, and never mentioned your name until her last moment had arrived: *then* she prayed to God to forgive you, and to avert from you the agony of mind she was then suffering!”

Motionless with horror, Herman listened to the reproaches of his unhappy father, his eyes fixed wildly upon the lifeless form before him; and, oh! how much more dreadful than any that *words* could express were the reproaches conveyed to his heart by the aspect of that immovable countenance! How awfully eloquent the silence of those icy lips, which never more could unclose, either to reprove or to forgive!

“Mercy! pardon!” he would have exclaimed, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and no sound issued from his lips; he would have knelt and humbled himself in the dust, before the unconscious remains of the beloved mother whose last moments had been so cruelly embittered by his disobedience, but his trembling limbs refused to obey the holy impulse, and he fell prostrate and senseless upon the coffin.

When he recovered he found himself in another room, one of his uncles was standing near, watching

him with a pitying countenance ; there was a lumbering noise upon the narrow staircase as of some unwieldy object being carried down it, and at the same moment an undertaker's assistant entered to announce that all was ready for the departure of the funeral procession. Scarcely conscious of what was passing, sick and giddy, Herman was supported by his uncle into a mourning coach, and in a few minutes more he was standing in the churchyard by the open grave of his mother : he saw the coffin lowered into it—heard the first shovelful of earth rattle upon its lid, and the awful words that accompanied that rendering of “dust to dust ;” and still no tear had moistened his burning eyes—still no word or look of kindness had been directed to him by his father ! He felt like one spell-bound under the dominion of an awful dream, from which he would have given worlds to awaken, but could not.

Just as the solemn rite had concluded, and the mourners were leaving the churchyard to return home, the sounds of military music swelled upon the air, and filled it with delicious harmony. Herman recognised the band of his regiment, and knew that it was again upon its march, and that he must rejoin it without a moment's delay. The air they were playing had been a favourite of his mother's—one with which, in his infant years, she had often lulled him to sleep ; and now, what a host of heart-breaking recollections were suddenly evoked by those joyous notes ; all the cares, all the tenderness of that gentle

being passed in review before his mental vision, with desolating distinctness, and how had he recompensed them! He cast a look of agony upon her grave, and then turned his imploring eyes towards his father. That mute appeal was irresistible: the wretched widower silently stretched forth his arms to his repentant son, and Herman falling upon his neck, for the first time found relief to his overcharged feelings in a flood of tears.

In another moment he was gone, and the father and son never met again.

And did the marriage formed under such melancholy auspices turn out happily? No! the sad predictions of Herman's mother were fulfilled to the very letter: poverty, obscurity, ruin, came upon him one by one to paralyse the energies of his mind; family disunion—a discontented, useless wife, and undutiful children, have chilled the affections of his heart,—more than the misery which he entailed upon his mother has been his portion! And within the very last year, at a moment when sickness and discouragement had laid their heavy hands upon him, and bowed him to the earth, he has been made to feel, by the abandonment of his first-born, the daughter upon whom he had placed all his fondest hopes, “How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!”

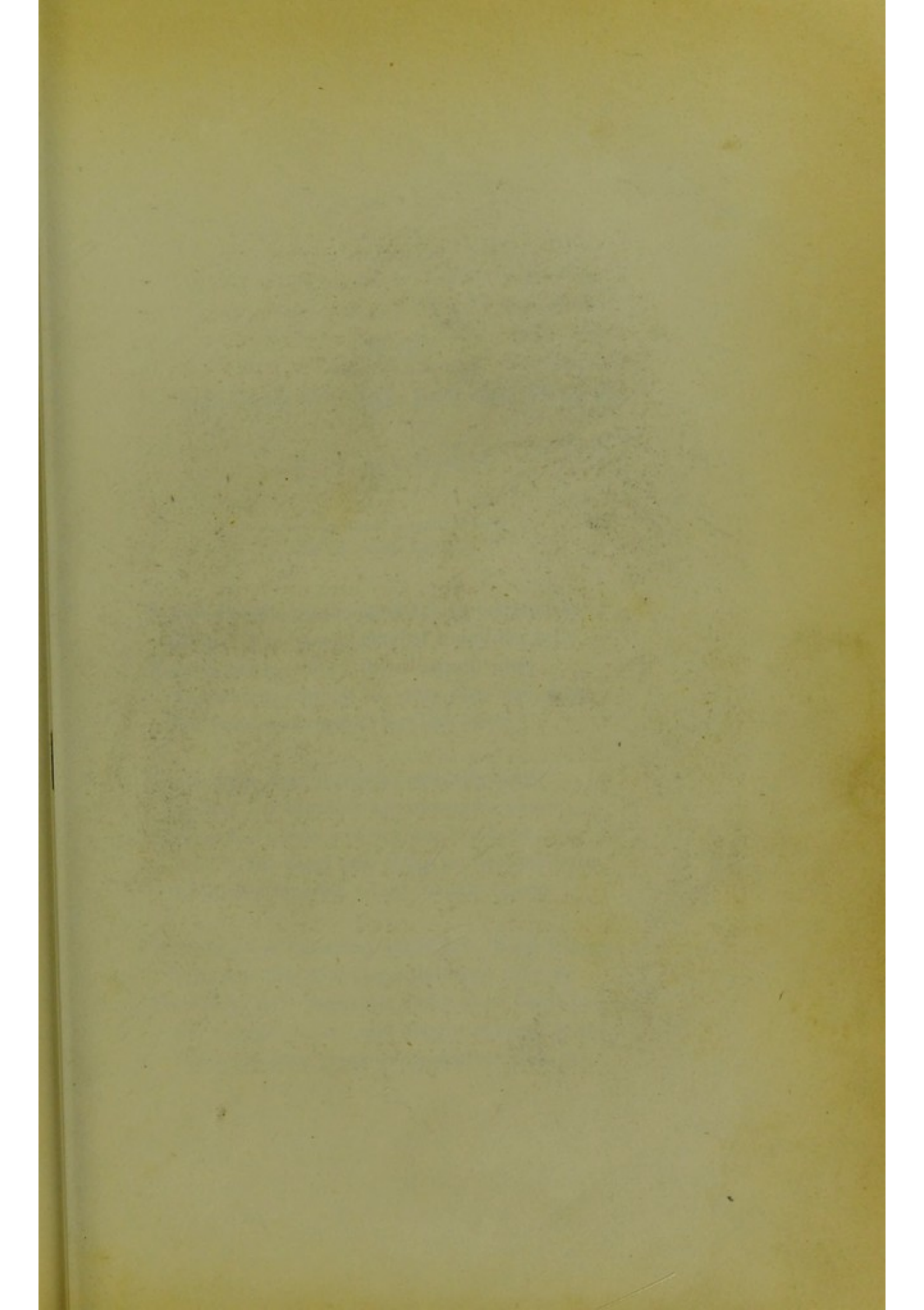
*Paris, 1st July, 1840.*

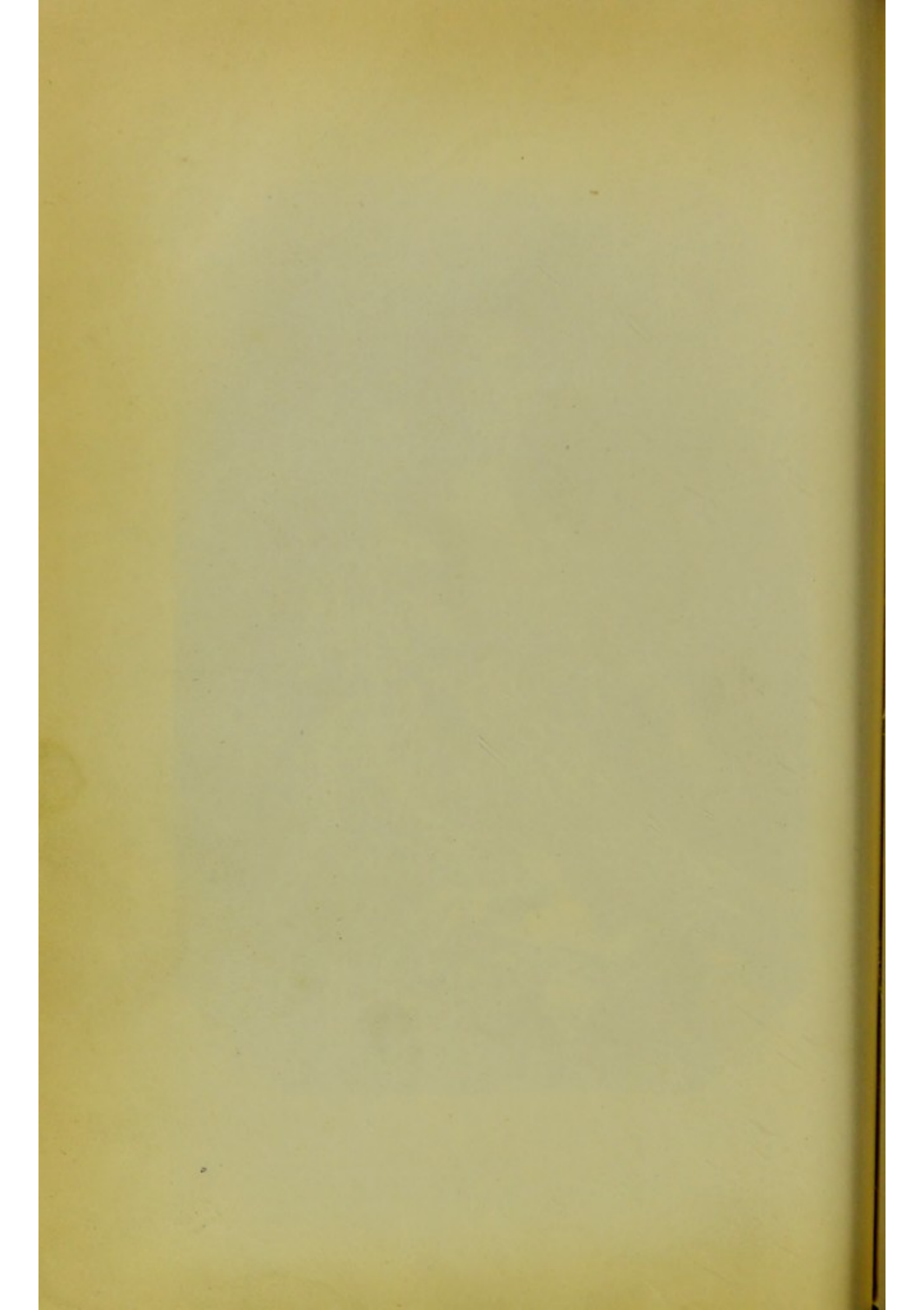






*M<sup>rs</sup> Edward Ellice*





ON THE  
PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWARD ELLICE.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

“ Never charm, or spell, or harm  
Come our lovely lady nigh ! ”

A NEW Belinda!—thousand sylphs befriend her,  
Cling in her tresses, gambol round her brow,  
Keep in her eyes alive their lustre tender,  
And watch, with all the duty Love can shew,  
The pearl and coral of her lips below.

While some, less exquisite, with airy paces  
Around her shoulder-knot attentive swarm,  
Lurk in her bosom and her kerchief-laces,  
And, to the heart that clasps on her small arm  
Its golden bracelet, add a friendly charm.

Whence come these tiny sentinels?—Kind Rumour  
Whispers that of that gentlest tribe they be,  
Trained by mild Sweetness and refined Good-humour  
For choicest tasks ; and nought of earth or sea  
Demands more gracious myrmidons than she.

A new Belinda!—with her tresses rarer  
Than those which gave our courtly bard his lay;  
Blest is the man who won her well to wear her,  
Angel of household love, and, calmly gay,  
Companion to beguile Life's darkest, weariest day!

## LINES.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

“PLEASURES away! they please no more.  
Friends! are they what they were before?  
Loves! they are very idle things,  
The best about them are their wings.  
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do.  
Music! I hate your music too.”  
Whene'er these witnesses that Time  
Hath snatch'd the chaplet from our prime  
Are call'd by Nature (as we go,  
With eye more wary, step more slow,  
And will be heard and noted down  
However we may fret or frown)  
Shall we desire to leave the scene  
Where all our former joys have been?  
No! 't were ungrateful and unwise;  
But when die down our charities  
For human weal and human woes,  
Then is the hour our day should close.

A SENSIBLE WIFE WHO NE'ER LISTENS  
TO REASON!

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

A SENSIBLE wife is a paragon rare, —  
Common sense being wanted at each time and season ;  
But the husbands of *sensible wives* all declare  
That these sensible women ne'er listen to reason !  
They must go where they choose — they must flirt with  
each fop ;  
They must dress unlike all — they must talk what  
they please on ;  
But their "sense" goes such lengths, quiet people oft  
drop  
Your sensible wives who ne'er listen to reason !

When a sensible woman a "victim" has found,  
Once married no longer she studies to please on ;  
But doubts of *his* constancy soon will abound,  
And these sensible women ne'er listen to reason !  
His clubs must be over — his sporting must stop —  
His politics change with her friends of the season ;  
Clever folk he must know, his own friends he must  
drop, —  
For these sensible wives never listen to reason !

His sensible wife rules the steward and estate ;  
All letters, from friends or on business, she'll seize on ;  
She pays her own debts, while her husband's may wait,—  
For your sensible wives never listen to reason !  
For her children such rules,—she “ ne'er trusts them  
at schools ;”

So, without education, they grow by degrees on,  
Till her sons are pert fops, and her daughters pert  
fools,—

For your sensible mothers ne'er think about reason !

Oh ! fall from your horse—fall in debt—fall in strife—  
Fall asleep in the fire—on the ice fall, and freeze on ;  
But fall not in love— with a sensible wife,—

For your sensible women ne'er listen to reason !

When your temper's unhinged, and your fortune gone  
wrong—

When your tastes are all themes for your lady to  
tease on,

You must own 't was your fault ;—you were warned by  
my song

THAT A SENSIBLE WIFE NEVER LISTENS TO REASON !

## THE BARBER OF FERRARA.

A SCRAP FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY COLONEL HENRY WEBSTER.

OF all the palaces in Ferrara, that which had most interest for *me*, was the ancient one of the Dukes of Scandiana, on account of the remarkable catastrophe of one of its former mistresses, a woman of singular beauty, superior strength and stature, and unquestioned propriety of conduct.

It was in her time that Ferrara was thrown into a state of much uneasiness in consequence of the sudden and unaccountable disappearance, one after another, of several of its citizens, all of them young men, and those most remarkable for personal merit. Among the rest, a young barber missed one of his brothers, to whom he was strongly attached; and in the course of his inquiries after him it struck him as singular, that the last place to which he could trace, not only his brother, but several others of the absent youths, was the entrance of the street of Santa Maria in Modo. This circumstance dwelt on his mind, and one morning as he was reflecting upon it, while passing through the very same street, his reverie was inter-



rupted by something which suddenly fell at his feet. It was a white handkerchief: he looked up, and saw, standing at the window of her palace, the virtuous and beautiful young Duchess of Scandiana, who had just let the handkerchief fall. He immediately picked it up, and hastened to the palace to restore it to its owner. He found the doors open, and no impediment to obstruct his way, till he reached the room where he had seen the duchess, who received back the handkerchief with the most gracious thanks and apologies. But in the act of restoring it, to his great surprise, he perceived that something heavy was tied up in the corner; he started and changed colour, and the handkerchief falling from his hand, the sound produced upon the floor at once assured him that his discovery was just, and made the duchess aware of the cause of his agitation. But his emotions were very soon excited in a very different manner, when she honestly confessed to him that she had lost her handkerchief by design, not accident; and that she had previously fastened a piece of lead in one corner, in order that she might insure its falling at his feet the next time of his passing her palace, not doubting that civility would induce him to restore it, and thus afford her an opportunity of declaring her sentiments in his favour. Every thing but the beautiful duchess was now forgotten by the enamoured barber, and some hours passed rapidly away in her delightful society.

A collation, which was ready in an alcove of the saloon, was next offered by the lady to her lover, and

as, in the course of it, he happened to express his admiration at the splendour of the palace, she assured him that nothing he had yet seen was in any way to be compared with the remaining apartments, which she obligingly proposed to shew him. They passed through several splendid chambers : the door of one was locked, and the duchess desired the barber to turn the key, as it required some strength ; he obeyed, threw open the door, and the duchess bade him enter, pointing out a Titian of great beauty for his examination ; but the young man stepped back to make way for her, and although she repeatedly bade him waive all such unnecessary forms, he could not be persuaded to commit so gross a violation of good breeding as to enter the room first. A sudden flush, for a moment, crimsoned the duchess's cheek, and as she passed on she cast on him a look of inquiry : the look acted upon him like an electrical shock. At once the recollection of his brother, of the street Maria in Modo, of the loaded handkerchief, of the collation in readiness, all presented themselves to "his mind's eye." He watched his conductress narrowly : he observed that, although the Titian exactly fronted the door by which they entered, she took a circuitous course round the chamber, and evidently avoided the centre part : so did the barber ; he carefully trod in the lady's footsteps, and when she pointed out the most advantageous spot for viewing the picture, obstinately maintained that he saw it to the greatest perfection from the spot which he then occupied, close to the

lady herself. Again her cheek crimsoned; but again she resumed her original complacency, and led him, smiling and chatting, to another chamber, which she was upon the point of entering, when, unfortunately, her foot slipped, and she fell upon the ground; her companion hastened to raise her, and place her upon a sofa, at no great distance from the door. She soon assured him that she was certain of not having done herself any material injury, the pain was already gone; but as she seemed to have sprained her ankle a little, she was willing to rest it, and begged him, in the meanwhile, to examine, by himself, a group of statues in the interior apartment. The youth protested that he could feel no pleasure or interest in any thing, however admirable, while he knew her to be in pain, and entreated her to return to the saloon; the lady insisted upon his not losing the sight of such a *chef-d'œuvre* on her account; the lover still declined to leave her even for a moment; and, indeed, at length refused so positively, that the duchess, perceiving his resolution was not to be shaken, determined to have recourse to a measure for effecting her object which the lad's extreme youth, and her own strength and stature (both which were superior to the generality of her sex), made her suppose likely to prove successful. Starting suddenly from the sofa, she grasped him by the throat with one hand, and with the other drew a stiletto from her bosom; but the youth was upon his guard: a sudden movement extricated him from her grasp, and supplying by dex-

terity what was wanting in strength, he wrenched the stiletto from her hand, and buried it in her bosom. He then lost no time in escaping from the palace, hurried to the police, and soon returned with the officers of justice. The duchess was found lying dead on the sofa; in six different rooms of the palace, as many trap-doors were found opening into subterraneous dungeons, whose sides and floors were thickly stuck with knives, nails, and spikes; and the numerous bones which were strewed about them sufficiently accounted for the disappearance of the youths so long missing. The barber, for delivering the city from this female monster, was rewarded with a public pension: but her mother, who was a certain Duchess Grillo, was so highly incensed at the slanders thrown upon her favourite daughter, and at the impunity and protection afforded to her murderer, that upon abandoning Ferrara she caused the bridge to be broken down, and the gate to be built up by which she left it, in order that she might manifest the more publicly her intention never to return. Her orders were executed, and the gate remains impracticable at this very period.

ON  
THE PORTRAIT  
OF THE  
HONOURABLE MRS. STANLEY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

YES, Loveliness in form and face is dwelling,  
That all who gaze upon thee must admire  
That cheek, the rose's tint so far excelling ;  
Those eyes, which e'en a Stoic might inspire ;  
Thy tresses, like a flowing veil concealing  
Those beauties others would display with pride ;  
Thy Modesty, unconsciously revealing,  
Heightens the charms thou seek'st in vain to hide.

For more is prized the Virtue, pure and holy,  
Whose influence o'er thy gentle nature sways,  
Reserving for thy home's sweet circle solely  
Attractions that must win a world's loud praise ;  
That Modesty which, like the silken tresses  
Veiling thy form, conceals thy charms of mind  
From public gaze, but still serenely blesses  
Thy home, where may'st thou long all blessings find.







J. J. Galtier del.

H. Robinson sculp.

Hon. Mr. Stanley.





NARRATIVE  
OF  
SOME PASSAGES IN THE LAST DAYS  
OF THE  
MARÉCHAL DE BIRON.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

THE following pages present some curious facts concerning the brave and ill-fated Duke de Biron, son of Armand de Gontaut, first Maréchal of that name, who perished on the scaffold at Paris in 1602. They require a short prefatory explanation, as some of the circumstances which they relate have not been mentioned by any previous historian of his illustrious career and untimely death. It is therefore proper to state, that the MS. from which the extracts are taken was lately procured by a traveller in Spain; and is said to have originally belonged to the Counts de Fuentes, from whose collection it was transferred, in 1713, to the library of a convent at Sepulveda, which was dispersed during the recent troubles in

Segovia, on the dissolution of the house by the government of the queen regent. The document is imperfect, and the writer's name wanting; but this may be conjectured without much difficulty. We see that he must have been an eye-witness of the events described, nearly attached to the person of the Duke de Biron, and trusted with his most weighty secrets. From hence we are led to identify the writer with his secretary *Hébert*. This individual, we know, was in attendance on the duke when seized at Fontainebleau by the order of Henri IV.; and shared his master's imprisonment in the Bastille. After the execution of Biron, attempts were made to extort from Hébert a confession of the details of the conspiracy for which the maréchal had been condemned to the block; but the utmost severity of torture could not overcome his steadfastness, and Hébert revealed nothing. He was then sentenced to imprisonment for life, but the king soon afterwards set him at liberty.

It was believed that Henri IV. regretted the loss of his early companion in arms; and that, had not the execution of his sentence been immediate, it would have been recalled. He was wont to boast that he had thrice rescued the life of Biron in battle, and might thus have saved it a fourth time. It was to Sully, who knew his master's forgiving temper, and the dangerous designs and headstrong character of the maréchal, that the suddenness of the execution has been truly ascribed; and there is no doubt that herein

he acted wisely, if not mercifully. Of the Secretary Hébert an historian says: "He was set free by the orders of the king; but he resented too deeply his past sufferings to remain in France, and therefore withdrew into Spain, where he ended his days." Such generally are the circumstances which, with the internal evidence of the MS., seem to designate the Secretary Hébert as its author.

The story of Biron, one of the deepest tragedies of modern times, is so well known, that the passages here presented will not require any comment; especially as they add little to the strictly historical incidents of his life. In some points, indeed, they confirm the statements of certain historians which have hitherto been deemed unworthy of credit. But they are chiefly remarkable for the personal details, some of which are sufficiently moving and singular. The reader who is conversant with the histories of the period in question will, nevertheless, find them to coincide with the tenour of other notices of Biron, with which he is already acquainted. We read, for instance, that, from his earliest years, he was curious in astrological inquiries; and was much influenced by supernatural omens, and by the agency of spirits, which were matters of common belief in his day, and were to him objects of peculiar attention. It is said that La Fin (the agent of his treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Savoy and with the Spanish ambassador), whose treachery brought him to the scaffold, first won his confidence by means of

this kind; professing to have intercourse with a familiar demon, who had declared that the maréchal should one day be king. Other predictions of his destiny were more truly realised. While he was yet a child, an astrologer foretold that he should die by the sword of a Burgundian; and so it fell out, the executioner who beheaded him having been a native of that province. Similar anecdotes, referring to various events of Biron's life, may be found by the curious, but must be passed over here. The subjoined extracts contain such parts of the MS. above-mentioned as seemed to deserve notice; and are an abridgement of the original, which is too diffuse for a literal translation.

#### THE SECRETARY'S NARRATIVE.

“It was on the eve of St. Barnabas that the maréchal set out to attend the king, who had returned from his progress to Blois and Poitiers, and was then with the court at Fontainebleau. Before this he had, indeed, received many messages and letters from MM. Jeannin and D'Escures: but still he was loth to leave his own lands and repair to court, where his enemies were many; some jealous of his glory, but more of them embittered by his sharp and haughty sayings. And this was certainly a reluctance prompted by his good angel, warning him of the danger at hand: for as to his secret practice with the Piedmontese, he was persuaded that all was securely con-

cealed; and he was confident of the king's love, and in his remembrance of past services: moreover, of all his former offences he had received a free pardon from his majesty in a special interview at the Cordeliers' in Lyons some time before. There was one near to the king, however, who both hated and feared him, namely, M. de Rosny; who, pretending an offer to replace the cannon and ammunition which were in the towns devoted to my lord, with better arms, which he was to send from the arsenal at Lyons, had so weakened his defence in Burgundy that he could no longer hold out there, in case the king should visit him with an army. And as many were always at hand to stir up suspicion in the king's mind, it seemed best not to disobey the summons which he had received. While he was debating thus, a letter was sent him by a sure friend, warning him not to abide in Burgundy, where the king was disposed to seize on his possessions; and advising him to retire into Franche Comté. After this there arrived the Baron de Lux, who, on the other hand, encouraged him to repair to court without fear, saying that La Fin was indeed there, and had been with the king, but had kept his counsel well (*gardé bonne bouche*); so that the king, when he dismissed him, said heartily, 'That he was a pleasant fellow, who had purged his mind of some doubts that he was right glad to be rid of.' And thus was my lord determined to depart.

"But, in reality, La Fin was a very Judas, and had already betrayed his master, who had used and

trusted him in the business with the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish count. And he proceeded in the following manner. Before the king departed for Poitou, he had been privily at court: invited thither by enemies of the maréchal, who bribed him with great promises, having discovered that he was employed in my lord's affairs. These offers seduced him the more easily, since he knew that the treaty was at an end, so that his hopes of advancement from its success were disappointed. So by means of his kinsman, the Vidame of Chartres, he got audience of the king, and revealed all that he knew, offering to obtain certain proof of the same; and thereupon returning to my lord, by a most subtle device, he procured a writing in the duke's own hand of the plan concerted with the Spanish envoy, which had even then been broken off. So that before my lord received the king's summons, the particulars of this design (which, if fulfilled, would have been truly criminal and perilous to the monarchy,) were known; and his enemies were only waiting until he should fall into the snare which had been laid for him. The king meant otherwise; and had resolved to pardon my master, on a free confession of all past faults, and the promise of true allegiance for the future. But herein the duke's pride and confidence made him stubborn: thinking shame to allow his enemies a triumph by such a confession, while he believed that there was no proof against him but in their own ill wishes. Thus he was doubly ruined, no less by

the treachery of La Fin, than by the belief in his honour: but for this, he would have pacified the king, and sued for a formal pardon (*acte d'abolition*), having wholly forsaken the enterprise concerted with Savoy, seeing that it was too vast, and uncertain, and full of danger. The Count de Fuentes, a true Spaniard, was ever wary in his own dealings with La Fin; and warned my master that he was a knave who would one day undermine him. But of this the duke had no fear; and his reliance in his loyalty was confirmed by a certain secret persuasion that La Fin had dealings with invisible powers, and was bound by them to his service.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ At Montargis a messenger brought my lord a letter, which he opened as he stood with one foot in the stirrup. As he read onward his countenance darkened, and he turned away, walking to and fro for awhile; after which, tearing the paper into small pieces, he mounted and rode forward, saying to himself, as I heard, ‘*It is too late!*’ I well knew that when the duke was once resolved nothing could turn him back; but such, I doubted not, had been the intent of the letter. We did not enter the chase of Fontainebleau until evening, having ridden slowly from La Croiseux because of the heat; and the trees growing closely made it seem like night. As we rode beneath them silently, there was suddenly heard, as if at a distance, a noise of horses galloping on the turf, and hunters’ cries, and the baying of deer-



hounds, at which all were amazed, since it was no time of year or day for such music; and before you could have counted ten, it at once became loud and near, as if a whole array of huntsmen were coursing through the covert, which lay not a spear's cast beyond the place where we stood: for you might hear the crushing of the branches, and the snorting of the horses urged to speed. Hereupon the duke spurred towards the wood, and had just reached it, when the tumult ceased at once, and there appeared suddenly, from beneath the trees, a tall man clad, as it seemed, in black, who cried thrice, with a loud and dismal voice: '*Attendez!*' and then was seen no more. The great stillness and the appearance, which all had seen, struck us with fear and amazement; more especially when we drew near to the covert, and found it so thickly entangled with thorns and other bushes that neither horse nor man could by any means pass through it. The duke remained for awhile gazing on the place where the figure had been; and when he returned to the path, and we came from under the shade, I noted that his countenance was changed, and his eyes were cast heavily downwards, which was unusual with him. We had ridden it may be a mile further, when we fell in with a verderer belonging to the chase; and the duke, who until then had not spoken, called the man to him, and, relating what had passed, asked him if he had seen or heard the like. To which the verderer, crossing himself, replied that he had met with no such thing, and that

it could have been no other than the train of the *Grand Veneur*, which was known at times to be heard in this forest, and that his appearance was said to betoken the death of some great person.

