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THE
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MOVES AND BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.



F. T. T. T. T.

BOOK OF BEAUTY

Edited by the



PRINTED AND SOLD FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY

JOHN W. PIERCE, 100 N. 3rd St. NEW YORK.

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THE
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

TO THE
LADY CLEMENTINA VILLIERS,
AS UNDINE.

BY MISS POWER.

MUSIC was quivering in the air,
Youth, and beauty, and joy, were there,
Jewels that flashed on the gazer's sight
Were yet than their wearer's eyes less bright.
Dazzled, bewildered, I turned away,
As we turn from the blaze of the noon-tide heat,
 To some sylvan glade,
 Where the bowery shade
Seems meant to woo us to musings sweet.

Hast thou heard at evening the whispering breeze
Murmuring low through the summer-robed trees?—
Hast thou felt the influence pure and mild
Of a burst of melody fresh and wild,—

Of the gurgling fall of a woodland stream,
Cool and untouched by the fervid beam ?
—Such was the feeling that over me stole,
Bringing freshness and rest to my weary soul,
 As thou, sweet sprite,
 Like a being of light,
Glided before my enraptured sight :
No diamonds blazed on thy fair young brow,
No jewels thy gold-gleaming locks did bind ;
 But a chaplet bright,
 Of the blossoms white
Of the water-lily, their mass confined.

Innocence beamed in those azure eyes,
Whose colour seemed drawn from the vaulted skies,
Nought of the worldling's heartless guile
Dimmed the light of thy radiant smile ;
 And thy cheek displayed
 A lovelier shade
Than the robe in which Morning comes arrayed :
And ever around thy form and face
Played the bewitching and nameless grace
Of youth, and sweetness, and purity,
That only belongeth to such as thee.
Fairest of all, in that pageantry gay,
I left thee a blessing and turned away !

MONEY AND LOVE.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

It was, no matter when—it was, no matter where—but it was somewhen and somewhere that a young man, of about five-and-twenty summers' ripening, threw himself down upon some luxuriant grass that was waving under a balmy silver-wreathed hawthorn-hedge, and looked around him.

What was he like that thus looked? and what did he look upon?

To begin with his own likeness. A light elastic figure, very carelessly attired in a Flemish frock, with a slouching broad-brimmed straw hat, is all the description we shall give of his personal paraphernalia. This hat, being very disrespectfully and regardlessly cast on the green sward, discovered the face which it had shadowed to be of an originally pale complexion, baked in the sun, a high, though somewhat receding forehead, too imaginative to be very judgmatical, and a pair of intensely meaning eyes of English grey, full of dark light, shining out of the midst of a very poetical shadow which bespoke abstractions, dreams, reveries, ecstasies, studies, and the midnight lamp. A portfolio, portable easel, and japanned colour-box, were all strewn around, from which our readers may infer, if they please, that our hero was an artist.

Well, so he was; and there he lay, with his intellectual eyes poring upon a pile of building which stood half buried and sunken in an umbrageous thicket, almost concealed in its deep seclusion, but which an opening vista partially discovered to his gaze.

“Good! good!” said the painter to himself; “fine—effective,—must paint it. How beautifully does that faint streak of light break through the waving of the trees, flickering, fluctuating, fluttering, dancing, like the gambolling of a fairy over the walls! Rich tone, deep, poetical,—make a fine picture! How much finer is nature than imagination! Who could have invented those thousand variations of sun and shadow, of tone and colouring? Admirable place!—magnificent effect!—splendid building!—just after my own heart!”

Now this splendid building which was just after the artist’s own heart was neither more nor less than an old tumble-down, crazy, rackety, tipping, toppling, shaky, wind-rocked tenement, in which the wind, the owls, and the bats, might hold their evening promenade concerts with no other fear than merely that of rumbling down their theatre. The few panes of glass which still inhabited their primitive positions in the casement rocked and rattled with great energy; but most of the apertures intended originally for the introduction of light had an embargo of misshapen boards laid across them, which, while they prevented internal seeing, might themselves be thought externally unsightly,—at least, in any other eyes

than those of our artist ; he, however, saw beauty in moss-grown boards, something of the picturesque in broken tiles, taste in prostrated chimneys, elegance in broken railings, embellishment in overturned unhinged gates, adornment in the fringes of grass festooning the broken pavement, neatness and nicety in the bandages of cloth laid over the wounds of windows, and, in short, every thing that was delightful in the dreary, solitary dwelling.

Actuated by this ardour of imagination, our artist sprang to action and his feet, and, having arranged his easel, spread out his paper, pointed his pencil, and liquefied his colours, proceeded forthwith to dash off certain ground lines and elevation lines, and lines to the point of sight and lines for the horizon, and lines up and lines down, and lines angular and lines serpentine, and we know not what other sort of lines, and then to dabble and splash, in a sea of sky and a river of land, with a zeal and energy perfectly edifying.

But while thus employed there came hobbling up to him from the house-ward a certain squinting old woman, dressed in a cap of the date of Noah before the flood, not after when the fashions changed, and a gown of the time of Methuselah. 'This article of the feminine gender would indeed have proved a costly treasure to the antiquary, both in natural attractiveness and artificial decorativeness.

Our artist did not see the approach of this amiable being until her shadow fell upon his paper and her voice upon his ear.

"Master has sent me to warn you off: you're a-trespassing on his grounds!"

The artist lifted up his beaming eye, and fixed it upon the old woman with a gaze of riveted admiration.