“ ‘ This,’ he said, ‘ has been approved in the memory of the oldest foresters on many occasions; and it is not three years since the same wild chase and terrible apparition crossed his majesty himself while hunting in these woods, some days before the unlooked-for decease of the fair Duchesse de Beaufort.’

“ The man was rewarded, and the duke rode on; and afterwards, calling me to his side, he said in a low voice: ‘ If it were to do again, I would not have taken this journey.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“ My lord, having put off his riding dress, went forth to visit the Duke d’Epernon, whom he greatly trusted, having received from him offers of service while journeying towards the court. He returned at a late hour and gayer than when he set out, which gave me good hopes. And having sent for me, he said briskly:—

“ ‘ By St. Pol, they could hardly believe I had arrived; and some asked me ‘ If I were mad, to run my head into the lion’s mouth?’ I answered by reminding them of *Renard* in the fable, how he found it wiser to come to court than wait till the lion besieged him in his castle of Malepart. Mine could hardly keep him out now, thanks to the craft of M. le Grand Maître, which I hope to repay before

long. And as I left the Count d'Auvergne, La Fin came to me and said, 'Keep a bold heart and a close tongue, my lord, for they know nothing.' Moreover, it is now certain that the Duke of Savoy has laid hold on Renazé, the only other man who could betray me, and has him close in prison; so that methinks I shall win yet.'

"He would have me remain with him while he undressed; and, sitting in his gown by the fire, he fell, as was his custom, into discourse of his past life; and spoke, amongst other matters, of the duel which was fought, when he was newly come to court, by himself, with Janissac and Soignac, against Carency, d'Estissac, and La Bastie, all of whom were slain.

"'It is strange,' he said, 'that I should see in the street to-night a face which I could have sworn was Carency's. It turned suddenly upon me, amongst the people who were gathered just now at the door of my lodging, with a scoffing look, as I thought; and I was about to draw, until I recollected myself, and laughed at the fancy which made me take some stranger for one who has been twenty years dead.'

"I replied that, had it been Carency himself, his excellency might equally have laughed at the menace of one who could no longer harm any one.

"'That is more than I will say,' the duke returned: 'it is hardly a twelvemonth since this very thing befel me, and made me know what a fear is, such as I had never dreamed of before.'

“ And when I testified my wonder at this saying, the duke was pleased to relate as follows:—

“ ‘ It was while the archduke was still closely besieging Ostend; and the king, intending to break with Spain on that offence given to his ambassador at Madrid, M. de Silly, came to Calais; the Queen of England sent to invite him to meet her on the sea betwixt that town and Dover. This being impossible at the time, the king sent me to England to bear his greeting and excuses to that noble queen, by whom I was graciously entertained, first at her palace of Greenwich, and also, with much feasting and splendour, at her house of Basing; from whence I attended her on her return to London. And having shewn the magnificence of her state, she thought it fitting, as it seemed, to display to me her power also, by making me attend her to her fortress called the Tower, in London. And after I had here surveyed the strength of the place, and its stores of ammunition and armour, she led me by the hand into the court, and bade me observe what was set over the gate: these were the heads of many who had lately been condemned as sharers in the conspiracy of her favourite, the Earl of Essex. I noticed one which was placed higher than the rest, and was also remarkable for its fine hair, and an aspect which was still beautiful, in spite of death and decay; and surveying it nearer, I perceived that it was that of the earl himself, whose portrait, drawn at full length, had been shewn to me the day before. The queen, looking earnestly upon it, with some

emotion, (for I felt her hand shake as I held it, and she drew her breath hardly,) said to me: 'There is a head, my lord, which was once as proudly borne by the owner in this realm as yours may be in France; but he was a false and thankless servant: such is our punishment of traitors here.' And then proceeded to relate how he had deserved this sentence. I answered, somewhat scornfully, that he must have had little wit or less courage, being once so high in place, that could not keep his head from being fixed still higher, as I now saw it; and as I spoke these words, still gazing on the head, its eyes opened and looked keenly into mine, and the lips smiled with an expression so terrible that I grew cold at heart and turned my head away, for it was a sight no living man could endure. I have never forgotten it, and sooner would I attack a guarded breach in this gown, than be threatened again by such a ghastly appearance. I have since then vowed more than once that I would give half of my castles in Burgundy to have that ill-timed scoff of mine unsaid.'

“This I heard my lord relate, with astonishment, thinking inwardly that it had been well for him were these the only scornful and boasting words he had let fall, as I called to mind the bitter speech of the king respecting my lord and the late maréchal, saying that ‘well as both had served him, it had ever been his hardest task to control the sottishness of the father and the reckless tongue of the son.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Next morning, before he had risen, came my lord’s sister, the Countess de Roussy, and remained some time in his chamber. The door was closed, but I could hear her speaking earnestly, and walking to and fro, as if in trouble; and when she came forth, although she had drawn her hood over her eyes, you might see that she was still weeping. The duke, having risen, sent for me, and said that his sister would have persuaded him to fly while he yet could, since his enemies had resolved to destroy him, and had gained the king; and warned him that he would soon be too closely watched to escape. Of this I had indeed already conceived some suspicion; for, early that morning, at the *pavillon* of M. de Rosny, which was in sight of our lodging, I observed the guards mustered in greater numbers than usual; and had also learned that the Grand Maître himself, who had been taking his pastime at Morêt, had returned in haste during the night, with many armed riders. But my lord either had no such fear, or deemed that the time for it was past; for he said cheerfully to me, ‘ I will see the king to-day; say what they will, it shall go better with me than they intend: ‘ le Béarnois ’ (so he commonly called his majesty) has not forgotten La Fontaine, and will not kill me to please the Huguenots: nay, he dares not sentence a De Gontaut without open proof. I have still many good friends, and shall live to curb my enemies yet.’ Thus he kept his usual bold countenance; but I knew he was not wholly confident at heart; for, before he departed, he dictated

to me a letter, which was worded like a farewell, to Madame de Montmorency, the lady of his thoughts, whom he tenderly loved. Many have said that he sought her merely from ambition (as he had asked in his treaty with Savoy for a daughter of that house); and that their intent of marriage, in case her husband should die, was by him pursued only as a means of succeeding to the constable's charge. But this was mere calumny, for surely the love between these noble persons was as warm and perfect as any that is recorded in history, and its disappointment as lamentable; both having died in the freshness and flower of their age: whereas the old constable, whose end they expected, survived both for many years. And as to the duke's supposed amours with Madame de Verneuil, to which some ascribe his ruin, as having aroused at once the jealousy of the king and the anger of the queen, who thought he supported the mistress's party against hers,—this also was a slanderous tale; for he had no regard for her beyond the courtesy due to the fairest lady in France, and to the friendship of her brother, the Count d'Auvergne. It may be that the marquise looked on him with tenderer eyes; for she resembled her mother in wantonness no less than in beauty, and loved nothing in the king but his title and bounties. But my lord's heart was already given to a nobler service, as I have before said.

“In the afternoon the duke returned from the king's presence, full of confidence and in good-humour. ‘All

is well,' he said to me; 'for they have got nothing from La Fin, and, therefore, tried to make me turn informer against myself! Whom, think you, should I find at the château but M. de Rosny? sitting, when I entered, on the king's bed, with his follower, M. de la Curée, quite as if by accident! And he returned my scanty greeting as tenderly as if we had been twice brothers—the heretic knave! Then he tried to cajole me into confessing I know not what, with promises of friendship and safety: if I would reveal all, and submit to the king—he would persuade him to forgive me! But I kept my anger down; and then he said we should share the government between us!—I saw his device and my own security; and this mastered my contempt until the king entered, and they left me alone with him. I had much ado to remove the doubt which their evil tongues have made him conceive; he was strange and gloomy at first, and urged me to confess, as the others had done: but he became like himself after we had spoken awhile, and in another interview he will be entirely mine again. Henri still loves his old *frère d'armes*, and knows who placed the crown on his head,—my planet rules his even now. I attend him again to-night, and the queen will have some of my money, she says. *Allons!* the danger is past as soon as it is boldly encountered!' Thus hopefully did the maréchal now look on his relation with the king.

“In the evening I attended my lord to the château. But, before I proceed further, it may be proper here



to relate a circumstance which I noted at the time as unusual, and have since often remembered. There had been heard, every night since the duke had set forth on this journey, a singular wailing and sighing about the lodging, which resembled the voice of a woman in sorrow; and once or twice the servants had been sent out to discover what it might be, but found nothing. Now, as I waited this evening at the door until the duke should come forth, it being still daylight, I saw that an owl had alighted on the cornice of the doorway, which surprised me, as this bird usually shuns frequented places, and will rarely fly abroad until sunset. And as soon as my lord stood on the threshold, it began to croak and murmur most dolefully, making the same lament which we had already heard before at night, continuing as long as we were in hearing. I cannot say if the duke observed it, for he was looking earnestly the while towards the lodging of M. de Rosny, which one of the king's messengers was then entering: but to me it was unwelcome and startling to hear the bird crying thus in the daylight; and I thought it promised no good fortune.

“The Count de Soissons overtook my lord as he ascended the grand staircase, and I heard him say in a low voice, ‘You had better yield; remember that the king’s anger is the messenger of death!’ The duke looked round scornfully, but passed on without making any answer. After he had entered, I seated myself in the antechamber, from whence you go into

the apartments of the king and queen, and remarked, not without anxiety, the arrival of many soldiers of the guard, who came in one by one, and were ranged on either side of the outer door; while the trampling of horses plainly heard from the court-yard below betokened something unusual. Soon afterwards Vitry, captain of the guards, and another, whose name I believe was Praslin, came forth from the king's entrance, and remained in the chamber, standing apart and whispering at times to each other. Nothing further passed until near midnight, when M. la Varenne came hastily from the queen's apartment, and went forth; immediately after whom followed my lord and the Count d'Auvergne leaning on each other, and laughing as if some jest had passed between them. At the same moment Vitry approached the duke, and uncovering himself, demanded his sword, *de par le roi*; the same having been done by Praslin to the Count d'Auvergne.

“ My lord started back a couple of paces, and his eyes sparkled so fiercely, that I thought he would have struck the captain, and prepared myself to aid him; but he collected himself in a moment, and raising his eyebrows a little, smiled haughtily, drawing his sword, which he gave to M. Vitry without a word, and then signified with a motion of his hand that he was ready to proceed with him. It being about midnight, the duke, whom I was allowed to follow, was conducted to the chambers of the commander of the guards. These were two rooms at the end of the

western gallery, one leading from the other; in the further of which a bed was prepared for the maréchal, the guards being stationed in the corridor; for M. Vitry, who executed his office courteously, abstained, at my lord's request, from placing them in the outer chamber.

“After the captain withdrew, my lord said little, but appeared in no wise cast down or discomposed; and when I had helped him to undress, he bade me good night cheerfully, saying that this was a mere jest which would be played out in a day or two, and that it was a device of his enemies to provoke him to some violence which might serve their designs. But this confident language gave me little comfort; and being too full of trouble to sleep, I betook myself to watch in the outer chamber, revolving what had passed, and painfully conjecturing what the morrow might bring. I was reminded of the caution given to the duke to beware of La Fin, and feared that he had been deceived by the assurances of this miscreant (as was really the case), and that his secret was already betrayed; while, thinking himself safe where he was most insecure, he had defied the king, and rushed blindfold on his own destruction.

“I had a lamp burning; and it being the summer season, you could hardly call it dark even at midnight. It might have been an hour past, for the dawn had not yet appeared, when I was suddenly aware that some one had entered, although the door had been opened without noise, and the stranger was already in

the middle of the room, which was long and narrow, before I saw him, proceeding towards the inner apartment where my lord slept. His person was unknown to me, and I saw, as he came across the light of the lamp, that he was dressed, not as our courtiers used to be, but more richly, and in the Spanish fashion. His head was uncovered, and long brown hair waved down on each side of his face, the features of which were well formed and noble, but exceedingly pale, and his eyes seemed fixed like those of one that walks in his sleep. On his throat, which was bared, there was a narrow thread or fillet of deep crimson, which made the whiteness of his skin yet more striking; and his appearance was altogether so strange and unlooked-for that my flesh crept on my bones as he passed near me. He neither spoke nor noticed me in any wise, but proceeded with a measured and noiseless step to the door of my lord's chamber, which was opened and again closed upon him so suddenly that, but for his appearance, I could hardly believe that any one had passed through. The dead hour of night, and the suddenness of the appearance, while I was watching sorrowfully and alone, so overcame me at the instant, that I let him pass without challenge, and remained staring and speechless, like one in a trance, until he had entered the inner chamber. I then bethought myself of the fault I had committed in allowing a stranger to approach my lord while he was sleeping unawares, although he appeared to be unarmed; and next it occurred to me that he must be some one from

the king with a message for the duke's private ear; and this seemed the more certain, as he had been admitted at an untimely hour by the guards, whose footsteps were plainly heard by me as they walked to and fro in the gallery without. Being, therefore, uncertain whether I ought to intrude on their conference, I resolved to enter the chamber softly, so that I could again withdraw if needful; but on trying the door, I found that it was fastened within. At this I was amazed, as there had been no sound after it had been closed by the stranger, and in that stillness the drawing of the bolt could not have escaped my ear. While I stood wondering how it could be, I heard my lord groaning terribly within, like one in the agony of death; and my heart sank within me, for I was now persuaded that the stranger had been sent to kill him as he lay sleeping, and had effected this by my cowardice and neglect. I shook the door, and, forgetting where I was, would have cried for help, but my voice was choked by the swelling of my heart, and could not get utterance for a moment, and my strength was dissolved in an icy sweat. In the next instant some one sprang heavily on the floor, and the door being unfastened, the duke came forth in his night-dress, calling in a hoarse voice for a light, which I brought in haste, trembling all over. But I was still more dismayed at the sight of my lord's countenance, which was so white and disfigured that I could not have known him; his nostrils were distended, and his eyes seemed as if they had been forced from his head.

He caught me violently by the arm, and covering his eyes with the other hand, sank down on the bed's foot, shivering like one in a fever. I looked anxiously around for the stranger: but there was no one in the chamber save the duke and myself.

“ Before I had recovered courage to speak or comfort my lord, he raised his head, and drawing himself up, gazed sharply on every side of the room, into which the day was now beginning to dawn. And, after he had crossed himself devoutly, he spoke with a return of his natural courage, but painfully, and word by word:—

“ ‘ *Mon enfant,*’ he said, ‘ I have had a dream, such as no man dreams a second time. I know that my death is at hand,—the scaffold is already prepared for me.’

“ I wept, and in my confusion asked if the message had come from the king, thinking of my conjecture respecting the stranger.

“ ‘ Nay,’ he said, ‘ it was no messenger of his, nor any earthly message, that could trouble me in this manner.’

“ And he proceeded as follows: for every word he spoke on that occasion is still fixed in my memory.

“ ‘ I had not slept long, having lain for some time with closed eyes, thinking on what had happened, and what might be yet to come,—anxiously it may be, but without fear. Afterwards, although I was not aware of it, I must have fallen into a dream, for I thought I heard a step in the chamber, and, looking up, beheld

a figure which stole round the foot of the bed, and, coming close to my pillow, leant over it, gazing fixedly upon me. It was the bodily apparition of that Count of Essex, of whom I spoke to you yesternight: the same as he looked while in life, except that his flesh was dead white, and the bloody mark on his neck shewed where the axe had severed it. There was also about his figure a glimmer such as is seen at night in burial-places, which shewed every thing distinctly; he stooped over me, laying across my throat one finger which stung like the edge of a sword, and pointing with the other hand to his own, smiled in my face with the same smile which I saw pass over the dead countenance once before. He bent so closely over me, that I felt the cold breath from his lips, like an exhalation from the grave. I know not how long I strove to get free; but at last I sprung from the bed, and the vision disappeared. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my fate! Amen.'

“The duke having ended, I related to him what I had seen; and when he found that the appearance was the same which had been with him, he grew more troubled than before, saying, more than once,—

“ ‘Then it was no dream, but a fearful visitation from the world beneath. Wo to those who mock the remains of the dead! But to me the lesson comes too late—too late!’

“It was now full daylight; and M. Vitry entering, informed the duke that he was ordered to convey him to Paris, and that boats were now waiting for this

purpose on the river. The duke inquired, 'To what place in Paris?' and the captain's reply was, 'To the Bastille.'"

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Here the fragment ends: but few readers will be unable to supply the sequel of the tale. It is well known how vainly Biron's friends interceded for his pardon; and how, on his trial before the parliament of Paris, the treacherous La Fin, and his creature Renazé, who had contrived to escape from the hands of the Duke of Savoy, refuted Biron's denial of the charges brought against him by their appearance and testimony. On the scaffold he behaved with undignified violence; betraying in the last act of life the infirmity of temper which had disfigured his many brilliant qualities, throughout a career unusually distinguished, and which renders his history a theme of alternate wonder and pity. An ingenious writer, describing the circumstances of his death, has applied not unhappily to him the passage in which Ariosto, at the close of his celebrated poem, dismisses the angry spirit of Rodomonte:—

“ Bestemmiando fuggì l' alma sdegnosa  
Che fu sì altera al mondo, e sì orgogliosa.”

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The circumstances narrated in the MS. add another trait to the closing scene of the tragedy, and are curious enough to deserve some attention ; while they may serve at the same time to restore the credit of some historians, whom others (our own Camden, for instance) have accused of fabulous inventions. The reader who is desirous of pursuing the comparison in detail may find some amusement in contrasting with the particulars now presented to him the various statements to be found in the authors named in the subjoined note.\*

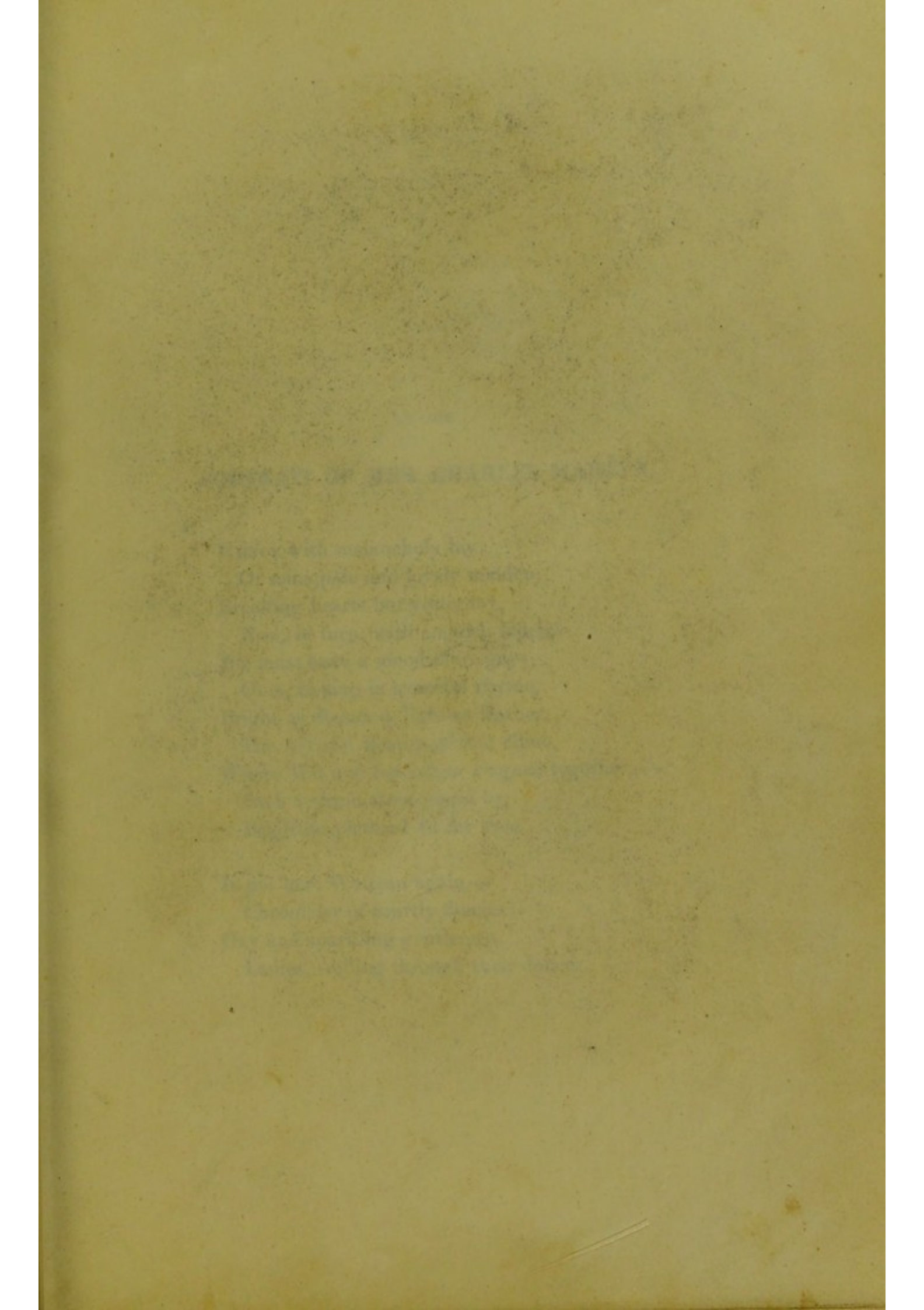
J. R. CHORLEY.

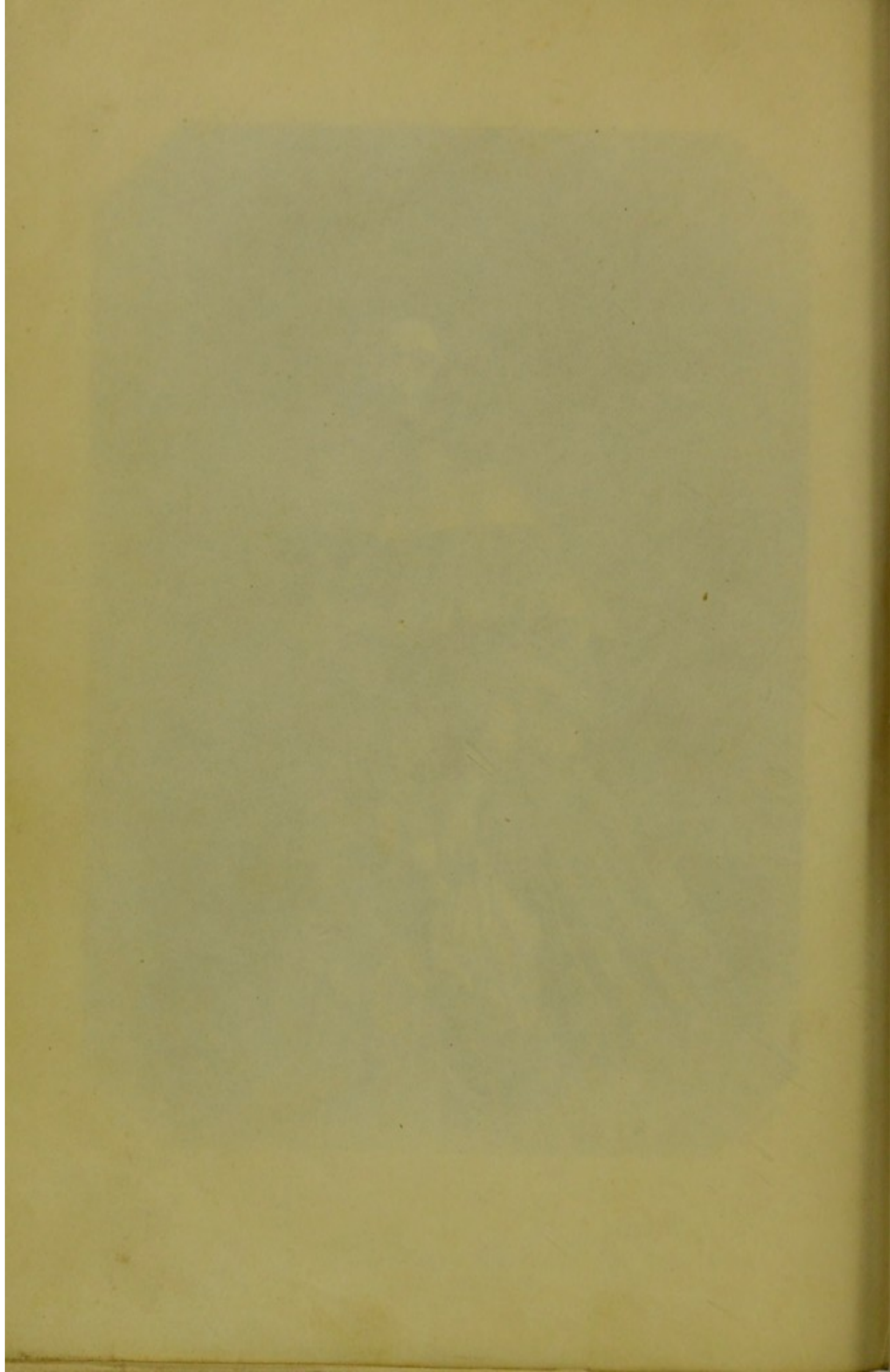
\* Thuanus, *Hist. sui Temporis*; Camden, *Historie of Queen Elizabeth*; Peréfixe, *Vie d'Henri Quatre*; Mezeray, *Hist. de France*; Mémoires de Sully; Bassompierre, *Obs. sur Dupleix*; Le Grain, *Décade de Henri le Grand*; Leti, *Vita d'Elizabeth*.





*M<sup>rs</sup> Charles Martyn*





ON THE  
PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHARLES MARTYN.

HENCE with melancholy lay  
Of some pale and lovely maiden,  
Breaking hearts but yesterday,  
Now, in turn, with anguish laden!  
We must have a mood more gay:  
Ours, to sing in graceful rhyme,  
Bright as diamond, light as feather,  
The Art and Beauty of that clime  
Where Wit and Splendour reigned together;—  
Such a strain alone could be,  
Brightest picture! fit for thee.

Is not here Watteau again —  
Chronicler of courtly fancies?  
Gay and sparkling gentlemen,  
Ladies, smiling through their dances

By some fount, in shaven glen,  
Singing low with ceaseless tone  
Mid the rose-beds fragrant-hearted  
Of some royal Trianon  
Weed-grown now, and all deserted :—  
Peerless lady ! was 't not he  
Who admired and painted thee ?

From the picture chidings start ;  
“ Look again, fantastic dreamer !  
Of thy noble country's art ;  
Of her beauty cold blasphemers,  
Taking in their pride no part !—  
England's daughter puts to shame  
(Breathing life or mutely painted)  
Ancient France's rarest dame,  
By her courtliest genius sainted.  
Look again ! and learn to know  
England hath her own Watteau !”

H. F. C.

## THE INDIAN CAVE.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT, ESQ.

OH, hadst thou seen the sun go down  
At evening o'er that ocean cave,  
When through its coral chambers shone  
His last red beam across the wave,  
Wrapp'd in refulgence, till he seem'd  
The pyre of an expiring world—  
And when he sank, the bright clouds beam'd  
Like banners o'er its tomb unfurl'd!  
And flashing with such panoply  
As my wild fancy deem'd might hover  
Above his gorgeous path when he,  
In farewell glory, sinks for ever!  
Thou 'dst own'd that never sunset yet,  
Through stately aisles, or palace halls,  
Thy gaze of awe and wonder met,  
As with such glorious radiance falls  
O'er the glitt'ring shells on the golden sands  
That are laved by purple seas,  
Which ripple around those Indian lands  
And image their tall palm-trees!



Still in that cave, when midnight came,  
And southern stars flash'd on the scene,  
Thou hadst not deem'd their light the same  
As erst thou 'st watch'd it, calm, serene;  
For thou hast ne'er beheld the sea  
When paved as 't were with fire it shines,  
Revealing from its depths to thee  
The treasures of its hidden mines.  
E'en thus I dream'd its waters bore  
Some long-lost gem on each bright wave,  
And flung back to the moonlit shore  
The gift repentant spirits gave;  
And sight more beautiful, and near,  
Was o'er the rocks that scatter'd lay  
Around my feet, the fountains clear  
(Like waving flowers) of sparkling spray,  
With their low joyous music springing  
And plashing with their ceaseless sound,  
Or to the winds their foam-wreaths flinging,  
Or like white lilies thrown around,  
So beautiful!—The silver wreath,  
The lotus-flower wore on her head  
By Eden's lakes—thus sank beneath  
At night, some passing seraph's tread!—  
But, oh! why tell of those distant sands  
That are laved by the dark blue seas,  
To one who knows not those Indian lands  
Nor mourns like me their tall palm-trees?

## THE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

IN the suburbs of the village of Comery might be seen two cottages, not more than a quarter of a mile apart, both of the same dimensions, but widely different in appearance. One had been newly thatched and white-washed; the glass windows shone brightly, and a few flower-pots, in which were some hardy geraniums, graced them. Some parasitic plants were creeping against the white walls; and in front, was a small but neat garden, well filled with simple and blooming flowers, around which were hovering innumerable bees, whose hives, ranged along the southern wall of the cottage, added to the air of comfort and cheerfulness of the rural picture.

The other dwelling offered a very striking contrast. The walls of the cottage were stained with mud and patches of green damp, and the thatch in many parts had disappeared, or was overgrown by weeds. The windows had many more panes broken, than whole; and through the broken ones protruded various unseemly articles of wearing apparel, thrust in to supply the place of the glass. A huge heap of dung raised its

unshapely mass against one side of the house ; and on the other, a pool of stagnant water, verdant from the accumulation of indescribable vegetable matter that half filled it, sent forth most unsavoury exhalations. Some ducks were floating merrily on the bosom of this opaque pond, or lough, as the owner of the dwelling would have called it ; and sundry long-legged pigs were supinely wallowing along its filthy banks. The mingled noises of cocks, hens, turkeys, and geese, stunned the ears of all who approached, as these domestic favourites were in turn assailed by four or five curly-headed, ragged urchins, whose rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs bore evidence of the nutritious qualities of potatoes, and whose activity in chasing the frightened birds kept these last in constant exercise. Two or three dogs, who occasionally joined in the warfare, barked, or growled a deep bass to the treble of the birds and the shrill laugh of the children ; only interrupted for a few minutes when the loud voice of an old man, who sat smoking his short pipe at the door of the house, commanded them to "hould their whisth, and not to be bothering the brains out of him, and the sowls out of the poor creathures of fowls."

In a porch in front of the first-mentioned of the two cottages, which in tidiness and beauty might have lost nothing by comparison with the neatest of those in England, sat two women, busily employed. The elder one, far advanced in the vale of years, was knitting stockings ; and the other, a comely matron of middle age, was sewing a garment of linen, white as the snowy

pigeons that were revolving in airy flight over her head, or sometimes descending to pick up the buckwheat dispensed with a liberal hand in the farm-yard adjoining the garden.

“Well, then, sure, it’s myself, Mary dear, that’s come up to have an hour’s talk with you, this fine day,” said the old woman, in accents that could leave no doubt of her country. “And see, I’ve brought my knitting,” resumed she, “that you shouldn’t be scoulding me for being idle, as you always do when I’m not at work.”

“Why, I think people may as well work while they are talking,” said the other, with a half smile; “and it saves time.”

“Ogh! Mary, it’s yourself that’s always talking of the value of time. Sure a body might think it was gould, by the fuss you make about it.”

“I wish, Katty my dear, I could make you and our neighbours understand that time *is* as valuable as gold, for then you would not perhaps waste it so much.”

“Well, Mary, if the mother that bore ye—and a dacent woman she was, as ever stepped in shoe-leather—was to hear you, she wouldn’t believe you were her child, when you’re always finding fault with our Irish ways. Ah! she was a fine *flough houragh*\* house-keeper, that she was; though I say it that oughtn’t to say it, bekase as how she was my aunt.”

\* Profuse.

“ I only find fault because I wish to see my country people as industrious and as economical of time as the English are, among whom I’ve spent so many years of my life.”

“ Well, you needn’t be regretting ’em so much; for I don’t think, Mary Magee, that you’d be after finding a more elegant house in all England, grand as it is, than this same house of yours, here. Why, it’s too fine to live in; and every thing about it is so clane, that I’m always afraid to dirt the place when I come to see you! What an elegant porch this is; flowers growing up against it, too, quite genteelly! Why, I’ve seen Micky, your husband, as busy as the bees that are buzzing around us, getting every thing ready for your coming over, just for all the world as if he was preparing to receive a born gentlewoman. ‘She’s been so many years used to have every thing tidy and nate about her house, in England,’ says he, ‘that she’d be miserable if I hadn’t this place a little dacent for her.’ And sure he thried all he could to get me and my ould man to take pathern by him, and to do up our tiniment; but we’re too ould to change our ways, or to be bothering ourselves with alterations. Besides, it’s a great comfort not to be afraid of spoiling things by dirting ’em; and with us, childer, pigs, dogs, and fowls, enjoy themselves, man and baste, as we say, without ever being put out of the way. But whisht, look down at the road, Mary—there he goes, and may God bless him while he lives, and the heavens be his bed when he takes the last sleep. Look at the

fine face of him, *ma vourneen*,\* with the eyes as blue as the heavens over his head, and the white locks that are streaming down his fresh-coloured cheeks as pure as the snow on the *Slieve-ne-Man* mountains! Sure, it does the heart of me good to see him."

"But why is he made so much of by all the neighbours?" asked the younger woman.

"Why? Ah, then, sure it's aisy to see you must be a stranger in these parts to ask the question. Isn't it himself that spent oceans of money, and, when that was gone, coined thousands of green acres into gold, to give to those that wanted it; and kept a house, the smoke of whose chimneys, burning night and day, went up to the sky to tell God how well he fed the hungry? Why, the smoke of his kitchen-chimney might be seen twenty miles off; and the smell of the meat, roasting and boiling, frying and broiling, drew every one who wanted a good dinner to the big house, where plenty and *cead mille falthoughhoughs* † always awaited them."

"Why did he leave the big house, then, neighbour?"

"Arragh, bekase them beasts of bailiffs wouldn't let him stay in it any longer; bad luck to 'em night and day for driving him away from us! for it was a sore day for Comery when he left it."

"How could the bailiffs drive him away, if he had a right to stay?"

\* My dear.

† A thousand welcomes.

“If he had a right to stay! ’Pon my soul, Mary Magee, you make the heart of me beat quicker, and the anger get into my head, by your foolish questions.”

“I ’m very sorry, Katty honey, for that same; for Him above knows, I had no thought to vex you. But I don’t quite understand how a gentleman is to be driven from his house and home by bailiffs, if he has done nothing against the law.”

“Against the law!—bad luck to the law! isn’t it the ruin of us all? Don’t tell me of law which has beggared more than one-half the parish, and will never stop till it has beggared the other! Law, indeed! Isn’t it another name for the devil?—God forgive me for saying such a word. The very sound of it makes me angry, and good cause I have for that same.”

“But you have not told me, Katty dear, how the bailiffs had power to turn away Mr. O’Donoughough from the big-house.”

“Power!—sure haven’t they power to do whatever they like when the law tells ’em?”

“Did he do any thing against the law, then?”

“He!—never. But bekase he couldn’t pay the wine-merchant for all the port, and sherry, and claret, that used to be floating about the dining-room, enough to swim a big ship, the spalpeen of the world put a pross\* into the house; after that a latitat; then fiery faces;† and then, them blackguards of bailiffs, who, if a gentleman owes a thrifle of money, have no more

\* Process.

† Fieri Facias.

respect for him than if he was nothing at all, came and took possession."

"What's a pross, Katty dear, and a latitat? The fiery faces, I guess, must be the two red-nosed bailiffs that the gorsoons always pelt with stones when they go through the village."

"Why God help you, you creathure of the world! Arragh, sure, as I said before, it's aisy enough to see you're a stranger in these parts, not to know what a pross, a latitat, and fiery faces main! You'll not be long here, I can tell you, before you know 'em better; for there's not a brat of a boy, no, nor a girl neither, in all the bhoreens,\* that isn't cute enough to know that much."

"Well, but tell me, Katty, why Mr. O'Donoughough was forced away from the big house."

"Why, *cuishla ma chree*, when the people found out that the bailiffs were in the house, the butcher said, 'I'd never be the first man to put an execution into the house,' says he; 'but as Mr. Hooper, the great wine-merchant from Dublin, has put one in, I may as well thry, and get my money.' So he up and gets a detainer. Thin comes the grocer, with a bill as long as the pedigree of the O'Donoughoughs—and sure there aint a longer in all Ireland—and he says, 'I must be paid for my tay, and sugar, and coffee, and spices.' Ogh, the vagabone of the world!—when I think that there wasn't a poor woman within ten miles that was

\* Suburbs of a town or village.



ever allowed to want a cup of bohay—ay, be me soul, nor a dhrop of wine, if she was sick or sorry, and cinnamont, cloves, and sugar to put into it! Sure it's no wondher that the bill for spices was a long one, any way. Afther that comes the miller for his flour. 'Well, sure,' says the ould masther, 'I can't owe Barney Donovan much for flour; for hasn't he had every shafe of whate that has grown on my farm for the last twenty years, and I never took a shilling of money from him for that same?' But Barney up and tould him, that though the whate on the farm might find flour enough for one large family, it couldn't supply all the poor in the neighbourhood, who got bread from the big house. Ogh, Mary Magee, there never was such another customer in the whole world as the ould masther! He never left any thing on the hands of the thrades people, that he didn't! The chandler thin takes the law for the soap and candles sent to the big house for many a long year, and a terrible bill it was; and no wondher, for the ould gentleman couldn't bear to see a dirty child in the whole parish; and well the poor neighbours knew it: for when they wanted a supply of soap, faith they'd turn out the childer with dirty faces into the road whin the masther was coming that way, and whin he scoulded 'em for having them so black, they'd say they hadn't a bit of soap to wash 'em, and he'd ordher a stone of it to be sent to 'em next day. Thin, the ould women were always begging for rushlights for the long nights whin they were sick, and snuff and tobacco for wakes, and they never were denied; so

how could the ould gentleman help owing a power of money to the chandler? The tailor was the next, and his bill for frize coats alone, for the poor ould men, and cloaks for the ould women, of the parish, was a terrible one, let alone for the masther's clothes and the liveries. The blacksmith was the last who took the law. He had shod the horses for years and years, and a blest number of thim there was in the stables. He was the dacentest of all thim that sarved the masther for generations, and he cried down salt tears whin he tould me that if he only got the money due to him for forcing open doors, picking locks, and making new keys every year at the big house, his childer would be rich people now. Well, Mary, one afther another they put in executions. The boys in the neighbourhood wanted to go up and mhurder the bailiffs; and the ould women, and, to tell the truth, myself among 'em, advised the gorsoons not to lave a bone in their bodies unbroken: but Mr. O'Donoughough, suspecting that the love of the people would lade 'em to shew their respect for him in this manner, sent down a line to say, that if a single hair of the heads of any of the bailiffs was touched, he'd never forgive whoever did it. Thin the boys wanted to smash the windows of thim that put in the executions—ay, be me throth, and to bait 'em too—but the masther ordhered them not to break the law, and the spalpeens of the world were allowed to go unpunished,—more's the pity! Think, Mary Magee, what it was to have executions for thousands and thousands of pounds put

into that house where, for years and years, there was nothing known but feasting and rejoicing — where the poor were clothed and fed, and where the door was as open as the heart of the owner. *Ogh chone,\* ma vourneen!* that was a sore day for poor Comery; and there were more dhry throats than dhry eyes there thin any way. I'll never forgit, when we were all bemoaning over the fire in the Widow Macgrath's little houlding, Padheen Murdoch said, 'Why, isn't it a big shame for us to sit kenthahaling here, instead of making thim bailiffs cry that did the mischief? Sure the mather only tould us not to hurt a hair of their heads; and, as most of them wear wigs, we may bait 'em right well without touching their hair!' Poor Padheen was always a dacent and cute boy, God rest his soul! He, Padheen, I main, wasn't like those that sarved the house for years, the ungrateful varmint! afther all the good he, the mather, I main, had done 'em, thinking he never could give 'em enough work to do, or buy too much from them. Sure, the butcher himself allows, that the big house took so much mate, that all the cows and sheep sould to him from the farm on the estate wouldn't half pay his bill; and sure, no wonder, when half the parish—ay, be me soul, and more than half—never had occasion to buy a joint three times in the year, as all that could have esquire clapped to their names dined most days of the week in the great oak hall at the big house; and the days they did not

\* Alas! woe is me!

dine there were passed in thrying to recover from the effects of the too good dinners eaten, and the too much good wine dhrank there. Sure, didn't three parsons, Kirivan, Morrison, and him that came afther him, Parson O'Driscol, die, one of hoppoplexy, t'other of hindigesty, and the last from a narrow sipilas, from eating too much at the big house? And no less than four doctors, one afther another, died from the same cause. I didn't much pity the doctors, any way; for they are all for starving their patients, and cramming themselves, for all the world like the fowls sint up for the English officers to the Dublin market. And while the gintry were fed in the oak hall, be me soul, the tradesmen and hangers-on, and all who were on the *shough-a-raun*, were as well fed in the sarvants' hall; the only difference in life being, that the oak-hall company had first cuts of the joints, and the sarvants and their friends the second. Then came the *bocoughs*\* to the scullery door—lame, blind, and the *mhoodauns*† into the bargain, and lashings they got to eat and to carry away. Niver was such eating and dhrinking in this world; no, nor never will be in the next, for all the people tells us of the blessings that will be there. Beer and cider flowed like the sea, and whisky was as plenty as the river Suir, and as clear and bright, but more nourishing."

"Then it seems the old gentleman paid for little of this extravagance?"

\* Beggarmen.

† Fools.

“Paid, indeed! faith, he was too much of a gintleman to bother his head about paying. It is not what he had been used to; no, nor his father before him. From generation to generation they had gone on feeding rich and poor, and clothing as well as feeding those that wanted it; and, let me tell you, that whin a gintleman has to be ordering grand dinners in the morning, to be eating ’em in the evening, and to be thrying to sleep off the effects of ’em in the night, not to talk of shooting and hunting, he can find but little time to be *thinking* of bills, let alone paying ’em.”

“Well but, Katty dear, that’s what I call very wrong. People should be just before they are generous; and pay their debts before they give away money or food that isn’t theirs.”

“That isn’t theirs!! What do you mean by that, Mrs. Magee?—I’d like to know. Why, wasn’t it his own the moment he bought it, woman?”

“No, Katty, not till he paid for it.”

“Ogh, mhurder! mhurder! was there ever sich nonsense? Sure, if nobody thought a thing their own until they paid for it, be me conscience, there’s few people would have much property to boast of. But you’re a quare crathur, Mary Magee, that’s the truth of it; and you picked up all them mean notions when you were across the herring-pond, and can’t get ’em out of your head. I’m sorry for you, troth I am; for I see you can’t understand how a real Milesian gintleman ought to live; and you think that he ought to be putting his hand in his pocket to pay

for things, just for all the world like that poor mean fellow, Mr. Herbert."

"Mean fellow! Oh, Katty, how can you call him so? He that does so much good, that employs the poor all the year round, finding some occupation for every one!"

"And more shame for him to be working the poor crathurs off their legs! If he gave 'em a thrifle for nothing, then, indeed, I'd say something of him; but doesn't he get hard work for his wages?"

"Katty, Katty, how can you forget all the good he has done since he came amongst you?"

"Good, indeed!—Is it him? He wants people to work like niggers—ay, faith, and makes 'em too; and where's the compliment, or the great goodness in paying 'em for their hard labour? If, as I said before, he gave 'em the money for doing nothing, that would be goodness."

"No, Katty, that would be folly, and an encouragement to idleness; whereas Mr. Herbert provides work, and pays for it liberally, teaching those who are willing to labour to depend on it for their support, instead of eating the bread of idleness given to them through mistaken charity."

"Och! and don't be telling me of your Mr. Herbert! 't is little I think of him and the likes of him: give me the ould mather, Mr. O'Donoughough, the real gintleman from top to toe."

"But this real gentleman has ruined all those who supplied his house."

“Is it him? Not he, indeed!—quite the contrary. Did *he* ever huxter, and dispute, and bait down the price of any thing? Not like Mr. Herbert, who will only pay the market prices.”

“Yes, Katty, but remember Mr. Herbert *does* pay.”

“And no thanks to him either, when he’s making money every day, planting, dhraining, and getting railroads carried.”

“It will be long before he derives any profit from these works, which require so large an expenditure. But look at the constant employment, winter and summer, he finds for the poor; those that used to be months out of work, with their families starving.”

“No! Mithis Magee, there was no one *allowed* to starve while the mather was at the big house, and that I’d have you to know. Starve, indeed!”

“Well but, Katty, is it not better to have the means of supporting one’s family honestly by one’s own labour, than to be obliged to depend on charity?”

“Whin there’s no charity to be had people *must* labour, Mithis Magee; but if the ould mather was at the big house no one need work.”

“And so much the worse; but you don’t, surely, mean to say that Mr. Herbert ever refuses charity where it is really required?”

“Didn’t he refuse Tom Macguire t’other day?”

“Because Tom is well able to work, and wouldn’t.”

“Tom hasn’t been used to it, poor boy! He used to earn lashings of money, as did many more in the

masther's time, going out baiting the covers for the gintlemen that used to be out shooting from the big house. Many's the tinpinny he used to get; and when, by any lucky accident, he got shot in the legs, they'd give him a piece of gould, and he'd be off to the fairs and pathrens in the neighbourhood until every farthing of it was gone. Often have I seen Tom Macguire and some more of the boys picking the shot out of their legs with knitting-needles, and heard 'em hoping they'd soon have more of the same good luck, it brought 'em so much money. Ogh! times are sadly changed with poor Tom, and it's no wondher he has taken to the dhrink to comfort him. Little did I think he'd ever be reduced to ax a *Sassenagh*\* for charity."

"Nor ought he to ask *any one*, Katty dear, when he has health to work."

"But I tell you he's not used to it."

"And I know Mr. Herbert isn't used to give charity to those that *can* earn, and *won't*."

"Ogh! I see, Mary Magee, that you're intirely changed into an Englishwoman by the many long years you spent in England, and nursing them English childer; and you have such quare notions, that it's no use talking to you. Faith, you, an Irishwoman bred and born, ought to be ashamed to disparage your own country, and to set up another above it!"

"You wrong me, indeed, Katty honey, for I love

\* A Stranger.



Ireland dearly; and it's because I do, that I would wish to see my countrymen taking pattern from Englishmen, and learning to value their time, and to depend on their labour. But you have not told me what became of Mr. O'Donoughough after all the executions were put in the house?"

"Sure, thin, a *cant*\* was called; and as none of the gintry of the neighbourhood would attend it for fear of hurting the ould masther's feelings, the things sould for little or nothing to the little blackguard brokers from Waterford, Carrick-on-Suir, and Clonmel. Ogh! 't was they that carried off the *lob*† any way. The estate was sould out and out; for, unluckily, 't wasn't tailed on Miss Grace."

"Who was Miss Grace?"

"The masther's only daughter, to be sure,—the biggest beauty and the greatest darlingt that ever was born. No, Mary Magee, you may believe me when I tell you, that there isn't the match for Miss Grace O'Donoughough in all Ireland. Ogh! 't was enough to melt the hardest heart to see her whin the bailiffs came and took all; yet she did not shed a tear, only looked so pale, and she minded nothing but thrying to comfort the ould masther. 'My child, my own Grace,' said he, 'can you forgive me for letting it come to this? How unpardonable has my conduct been!' And the tears came rolling down his cheeks, and she put her arms around his neck, and kissed

\* An Auction.

† Treasure.

him until his tears were all shining on her dark ringlets just for all the world like the dew on the leaves of the lauristina; and her young fair cheek, pressed against his ruddy one, looked like a lily near a damask rose; while his white locks were mixed with her shining black ones, just as one sees the snow hanging in wreaths from the branches of the larch. I saw it all through the glass-door of the study, when I was thrying to condole with my sisther-in-law, Anstey O'Donnel, the nurse of Miss Grace, who never left her since she was born; no, nor never will till she—Anstey, I main—is carried feet foremost to the churchyard. ‘Come, my dear father!’ says Miss Grace. ‘Where would you have me go, my child?’ says he. ‘To Clonea, where I have secured such a pretty cottage, and prepared every thing for your reception.’ ‘Then you have long foreseen what would, what *must* have been the fruit of my folly, while I——’ And here the big tears came down so fast he couldn’t finish what he was saying. And she *had* foreseen, sure enough, as her mother before her had, that the noble-hearted ould gintleman was spending thousands where he ought not to have spent hundreds; and this grieved the daughter as it had grieved the mother, who, many people said, died of a broken heart from the dread that her child would be reduced to want.”

“And wouldn’t the gentleman listen to his wife or his daughter, and for their sakes leave off his extravagance?”

“How could he, poor gintleman? Sure often and

often he promised the misthis he would turn over a new leaf: but then would come some company, invited months before, for the shooting, or the hunting, or the fishing; and, as he used to say, there was no good in thrying to save in the winther, bekase ould friends *would* be coming. Then in the summer, there was the races at one place and another, all within an aisy distance of the big house; and people would think it so quare, and so they would, faith, if the house wasn't filled with company as it always was for generations and generations. So you see, Mary, he could never find the time to turn over the new leaf, either in winter or summer: so 't wasn't his fault, poor dear gintleman! as you see, and, indeed, many a one has tould me, 'tis a mighty hard matter to do it, for one never knows where or how to begin. Well, but I was telling you, he cried; and 'tis a terrible thing, Mary, to see a man, and, above all, *such* a man, shed tears. 'You may forgive me, my own Grace,' says he, 'but I never can forgive myself. *She*, who is in Heaven, warned me of what must happen.' 'Oh, my dear father, be comforted, I pray you,' said Miss Grace, the tears streaming down her cheeks; and again and again she kissed his forehead. With that poor Anstey began sobbing, and so did I too, for I couldn't help it, and so we stole out of the room that the mather and Miss Grace mightn't know we were there. They went off to Clonea the next morning, followed by the blessings of the poor and the good wishes of the rich; and they live in a little bit of a

cottage that you might steal out of the hall of the big house without its being missed: but it's so neat, and so tidy, and so sweet, that it's a pleasure to look at it; and then Miss Grace is from morning till night thinking of nothing but how to please her father. And the farmers around are always sending 'em chickens, and butter, and eggs, and every thing they think they would like, though Miss Grace does all she can to prevent 'em; and isn't it herself that has refused great offers of marriage bekase she wouldn't leave her father, and never will?"

"But how has Miss Grace been able to do all this for her father?" asked Mary Magee, wiping her eyes which had been moistened by Katty's story.

"Ogh! thin, did I forget to tell you that her godfather took more care of her worldly prospects than her real father did; and, having died a year before the break-up of the big house, left Miss Grace two hundred pounds a-year for her life, out of which she makes not only the ould masther happy, but contrives to do a power of good to the poor into the bargain? The masther comes here now and then, just to see the ould place and the ould faces, and proud and glad are we to see him: God bless him, and long may he live!"

It was about three months after this conversation, that Katty and Mary Magee were again seated in front of the latter's dwelling, the one as formerly engaged in needlework, while the other was knitting stockings.

“ Well, thin, sure, Mary Magee, 't is yourself that was sly enough, any way, never to have tould us a word of the courtship until the wedding-day was fixed, when you must have known from your husband long ago that his masher was going to be married to Miss Grace O'Donoughough.”

“ Why, to tell you the truth, Katty, I did not think it right to speak about the courtship of my husband's master until I knew that the young lady had accepted him.”

“ Ogh! be me soul, Mary, you're almost an Englishwoman in all your ways; and only that the mother of you was my own aunt, which makes you me cousin-garmint, I'd never believe you had the true ould Irish blood in your vains, you're so quare. And so Mr. Herbert has bought the big house, and all the estate along with it, and Miss Grace will be misthis of the house she was born and bred in after all, praise and glory be to His name who settles every thing for the best! Well, the heart of me warmed to Mr. Herbert, which is more than ever I thought it would do to a Sassenagh, and above all to one as makes people work like niggers, whin I heard how he sent round every where to buy up all the ould family pictures that belonged to the big house, and paid six times as much for 'em as they were formerly sould for at the cant.”

“ When you know Mr. Herbert as well as I do, Katty, your heart *will* warm to him, I can tell you; for, though he is not a gentleman who makes pro-

fessions of kindness, never was there so considerate a person or so just a one."

"Always barring the ould mather, Mary; for I can never allow any one to be put before him. I am tould that nothing can equal the elegant furniture that is putting into the big house, and that the ould mather's own rooms are doing up for him as if he was a king."

"Yes, indeed, Katty, every attention is paid to his comfort; and Mr. Herbert behaves to him just as if he was his own father—so respectful and so affectionate, my husband tells me."

"And why not, pray? Isn't it a great honour for Mr. Herbert, or the like of him, to marry into such an ould ancient family, with a pedigree as long as the bleaching-green?"

"But Mr. Herbert is of a very old family himself, Katty."

"Why, didn't people tell me that his father was only a banker?"

"It is very true that his father, the Honourable Mr. Herbert, own brother to an earl, was a banker."

"Arragh! let us alone, Mary Magee, and don't be afther telling us that a real lord's brother would keep a bank, just like Jimmy Devereux at Carrick-on-Suir, that keeps the bank and the cloth-shop!"

"Bankers in London, Katty, are quite different from those in small towns in Ireland; and many of the younger branches of noble families are partners in banking-houses."

“ Well, that beats out Banagher and Balinasloe too! Who'd ever believe that lords' brothers and sons would come to such a pitch?—But thim English lords aint to be compared with Irish; they haven't the true Milesian blood in their vains afther all, or, if they had, they'd rather be without a shoe to their feet, a coat to their backs, or a morsel in their stomachs, than take to business: so it's well for Mr. Herbert, rich as he is—and they say he is as rich as the Irish king *Crayshoes*\*—that his childer, whenever they come, will have a drop of the right sort in 'em. Ogh! you may smile if you like, Mary Magee, but blood isn't wather I can tell you.”

Twelve months after the conversation above recorded, between Katty O'Shaghnessy and Mary Magee, a general rejoicing at Comery marked the birth of a son and heir at the big house. Great was the alteration effected during that short period in the appearance of the village, and the habits and feelings of its inhabitants, on whom the example and protection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had produced the most salutary change. It is true, a few of the old people like Katty O'Shaghnessy remained in some particulars wedded to their prejudices; nevertheless, they all entertained a lively sentiment of gratitude towards Mr. Herbert, and an affection bordering on adoration for his wife, who, now blessed with ample means, left nothing undone that could tend to their improvement and comfort.

\* *Cresus*.

“ Well, this is a happy day for us all, Mary,” said our old friend, Katty; “ but what a pity it is that the ould masther is so changed!—They tell me he never will dhrink above a couple of glasses of wine, takes no pleasure now in noisy company, or in dogs, or horses, as he used to do, and likes to be quiet, and to read the Bible. What a sad change!”

“ No, Katty, it is a blessed change; for he is now happy and respectable, and contributes to the happiness of his daughter and her husband. You should have seen him as I did yesterday, kissing the new-born baby, while Mrs. Herbert was looking at him till the tears of delight were in her eyes, and her husband was smiling—oh, such a happy smile! to hear the old gentleman say that the baby was almost as handsome as its mother was when she was born, and he hoped would prove as great a blessing to its parents as its mother had been to him.”



Her smile, her eye, her voice, a soft, sweet flow,  
That fell like dew on a lone, lone tree;  
And when she spoke, her words were like a dove,  
That came to rest on a branch of love;  
And when she sang, her voice was like a bird,  
That sang to the heart of every child;  
And when she died, her soul was like a star,  
That shone in heaven for ever and a day.

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHITE.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

BRIGHT Lady!—how unworldly seem those eyes,  
Lifted with looks that linger on the skies!  
On earth are broken flowers—faint smiles that fly  
The stars in heaven—*they* never fade nor die!  
Breathe the sweet thoughtfulness of peaceful breath,  
Dark is a *Woman's* destiny beneath!—  
The mighty power of *LOVING*, bows her soul  
Beneath a dangerous and a dread control.

The mighty power of *Loving*! Soul, and mind,  
And heart, and strength of hers, are all resign'd  
To *Feeling's* deep dominion!—*Is it well?*—  
*Not* in the world, where *Fate* and *Falsehood* dwell!

Turn from earth's vain enchantments, and its wiles;  
Despise its flatteries, and defy its smiles;  
Even as an open'd and devouring sea,  
Woman! that cruel world yawns dark round thee!



W. Fisher.

H. Robinson.

*Mrs. White.*

## THE ROSE TO THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

“ La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste  
Ne fuis pas.”

To the bright Butterfly the Rose, complaining,  
Said, “ Leave me not  
To wander 'mid the heavens, while here remaining  
I mourn my lot.

Are we not lovers, in our joys united ?  
Do they not say  
That we are flowers alike, living delighted  
Our summer day ?

Alas ! while *I* am chain'd to earth, thy fleetness  
In the vast air  
Bears *thee* so far, not e'en my balmy sweetness  
Can reach thee there.

Thy flight is still too distant—ever ranging  
'Mid countless flowers,  
I, sadly fix'd, see the dull shadows changing  
That mark the hours.

Now here, and now some happier spot adorning,  
Thy light appears ;  
Then wonder not to find me every morning  
Bedew'd with tears.

So that our days may flow in tranquil seeming  
By storms unmoved,  
Take root with me, or give me bright wings gleaming,  
Like thee, Beloved !”

## RECOLLECTIONS OF TANGIER.

A TRANSLATED EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE COUNT  
CHARLES DE MORNAY.

### A RELIGIOUS SCENE AT MOROCCO.

PICTURE to yourself, madam, a crowd the most passionate, the most noisy, the most convulsive, if I may venture thus to express it, and you will scarcely be able to form an idea of the religious scene which has this moment taken place before my eyes.

I had just passed the gate of Tangier, when I heard behind me the most tumultuous cries. I interrogated the interpreter who accompanied me, and inquired of him whither this infuriated body was going? This dragoman, who was a Jew of Tangier, was suddenly seized with terror, and, without replying to my question, entreated me to hasten to the town, that we might shut ourselves up in our house; assuring me that, during the time this ceremony continued, it was most dangerous for any one, not professing Islamism, to be found in the passage of this disorderly crowd.

You can understand that this word, ceremony, applied to such confusion, excited my curiosity, and seeing my interlocutor a little re-assured by being once more within his house, I asked of him an explanation

of the scene we had witnessed without the town, and of the terror which had caused him to entreat me to return so precipitately. The following was his reply:—

“I had forgotten when I went out with you, that this was the day when a part of the inhabitants of the province of Riff come to join the Mussulman devotees of Tangier, for the purpose of offering up their prayers among the tombs. The crowd we have just seen were directing their steps to the tomb of one of the *santons*,\* Ismaël Ben-Abou; and upon this tomb the sacrifice is to be offered.”

My interpreter remarking that my attention increased as he proceeded, hastened to continue his recital:—“The Mussulmans,” he pursued, “repeating their prayers, follow the priest who is to offer up the sacrifice upon the tomb of Ismaël. Even now, while I speak, they are strangling a sheep; and the Scheriff who immolates it distributes the blood, still warm, to all the faithful who have come to pray with him. Immediately all the true believers excite themselves almost to a state of frenzy, and utter fearful cries: you will see them as they return, rolling and wallowing in the mud, and shouting ‘Allah!’ and woe be to the Christians or Jews who are found in the path of these fanatics: they are literally torn to pieces by this ferocious multitude.”

Admiring the prudence of my interpreter, I still entertained some little doubt as to the necessity of the

\* The *santon* is an enlightened Mussulman, who has died in a state of beatitude: it is a faint imitation of the Saints of Catholicism.

precautions he had made me take, and of the veracity of his story, when suddenly I heard a fearful uproar in the direction of the gates of the town. The same crowd I had before seen were now returning, uttering cries even more horrible than at their departure; many of the men rolling and tumbling on the earth. They had let down that long lock of hair which every good Mussulman wears, that by it he may be drawn up by the archangel into the abodes of the blessed, and tore it violently. This kind of mane half covered their savage faces, on which were painted the wildest delirium; and I was seized with horror at seeing their beards covered with foam and blood.

In the midst of this hideous body, the Scheriff, like the priests of every religion, was perfectly calm and serene: he alone, of all the crowd, was on horseback; and with the greatest dignity he permitted these fanatical sectarians to kiss his hands and his feet. This mass, shouting, rolling, convulsed, and covered with dirt, passed like a rapid torrent under the windows of the house where I had taken shelter.

When at length the tumult had passed, a thousand confused ideas crossed my mind; and I inquired of myself, was it possible that Mahometanism alone could have excited such frenzy? I reflected that though the religion of Christ is in reality a religion of love and charity, the pages of history recorded many fearful atrocities committed in its name. I fancied I heard the cries of the wretched savages of America, torn by the fierce dogs of the Spanish monks who came to convert these unhappy beings: I saw passing

before my eyes the penitents of the Ligue, lacerating their bodies with sharp whips in the name of the God of peace; and then there rang in my ears the tocsin of St. Bartholomew, which commanded the massacre of the Huguenots: I trembled with terror at the cruel wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads: I sighed over Ireland, bound down during so many years because she professed some articles of faith different to those received by her conquerors.

Here, as in Paris or in London, I was to see the afterpiece following the drama. It is, indeed, of an afterpiece I am about to speak; for I intend to relate to you, in a few words, an account of what composes the dramatic art of Morocco, and the talent which belongs to the actors of that country. Immediately after the passage of the religious fanatics, of whom I have just been speaking, and when tranquillity seemed a little re-established in the town, I ventured out, like the dove escaped from the ark, to explore this, to me, unknown ground.

I directed my steps towards the centre of Tangier, and there, in the midst of a large space, I perceived an assembly of persons. Rendered prudent by what I had already witnessed, I hesitated to approach, when loud bursts of laughter from the crowd announced that calm was established, and that my Christian dress would no longer be an obstacle to my taking part in the general mirth. I advanced accordingly, and saw a circle formed by grave Mussulmans, all seated; in



the midst of which were two men, whose business was to divert the assembly.

These were two travelling players. Their dress differed in nothing from that of the spectators, except that their caftans were taken off, their sleeves turned up, leaving the arms bare, but ornamented with an amulet, worn as a bracelet.

Thus attired, these two buffoons performed their tricks — the one armed with an immense stick, while the other held a mandoline with which to accompany himself. The latter sung a number of wild songs; and when his memory flagged, or the plaudits of the crowd interrupted his voice, his companion administered a paternal correction, which enchanted the charmed spectators.

I could easily understand that this system of blows was as diverting to the Moors as the kicks which Maître Cassandre gives to Paillasse, in France; or the cudgelling administered to Punch by the Constable, to the public in the streets of Paris and London.

These two buffoons, having at length exhausted all the jokes belonging to such an exhibition, passed round the circle a plate, on which each deposited his offering.

I now imagined that all this buffoonery was concluded, when I saw our two mummers raise a large cloak, under which were concealed two immense serpents.

These new Laocoons began to assume a variety of attitudes, and to entwine themselves in the fearful

embraces of these monstrous and disgusting reptiles. I remained a few moments to witness this spectacle so new to me, but soon becoming tired of it, I hastened away.

I own that all which creeps, be it king, people, courtier, valet, or serpent, disgusts me so much as always to cause a hasty retreat, and I fly without looking behind me.

ROBIN HOOD.

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. MABERLY.

“WHO is it, who is it, in Lincoln green,  
With his air so gay and free,  
Who walks as the lord of the forest scene  
Or a noble of high degree?”

Oh, Lady! there's none in the wild greenwood  
With that outlaw can compare;  
For who can draw bow with the bold Robin Hood?  
Or meet him in fight, who dare?”

The lady has rush'd to the outlaw chief,  
At his feet she has kneelèd low,  
And as she unfolded her tale of grief  
The scalding tears did flow.

“Now, shame on their Norman forest law!”  
Broke out the chieftain bold;  
“Such a sight merry Sherwood never saw  
In the Saxon times of old.

Rise up, rise up, my sweet Lady,  
And dry that falling tear,  
For soon shall thy Saxon Page be free,  
Though he's slaughter'd the royal deer.

For through all the glades of merry Sherwood  
I reign with sovereign sway,  
And nought but the laws of bold Robin Hood  
Do the foresters wild obey."

He has chosen from out his yeoman band  
A score of archers gay ;  
At the turn of the wood he has taken his stand,  
For the Sheriff must pass that way.

And quickly came on the Norman train,  
The Page on a palfrey bound,  
The Sheriff with wand and golden chain,  
His spearmen rode around.

Down dropp'd the steed with his burthen light,  
Loud twang'd the unerring bow  
From Robin Hood's hand an arrow so bright  
Hath laid the palfrey low.

The Sheriff he spurred his startled horse,  
He look'd not to left nor to right,  
But onward he kept his headlong course  
Till Nottingham town was in sight.

They loosen'd the Page from the dying steed,  
To his lady they gave him free ;  
But for brave Robin Hood, in his hour of need,  
He had died on the gallows' tree.

*July 30, 1840.*

ON  
THE PORTRAIT  
OF  
MISS ISABELLA MONTGOMERY.

BY MISS POWER.

UPON that fair young brow a shade is dwelling,  
A soften'd light is in the radiant eye,  
As though fond Memory some tale were telling  
Of Childhood's joys and happiness gone by.

Perchance thy thoughts are where the woods are  
waving —

Hear'st thou the whisper of the leaves' light play?  
The murmuring rivulet the bright sands laving,  
And speeding fast along its joyous way?

Think'st thou, bright maiden, of the lonely fountain  
Whose waters mirror'd back the azure sky?  
Or of the wild free breezes of the mountain,  
Breathing a stream of proud glad melody?

But though departed are thy childhood's hours,  
Bethink thee of the gifts that round thee shine:  
All the bright treasures that kind Nature show's  
Upon her darlings lavishly, are thine.



THE SUBTLE

MISS ISABELLA MONTGOMERY

BY MISS MONTGOMERY

Oppos'd that far young from a smiling dwelling

Whence a smile in the radiant eye

And a voice that melody some tale would tell

By the fountain's side and the garden's gate

And when the sun had set the world was still

And the moon had set the world was still

And the stars had set the world was still

And the night had set the world was still

And the dawn had set the world was still

And the day had set the world was still

And the night had set the world was still

And the dawn had set the world was still

And the night had set the world was still

And the day had set the world was still

And the night had set the world was still

And the dawn had set the world was still

And the night had set the world was still



*Miss Isabella Montgomery*





Hath she not given thee that cheek's soft roses—  
As pure, as bright, as delicately fair,  
As the sweet blossom that e'en now reposes  
Amidst the tresses of thy glossy hair?

Such, Isabella, are the gifts that Nature  
Bestows on thee: long, long may they be thine.  
Youth, innocence, the charms of form and feature,  
In thee, bright girl, have found a fitting shrine.

FROM THE REVELATION.

FOR MUSIC.

BY THE VISCOUNT JOCELYN.

METHOUGHT I was gone home  
To the land that's far away,  
Where brighter spirits roam  
And chaunt Hosannah's lay.  
There, on a golden throne, a King  
Sits in His nuptial pride,  
Whilst round about the seraphs sing  
A welcome to the Bride.  
And from His eye a glorious light  
Illumes the heavenly crowd;  
A thousand suns shine not so bright  
As Him to whom they bow'd.

Methought that I was gone  
To join the glorious band;  
Before the throne was one  
Who robed in white did stand.  
I saw the books unclasp'd, that none,  
In Heaven or Earth, were found  
Worthy to ope or gaze upon;  
I wept, and look'd around.

And forth a Lamb that by the Bride,  
A new-slain Lamb, that stood,  
Broke off the seal, and open'd wide,  
As worthy by his blood.  
And Saints and Angels fell around,  
And with their voices peal,  
" This Lamb alone is worthy found  
To loose by blood the seal."

Methought I heard a voice  
Like waters rushing past,  
And harps whose tones rejoice,  
And lull the thunder blast.  
And ev'ry gate was opened wide,  
The King was on His throne,  
The Bridegroom by his Bride,  
And Earth and Heaven were gone.

wriggled and twisted a little so as to get rid of coat-tails, &c., all of which was effected previous to our having cleared *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires*, we began to scrutinise each other. Our female companion's veil was down and doubled, so that I could not well make her out; my other four companions were young men, all Frenchmen, apparently good-tempered, and inclined to be agreeable. A few seconds were sufficient for my reconnoitre of the gentlemen, and then my eyes were naturally turned towards the lady. She was muffled up in a winter cloak, so that her figure was not to be made out; and the veil still fell down before her face, so that only one cheek and a portion of her chin could be deciphered:—that fragment of her physiognomy was very pretty, and I watched in silence for the removal of the veil.

“ I have omitted to state that, before I got into the diligence, I saw her take a very tender adieu of a very handsome woman; but, as her back was turned to me at the time, I did not see her face. She had now fallen back in her seat, and seemed disposed to commune with her own thoughts: that did not suit my views, which were to have a view of her face. Real politeness would have induced me to have left her to herself, but pretended politeness was resorted to that I might gratify my curiosity; so I inquired if she wished the window up. The answer was in the negative, and in a very sweet voice; and then there was a pause, of course—so I tried again.

“ ‘ You are melancholy at parting with your handsome sister,’ observed I, leaning forward with as much

appearance of interest as I could put into my beautiful phiz.

“ ‘ How could you have presumed that she was my sister ? ’ replied she.

“ ‘ From the *strong family* likeness, ’ rejoined I, ‘ I felt certain of it. ’

“ ‘ But she is only my sister-in-law, sir—my brother’s wife. ’

“ ‘ Then, I presume, he chose a wife as like his sister as he could find : nothing more natural—I should have done the same. ’

“ ‘ Sir, you are very polite, ’ replied the lady, who lowered down the window, adding, ‘ I like fresh air. ’

“ ‘ Perhaps you would find yourself less incommoded if you took off your veil ? ’

“ ‘ I will not ascribe that proposition to curiosity on your part, sir, ’ replied the lady, ‘ as you have already seen my face. ’

“ ‘ You cannot, then, be surprised at my wishing to see it once more. ’

“ ‘ You are very polite, sir. ’

“ Although her voice was soft, there was a certain quickness and decision in her manner and language which were very remarkable. The other passengers now addressed her, and the conversation became general. The veiled lady took her share in it, and shewed a great deal of smartness and repartee. In an hour more we were all very intimate. As we changed horses, I took down my hat to put into it my cigar-case which I had left in my pocket, upon which the lady observed, ‘ You smoke, I perceive; and so, I

dare say, do all the rest of the gentlemen.—Now, do not mind me, I am fond of the smell of tobacco—I am used to it.’

“ We hesitated.

“ ‘ Nay, more, I smoke myself, and will take a cigar with you.’

“ This was decisive. I offered my cigar-case—another gentleman struck a light. Lifting up her veil so as to shew a very pretty mouth, with teeth as white as snow, she put the cigar in her mouth, and set us the example. In a minute both windows were down, and every one had a cigar in his mouth.

“ ‘ Where did you learn to smoke, madam?’ was a question put to the *incognita* by the passenger who sat next to her.

“ ‘ Where?—In the camp—Africa—every where. I did belong to the army—that is, my husband was a captain of the 47th. He was killed, poor man! in the last successful expedition to Constantine:—*c’était un brave homme.*’

“ ‘ Indeed! Were you at Constantine?’

“ ‘ Yes, I was; I followed the army during the whole campaign.’

“ The diligence stopped for supper or dinner, whichever it might be considered, and the *conducteur* threw open the doors. ‘ Now,’ thought I, ‘ we shall see her face;’ and so, I believe, thought the other passengers: but we were mistaken; the lady went up-stairs and had a basin of soup taken to her. When all was ready we found her in the diligence, with her veil down as before.

“ This was very provoking, for she was so lively and witty in conversation, and the features of her face which had been disclosed were so perfect, that I was really quite on a fret that she would leave me without satisfying my curiosity :— they talk of woman’s curiosity, but we men have as much, after all. It became dark ;— the lady evidently avoided further conversation, and we all composed ourselves as well as we could. It may be as well to state in few words, that the next morning she was as cautious and reserved as ever. The diligence arrived at this hotel—the passengers separated—and I found that the lady and I were the only two who took up our quarters there. At all events, the Frenchmen who travelled with us went away just as wise as they came.

“ ‘ You remain here?’ inquired I, as soon as we had got out of the diligence.

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied she. ‘ And you ——’

“ ‘ I remain here, certainly ; but I hope you do not intend to remain always veiled. It is too cruel of you.’

“ ‘ I must go to my room now and make myself a little more comfortable ; after that, Mons. l’Anglais, I will speak to you. You are going over in the packet, I presume?’

“ ‘ I am : by to-morrow’s packet.’

“ ‘ I shall put myself under your protection, for I am also going to London.’

“ ‘ I shall be most delighted.’

“ ‘ *Au revoir.*’

“ About an hour afterwards a message was brought to me by the *garçon*, that the lady would be happy to



receive me in No. 19. I ascended to the second floor, knocked, and was told to come in.

“She was now without a veil; and what do you think was her reason for the concealment of her person?”

“By the beard of Mokanna, how can I tell?”

“Well, then, she had two of the most beautiful eyes in the world; her eyebrows were finely arched; her forehead was splendid; her mouth was tempting—in short, she was as pretty as you could wish a woman to be, only she had *broken her nose*—a thousand pities, for it must once have been a very handsome one. Well, to continue, I made my bow.

“‘You perceive, now, sir,’ said she, ‘why I wore my veil down.’

“‘No, indeed,’ replied I.

“‘You are very polite, or very blind,’ rejoined she: ‘the latter I believe not to be the fact. I did not choose to submit to the impertinence of my own countrymen in the diligence: they would have asked me a hundred questions upon my accident. But you are an Englishman, and have respect for a female who has been unfortunate.’

“‘I trust I deserve your good opinion, madam; and if I can be in any way useful to you——’

“‘You can. I shall be a stranger in England. I know that in London there is a great man, one Monsieur Lis-tong, who is very clever.’

“‘Very true, madam. If your nose, instead of having been slightly injured as it is, had been left behind you in Africa, Mr. Liston would have found you another.’

“‘If he will only repair the old one, I ask no more. You give me hopes. But the bones are crushed completely, as you must see.’

“‘That is of no consequence. Mr. Liston has put a new eye in, to my knowledge. The party was short-sighted, and saw better with the one put in by Mr. Liston, than with the one which had been left him.’

“‘*Est-il possible? Mais, quel homme extraordinaire!* Perhaps you will do me the favour to sit with me, monsieur; and, if I mistake not, you have a request to make of me — *n’est ce pas?*’

“‘I feel such interest about you, madam, that I acknowledge, if it would not be too painful to you, I should like to ask a question.’

“‘Which is, How did I break my nose?—Of course you want to know. And as it is the only return I can make for past or future obligations to you, you shall most certainly be gratified. I will not detain you now. I shall expect you to supper. Adieu, monsieur.’

“‘I did not, of course, fail in my appointment; and after supper she commenced:—

“‘The question to be answered,’ said she, ‘is, How did you break your nose?—Is it not? Well, then, at least, I shall answer it after my own fashion. So, to begin at the beginning, I am now exactly twenty-two years old. My father was tambour-majeur in the Garde Impériale. I was born in the camp—brought up in the camp—and, finally, I was married in the camp, to a lieutenant of infantry at the time. So that,

you observe, I am altogether *militaire*. As a child, I was wakened up with the drum and fife, and went to sleep with the bugles; as a girl, I became quite conversant with every military manœuvre; and now that I am a woman grown, I believe that I am more fit for the *bâton* than one half of those marshals who have gained it. I have studied little else but tactics; and have, as my poor husband said, quite a genius for them—but of that hereafter. I was married at sixteen, and have ever since followed my husband. I followed him at last to his grave. He quitted my bed for the bed of honour, where he sleeps in peace. We'll drink to his memory.'

“ We emptied our glasses, when she continued :—

“ ‘ My husband's regiment was not ordered to Africa until after the first disastrous attempt upon Constantine. It fell to our lot to assist in retrieving the honour of our army in the more successful expedition which took place, as you of course are aware of, about three months ago. I will not detain you with our embarkation or voyage. We landed from a steamer at Bona, and soon afterwards my husband's company were ordered to escort a convoy of provisions to the army which were collecting at Mzez Ammar. Well, we arrived safely at our various camps of Dréan, Nech Meya, and Amman Berda. We made a little *détour* to visit Ghelma. I had curiosity to see it, as formerly it was an important city. I must say that a more tenable position I never beheld. But I tire you with these details.'

“ ‘ On the contrary, I am delighted.'

““ You are very good. I ought to have said something about the travelling in these wild countries, which is any thing but pleasant. The soil is a species of clay, hard as a flint when the weather is dry, but running into a slippery paste as soon as moistened. It is, therefore, very fatiguing, especially in wet weather, when the soldiers slip about in a very laughable manner to look at, but very distressing to themselves. I travelled either on horseback or in one of the wagons, as it happened. I was too well known, and I hope I may add, too well liked, not to be as well provided for as possible. It is remarkable how soon a Frenchman will make himself comfortable, wherever he may chance to be. The camp of Mzez Ammar was as busy and as lively as if it was pitched in the heart of France. The followers had built up little cabins out of the branches of trees, with their leaves on, interwoven together, all in straight lines, forming streets, very commodious, and perfectly impervious to the withering sun. There were *restaurants*, *cafés*, *débits de vin et eau-de-vie*, sausage-sellers, butchers, grocers,—in fact, there was every trade almost, and every thing you required; not very cheap certainly, but you must recollect that this little town had sprung up, as if by magic, in the heart of the desert.

““ It was in the month of September that Damremont ordered a *réconnaissance* in the direction of Constantine, and a battalion of my husband's regiment, the 47th, was ordered to form a part of it. I have said nothing about my husband. He was a good little

man, and a brave officer, full of honour, but very obstinate. He never would take advice, and it was nothing but '*Tais-toi, Coralie,*' all day long — but no one is perfect. He wished me to remain in the camp, but I made it a rule never to be left behind. We set off, and I rode in one of the little carriages called *cacolets*, which had been provided for the wounded. It was terrible travelling, I was jolted to atoms in the ascent of the steep mountain called the Rass-el-akba; but we gained the summit without a shot being fired. When we arrived there, and looked down beneath us, the sight was very picturesque. There were about four or five thousand of the Arab cavalry awaiting our descent; their white bournous, as they term the long dresses in which they infold themselves, waving in the wind as they galloped at speed in every direction; while the glitter of their steel arms flashed like lightning upon your eyes. We closed our ranks and descended; the Arabs, in parties of forty or fifty, charging upon our flanks every minute, not coming to close conflict, but stopping at pistol-shot distance, discharging their guns and then wheeling off again to a distance — mere child's play, sir; nevertheless there were some of our men wounded, and the little wagon upon which I was riding was ordered up in the advance to take them in. Unfortunately, to keep clear of the troops, the driver kept too much on one side of the narrow defile through which we passed; the consequence was that the wagon upset, and I was thrown out a considerable distance down the precipice——'

“‘And broke your nose,’ interrupted I.

“ ‘No indeed, sir, I did not. I escaped with only a few contusions about the region of the hip, which certainly lamed me for some time, and made the jolting more disagreeable than ever. Well, the *réconnaissance* succeeded. Damremont was, however, wrong altogether. I told him so when I met him, but he was an obstinate old fool, and his answer was not as polite as it might have been, considering that at that time I was a very pretty woman. We returned to the camp at Mzez Ammar; a few days afterwards we were attacked by the Arabs, who shewed great spirit and determination in their desultory mode of warfare, which, however, can make no impression on such troops as the French. The attack was continued for three days, when they decamped as suddenly as they had come. But this cannot be very interesting to you, monsieur.’

“ ‘On the contrary, do not, I beg, leave out a single remark or incident.’

“ ‘You are very good. I presume you know how we *militaires* like to fight our battles over again. Well, sir, we remained in camp until the arrival of the Duc de Nemours—a handsome, fair lad, who smiled upon me very graciously. On the 1st of October we set off on our expedition to Constantine; that is to say, the advanced guard did, of which my husband’s company formed a portion. The weather, which had been very fine, now changed, and it rained hard all the day. The whole road was one mass of mud, and there was no end to delays and accidents. However, the weather became fine again, and on the 5th we arrived within

two leagues of Constantine, when the Arabs attacked us, and I was very nearly taken prisoner.'

“ ‘Indeed!’

“ ‘Yes; my husband, who, as I before observed to you, was very obstinate, would have me ride on a *caisson* in the rear; whereas I wished to be in the advance, where my advice might have been useful. The charge of the Arabs was very sudden; the three men who were with the *caisson* were sabred, and I was in the arms of a chieftain, who was wheeling round his horse to make off with me when a ball took him in the neck, and he fell with me. I disengaged myself, seized the horse by the bridle, and prevented its escape; and I also took possession of the Arab's pistols and cimeter.'

“ ‘Indeed!’

“ ‘My husband sold the horse the next day to one of our generals, who forgot to pay for it after my husband was killed. As for the cimeter and pistols, they were stolen from me that night: but what can you expect?—our army is brave, but a little demoralised. The next day we arrived before Constantine, and we had to defile before the enemy's guns. At one portion of the road, men and horses were tumbled over by their fire; the *caisson* that I was riding upon was upset by a ball, and thrown down the ravine, dragging the horses after it. I laid among the horses' legs—they kicking furiously; it was a miracle that my life was preserved: as it was——'

“ ‘You broke your nose,' interrupted I.

“ ‘No, sir, indeed I did not. I only received a kick

on the arm, which obliged me to carry it in a sling for some days. The weather became very bad; we had few tents, and they were not able to resist the storms of rain and wind. We wrapped ourselves up how we could and sat in deep pools of water, and the Arabs attacked us before we could open the fire of our batteries; we were in such a pickle that, had the bad weather lasted, we must have retreated; and happy would those have been who could have once more found themselves safe in the camp of Mzez Ammar. I don't think that I ever suffered so much as I did at that time—the weather had even overcome the natural gallantry of our nation; and so far from receiving any attention, the general remark was, 'What the devil do you here?' This to be said to a pretty woman!

“ ‘It was not till the 10th that we could manage to open the fire of our batteries. It was mud, mud, and mud again; the men and horses were covered with mud up to their necks—the feathers of the staff were covered with mud—every ball which was fired by the enemy sent up showers of mud; even the face of the Duc de Nemours was disfigured with it. I must say that our batteries were well situated, all except the great mortar battery. This I pointed out to Damremont when he passed me, and he was very savage. Great men don't like to be told of their faults; however, he lost his life three days afterwards from not taking my advice. He was going down the hill with Rhullières when I said to him, 'Mon Général, you expose yourself too much; that which is



duty in a subaltern is a fault in a general.' He very politely told me to go to where he may chance to be himself now; for a cannon-ball struck him a few seconds afterwards, and he was killed on the spot. General Perregaux was severely wounded almost at the same time. For four days the fighting was awful; battery answered to battery night and day: while from every quarter of the compass we were exposed to the fierce attacks of the Arab cavalry. The commander of our army sent a flag of truce to their town, commanding them to surrender; and, what do you think was the reply?

“ ‘ If you want powder, we'll supply you; if you are without bread, we will send it to you: but as long as there is one good Mussulman left alive you do not enter the town.' Was not that grand? The very reply, when made known to the troops, filled them with admiration of their enemy, and they swore by their colours that they would give them no quarter.

“ ‘ In two days, General Vallée, to whom the command fell upon the death of Damremont, considered the breach sufficiently wide for the assault, and we every hour expected that the order would be given. It came at last. My poor husband was in the second column which mounted. Strange to say, he was very melancholy on that morning, and appeared to have a presentiment of what was to take place. ‘ Coralie,' said he to me, as he was scraping the mud off his trousers with his pocket-knife, ‘ if I fall, you will do well. I leave you as a legacy to General Vallée—he

will appreciate you. Do not forget to let him know my testamentary dispositions.'

" 'I promised I would not. The drums beat. He kissed me on both cheeks. 'Go, my Philippe,' said I; 'go to glory.' He did; for a mine was sprung, and he with many others was blown to atoms. I had watched the advance of the column, and was able to distinguish the form of my dear Philippe when the explosion with the vast column of smoke took place. When it cleared away, I could see the wounded in every direction hastening back; but my husband was not among them. In the meantime the other columns entered the breach—the firing was awful and the carnage dreadful. It was more than an hour after the assault commenced before the French tricolor waved upon the minarets of Constantine.

" 'It was not until the next day that I could make up my mind to search for my husband's body; but it was my duty. I climbed up the breach strewed with the corpses of our brave soldiers intermingled with those of the Arabs; but I could not find my husband. At last a head which had been blown off attracted my attention. I examined it—it was my Philippe's, blackened and burnt, and terribly disfigured: but who can disguise the fragment of a husband from the keen eyes of the wife of his bosom? I leaned over it. 'My poor Philippe!' exclaimed I; and the tears were bedewing my cheeks when I perceived the Duc de Nemours close to me, with all his staff attending him. 'What have we here?' said he, with surprise to those about him. 'A wife, looking for her hus-

band's body, mon Prince,' replied I. 'I cannot find it; but here is his head.' He said something very complimentary and kind, and then walked on. I continued my search without success, and determined to take up my quarters in the town. As I clambered along, I gained a battered wall; and, putting my foot on it, it gave way with me, and I fell down several feet. Stunned with the blow, I remained for some time insensible; when I came to, I found——'

“ ‘That you had broken your nose.’

“ ‘No, indeed; I had sprained my ankle and hurt the cap of my knee, but my nose was quite perfect. You must have a little patience yet.

“ ‘What was found of my husband was buried in a large grave, which held the bodies and the mutilated fragments of the killed; and, having obtained possession of an apartment in Constantine, I remained there several days lamenting his fate. At last it occurred to me that his testamentary dispositions should be attended to, and I wrote to General Vallée informing him of the last wishes of my husband. His reply was very short: it was, that he was excessively flattered, but press of business would not permit him to administer to the will. It was not polite.

“ ‘On the 26th, I quitted Constantine with a convoy of wounded men. The dysentery and the cholera made fearful ravages, and I very soon had a *caisson* all to myself. The rain again came on in torrents, and it was a dreadful funeral procession. Every minute wretches, jolted to death, were thrown down into pits by the road-side, and the cries of those who

lived were dreadful. Many died of cold and hunger ; and after three days we arrived at the camp of Mzez Ammar, with the loss of more than one half of our sufferers.

“ ‘ I took possession of one of the huts built of the boughs of the trees which I formerly described, and had leisure to think over my future plans and prospects. I was young and pretty, and hope did not desert me. I had recovered my baggage, which I had left at the camp, and was now able to attend to my toilet. The young officers who were in the camp paid me great attention, and were constantly passing and repassing to have a peep at the handsome widow, as they were pleased to call me : and now comes the history of my misfortune.

“ ‘ The cabin built of boughs which I occupied was double ; one portion was fenced off from the other with a wattling of branches, which ran up about seven feet, but not so high as the roof. In one apartment I was located, the other was occupied by a young officer who paid me attention, but who was not to my liking. I had been walking out in the cool of the evening and had returned, when I heard voices in the other apartment ; I entered softly and they did not perceive my approach ; they were talking about me, and I must say that the expressions were very complimentary. At last one of the party observed, ‘ Well, she is a splendid woman, and a good soldier’s wife. I hope to be a general by and by, and she would not disgrace a marshal’s baton. I think I shall propose to her before we leave the camp.’

“ ‘ Now, sir, I did not recognise the speaker by his voice, and, flattered by the remark, I was anxious to know who it could be who was thus prepossessed in my favour. I thought that if I could climb up on the back of the only chair which was in my apartment, I should be able to see over the partition and satisfy my curiosity. I did so, and without noise; and I was just putting my head over to take a survey of the tenants of the other apartment when the chair tilted, and down I came on the floor, and on my face. Unfortunately, I hit my nose upon the edge of the fryingpan, with which my poor Philippe and I used to cook our meat: and now, sir, you know how it was that I broke my nose.’ ”

“ ‘ What a pity!’ observed I.

“ ‘ Yes; a great pity. I had gone through the whole campaign without any serious accident, and—— But after all it was very natural: the two besetting evils of women are Vanity and Curiosity, and if you were to ascertain the truth, you would find that it is upon these two stumbling-blocks that most women are upset and break their noses.’ ”

“ ‘ Very true, madam,’ replied I. ‘ I thank you for your narrative, and shall be most happy to be of any use to you. But I will detain you from your rest no longer, so wish you a very good night.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, Colonel,’ said I, as he made a sudden stop, “ what occurred after that? ”

“ ‘ I took great care of her until we arrived in London, saw her safe to the hotel in Leicester Square, and then took my leave. Whether Liston replaced

her nose, and she is now *flanée*-ing about Paris, as beautiful as before her accident; or, whether his skill was useless to her, and she is among the *Sœurs de Charité*, or in a convent, I cannot say: I have never seen or heard of her since."

"Well, I know Liston, and I'll not forget to ask him about her the very first time that I meet him. Will you have another cigar?"

"No, I thank you. I've finished my cigar, my bottle, and my story, and so now good-night!"

## THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SHE has gone in all the brightness  
Of her beauty and her bloom,  
And her spirit's buoyant lightness  
Is imprison'd in the tomb;  
Her azure eyes are clouded,  
And her damask cheek is cold,  
And her golden locks are shrouded  
In the coffin's narrow fold.

Her lute untouch'd reposes,  
And her songs unopen'd lie,  
And her bowers of crimson roses  
Unregarded droop and die;  
Her birds in plaintive measures  
Seem her absence to deplore,  
And her books reveal their treasures  
To her vivid mind no more.

She has left the sun's warm gladness,  
She has left the blazing hearth,  
And has pass'd in shadowy sadness  
To the hidden caves of earth;

She has changed her rose-tree's blushing  
For the mound where willows wave,  
And her fountain's silvery gushing  
For the silence of the grave.

How to thoughts of desolation  
My repining spirit clings!  
But the light of revelation  
On my path its radiance flings;  
And I turn with grateful feelings,  
From a trifling world like this,  
To the pure and high revealings  
Of our loved one's home of bliss.

She has left this earth's dull prison,  
And its poor and gaudy toys;  
To the fulness she has risen  
Of divine and perfect joys:  
And she thinks not in dejection  
On the loss of mortal love,  
When she meets the kind affection  
Of the holy saints above.

By her meek and pious duty,  
By her Christian faith and truth,  
She has won unfading beauty,  
And attain'd immortal youth.  
The world shall tempt her never,  
Nor her peaceful home molest;  
That home is placed for ever  
In a land of heavenly rest.



ON  
THE PORTRAIT  
OF THE  
HONOURABLE MRS. O'CALLAGHAN.

BY SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, BART.

LADY!—that form, that air, that face  
So rich in beauty, rare in grace,  
Placed by the painter's art beside  
The rose's blush, the lily's pride,  
That all who gazed should wond'ring see  
Their brightest hues surpass'd in thee,—  
Might tempt me here to pause awhile,  
And check, perhaps, that placid smile,  
Whilst I reminded thee how soon  
Night must succeed to sultry noon,  
How soon those flow'rets must decay,  
How soon their splendour fade away ;  
And beauty, too, I next might ask :  
But no ; I will renounce the task,  
For those mild features prove too clear  
How useless were such warning here,  
Proclaiming as they do, a mind  
Tender, and soft, and good, and kind.



THE PORTER

HONORABLE MR. O'CONNOR

My dear Sir,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the above named subject, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. M. O'CONNOR



*Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Mrs. O'Callaghan.*



Lady!—'t is this, the charm divine,  
That lovelier makes that form of thine—  
To think that each fair feature there  
But pictures forth a mind as fair.  
Beauty thus graced will e'er be found  
To shed its blessings all around,  
And cheer, where'er it shines, the way  
With its all-bright, benignant ray.  
Nay, more than this, should e'er a tear  
Dim that bright eye while ling'ring here,  
Virtue, unlike the summer's flower,  
Will last beyond the fleeting hour,  
And bloom in realms of endless day  
Where ev'ry tear is wiped away.

## THE BOY BLOWING BUBBLES.

SUGGESTED BY A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF W. HUNT'S IN THE  
COLLECTION OF THE LATE GENERAL PHIPPS.

BY THE HONOURABLE E. PHIPPS.

CONDEMN not children's harmless joys,  
Simple and innocent like these,  
Suiting their age ; nor think that boys  
Alone such empty trifles please.

What though yon urchin, thus intent,  
His utmost energy applies ;  
His eager efforts only bent  
To make an airy bubble rise ?

What though the globe which thus he makes  
Glistens a moment in the sun,  
Then into airy nothing breaks,—  
Its colours, form, and splendour gone ?

Are not man's hopes but bubbles too—  
As short-lived, empty, false, and vain ;  
If gain'd, a moment in our view,  
Then lost and never seen again ?

Those which from Pleasure's effort rise  
Are frail, though beautiful at first ;  
Ambition's, of a giant size,  
Mount, swell, and glitter but to burst ;

Love's hardly ever gain their form  
Before their emptiness is found ;  
And Passion's break amid the storm  
To which their upward course is bound.

Though earthly fame, from earthly deeds,  
May seem with higher flight to rise,—  
'T is but a bubble, and it needs  
Much human breath to give it size.

But hold! why labour proofs to find?  
Too late we see, when all is past,  
How oft our nobler powers of mind  
Are set upon what cannot last!

Are, then, all hopes we here can form  
Thus doomed, alas! to end in nought?—  
Not so the man, whose heart is warm  
For purer, holier things, is taught.

There *is* a hope, whose brighter tints  
Can colour all our prospects here;  
That hope, once entertain'd, imprints  
*Security* in place of fear.

It mounts to Heaven, not to burst  
In disappointment and despair;  
Not in thin air to be dispersed,  
But to remain for ever there.



## THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ This is the prettiest lowborn lass that ever  
Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“ Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!  
Is human love the growth of human will?”—BYRON.

WHAT scene can be more lovely than an English village, “ remote from cities,” on a fine May morning, in the lines of Wordsworth—

“ This sweet May morning  
The children are pulling;  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers”?

The neat, clean, white-washed cottages, with their little gardens leading to them in the height of vernal beauty; the crowded parterres of lilacs, wall-flowers, peonies, and tulips; the box-edged borders; the porches clustered with roses and jessamine; the rows of beehives; the venerable church, with its grey, gothic architecture, clothed with ivy; the sun-dial and clock; the ancient tombs; the heaved turf, where “ the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;” the green

slopes; the flower-enamelled meadows; the mossy banks covered with the pale snow-drop, the broad-leaved primrose, and violet; the grass and flowers springing up beneath your feet; the hedgerows and trees bursting forth their "budding honours;" the orchards clothed with blossom; the hawthorn perfuming the whole air with its fragrant bloom, and every twig rife with birds carolling their "wood notes wild," and making the air vocal with their melody; children gathering the first cowslips, bluebells, snow-drops, the yellow buttercup, to form "garlands of every green and every scent;" all around breathing peace and contentment.

Such a scene presented itself to me, as I entered the retired village of Westerton on a bright, balmy, exhilarating May morning. A thousand sounds of joy breathed their influence upon my soul; and my complacent mood was exalted in a higher and nobler enjoyment—the fervour of unaffected attachment with which I was greeted. Susan Brierly had been elected Queen of the May; and never did a more beautiful queen wield a sceptre.

The peaceful hamlet of Westerton, with its rural church, lay in the lap of a gently rising sweep of hills. A holly-hedge divided "the Green" (the arena of the village sports) from the churchyard; and in the midst of the moss-grown tombstones stood a grey old church, with its venerable tower, one of the most picturesque and beautiful specimens of old English architecture.

The house of prayer for the living thus rising

amidst the memorials of the dead, appeared serene, peaceful, beautiful, as "a thought of Paradise." On the northern side, the aged yews claimed a co-existent antiquity with the consecrated building; while to the southern—

"With intermingling flowers,  
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers:  
Green myrtles fenced them; and, beyond that bound,  
Ran the clear rill, with ever-murmuring sound.  
'T was not a scene for grief to nourish care—  
It breathed of hope, it moved the heart to prayer."

The family of the Brierlys consisted of Farmer Brierly, his wife, and two daughters: Susan, now approaching her eighteenth year; and Rose, who, from her childhood, had been a cripple. Moderate, retiring, and religious in their habits, they had no desire beyond their picturesque cottage, their garden, paddock, and their little farm. Their cottage was most romantically situated. The most luxurious ivy crowned the roof—the most beautiful honeysuckle and clematis mantled its walls. The fine valley in which it reposed was varied by rising grounds, skirted by hills, gay with every sort of cultivation. No scene of greater richness, variety, and beauty, could be seen in "Merrie England."

The village *fête* commenced. A rustic procession was formed, headed by a band of music. Then came the Queen of the day, in a car ornamented with roses, and attended by a numerous train of her youthful friends and companions.

Susan Brierly appeared more gay than usual. Her

animated conversation with her rustic swains was only interrupted by the ready smile or lively remark. She felt it necessary to conceal her tears—to appear with a smiling countenance when her heart was distracted—to rush into gaiety when solitude would have been her solace. Her companions little thought how much there lay beneath that sparkling smile: for Susan loved, and had concealed her passion from her parents. Unfortunately for her peace of mind, her extreme beauty had attracted the notice of some military men quartered in the neighbourhood. One, to his shame be it spoken, by a plausible pretext, and with a solemn promise of marriage, had prevailed upon her to carry on a clandestine correspondence, and keep her *engagement* secret from her parents, until he could, as he vowed he would, claim her as his bride. He had lulled her conscience with the basest sophisms. In the meantime, his innocent victim was suffering agonies of mind. Her former avocations had ceased to interest her, her former pursuits were neglected. She had forgotten that

“Love should be pure—  
Harmless as pilgrims’ kisses on the shrines  
Of virgin martyrs—holy as the thoughts  
Of dying saints, when angels hover o’er them—  
Harmonious, gentle, soft; such love should be  
The zephyr, not the whirlwind, of the soul.”

But to my narrative. As I entered the village of Westerton, exactly one year after the events before-mentioned, I found no preparations for the festive scene I had last witnessed. A little troop of children

were collected round the churchyard gate. The little idlers gazed in silence, and melancholy seemed to pervade around.

At this moment I observed the venerable curate, with head bent downwards, and looks fixed on the earth, slowly and thoughtfully approaching his dwelling. I addressed him. As he replied in the tone of kindly recognition, a tear ran quickly down the old man's face, and he turned away.

After recovering himself, he requested I would follow him.

The Reverend Mr. Gray, the pastor, the faithful pastor of Westerton, was not only on the Sabbath day a clergyman, but he was the minister of Heaven seven days in the week. Daily and hourly was he employed in Christian duties, visiting and administering to the wants of the sick and distressed.

I entered his residence—he seated himself; repressing the bursting sob, and wiping the tears which yet would force their way, told me the following narrative. I give it, as faithfully as my memory will permit, in the pastor's own words:—

“It is a grateful theme, my friend, to speak of woman in her lustre, diffusing happiness and temporising the rude nature of man; but it is lamentable to speak of her as the blighted flower, torn from the cherished paths of innocence. Yet so it was with Susan Brierly. Confiding implicitly in the man who had appeared the most generous and disinterested of her friends, she, in an evil hour, quitted the roof of parental affection, for that of her heartless betrayer.

“In the calm that follows excitement, all men reflect. Sydney Orville was a soldier, accustomed to all the stirring interests of war. An overpowering passion had for the moment taken possession of his soul, but now it was over, and had left a void in his mind; and when he reflected on his past conduct, he smiled in disdain upon the infatuated eagerness of his pursuit and the more infatuated facility of his prey, and cursed the hour when honour, activity, and fame, had been spurned for a toy.

“Then came the dread reaction. Susan, affected by the alteration of a beloved and cherished object, painfully saw and felt the difference of his manner. The ear too quickly notes if the voice be not as tender as in former days. Sydney Orville’s words were kind, but their tone was altered.

“Days, weeks, and months, stole on; and Susan became a mother without a mother’s sacred title. An order now arrived for Orville to join the service companies abroad. He embarked, promising to quit the service on his arrival in Gibraltar, and return as speedily as possible to his affianced victim. Little did he think how total, how unbroken would be her solitude; how the affections of her gentle heart would wither and perish; how her life would waste when left a prey to her own grief! It was then that the “still small voice” of conscience awoke her to the sense of her situation. Darker thoughts became the habitual tenants of her mind. Deserted by the being who had vowed to “love and cherish her,” she felt how low she had fallen—that she was not destined to

be a wife. No tidings of Orville reached her. She felt herself an outcast. Her secret sorrows soon effected a visible change in her person. Hers were the deadly pangs of remorse—the worm that never dies—unlike that life-giving sorrow which finds, even in its deepest anguish, a healing balm.”

“Tears, such as tender fathers shed,” gushed from the worthy pastor’s eyes.

“Home rose on her imagination. Who would console her wretched parents—her beloved sister? Her tears were embittered by pity, grief, and shame. Poor Susan was hastening to that ‘bourn from whence no traveller returns.’ Her ill-fated passion yet gnawed at her heart.”

Here the good old man shed tears. He continued:

“Shortly after, the intelligence of the death of Sydney in a duel reached me. I lost no time in seeking the outcast. I will spare you the recital of that scene of wretchedness. I offered her the holy balm of religion. Through God’s mercy, she became a penitent. Who, that had seen her downcast look, her faded cheek, her hollow eye, her sunny ringlets wet with tears, her bosom struggling with sobs that shook her whole frame, would have recognised her as the same Susan—the happy, playful, innocent Queen of the May?”

“But to proceed. Ere a month had elapsed, Susan Brierly was consigned to the tomb.

“The mourning cypress at the south side of the churchyard waves over her grave and sorrows.”



W. Fisher.

W. H. Motte.

*Ms. Garden Campbell*





Oft does the flow'r, transplanted  
From the country of its birth,  
Bloom with still brighter, fairer hues,  
Than in its native earth.

Fair bride ! may every blessing,  
Where'er thy footsteps rove,  
Beam round thee, and still glad thy heart  
With happiness and love.

## THE IRISH HUSSAR.

A BALLAD.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.

IN times not very old  
There lived a baron bold,  
Who kept a lovely daughter under bolt and bar :  
He was naturally mild  
Till he found his only child  
Had been bother'd and beguiled  
By an Irish hussar.

His castle-wall was steep,  
And the foss both wide and deep,  
And the lady's tower was lofty, as most ladies' towers  
are.

But what foss or rampart stout  
E'er yet held young Love out ?  
Or ever put to rout  
A true Irish hussar ?

On one wild and stormy night,  
In that tower shone a light :  
'T was Love's own beacon bright high o'er the elemental  
war.

Each sentry sought his box,  
Trusting all to wall and locks,  
Little *drameing* what a fox  
Was an Irish hussar.

To that turret light so true  
A pebble lightly flew,  
When the wakeful maiden knew that her lover was  
not far :  
Back o'er the rampart wall  
She flung a silken ball,  
Knowing well that it must fall  
Near her Irish hussar.

Soon, according to her hope,  
She drew back a stair of rope,  
Which her own fair hands soon fasten'd to her window  
bar !  
Whilst she heard a voice below  
Whisper, " Wo, good Shamroy ! wo !  
Till she comes, then off I go  
Like an Irish hussar."

Though the turret rose so high,  
The true lover soon drew nigh,  
When the maiden gave a sigh, sir, to see the ground  
so far.  
" Now, my love, come down with me !"  
" But," says she, " love, where 's your key ?"  
" Hanging by my side," cries he,  
Like an Irish hussar.

This light laugh sooth'd her fears,  
Soon she dried her maiden tears,  
Knowing well that a faint heart would now her fortune  
mar.

Soon beneath that tower they stood,  
Where he found his charger good  
That would face both fire and flood  
With an Irish hussar.

“ Now mount, dear girl, with me.”  
“ O, la! sweet love,” cries she,  
“ I look'd, at least, to see a coach or jaunting car.”  
“ Up! *mo coleen gra*,” he cried,  
“ Your sweet self must learn to ride,  
If you look to be the bride  
Of an Irish hussar.”

The maiden made no more ado,  
But *en croupe* full lightly flew.  
“ And now, good steed, be true in love as you have  
been in war.  
Your soft arms round me throw,  
My own girl,” he cried: “ just so;  
Now, one kiss \* \* \* \* and off you go—whoo!  
Like an Irish hussar.”

## THE USHER.

“ Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That’s sorry yet for thee.”—*Lear*.

OUR neighbours and allies, the French, have set forth, in a series of lively pen-and-ink sketches, the merits and demerits of their fellow-citizens, from the lord down to the lacquey. In a similar spirit, I have ventured to describe one of the suffering classes of our own country. And, let it not be thought that the sketch here offered is misplaced in a book devoted to Beauty; for compassion is one of the attributes of “the fair.” And there is, perhaps, no one better qualified to draw forth that graceful virtue than the young and obscure scholar, whom the accidents of Fortune have led to a weary and unrewarded task. Besides, the picture here presented may afford even some little amusement, to those whose daily round is nothing but a circle of pleasures; just as some homely meal, forced on an epicure at a way-side inn, diverts and stimulates his appetite, and yields him, for once, a rough and unexpected relish.—This is our prologue!—and now let us descend to our subject.

. . . The world is full of teachers. From the full-

blown doctor, head of his college,—or from the high-pensioned pedant, hard, pompous, and dogmatical,—down to the button-holder who gives you his advice for nothing (its precise value), you may reckon a hundred varieties. These are, for the most part, the pride of classic ground,—that over-cultivated region, in which so many a sickly flower and parasite plant are nourished,—where little is taught in many words,—where the art of rising in the world takes place of all other arts,—where the line of demarcation, between the high and the low, is made plain to the meanest capacities,—where every one learns to imitate the vices of his neighbour, and to no one is recommended the counsel of—“*Know Thyself!*”

Amongst the most prosperous teachers, may be enumerated the masters of public schools—of well-endowed grammar-schools—the pedagogues of select academies—graduates who “prepare gentlemen for the *two* universities”—fellows of colleges who cram the dunce for his degree—private tutors of all principles, ages, shades, and colours,—of all humours also; from the solemn coxcomb, whom conceit makes stiffer than a poker, to the toad-eater whom self-interest renders as supple as a cane. But peace be with them all! Although their roots are (or were) in the earth, yet they bloom high above us. The object of our search is a natural production found in a lower stratum—one that, like the truffle, never peeps above ground. In a word, it is—THE USHER.

And who is the Usher?

The Usher is a man of low degree. He is the

gentlest of his family. The rest have bones and sinews, the fronts of bullocks, the fierceness of bulldogs; but he, poor fellow! has been ailing from his cradle, and has nothing for his portion save an active and imaginative brain. His brothers are tillers of the ground, farmers, shopkeepers, clerks, mechanics, useful members of society. They mingle with the crowd, and are "of it;" learn how the world is moving; how trades or factions prosper or decline. They return at intervals to their home, full of cheap acquirements; busy, chattering, shining characters; thinly lackered over with conversational knowledge; prouder than thieves of their mosaic gold. They eat heartily, laugh heartily, are irresistible amongst women, and good fellows amongst men. They have the mark of good-luck upon them, and are sure of success. In the meantime, *he* — the humblest of his race — dwells apart, silent, forgotten. He is deemed by all the black sheep of the flock; and, indeed, he is melancholy and inactive; does little; earns nothing. However, his appetite is small — *so* small that his father scarcely grudges the morsel that he eats; except that now and then it is delicate also, and then he is told, that people who do no work are not entitled to be "nice" in their tastes. Being left to solitude, he borrows for his amusement a few books, meditates, ventures to form an opinion or two, but keeps them, wisely, to himself. For the most part of the year he is the inmate of the chimney corner; but sometimes (in summer time) he crawls abroad with his stick, and gathers a few of the hedgerow flowers; or else, he lies down on the little



patch of grass near his parents' cottage, like a beggar in the sun.

Alas, for the young worshipper of literature,—the poor book-worm and genius of the family! What a melancholy future lies before him! He has neither cunning nor wealth to uphold him—scarcely industry in the common phrase, for he cannot adapt his intellect to all purposes. The merely clever boy has his wits at his fingers' ends,—is prepared for any demand,—a declamation, an epigram, a theme, a slander, or an eulogy. Such a one can accommodate himself (“accommodate is a good word”) to anything. His conscience is free, or rather, he has no conscience, but simply an elastic humour, that can shrink or extend itself, like the body of the snake. But the book-worm—*he* (like Cassio) has a soul to be saved; he cannot be all things to all men, nor lie away the life of another for an ounce of copper. It is not difficult to prophesy their several fortunes. Could we pull down “the blanket of the dark,” we should behold, in one, an editor, prosperous and without principle, pandering to the passions of the high or the low—the propagator of false doctrines—the mercenary of the army of Cant—doing dirty things for base bribes, or hiding his envy or his malice behind a vizor of ass's skin or a mask of brass. In the other, we might see the poor prose author, on whose brain (coined into drachmas) the bookseller dines sumptuously every day; or the poorer poet; or the usher, struggling for his bitter bread.

But we must take things in their order. Before

our hero can become an usher, he must pass through the probationary troubles of boyhood.—He was, as we say, a sickly child; but he grows in some wise, out of the ailments of his infancy, and gives promise at last of becoming a man. He is not likely to rise in the usual way: but he is suspected now of being not altogether without a brain; and, therefore, it is by his brain that he must learn to live. He is sent to school. A few “natural tears” he sheds on leaving his home; but these are soon dried. In truth, he has little to lament. The old dog, indeed, who prefers him to all the world, and who, perhaps, may not live till he returns at the Christmas holidays, is his friend. He takes leave of him with swollen eyes. They—the two—have worn away many an hour together—many a day. They have fed together—slept together. It is a grievous parting, this from his old companion. But it is written down in the book of Fate that the boy must depart, and he goes accordingly to the detested school.

His school-days may be disposed of in a single paragraph; for at school he is much like other boys: less boisterous, perhaps; more studious; and (from his incapacity for the stronger exercises) more solitary. He is not great at foot-ball, nor at hockey; but he can bowl down the middle stump of the wicket, and at rackets he is not to be despised. And, although not strong, he has a spirit within him. He will fight against desperate odds, against greater skill and greater strength; and, more than all, against the applause of a circle of critics shouting for his rival, a tyrant long accustomed to conquer. At last, for

weight and skill must prevail, our solitary is struck down senseless. But he has fought a good fight; and the urchins, who met to mock him, are compelled to own that "there is pluck in the peasant. There,—that will do, Grimes. He shan't fight any more. He is a devilish good bit of stuff. Take him away."—And he is taken away thereupon. He has lost a battle; but he has achieved renown. The respect of his colleagues follows him, and his school-life is tranquil afterwards.

Five or six years passed at school render him familiar with many problems. He demonstrates readily things which, at first sight, seemed insuperable. He has mastered Latin: he has plunged deep into Greek. He is a tolerable mathematician; and (it is a private vice) he occasionally addicts himself to verse. The books which are lent out by the master during leisure hours lead him into flowery paths. Shakespeare is there, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, the Essayists, some of the works of Cervantes and Le Sage, and odd volumes of plays and poetry. Here is food for dreams! By the time that he arrives at the age of seventeen years, he is something like a man in intellect. His frame is still somewhat fragile; but his mind is keen, active, robust. His eyes are quick and glittering, eager, restless, or at times lifted up "in holy meditation, fancy free," to the stars and the unfathomed heavens,—to regions where the Muse of Poetry hides, to be drawn down by—is it not possible?—himself! He has a rapt and abstracted look; but at intervals he utters shrewd things or lofty maxims;

is philosophical, worldly-wise in theory, or transcendental, as the humour varies. His friends begin to respect him. His father feels an unknown pride dawning upon him: he is proud of possessing such a son. People say that his mind is above his years. And to prove this, he falls in—love! Poor wretch! What's Eleanore to him, or he to Eleanore? And yet he casts himself into the wild billows of passion,—to struggle, suffer, and, perhaps, drown at last. In the meantime, however, all is not dark,—for he can dream! The “ivory gate” is opened even to the humblest; and within its portals he can now discover wonders beyond the riches of Maugraby or Aladdin—wonders that present themselves in a thousand different aspects—hours, and days, and years of unalloyed delight; and, in the midst of all, HER, the queen and pageant of his dreams,—the star and cynosure, by whose steadfast light he hopes to steer his frail barque past Fortunate Islands, and through summer seas, far away into the dim perspective,—ay, even to that calm eternal haven, where all weary voyagers pause and are at rest!

But now comes the time when he must act and not dream,—when the student is to be a student no longer. He is about to migrate, to soar. He is no more (as Lingo says exultingly) to be a scholar, but a “master of scholars.” The student becomes—an usher. Like Bottom, he is transformed. The transition is like a change to the tropics. It is a step such as Cæsar took, when he passed the Rubicon. But lately, and he had his father's arm to hold by: *now* he must stand alone. He goes, in effect, into an unexplored

country; without chart or compass. He has assumed a character in the world:—let us see how he prospers.

First, he is introduced to the master of the school. He knocks at the “Academy” gate. After some delay, a footman (pulling on a striped jacket) opens the door. Our usher hesitates; and the slovenly menial measures him with a calculating eye, looks coldly at him, and finally half-inclines his ear to learn his wants. The usher’s name and business are declared, and he is admitted, cautiously, into—the kitchen. There he waits, while the servant proceeds into the parlour and announces that a “person who calls himself Mayne,—the new usher,—is in the kitchen. Is he to come in?” An order in the affirmative is given, and our hero stands face to face with—his master. Mr. Birch is a great man; the founder of a flourishing academy; where every thing accessible to the human intellect is taught, for thirty pounds per annum. Not that the master teaches these things, nor, in truth, any thing; he is simply the capitalist. He has married Mistress Birch,—tart, tall, middle-aged,—a withering virgin, with 1200*l.* ready money, and has set up a factory for education. To carry on this, he has only to hire the heads of other men,—one classical scholar, one French ditto, one accountant (capable of reducing the solid globe to figures), and the thing is done! To each of these the proprietor yields a modest salary—say 20*l.* a-year—reserving to himself the residue of the profits, and the entire credit and control of the school. For his pastime, he occasionally hears some urchin of tender years mispel words of two syllables; or overlooks

another manufacturing pothooks and hangers, (which lean in every possible direction), or writing "*Imetate your copey*" in a round hand full of angles. He it is who dispenses the blessings of the ferule, or lifts on high the wailing "cane"—potent emblem of authority, and bearing with it a heavier tyranny than hangs at the end of a sceptre. He it is who purchases the food, the bedding, the household articles; who orders the stationery, hires the servants, determines on half-holydays, or a walk into the fields; and, in short, is supreme above all, save one person; for there is *One* "domination" greater than his, and that is the mistress of the academy—*his* mistress—Mistress Birch. And, indeed, it is into her august presence (her husband sitting beside her) that our usher is ushered on his first introduction to the school. A few words are sufficient to identify the new-comer, to repeat the terms of the arrangement already agreed upon; after which he is dismissed to the school-room. The master and mistress remain silent. "Well, my dear?"—(The former is looking interrogatories.)—"Well, Mr. B.?" is the echo. "How do you like him, my love?" inquires the master again. "I don't like his *looks*, Mr. B." replies the meek mate, emphatically. "Then you may depend, my dear, that I'll look sharp after him, and keep him tight to his work."

Under these auspices, and with no more preface to a life of toil, the usher takes his place.

During the first evening, he has nothing to do, but to sit and be stared out of countenance by sixty or seventy inquisitive eyes. He is introduced, in due

course, to Mr. Ledger, who teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic; and to Monsieur Molière, the French master.

The first of these is a hard, precise-looking man, with one pen in his hand and another behind his ear. He is mending and manufacturing for the next day's consumption. The boys near him are humming their several lessons, to be said "by heart" on the following morning. By his side, or before the fire, a pewter vessel may be seen, containing a pint of Truman and Hanbury's treble stout (XXX), and manifesting Mr. Ledger's capacity for enjoyment. M. Molière is playing a game at draughts, "French draughts," with one of the bigger boys. His snuff-box (often resorted to) stands on his desk, at his right hand: his pocket-handkerchief, a dark cotton check, lies spread on his knee. Thus, our hero—except for an occasional civil inquiry from the Frenchman—is left alone. He surveys the long school-room; the ceiling smoked with mischievous candles; the walls spattered with ink; the desks and wainscots carved with a thousand names,—letters, and figures—black Anno Dominis,—carrying back, to its very commencement, the history of the school. When his curiosity is sated, he relapses into melancholy thoughts, or consoles himself with a little Horace, or any other portable classic his pocket may hold, until the large bell announces that nine o'clock (the scholars' bedtime) has arrived. Afterwards, a scanty supper of bread and cheese closes the day. At ten o'clock he is conducted to his resting-place. He looks around, and perceives

that a narrow room, with two broken windows, a hard truckle-bed, and a sulky boy for his bedfellow, are to form part of his portion. He lies awake, dreaming of the past—prophesying of the future—oppressed by dark forebodings. He tries at last to sleep away care, but he cannot close his eyes till it is near to daylight; and at daylight he is ordered to rise, to commence the labours of the day.

“The young gentlemen of Switchington House Academy, Mr. Mayne, always resume their scholastic duties at seven in the morning.” Such are the words of Mr. Birch; and his law is as that of the Medes and Persians. At seven, therefore, the usher is at his desk; and he calls up the first class. This comprehends the eldest boys, who repeat, tolerably correctly, forty lines of Latin, their task. They eye the new usher boldly; wink at each other; smother a laugh or two, and retire. The younger children are less impertinent, but, unfortunately, they are less perfect also; and our hero has to prompt, and repeat, and explain, till he is weary. At last, nine o'clock sounds for breakfast, when some thick bread and butter (the latter salter than the salt sea), and a basin of weak tea—the ungenerous manufacture of Mrs. Birch—are placed before him. They suffice, however, for his wants, and are despatched speedily. After which, a little conversation ensues between our usher and M. Molière, which languishes till ten o'clock, when the “second school” commences. The second school presents the same picture as the first; the same conflict with dulness and insolence, the same weariness



as before: and it concludes by the bell tolling for dinner, as it had tolled for breakfast four or five hours before. There is again a "third school," which is a repetition of the second; a third meal, of which we need not detail the particulars; and the day, with its tasks, is at an end.

But why need we trouble the reader with any minute details on this point? Our business is not with the school, but with the usher; and we will, therefore, pursue his individual history.

At first, the step and bearing of the usher are timid, awkward, unassured: he forgets the learning that is in him, he forgets his station, and abases himself to the level of the big blockhead whom he teaches, and whose head is as empty as a drum. His eye is unsettled, his speech faltering, his civility exceeds all bounds, and is painful from its excess. But diffidence is a short-lived virtue. It is, perhaps, the only thing that never reaches its maturity. Perhaps it has *no* maturity, but dies for ever in its youth—a bud that no summer can unfold, a fruit to which cold and heat are alike fatal.

"Time and the hour," however, enable the usher to cast off this uncomfortable virtue. In a month he moves more steadily—he looks grave at the scholars' jests—he repels their insults—he even threatens them with tasks, with corporal punishments. The eternal *change* which is going on in all things (from the bishop down to the worm), reaches even him. His firmness begets respect; although respect is still withheld by some. The froward and lazy

dunces, whom no kindness can soften and no ray illumine,—they are waxing wroth at his assumption of authority. They can no longer waste the entire day, —“from morn till dewy eve.” Something is enforced from them, for their own sakes, for the credit of the school; something besides winning farthings from each other at dumps or marbles; something besides cutting names and notches on the desks, and painting their colleagues' faces with ink, and consuming gingerbread “on trust,” and gabbling, and lying, and fighting, and putting cinders in the usher's pocket. The usher is, in sad truth, doomed to become a lesson-compeller; and earns, unexpectedly, their sullen hate. So it is! We tread the pathway steadily, strictly; doing injury to no one, and good to all. We do “our duty,” with a kindly spirit, and are rejoicing that we are without an enemy, when suddenly the serpent curls upwards from the grass: we have trod on it unawares, and it stings us till we are in danger of death.

In his turn, our hero himself becomes less amiable: he is fretted and wearied for ever. Day by day, and all day long, the same dull din goes on—the same endless, hopeless toil; no prospect of good, no respite, no sympathy, no reward,—

“Pain, pain, ever, for ever!”

Then, he is without a friend. For the usher stands always apart:—the master is above him, the scholars beneath. He is alone,—tossed and swung about in the dark and turbid region of his thoughts,—the light

of hope, that once threw a trivial ray upon him, being now diminished to the smallest point. Once, he had a poor refuge in his father's house; he was at least endured there: it was there he passed his brief holidays. But his father is now dead, and his house is the home of a stranger. During the tedious school-hours he is at the oar; a slave chained to his galley. In the intervals, he cowers over the winter fire; or watches games which he can partake no longer; or he is sent out, at the end of a long file of boys, to keep anxious watch over all, and to check every turn and threat of mischief. His position is such that he is certain to attract dislike, and can never hope to excite affection. Should you enter the school play-ground on some sunny day, you will perhaps see a man with a small book in his hand, pacing up and down, under the southern wall. He is young; but his face is thin and colourless; his cheek hollow, his lips compressed, his eye hard and watchful. He stops occasionally, and casts a fierce inquisitive look around; or he calls out in a harsh voice, or quells a dispute about marbles, or stops the progress of an incipient fight. If you wait, you will perhaps see him followed by a boy on tip-toe, making faces behind his back, or "squaring" as though he would hit him in the spine. If the urchin be more than usually lively, he chinks, softly, the poor man's back; or puts dust in his pocket; or thrusts a pen under his collar, having a string and tassel annexed, producing a tail indeed of some pretensions, to the irrepressible delight of all beholders. On the walls there is the same man's likeness, scrawled

in chalk or charcoal, exaggerated and ridiculous, but still with sufficient resemblance to enforce your laughter. Do you ask who is at once this tyrant and victim? Alas! it is still—the Usher!

We have said that sometimes the usher falls headlong into love, and sheds “the boy” in his seventeenth or eighteenth spring. At other times, circumstances delay this great metamorphosis; and he goes, ignorant of evil to come, to his first “situation.” *Then* he encounters the sweet danger. He has hitherto seen no one: he has been a boy, in fact, below the simper even of a school-girl. He is now placed, face to face, with his master’s daughter. The haughty Priscilla eyes him, sees before her a countenance filled with expression, and resolves to add to her conquests another victim. In the dearth of kindness, the smiles of the provincial beauty are like balmy airs: they fan him, soften him, flutter him, warm and ripen him into love. He takes no heed, but springs headlong into the waves. He is wild enough, perhaps, to hope for a return. A return! Fool! do you not know that she sees in you nothing save her father’s Helot,—his slave,—the wretched prop, hired to support the burden of the school? She chooses that you shall love, in order that she may trample upon you with treble pride; but a return of your love never enters into the humblest of her dreams. What! she to whom the butcher ducks his head,—to whom the laundress courtesies, and the pot-boy pulls his shock of hair,—towards whom the linendraper is eager and respectful,—and whom even the apothecary shakes graciously

by the hand, telling her, with a smile, that she is committing fresh murders every day? She would as soon think of allying herself to the street beggar as to the hired usher of her father's school. But this is a secret between her soul and her. The unhappy youth knows it not. He sings her name to the listening night, and creates verses in her praise. He is absorbed and blinded by the atmosphere about him. Like the silkworm, he is weaving his early shroud: for when the truth at last forces itself upon him, and he beholds himself the sport and scorn of her to whom he had given his entire heart, and whom he had worshipped like a deity, he begins to droop, poor wretch! and pines with a sort of shame; gets day by day thinner, paler; has a more sunken cheek, a dim and hopeless eye. Even she who has deluded him vouchsafes some proud pity, now that she sees him thus sadly changed; although once out of sight, she turns to her glass more triumphantly than before, and asks of it, "Am I indeed so beautiful?"

But there must be an end to all things, even to an usher. And what can be the end of the young, sickly, over-wrought, friendless, despairing youth, but the old conclusion—death? At three-and-twenty years of age, that is his doom. He is gathered to his fathers, buried quickly, and at little cost. He has left enough, just enough, for the cheapest funeral; and two servants of the school attend his obsequies. As the little train passes below the window, where the graceful Priscilla (just returned from a pleasant visit) is sitting, humming some popular melody, she sees it, and suddenly

checks her music; exclaiming,—almost in the words, perhaps even with some of the feeling, of Lear,—“And my poor fool, then, is dead!”—This is the Usher’s epitaph!—

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Oh, gentle poets! pure philanthropists! large-minded philosophers! men who succour the needy, who help the helpless!—shed some little pity on the poor Usher! And oh, ye pious people! who commiserate the wants of the unlettered savage; who send out missionaries, (armed with Bibles and cash), to the Indian forests and remote savannahs,—to the ignorant islands of the Southern seas, to carry with them civilisation and happiness!—Gentlemen who manumit the blacks, who shed tears over your coffee whilst the sugar melts, (sugar earned by the sweat of sable brows),—cast one glance of kindness at that slave, the Usher! He *may* have been bred delicately; his mind has, assuredly, been nourished by luxurious food. He has dwelt with the sages and poets of the ancient time,—even with the moderns. He has conversed with Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras; with Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton,—will you have more? He has walked with Demosthenes on the pebbly beach. Perhaps he is even a philosopher or poet himself. Perhaps he has been unjustly worried by some cur of the critical kennel, some small libeller who writes “Anonymous” for his name; whom he has not strength enough to scorn or laugh at. Look at him—ponder well upon his fate! He has talents without fame, desires without fruition,

ambition without hope. Loneliness, contempt, poverty, despair,—these are his portion in this benevolent world; nothing more. Pity him, help him, legislate for him, if possible. When the third bottle of ruddy Port begins to circulate, and your hearts are warming into toleration for all mankind; when even the scullion sits down to her under-ground meal in quiet, and the harassed foot-boy (hired “for all work”) rests awhile from his labours; when the fire crackles, and the lights shine, and the merry Bacchus sparkles by your side; when there is nothing, in short, between you and Heaven but brilliant dreams; oh, then give way to the divine religion that is within you—that is in *every* heart—and yield something, be it only a little pity, to the most abused and injured of all who are supposed to enjoy the rights of man—the English Usher!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## FIRST AND LAST.

AN ODE.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

METHOUGHT I saw a cradle by a grave,  
And calm, as if the mother murmur'd there,  
A new-born infant slept. The moon was fair  
In heaven, and not the breathing of a wave  
Crisp'd the lull'd ocean of the purple air,—  
So side by side they lay,  
That which begun, and that for ever done with, Day.  
Methought that from the couch where smiling slept  
The *living* dust, a voice complaining crept :  
“ Thou dark and sullen resting-place of death,  
What dost thou boast that can with ME compare—  
My pillow hallow'd with life's earliest breath,  
My braveries dainty with a mother's care?  
Why cumberest thou my gay and sacred ground?  
Near thy rank grass the summer air breathes cold;  
And, sicklyng o'er the starlight, from thy mound  
The green damps gather on my silken fold!”  
“ Alas!” replied a murmur from the grave;  
“ How, in sad truth, canst thou with *me* compare!  
All to thy trust which vain Affection gave  
Thou rearest up to Sorrow and to Care;  
The sleep thou slumberest wakes to years of pain;—  
The heart *I* cradle ne'er can ache again!  
Sickness and Sin—the passion and the strife  
Grim by thy pillow—wait their destined prey;  
Thou feed'st the demons while thou shield'st the life,  
I raise the angel where I clasp the clay.”



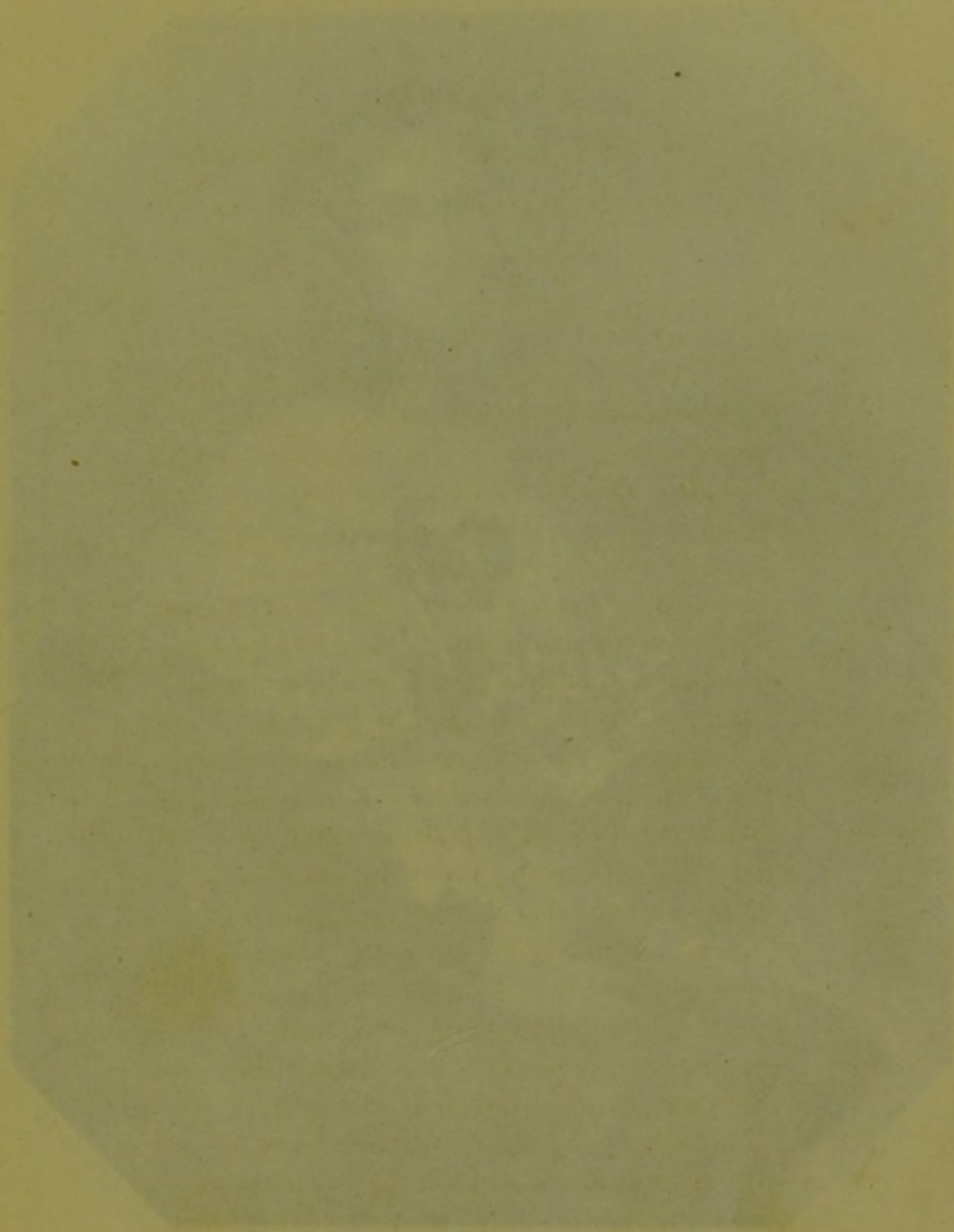
ON MRS. DISRAELI'S PORTRAIT

IN

"THE BOOK OF BEAUTY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DAWSON.

IN Flora's bower, while some enthusiast views  
In mute amaze the tints and gorgeous hues  
Of each sweet flower by turns, he gives the prize  
To Lilies, Myrtles, or the Tulip's dyes :  
When to his view the Rose uprears its head,  
All other beauties are forgotten,—fled ;  
And all the flowers in Fancy's storehouse found,  
Wondering he sees in this one emblem bound.  
So while each page unfolds a new-born grace  
Till the mock'd fancy pauses at each face,  
Bewilder'd with the beauteous rivalry  
The choice unfetter'd fondly turns to thee :  
Still to thee turns, all-confident to find  
The features but the index of the mind,  
Glowing with truth, sincerity, and ease,  
Stamp'd with the surest attributes to please.  
Intelligent and gay, the joyous smile  
Speaking a bosom free from art or guile,  
Pure as the consciousness of well-spent life,  
Perfect as friend, as daughter, sister, wife.  
No flattering pen subscribes a servile praise  
And sinks the merit which it fain would raise.  
This feeble strain, sprung purely from the heart,  
Has dared to paint thee simply as thou art.



THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

IN THE

REIGN OF CHARLES II.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN, ESQ.

OF THE SOCIETY OF BARRISTERS AT LAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON, Printed by J. BARNARD, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in Pall-mall.

1741.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF

THE SOCIETY

IN

THE

REIGN

OF

CHARLES

II.

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*Mrs. B. D'Israeli.*



## LOVE'S WAYWARDNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

A SIGH, a look, a toy, or flower,  
A fragrant scene, or moonlight hour,  
Will oft draw forth, in all its power,  
    That secret of the heart,  
Which has been kept for even years,  
In spite of passion, prayers, and tears,  
    And all the suitor's art.  
Oft, too, the love which might sustain  
The raging of the hurricane,  
    Will yield beneath a breath :  
As roses which have stemm'd the *blast*,  
Yet by the *zephyr* may at last  
    Be doom'd to meet their death.

Let her, who is most fond and true,  
With all her soul's devotion woo—  
    Love will not therefore stay :  
Let her, who is most cold and vain,  
Exhibit all her soul's disdain—  
    She'll scare him not away.  
O Love! confounder of the wise,  
Such are thy grave perplexities !  
    And yet from thee are given  
Those joys and blessings which are worth  
All other things upon the earth,  
    And change it to a heaven !

## THE MAID OF THE INN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UBLAND.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

I SAW three youths rowing over the Rhine ;  
They land at a hostel and ask for wine.

“ Good Hostess ! give us your best of wine ;  
And where is that darling Daughter of thine ? ”

“ My wine is fresh and alive, ” she said ;  
“ But my darling Daughter is still and dead. ”—

And when they enter'd the little room,  
They saw her laid out in the silent gloom.

The First from the face removed the shroud,  
And gazed in sorrow, and utter'd loud :—

“ Couldst thou, fair maid, but arise and live,  
My heart for thine I would freely give. ”

The Next on the face replaced the shroud,  
And turn'd to the window, and wept aloud :—

“ Alas ! that I find thee on this dark bier,  
I that have loved thee so many a year ! ”

The Third, once more drawing back the veil,  
Imprinted a kiss on the lips dead-pale :—

“ I have ever loved, as I love thee to-day,  
And I must love thee for ever and aye. ”

## WINTER AND SUMMER.

A NORTH AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY MISS POWER.

NATURE sleeps! cold and deathlike is her repose—not Juliet in her living tomb lay purer and paler; there is a hushed, an awful stillness in the wide forests of the west. The earth lies covered with the universal mantle of snow, and the leafless trees uprear their mighty trunks and fling abroad their giant arms in stern and motionless grandeur. There is something in the appearance of leafless trees that gives an idea of stern repose: there is no longer the flutter of gay green leaves, dancing in every breath of summer air, glittering in every gleam of summer sunshine, all youth, and life, and joy. Poor prodigals! the brightness and levity of their young days have passed away: the early frost has withered and faded the dancing leaves, as the cold hand of sorrow destroys the hopes and joys of youth; and the heart, chilled, and hardened, and disappointed, stands like the leafless tree—silent, and bare, and lone. The sun shines, but it is with a cold and wintry beam, like the smile which plays on the lip when the heart is broken.



And this is Nature in repose; anon comes a voice from above, and she wakes, wakes in wrath, and fearful is her anger—the mighty winds are let loose and the forest groans, and all is tumult and terror: and thus she rages for a season and then sleeps again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! there is a sound of life in the woods! and yonder some object approaches,—it is a cariboo.\* Poor creature! it is almost exhausted; wearily and painfully it struggles on through the deep snow, with outstretched neck, lolling tongue, and starting eye-balls: the dogs are close upon it—it can go no further; and, with sudden desperation, it turns and stands at bay, threatening its pursuers. The small, brisk Indian dogs have neither the strength nor the courage to attack it, but stand round barking and yelping, conscious of being supported by a superior power. A shot is heard—the hunted deer gives one agonised spring and drops lifeless, and then the Indian comes forward, strips off the skin, and separates the members of the carcass, still warm,—almost quivering with life; and having carefully packed them on his tobogan,† he gathers up his hunting-knife and rifle, and calling

\* A species of deer.

† The tobogan (pronounced tobaugan) is made of two ash-boards, very thin, each about six or seven feet long and eight inches wide, fastened together, side by side, by bits of wood nailed across; one end is then steamed and made to curve backwards, and is retained in this position by strips of deer-skin, one end of each being fastened to the turn, the other to one of the cross-sticks: it is then drawn along the frozen snow, by a long string attached to the curved end.

to his dogs, strikes away through the forest towards his home. For miles Tomar walked on, following the tracks made by his own snow-shoes when in pursuit of his game. The sun was now setting, and he saw by the halo that surrounded it, and by the dull grey colour of the sky, that a snow-storm was coming on: he was yet far from his wigwam,\* and he felt hungry and weary. Still he pressed on, though his step was no longer light and firm; and the loaded tobogan, the weight of which appeared at first a mere nothing, now became an intolerable burden. The snow began to descend in small close flakes, which shewed that it would be a heavy fall; and as night approached, the cold became so intense, that Tomar's limbs, numbed and stiffened, almost refused their office. By degrees, his senses became confused; he felt giddy and stupefied: still visions of his own hearth, of his children's welcome, crossed his mind, and though dim and indistinct, they urged him on. But this could not last: his strength was rapidly failing—an irresistible feeling of drowsiness crept over him—he no longer felt cold or hungry—only sleepy—very sleepy—and, unable to overcome the sensation, he stretched himself on his cold, cold bed, with a snow-wreath for his pillow, and soon he slept—slept the sleep that knows no waking. His spirit passed away to join his fathers, in that Indian paradise where there is no more cold or misery; where no white man comes to oppress the children of the forest.

\* An Indian hut.

The tardy morning broke; the bright, cold winter sun shot his keen rays through the leafless trees, and gleamed brilliantly on a mound of new fallen snow: it was the natural grave of Tomar; there was nothing in that smooth, white heap that could lead you to believe a human being slept beneath; there was nothing to distinguish it from the fallen trees and logs that lay around, similarly covered. Poor Tomar! oft will thy Lolah look forth along the path that leads to her lowly hut; oft will thy dark-eyed children shout thy name through the forest to guide thee home; oft will they pause and listen, as the echo of their own voices, borne on the wings of the wind, leads them for a moment to believe it is the tones they shall never more hear on earth.

But at length comes the fearful confirmation to their terrors: his dogs come home alone, weary, exhausted, and Lolah knows that while their master lived they would not have deserted him; hope is gone—he is dead—and she and her little ones are utterly destitute. But the Great Spirit, “the father of the fatherless,” He that “forgetteth not the cause of the widow,” still watches over the bereaved family: a party of hunters of their own tribe pursued their game to the very door of the wigwam and there killed it; they fed the destitute mother and her hungry babes, and then taking them under their protection, they led them through the trackless forest to the dwelling of their brethren and of their own people. Ye great and wise ones of the earth—ye who boast of

your learning, your superior intellect, your civilisation  
—would ye have done likewise?

\* \* \* \* \*

Glad, brilliant, glorious summer! happy, blessed season of bright bird, and butterfly, and brighter flower! thy presence is “felt, and heard, and seen,” and beneath thy glowing smile the icy shroud that clothed the earth hath melted and vanished. The western forest is no longer dead, and cold, and cheerless; and the mighty river, unbound from its frozen chain, rolls on its broad current in calm and silent majesty: there is a breezy whisper through the dancing leaves, the glad sunshine is sleeping on the broad prairie, whose every bright flower raises its sweet face, and spreads wide its delicate petals, to drink in a deep draught of the warmth and light that form its very existence, that give it its glorious tint and its delicious odour: here the almond bell sends up its fragrant breath, mingled with the perfumed sigh of the wild lily of the valley, and the soft rich odour of the pale blush-rose. Numberless gorgeous butterflies, Nature’s gallants, flit about hither and thither, light and inconstant as—man. Look at that bright-winged, glittering creature, mark the mingled richness and delicacy of its hues,—purple so deep as to be scarcely distinguished from black, is the prevailing colour, but this is relieved by a broad streak of white, across which flit, in different lights, every shade that gives brilliancy to the rainbow, while the indented margins of these beauteous wings are varied with alternate spots of bright blue and orange. Yonder

flutters another of a rich claret colour, streaked with pale primrose, and bordered with patches of azure and scarlet; while a third, clothed alone in "loveliest blue," wends his airy way through the glowing atmosphere.

Along the woodland path, so rarely trodden, except by the herds of half-wild horses and cattle, there came a figure meet to be the tutelary deity of this favoured spot:—it was a bright, beauteous girl, over whose head some sixteen summers had passed, each as it flew, only leaving a trace by the increase of loveliness it brought with it; on she came, now loitering with slow and measured pace, as she re-arranged the bright blossoms that filled the Indian basket hanging on her arm; now, with the sudden exuberance of youth and spirits, bounding along the winding path with that pliant suppleness of motion, and firm, springy buoyancy of tread that belongs only to youth, and health, and happiness, her sweet clear voice ringing through the forest as she burst forth into song. Hers was a happy life—that wild forest child—companion of the bird, and the butterfly, and of every bright thing that "dwells i' the beam." Her heart was full of love, and hope, and charity, and all the best feelings of human nature; she had not lived in the world; she had not learned the lessons it teaches all—selfishness, distrust, and falsehood; the warm heart and the fresh feelings, so natural in early youth, were the guides of that fair girl: the one had never been chilled, nor the other blunted, by the contact of the cold, and hard, and calculating mass called society.

Alas for youth, and hope, and innocence! how soon ye fade under its chilling influence, never, never to return!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Do not stay out late, my Mary,” were the last words of a fond mother to her fair child as she left the woodland cottage that was her home: “at sunset I shall expect you.” The merry girl went blithely on her way, and was soon deep in the lonely dells and shadowy recesses of the forest; the squirrel as she passed, darted up the tree and sat gazing, with curious eyes, upon the intruder; the partridge, calling to her brood, rose with a whirring sound, and perching on some lofty bough glanced timidly down upon her. Strange the terror excited by a human form, when one so lovely and so gentle could fill with alarm the denizens of the wild forest, who knew not by experience that they had cause to fear mankind! On she roved, that glad, bright creature, radiant with life and happiness, fearing nought, dreaming not of the past or of the future, so exquisite was the enjoyment of the present moment. The hours stole by unregarded; and it was not until suddenly entering an open spot of prairie, that she saw the sun gradually sinking behind the belt of forest, and remembered her mother’s words, “at sunset I shall expect you.” Instantly she turned to retrace her steps, and was soon once more in the deep wood; she hurried on—whither? Alas! ere she had gone far, she discovered that in her haste she had neglected to notice the various landmarks that alone could guide her through

the pathless forest, and she was now utterly at a loss how to proceed; the short twilight of an American evening was creeping rapidly on; the sweet, fresh breeze, which generally succeeds the sunset, was stealing in low sighs through the quivering leaves, and every tree replied with its whispering voice till a hushed and solemn murmur rose in the forest, thrilling the wanderer with a thousand inexplicable emotions. Poor child! how she longed for some familiar sound to guide her erring steps to the home she had that morning left: she pictured to herself the terror and anxiety her absence would cause in the little household, and she redoubled her efforts to discover some trace by which she might return to that peaceful, happy home. Alas! vain were all her endeavours—worse than vain; for she only became more and more deeply entangled in the mazes of the forest. And now the last flush had faded from the western horizon; here and there a bright star glimmered in the deep blue vault of heaven, like the last, fondest, sweetest hope that remains to one whose heart without that hope would be an utter blank; the wind had sighed itself to rest among the leaves, the last twittering of the birds had ceased, and all was silent as the grave; the blue sky above deepened into purple, and with its millions of stars, looked like a field of sapphire paved with diamonds, for the feet of

“That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon.”

But the heart of the poor wanderer was filled with

terror, and in all that surrounded her she only saw fresh causes for fear; the silence awed her: but with what a thrill of agony she heard that silence broken by the far cry of the lynx wandering forth in search of prey! hardly able to suppress the shriek that rose to her lips, she turned and fled, until at length, utterly exhausted with fatigue and terror, she sank almost senseless at the foot of a tree. How long she lay there she knew not; weariness overcame every other sensation, and sleep kindly came to close the eyes heavy with weeping. Calmly and peacefully she slept beneath the forest shade; the night breeze sighed across her fevered brow, and she dreamed that her mother bent over her, and that it was her breath that fanned her temples, that it was her whispered blessing that stole upon her ear; then

“A change came o'er the spirit of her dream.”

She was alone in the forest. Once more the cry of the loup-cervier\* thrilled her with terror, and the scream was taken up by a thousand fearful voices till the wild wood rang with the hideous yell. She heard the rushing of many feet—a crowd of fierce and terrible beasts were around her! and now one advances to the spot where she lies; she feels his hot breath glowing on her cheek; she hears its panting sound, and with a cry of wild terror she awakes;—and there, close to hers, is the face of the beast! She does indeed feel his breath; she sees his glaring eyes fixed upon her,

\* The Canadian lynx.



and as she starts up to fly, he springs upon her! she turns in desperation and sees—her father's favourite dog—her friend and playmate! And now again the cry rings through the woods; but this time she joyfully echoes it back, for it is the well-known voice of her brother: in a few moments he is by her side, and she is weeping with joy and thankfulness in his arms. That night Mary once more reposed in peace and safety beneath the cottage roof.

## SONG OF THE WINTER SPIRITS.

BY MISS THEODOSIA GARROW.

HURRAH! hurrah! from the fathomless caves,  
From the seas of ice, and the land of snow,  
From the pathless waste where the hurricane raves,  
From the gulfs where the fire-streams heave and  
glow,  
We come! we come at our Lord's decree.  
We have seen his white banner outflashing afar,  
Glancing and gleaming o'er land and sea,  
And we leap at his bidding. Hurrah! hurrah!

Ours is the season of frantic mirth,  
For we tear the bright wreaths from the sorrowing  
Earth.  
There is many a green leaf on many a tree,  
But we whirl them off in our revelry,  
And along, along,  
With a shout and a song,  
We dash in our triumph merrily!

Hurrah! hurrah! when the moon is high  
We fling a dark veil o'er her pallid face;  
As she struggles and hurries athwart the sky,  
Oh, joyous and swift is the midnight race!—

And on, and on, in our headlong glee,  
We follow her panting o'er sun and star,  
And she darts to her bed in the slumbering sea,  
But we follow her closely. Hurrah! hurrah!

The sun went down on the old oak-trees,  
The sycamores stoop'd to the evening breeze;  
But morning shall gaze on their leaf-strewn biers  
And weep o'er their corpses her cold bright tears.  
Down, down to the earth  
In our loud, fierce mirth,  
We dash the tall oaks of a thousand years;

Hurrah! 't is our gathering flag we see,  
And we come to lord it o'er hill and lea;  
Our breath is sharp, and our wings are strong,  
As through the dim world we come rushing along.  
The red northern streamers are flashing afar,  
Wilder and brighter than moon or star,  
And we wing our flight  
O'er the earth to-night,  
To leave it in ruins! Hurrah! hurrah!

## CARACCIOLI.

BY MILES STAPLETON, ESQ.

“ Caraccioli was brought on board at nine, and the trial commenced at ten : it lasted two hours. He was sentenced to death, and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect by hanging him at the yard-arm till sunset ; when the body was cut down and thrown into the sea. Lady Hamilton was present. Nelson stood out to sea, but the ship had not proceeded far before the body was distinctly seen upright in the water, and approaching them ; it was recognised to be the corpse of Caraccioli which had risen and floated, while the great weight attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man.”—*SOUTHEY'S Life of Nelson.*

Not a cloud was seen in the burning sky,  
The deck was scorch'd by the noonday sun,  
The union floated half-mast high,  
The fearful boom of the minute-gun  
Peal'd o'er the waters — the only sound  
Which broke the silence that reign'd around.

On the flag-ship's deck a prisoner stood,  
His brow was pale and his hair was grey,  
And well might his cheek have lost its blood,  
For a council sat in solemn array,  
And a fearful whisper pass'd along,  
From lip to lip, of the warrior throng.

And there was one who read aloud—

His voice was like the archangel's blast,  
That wakes the slumberer in his shroud—

And calls him forth to hear his last  
Eternal doom. No tears were shed,  
All sternly heard the sentence read.

The prisoner cast a mournful look

On the distant hill and the neighbouring shore;  
And his heart grew faint, and his spirits shook,  
To think he should look on that land no more,  
But he hurriedly cast, ere his eyes were bound,  
A farewell glance on the scene around.

St. Elmo's flag-staff pierced the sky,

Ischia bounded the glorious bay,  
Vesuvius blazed like a beacon on high,  
Hid in its gardens Sorrento lay :

'Tis the land where his youth and his manhood were past;  
Let him look on it now, for that look is his last.

The word was spoken—the signal given—

A shapeless mass, a lifeless thing,  
Waves in the vault of the deep-blue heaven,  
To and fro as the yard-arms swing.  
The sun went down, and the tideless wave  
Silently closed o'er the Italian's grave.

And the ship lay her course to a distant land,

And a gloominess weigh'd on the hearts of the crew,  
Save the chief who had given the stern command,  
Whose flag was unconquer'd wherever it flew,

For he stood on the deck, like an ocean rock,  
Unmoved by the wave or the whirlwind's shock.

Where all is dark as a thunder-cloud,  
Why comes a figure divinely bright? \*  
Like the lightning's flash which rends the shroud  
That winds the earth in the dead of night,  
It adds to the scene of horror there  
To see a face so heavenly fair.

'T was night on the waters. That lovely one  
Stood by the side of the chieftain brave :  
She thought of the dead as the ship sail'd on,  
And silently gazed on the moonlit wave—  
Why does she start? O God! can it be  
That the dead should rise and walk on the sea?

A ghastly corpse, erect and pale,  
Moved on the wave of the tranquil bay—  
The breezes fill'd the swollen sail,  
But it follow'd the ship on its trackless way :  
The night wax'd late, but still it was there,  
With its blood-red neck and its matted hair.

\* Lady H——n.

ON THE  
PORTRAIT OF MISS TINDAL.

GLAD Summer is beaming once more on the world,  
And strewing earth's bosom with flowers ;  
Blithe birds are abroad, and the nightingale's song  
Is heard 'mid the blossoming bowers.

'Tis meet that the summer should shine upon thee,  
Fairest flow'r of the blooming parterre ;  
No rose is so lovely—no nightingale's tone  
So sweetly could float on the air.

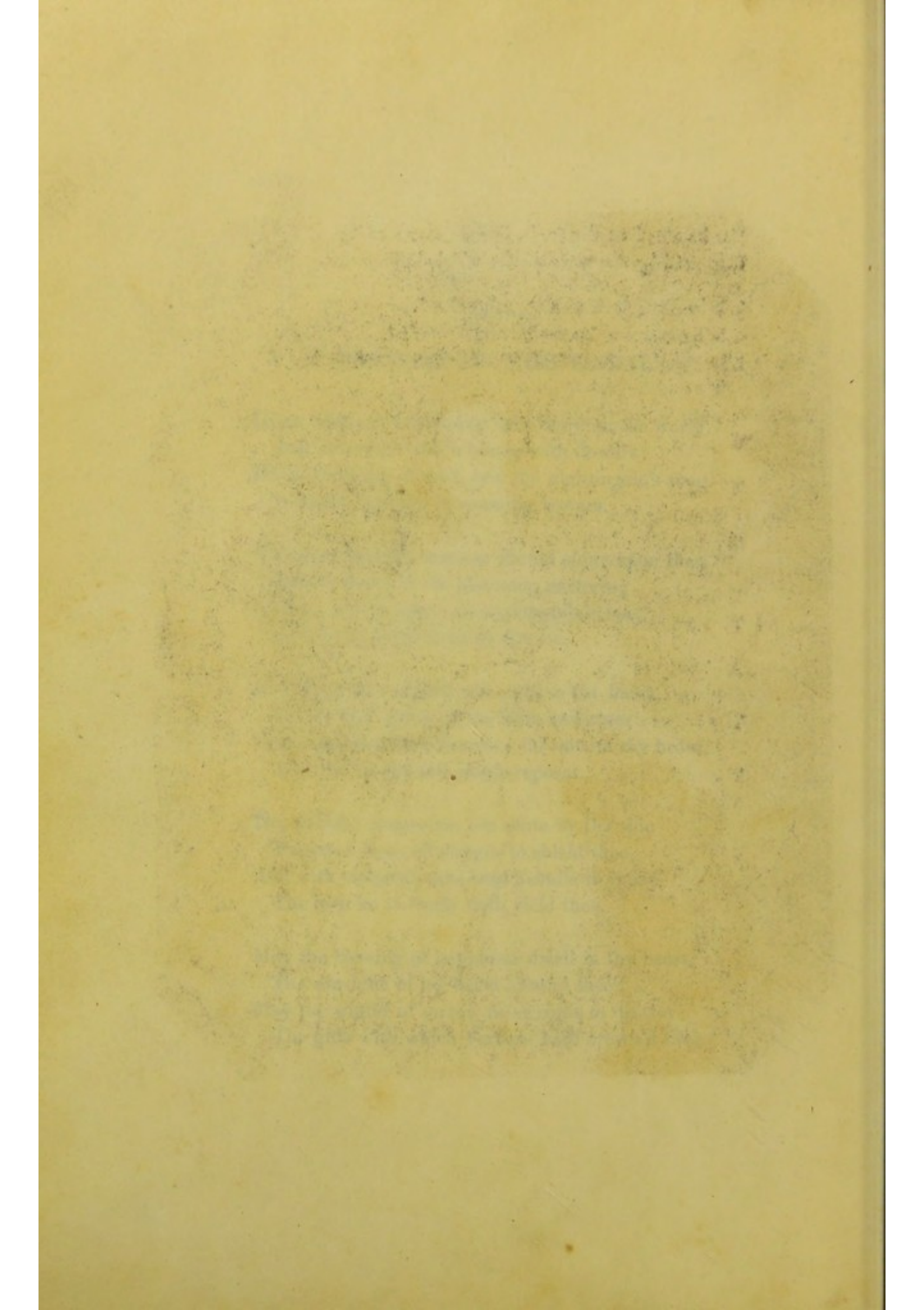
E'en Flora her sceptre will yield to thy hand,  
Crown thee queen of the lilies and roses :  
Their emblems thou bearest ; for one on thy brow  
And one on thy soft cheek reposes.

Thy faithful companion sits mute by thy side  
Prepared from all danger to shield thee,  
And with eloquent eyes begs a smile to repay  
The love he so freely doth yield thee.

May the blessing of happiness dwell in thy heart,  
The sunshine of joy beam around thee :  
May the winter of sorrow ne'er come to destroy  
The gifts with which Fortune hath crown'd thee.









*Miss Tyndal*



## THE SHAWL AND COFTÁN.

BY SIR GARDNER WILKINSON,

AUTHOR OF "A GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT," "TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES,"  
AND "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS."

IN no part of the world is the importance of dress so much felt as in the East; and the same person, who had commanded respect from every stranger when under the favourable exterior of rich attire, might be subject to neglect, or even contempt, if careless of his appearance.

A well-known tale is related of Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of Mohammed, illustrative of this fact.

Happening one day to pass by a group of persons who were taking their repast, clad in a common dress, he was surprised at their incivility in not inviting him to sit and eat with them, as is usual with Orientals; but, knowing the peculiarities of his compatriots, he returned home, put on a rich outer garment, and again, as if by accident, walked by the door of the apartment.

"*Bismillah, ya séedee,*"\* was instantly uttered by

\* "In the name of God, sir," *i. e.* "eat with us;" from the custom of saying, "*Besm Allah*,"—In the name of God," before they begin to eat.

the whole party. Ali sat down, and partook of their fare, but in doing so allowed the end of his long sleeve to drag in one of the dishes. “*Kommak, kommak, ya séedee!*”—“Your sleeve, your sleeve, sir!” exclaimed several voices.—It was what he wished. He replied:—

“Lo la kommee  
Ma kel fommee.”

“But for my sleeve  
My mouth had not eaten.”

They acknowledged their unworthy error, and the story has been preserved as one of the many pleasing traits of the amiable Ali.

A similar occurrence took place a few years ago in Upper Egypt.

A Turk of rank, having been to the pilgrimage of Mekkeh, happened, while on his way to Cairo, to stop at a village, near which stood the spacious tent of a bey, who was then engaged in the inspection of his province. Careless about his appearance during a journey, he entered the tent dressed in a common white muslin turban, a simple silk coftán, and other ordinary clothes; when to his surprise the bey, casting a careless look towards him, continued to smoke his pipe, without having the courtesy to offer him a seat.

After a short stay he retired. “Dress,” said he to himself, “dress is the cause of this: I think so, and I will try it.”

Next day he repeated his visit, having put on a splendid brocade coftán, a handsome Cashemire shawl,

and other robes of corresponding richness. No sooner had he entered the tent than the bey rose from his seat, and, advancing towards him, requested him to take the cushion of honour in the corner of his diwán, loaded him with expressions of welcome, assured him that he had illumined the place with his presence, and gave orders for a pipe and coffee to be brought to the distinguished stranger.

When the pipe was brought,\* he took the corner of his turban with the end of his brocade sleeve, and, placing them over the mouthpiece, appeared to smoke. The bey looked at him with surprise, but said nothing; when, however, the coffee was presented, and he dipped them both into the cup—"In the name of Allah," exclaimed the bey, "why do you this?"

"I came here yesterday," he answered, "having a simple white shawl and an ordinary dress; I had no pipe, no coffee: to-day I am dressed as you see me. It is therefore evident that these were intended for my clothes, not for me; let them then take what is presented to them: I give each its own merits."

The reproof was felt, and the stranger left the bey to meditate over the exposure of his own weakness.

\* The pipe always precedes the coffee; to bring the latter first is an affront, as to order coffee a second time is a hint to a person that his visit has been too long. With what advantage this custom might be adopted in Europe!

## YOUTH AND AGE.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ. M.P.

“ From Pleasure’s dream in silence he retreats,  
And envies every ’prentice boy he meets ;  
Too proud one friendly visit to repay,  
Too thoughtless to endure one lonely day,  
Too indolent to read, too profligate to pray.”—S. JENYNS.

“ In his own grounds he loves to tread ;  
Nor envies, on his household bed,  
The couch of eastern kings.”—*Old Ballad.*

THE hateful journey, oft deferr’d or changed ;  
His lacqueys gone, his equipage arranged ;  
His tradesmen paid—in promises of gold ;  
His loves forsaken, and his hunters sold ;  
Though young Hilario every effort tries,  
Mark what reflections in his bosom rise.  
“ Must I desert each long-frequented street,  
Of mirth and gaiety the favour’d seat ?  
Forsake the banquet, theatre, and ball ;  
The brilliant court, and decorated hall ?  
Nor these alone, should nobler themes delight,  
‘ *The feast of reason,*’ with the Attic night ;  
Should crowded senates lofty thoughts inspire,  
Or taste and genius renovate their fire ;  
Should painting, poetry, or sculpture charm ?  
Heavens ! to exchange them for a swampy farm !  
For Hamlet, see, with guilty Richard’s frown,  
The ‘ *Marionettes* ’ of some provincial town !

View for Almack's (my languid spirits droop)  
 The '*Colin-Maliard*' of a Christmas group ;  
 Or, like a Solon, at the bench preside,  
 To awe the poacher and the tread-mill guide ;  
 With, oh, ye sisters from Castalia's fount !  
 That direful sight — a steward's long account !  
 No ; let grandees, who half a province own,  
 Despise our joys in hypocritic tone ;  
 With poor dependants rule some wild domain,  
 Some cringing borough, or obsequious train.  
 And till we hail the soft approach of spring,  
 Till vernal gales our beauteous exiles bring,  
 Let me, fair Dian ! (mistress of the chase),  
 Thy once-loved image in the forest trace ;  
 Let thy twin-brother, with his tuneful song  
 In fabled scenes, the midnight hour prolong ;  
 Let Hospitality her form display,  
 And cheer the horrors of each wintry day,  
 Till Hope's bright vision is no more o'er-cast,  
 But Pleasure beckons to her arms at last."

Observe him now ;—his youthful ardour tamed,  
 From all his errors and his faults reclaim'd,  
 Each manly feature furrow'd deep by Care,  
 The long-sought Tour in foreign climes prepare ;  
 With dreams of joy each lovely daughter fired,  
 Hear his reflections from their mirth retired :—  
 "To-morrow's sun the odious day reveals,  
 And o'er my bosom what emotion steals  
 At quitting thee, — my dear paternal seat,  
 Of Peace and Comfort long the blest retreat.



'Farewell, a long farewell' to each delight,  
The studious morning, or the social night,  
The fragrant breezes of the new-mown hay,  
The lark's shrill matin at returning day,  
The spangled gossamer that decks the lawn,  
Th' inspiring echo of the hunter's horn,  
The lofty oaks that shade yon mountain ridge,  
The murmuring streamlet, and romantic bridge;—  
A long farewell! each blessing I resign,  
At Fashion's call, with essenced beaux to shine;  
In foreign courts some midnight revel keep,  
Or, like Macbeth, awake from broken sleep;  
Quit all the duties Providence design'd,  
By time and habit, o'er my bosom 'twined,  
For hollow smiles that veil an anxious breast,  
Or scenes by Folly and Delusion drest;  
Where rigid Power and wily Priestcraft join'd,  
Depress the feelings and unnerve the mind.  
Who now will greet the balmy breath of Spring,  
Or the poor robin scatter'd fragments bring?  
Who now the bean-field's zephyr will inhale,  
Or hear delighted th' autumnal gale?  
Who o'er the common's thymy path will roam,  
Till eve's bright star recalls the wand'rer home?  
Each grey domestic who will now befriend,  
Who to my tenant's humble pray'r attend?  
Haste, then, ye moments! Fly, reluctant hours!  
Till happier days restore my natal bowers,  
Each haunt forgot of dissipated strife,  
This ancient '*Château*' shelters me for life."

“ ETERNA MARGARHITA.”

DANTE.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

WHERE the Fairies trod their ring  
Daisies first began to spring—  
Simple flowers, whose starlike eyes  
Did the verdant earth surprise :  
When the fairies came again—  
Breeze-borne spirits of the plain,  
They the new-born blossoms found  
Spangling all the meadow-ground.  
On those flowery tufts they rode,  
In those cups they made abode,  
And a poet heard the elves  
Singing to their merry selves,  
    Margarite! Margarite!  
Ah! that carol rang so sweet  
That the Daisies still seem glistening  
With the Fairies' magic christening.

When the sea-nymphs heard the knell  
Of the leeward-booming bell,  
Which for Lycidas was toll'd,  
Ere his drownèd form was cold  
To the deeps they bore the boy,  
(Lifeless child of love and joy);  
Where they sit about his bier,  
Sorrowing as we sorrow here,  
Save that to those sea-maid's eyes  
Every tear a Pearl supplies;

And they call that gem serene,  
 From their mourning Ocean-queen,  
     Margarite, Margarite :  
 To that sound the billows beat,  
 And each drop those eyes shed weeping  
 In a wreathèd shell lies sleeping.

Fair as Daisy, pure as Pearl,  
 Was the faith of that young girl,  
 Who led forth her nurse's flock  
 On the plain of Antioch :  
 Grievous agonies she bore —  
 Love, more curst than death thrice o'er,  
 Terror, torture, and suspense —  
 By her perfect innocence.  
 In the rocky crypt her might  
 Overcame the dragon's spite,  
 Till the dayspring pierced that gloom  
 With the light of martyrdom.

    Margarite ! Margarite !  
 Sister-angels now repeat  
 Thy pure legend, which inherits  
 Power to baffle evil spirits.

If thou stroll across the hill  
 Scatter'd with that low flower still,  
 Love it — like the sun and air,  
 Love it — for 't is every where.  
 Seek not thou to deck thy bride  
 Gems in dusky earth that hide ;  
 Let her chosen jewels be  
 Pearls from the untainted sea.

Does the poet's heart caress  
 Hidden dreams of loveliness?  
 Call them by the simple name  
 Of that virgin's holy fame,  
     Margarite! Margarite!  
 Daisy, Pearl, and Maid, complete  
 The triple charm of love and pity,  
 Triple burden of my ditty.

---

IMPROMPTU ON BEING REPROACHED WITH  
 INSENSIBILITY TO ROSSINI'S MUSIC.

BY B. SIMMONS.

SING me thy simple ballad-songs,—  
     That rich Italian lay  
 To halls of revelry belongs  
     Where Gladness meets the gay;  
 But, in this pleasant moonlight hour,  
     While lean the roses in  
 Through the green lattice of thy bower,  
     Bravuras were a sin.

Another time that Overture,—  
     But now *the banks of Ayr*  
 Best harmonises with the pure  
     Pale jasmine in thy hair.  
 Yes; in this quiet cottage-room,  
     'Mid books and sculpture's sheen,  
 Fill'd with the mignonette's perfume,  
     Bravuras were a sin!

LOVE'S SEASONS.

A LYRIC.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

WHEN Spring-buds put forth their green,  
When cowslips in the meads are seen,  
When May-flowers deck the village queen,  
That 's the time for wooing !

When the Summer days are long,  
When wild birds trill their tuneful song,  
When silver streams flow gently on,  
That 's the time for wooing !

When rich Autumn's store is spread,  
When the ripe grape hangs its head,  
When the golden corn is shed,  
That 's the time for wooing !

When the Winter nights *seem* short,  
When snow-crown'd Christmas holds his court,  
While cheerful Age enjoys Youth's sport,  
That 's the time for wooing !

Spring and Summer, Autumn grey,  
Winter's steps pursuing ;  
As each Season glides away,  
All are times for wooing !

LINES.

BY THE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS, BARONESS DE RUTHYN.

THE beauteous Spring! the happy, joyous Spring!  
Ah, would that I could love its beaming face!  
Would that my cares, my griefs, would now take wing,  
And of their gloomy winter leave no trace!

All nature breathes the spirit of delight;  
The very wind caressingly doth blow,  
And by its melting touch hath put to flight  
The ice that chill'd the heart's out-bursting flow.

But vainly now *I* seek that touch to feel,  
As when in days gone by on me did rest  
Its balmy breath, for wearily doth steal  
Life's once impassion'd torrent through my breast.

Ay, wearily! how wearily, alas!  
'T were vain to tell: what boots the world should know  
The madd'ning agony of thoughts that pass,  
Searing the inmost spirit as they go?

The Spring, the sad, the melancholy Spring!  
Nought but its shadow rests upon me now;  
The memory of the past its gloom doth fling  
Upon my overburthen'd heart and brow.

## A MYSTERY.

BY THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY.

IN the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, and in the month of July, I dined with a party at Blackwall; when, on crossing one of the bridges on our return home from the Docks, I observed that the barouche was followed by an extraordinary dog, as large as a middle-sized terrier. The animal in question was slightly wire-haired of a reddish hue, with short bandied legs, bright piercing yellow eyes, prick ears, a rough beard, and without the smallest vestige of ever having possessed a tail. The dog did not content himself with simply following the carriage; but first he appeared on one side and then on the other, crossing in front of the horses, and gambolling round us with playful leaps, as the dog is drawn when circling round his master in the tale of "Faust." When we had proceeded about half way on our return to the west end of the town, struck with the dog's appearance and manner I stopped the carriage, and had him caught and taken up on the box, where he sat very contentedly barking at all the hackney-coachmen we passed on the various stands. On arriving in Spring Gardens, the dog, from his strange and impish ap-

pearance, was christened Faust, fed with biscuits, and consigned to a bed in the stable beneath my horse's manger. Here he remained for some weeks, attaching himself to no one but me, getting very fond of my horses, obeying his name as if he had been used to it all his life, and amusing himself with chasing cats, though he would not touch them when overtaken. One day he drove an individual of the feline species into the old ice-house, which, being empty, received pursuer and pursued into the profundity of its bosom; and thence were driven, in hasty retreat, insect on insect that had held their mysterious orgies in its murky shades for years. Beetle, spider, and woodlouse, like the members of a government that had been in place for time out of mind, rolled forth in the corpulency attained by sinecure; while the more common blue flies, excited and agitated by things that wished to succeed to web and corner, buzzed around the retiring ministers in the air, as if cheering rejoicingly over their discomfiture.

As I stood at the mouth of the well to call the dog away, I could not help thinking that not only might the alligators and other monstrous aquatic reptiles be born in the pumps of London, nursed in its vinegar, and conveyed by the Thames to genial climes where they grow to strange perfection; but that the lizard, armadillo, and even the elephant, might also be transported, either through fuel, linen, or hampers, to different parts of the world, where some of them might emerge from insect diminutiveness to tyrannise in their turn over pigmy man. It is a speculation worthy of Mr.



Pickwick, and, in its extended scale, of more importance than is his curious theory on the heretofore neglected tittlebat. When all these insect-horrors were rushing by me in brisk dismay, their uncouth action brought to my recollection the cause of their terror—my demon dog, and I thought that the scene resembled a miniature pandemonium. The London season being over, Faust accompanied my horses to Harrold Hall in Bedfordshire, and was placed in the foxhound kennel,—then only inhabited by pointers and spaniels,—the walls of which were nearly nine feet high, and whence the largest and most active hound had never been known to escape. Faust's manners were as odd as his appearance: for instance, whenever any of the other dogs, large or little, quarrelled with and fell on him, he never fought again, or cried when he was hurt, but suffered them to roll him over as long as they pleased, when he would rise and gambol round the kennel as he did in the first instance round the carriage, till stopped again by one of his companions who seemed ever to hold him and his antics in thorough detestation. In hunting hedgerows for rabbits, Faust was invaluable; never biting the rabbits when they were killed or wounded, but hugging them with his forepaws, and cutting uncouth capers over their bodies in the oddest way imaginable.

One day, in the month of October, I had in the afternoon been shooting rabbits; Faust had behaved well, and returning home with me I saw him, with the rest of the dogs and one of the keepers, enter the kennels. On the following morning during breakfast

Faust was reported as being absent. The man in charge of him, a servant on whom I could depend, swore that he had fed and left him the previous night under lock and key with the rest of the dogs; but that, when he visited the kennel in the morning, Faust was nowhere to be seen. In addition to this, word had been passed to the town of Harrold that one of the dogs was missing from the Hall; but no intelligence could be gained, no one had noticed so remarkable a dog, and though *all* stray dogs were always, and still continued to be, brought to the kennel under supposition that they must of necessity be mine, from that hour to this *no certain* intelligence of Faust has ever been obtained.

The foregoing are facts which fell under my own immediate observation, the rest of the tale has been gathered from evidence produced before the magistrates, or gleaned from the lips of others.

Soon after Faust had been lost from the kennel, a boy was in the act of tending a drove of pigs by the road-side under a wood called "Solemn Thrift." It was a dull, still, gloomy day, so dark in its shadows that the children of night seemed to be playing truant from their lugubrious school and to be hiding beneath the limbs of the trees. The very zephyr seemed afraid to move lest it should shake from the reddening bough the beautiful tint of autumn, the last vestige of waning summer, which, like the deceitful and hectic blush on the cheek of a fair and dying girl, mantled only to make the pallid desolation so soon to follow more dreary to the weeping eyes of the watchers on

the field of sorrow. The dropping through the leafy bower of an acorn, the occasional flap of the wood-pigeon's wing as she strove to reach the nut-brown treasure from the oaken bough, was all that disturbed the dreamy stillness of surrounding nature; and even the grizzly boar lay stretched in the midst of the slumbering herd, too much oppressed by the atmosphere to exert his greedy inclination. According to the statement of the boy, things had been thus for some time, when he and his charge were startled by the sudden rush, from beneath the tangled and rustling brambles of the wood, of a small, wild-looking, red, rough, and tailless dog; the creature bounding in the air, and gambolling along, rolled itself so suddenly into the midst of the swine, that, with loud snorts of terror, they fled in all directions, some of them seeking safety beneath the very portion of the wood whence the dog had so unexpectedly appeared.

Not a thought of danger or dismay at that moment entered the brain of the rustic, but in the simple desire of collecting the swine under his charge, he hastened in pursuit and followed through the thicket. At this moment there happened to be passing an under-gamekeeper, and he in his turn became startled by a cry of distress proceeding from the boy: he also hastened to the wood whence the cry proceeded, but had not gone far when he met the lad returning, his hair on end—a “creamed-faced loon,” indeed. After some moments, the boy recovered his wits sufficiently to declare, that while following his hogs he had nearly run against a man, leaning on the stem of a tree,

without a head, and who raised and pointed his leg at him. The keeper, procuring other help, proceeded to the spot described by the boy, when the following scene presented itself. Standing upright against a tree was the body of a man, the fleshless bones of whose figure, in some places, protruded through the rotten raiment which could not conceal them; while above the body, in a handkerchief suspended from a bough, waved a skeleton head. So determined had the living tenant of these atoms been on self-destruction, that he had slashed and bent a stout nut-tree sufficiently to make him a stage whence to take the fatal leap.

The only further evidence obtained was that a man, bearing clothes similar to those found on the body, had been seen during the preceding summer in a neighbouring village; and that some mowers, cutting grass under the wood in the month of June, were scarcely able to continue their work from an effluvia arising from the thicket, the cause of which they had not the curiosity to ascertain.

From that hour to the present time, no intelligence of such a dog as Faust has reached me, nor do I believe that the circumstances attending the suicide have ever been ascertained.

## LINES.

BY THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY.

THERE 's a certain black braid of glossy hair,—  
    'T was placed in my bosom, *not* long ago,  
By one that was pretty, and gay, and fair,  
    And well have I kept it—I loved it so!  
Not long has ended the fast-fleeting year  
    Since our hands and our lips were pressed together;  
And scarcely has dried the lingering tear  
    That mourned o'er the words, " Adieu for ever!"  
I have seen *such* gentleness fade and die,  
    When *a* day has sever'd it from my care;  
I have seen hope's best hues perishing lie—  
    Dark in the grasp of the deepest despair:  
I have felt in my breast *such* roses wither,  
    *Such* treasure depart, and *such* smiles grow sad,  
That well may I wonder my heart can sever  
    The links of its wo, or my soul be glad.  
The brow that is beautiful, fair, and gay,  
    Will miss not the lock that it used to prize;  
For the spirit that gave it has pass'd away  
    With the love that illumined her dark bright eyes.  
Then, why should I keep such a tress to remind  
    Of scenes that are gone where all fair things go,  
Or dream of affection—pass'd—fled with the wind—  
    Or melted away like the last year's snow?

No. There is a flame that *is* springing on high,  
 Like one from Altar to Godhead of old —  
 Perfumed with love, with the vow, with the sigh —  
 Warm from the lip ere the heart had grown cold :  
 The tears that fall in it but add to the light,  
 And make the sparks glitter more purely and bright.  
 Amidst *such destruction*, sweet girl, remains free  
 The oath *to thy safety* pledged fondly by me ;  
 Unsullied by falsehood, untouch'd by a stain,  
 'T is the sole bond between us *not* tender'd in vain.

---

ON THE DEATH  
 OF  
 THE DUCHESS A. DE WIRTEMBURG.

BY LADY JERVIS.

BRING an undying wreath ;  
 Crown, crown her hallow'd resting place.  
 Of earthly blossom let no trace  
 Around it breathe.

Strew not young roses here,  
 Nor yet the lily's fading leaf ;  
 Nor shade with yew-tree's branch of grief  
 The wept one's bier.

The rose is for the earth—  
The emblem of her love ; decay  
Was folded in the leaflets, ere to-day  
Had given them birth.

Bring not the pansy's bloom,  
Flower of earth's passing memory !  
The *Unforgotten* needs not thee  
Around her tomb.

Let not the laurel lie,  
Nor bay, although they give the brow  
Of earthly genius a proud glow :  
Like it, they die.

For her, our nation's light !  
The pure, the excellent, the young !  
O'er whom immortal Genius flung  
His halo bright ;

Go—o'er that halo shed  
The tears that wash'd *Hate's* memory  
From *Foemen's* hearts, as speechless they  
Wept that young dead.

Triumph of Virtue ! Lo,  
A mourning senate's tears begem  
Immortal Genius' diadem !  
Crown her tomb now.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY LORD GARDNER.

ESSENCE of all perfection! who pervadest  
The waking dreams and visions of mankind,  
Whilst, rainbow-like, their grasp thou erst evadest,  
Painting the clouds and riding on the wind,  
Till thou almost persuadest  
Thou dwellest in the mind!

Spirit! quit thine Eastern cave,  
Wanton lightly o'er the wave;  
Embodied in a sunbeam play,  
And, laughing, mingle night with day:  
Quit those vast unfathom'd deeps,  
Where Love is still, and Nature sleeps,  
Till, guided by thy dædal hand,  
Her emanations gild the strand,  
All-bountiful she smiles to bless  
The nations with her loveliness.

Curtain'd by the vault of ocean,  
Rock'd by each wave's returning motion,  
Veil'd from all earthly gaze, is spread,  
Emboss'd with pearls, thy coral bed:  
Unnumber'd gems thy god-head stamp,  
The emerald serves thee as a lamp.



And when entwined with lilies fair,  
Thou braid'st the tangles of thy hair,  
And thy nameless grace, and form divine,  
Reflected in a ruby shine ;  
Now brightly beaming from afar,  
The lightning's harness'd to thy car ;  
Or mounted on a comet's back,  
The northern lights proclaim thy track ;  
While shooting stars, like ocean's spray,  
Scatter the glories of thy way,  
And, trickling down the vault of Heaven,  
Fall like the tears of love forgiven ;  
When not a cloud or storm efface  
The glorious smile of Nature's face,—  
So calmly sweet, divinely fair,  
The hand of God is planted there.  
Once seen, once felt, oh ! who could be  
Apostate to thy Deity ?

Now on the wings of Morn descending,  
Fresh splendour to the orient lending,  
See ! where the sunbeams dance the brightest,  
Full on yon craggy steep thou lightest,  
Whilst Sol is startled on his throne  
By rays diviner than his own.

Born on the torrent's mazy path,  
Thou risest sparkling from thy bath ;  
Each wave along the crystal stream,  
As thoughts reflected in a dream,  
Tinged with a thousand hues is seen,  
And rippling eddies faintly shew  
Thy mirror'd image as they flow.

Radiant with the pearls of Morn,  
Thou trippest o'er the mossy lawn ;  
Thy glittering footsteps scarce can stir  
The net-work of the gossamer,  
But leave unsullied as they pass  
The dewy splendour on the grass.  
The softest breath of Heaven which blows  
Will shake one dew-drop from the rose ;  
The crocus must her leaves unfold,  
And smile through tears of burnish'd gold,  
Whilst at the lightest faëry tread,  
The drooping lily bows her head ;  
Thy balmy touch new life bestows,  
With brighter beauty blooms the rose,  
Warm'd by thy kiss the sunflower burns,  
And from her god inconstant turns,—  
On earth her truant glances rove,  
In all the luxury of love.

Now floating with the shepherd's song,  
Its merry echoes bear thee on —  
From crag to crag the strain resounding  
Far on the wings of Zephyr bounding :  
Unseen thy filmy pinions move,  
And give to Nature peace and love ;  
Till issuing from the woody glen,  
Thou seek'st the busy haunts of men.

Amidst those varied scenes of strife,  
Thy breath — the poetry of life —  
Invisible, to man unknown,  
Thou mak'st thy glories seem his own ;  
By fancy to perfection brought,  
Thou giv'st expression to the thought ;

The plastic ore, by thee refined,  
Flows from the chaos of the mind,  
And, taught thine image to express,  
Assumes new form of loveliness.  
Thou guid'st the pencil and the pen,  
Stamping the current coin of men,  
Retouching with a master's hand  
The faulty sketch the mind hath plann'd.  
Attendant on thy steps we trace  
Both real and ideal grace ;  
The lovelier portion of the whole,  
The wildest strains which touch the soul,  
As Venus rising from the sea,  
Proceed and emanate from thee.  
Boundless, alone, thou stand'st apart,  
Ruling the empire of the heart ;  
Without thee, Nature's self were vain ;  
Without thee, chaos were again ;  
Inanimate the world would pass  
Into its dark primeval mass,  
And earth, and air, and sky, were mute  
And tuneless as a broken lute :  
Nor Phœbus shed his borrow'd light,  
Since night were day, and day were night.

Bright Spirit! if that power divine,  
The harmony of song, were mine ;  
If but the words my feelings sought  
Could give an echo to the thought,  
My weary soul would fly to thee,  
In heartfelt strains of minstrelsy :  
Or if within this mind's recess,  
That dark and dreary wilderness,

One little spot of cultured ground,  
Untangled yet with weeds is found,  
Where, water'd by my sighs and tears,  
One drooping rose-bud still appears,  
Still blooms where all around is night,  
And smiles in mockery of delight,—  
See! on thine altar I have placed  
The only charm my bosom graced,  
Suppliant my votive offering cast,  
My all, my loveliest, and my last.

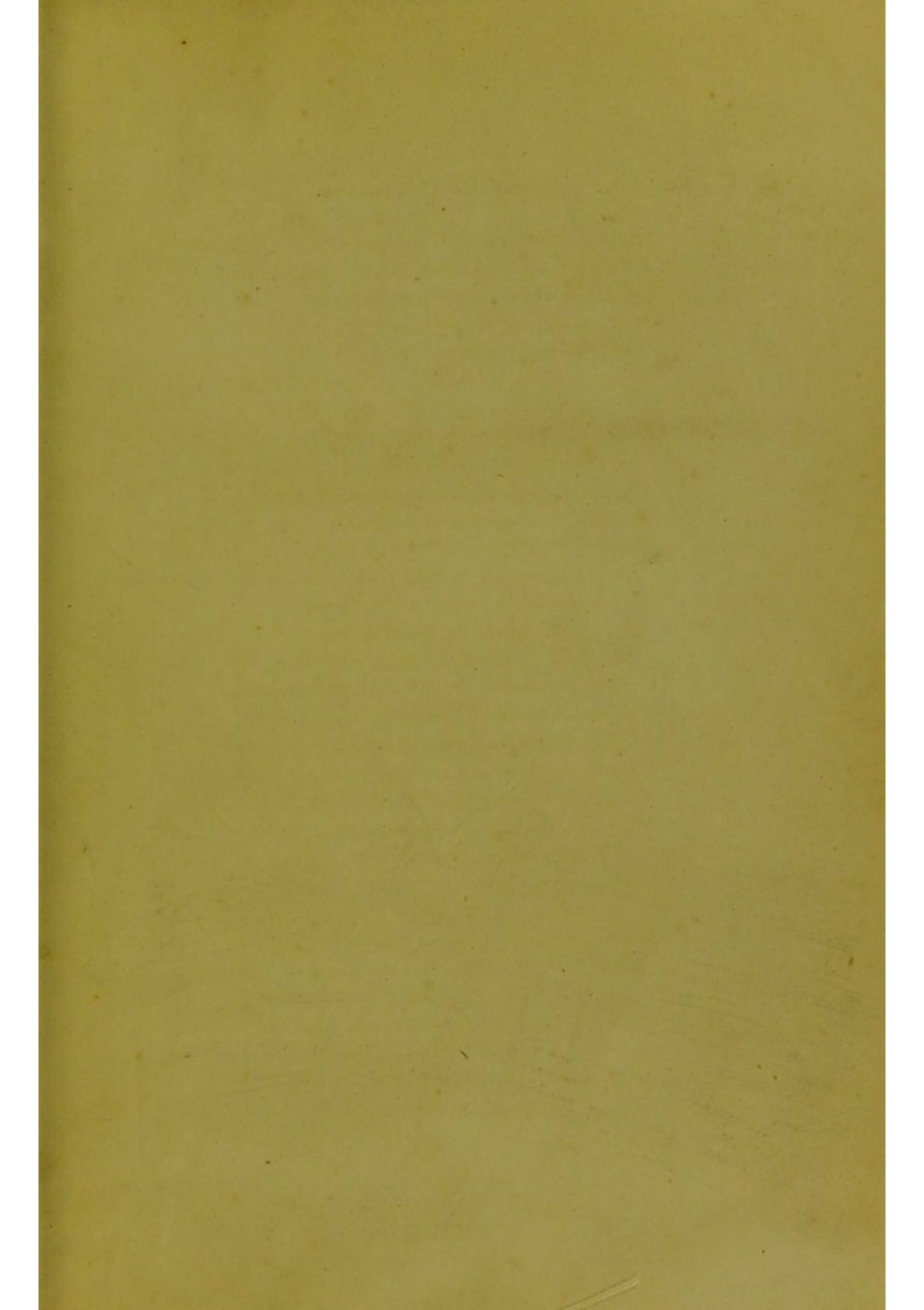
Abstracted from the world I've stood  
Alone, midst crowds in solitude,  
All heedless of the passing throng;  
Entranced with thee in Byron's song,  
Far, far away my mind hath been,  
No record of the passing scene  
Reflected on its tablets shone—  
Perchance I then were least alone;  
The present wrestling with the past  
Forbade the faëry dream to last;  
Roused by those sounds of earthly glee  
At once to sad reality.  
Oh! who can picture or express  
That consciousness of nothingness,  
That utter loneliness of heart,  
Existing as it were in part?  
A portion of ourselves we stand,  
As strangers in some foreign land,  
Toss'd on that sea whose waters rude  
Wafts on the passing multitude;  
Whilst none are left our thoughts to share—  
No feeling, kindred spirit there.

A river now my heart, whose course  
Of waters time hath changed by force.  
Although its banks no more o'erflow,  
Onward the current still must go.  
The lilies with their clusters gay,  
Who mock'd, and smiled, and barr'd the way,  
Are gone and wither'd—Winter's hand  
Hath chill'd them with her icy wand;  
Confined within a narrow course,  
The stubborn stream hath gain'd in force;  
Pent up the weight of waters fear  
No barrier to their wild career,  
As rushing onward to their goal,  
They burst the flood-gates of the soul,  
Till in thine arms, my destined sea,  
I mingle all my soul in thee.

Arise! behold! around thee smile  
The fairest forms of Britain's isle:  
No dread alternative, no sword,  
Proclaims this Koran of thy word.  
The force of Nature and of Art  
Must bring conviction to the heart;  
And Truth itself, in broad relief,  
Annuls the merit of belief,  
Since every word, and every look,  
Attest the truth of Beauty's Book.

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