"Why, what a place have I fallen into!" exclaimed the artist, in soliloquy. "Never was so lucky in my life! Such a noble study of a building, and such a splendid specimen of a woman! My dear good soul, pray, pray, stand still. There now—just in that attitude! Capital! capital! I *must* have a sketch! Never, never, was in such luck!"

So, leaving the portrait of the house, our artist began, with the rapidity of lightning, to take the portrait of the woman.

"You're to go away," repeated the old woman, in shrill accents; "master orders you away!"

"There, now, that attitude!—you dear old soul, now do stand still! That's it!—just so!—nothing could be better!—so natural, so unstudied, and yet so energetic, characteristic, and effective! I declare upon my honour I never saw any body that I admired so much in my whole life! Such spirit! such vigour! such curves! such lines! such energy! such animation!"

"Why you're a-laughing at me, and pray what do you mean by that?" exclaimed the woman, raising her shrivelled arms, her mouth falling into new angularities and curves, and her eyes flashing fury: "pray what do you see in me to laugh at?"

"Laugh at, my dear creature? why I admire you

above all things! Now don't move!—that's a charming attitude!—stand exactly so whilst I just sketch you! Do now, you dear, enchanting, obliging creature! I declare I don't know which of your attitudes is the best, all the expressions are so fine!" and the artist, taking not a moment's breathing time, proceeded to dash off a second likeness as fast as his fingers could move.

"Draw me!—why you don't want to draw me?"

"Draw you! yes, a dozen times! I never saw any body that I admired so much in my whole life! Why, my dear creature, your eyes, your nose, your mouth, *tout ensemble*, are exquisite—exquisite!"

"La! there now, you don't mean so?" and as she spoke, the ugliness of anger melted like snow into the ugliness of vanity,—“la! there now, you don't mean to say that I'm—he! he! he!—handsome?”

"Again another change!—why, you're my Iris, I declare; I don't know in which of your looks and attitudes I admire you most! Now do stand just so—just so, only for one moment! Don't move now, you dear good soul, don't move! I must have you! Don't lower your head—don't drop your arms—just so—just so! Capital! exquisite!—you dear, kind, beautiful, obliging creature!"

And there the poor old woman did stand, the charm of flattered vanity having worked its full effect, trying not to move a muscle in her willing pillory, and looking, indeed, a fine specimen of broad farce.

But the artist's sketching was doomed to a still further interruption. Whilst his pencil was flying

over his paper, tracing the lines of loveliness that stood grinning before him, there suddenly came up a little, crabbed, crooked, joyless, querulous, discontented, pinching, starving, ill-favoured, lean, emaciated, discoloured, mildewed piece of mortality, the state of whose temper seemed to be in the first stage of decomposition, by which we mean that his passions were in a fermentation.

"In with you, you ugly animal!" exclaimed the master; "didn't I send you with a message, and why, instead of delivering it, do you stand there stock-still looking like an idiot? Have you taken leave of your senses? In with you, I say!"

"Ugly, indeed!" said the artist's beauty, glancing at her new admirer; "others don't think so!"

"Should I have wished for your portrait had *I* thought so?" said the artist; "on the contrary, you have eternally obliged me by suffering me to sketch you."

"The nicest gentleman *I* ever saw," muttered the old damsel as she withdrew.

The artist's soul, however, was transported with new beauties. He had transferred his admiration from the old woman to the old man.

"My very *beau idéal*!" said the artist to himself; "just what I wanted to complete my exhibition picture—that picture which I am trusting to for fame; and here is exactly the character of countenance which I so much needed. What intense expression! what tremulous, deceitful twitching of the muscles round the mouth! what lines, half cunning and half care, round

the corners of his eyes ! and then the one-sided leaning of the head, the sort of listening to fear which marks the attitude, the very angles of his gesture, the twist of the neck, the stoop of the shoulder, the bend of the head—what expression in that head ! what a lucky fellow I am to find myself dropped into such a gallery of originals ! I shall surely now complete my exhibition picture to my heart's content. The old man and the old woman are divine ! Nature is the best painter after all ! I shall copy her works and win something of her fame ! But how shall I propitiate this dear, delightful, miserable, cross-grained being ?—how shall I persuade him to sit to me ? He would scoff at me if I were to laud his good looks,—that card did for the old crone ; but I must shuffle the pack to find another to play with this attractive piece of repulsion.”

“I ordered the old woman to order you off my premises !” said the little old man, in a tone of intimidation.

“My dear sir——”

“Don't dear me !”

“I assure you——”

“I'll bring an action against you for trespassing ! I'll have you taken up for a rogue and a vagabond !”

“I belong to a somewhat vagabondising profession, I must admit,” said the painter, with an unruffled smile ; “but, if you have any love for the arts, you will not despise me for that. You know the whole sisterhood of the muses are somewhat given to vagabondising.”

"The stocks! the stocks!" said the little old man.

"I have been tempted to intrude by my admiration of your seat here, sir. It would have given me much pleasure to have finished my drawing."

"Perhaps you would like to paint me?" said the little old man, with a sardonic smile.

"I should, indeed!" responded the artist, enthusiastically.

"You admire me, no doubt, almost as much as you do my dwelling?"

"More—much more!" exclaimed the painter, energetically. "There is so much character in your face—so much expression—so much—so much——"

"Talent?"

"I should be sorry to be accused of flattery, or I could say a great deal."

"Then you admire me as much as you do my dwelling? And yet, now, I dare say that, in your heart, you think it but a tumble-down, rackety, old place. To be sure, if it were painted, and papered, and pointed——"

"Oh! it would be spoiled."

"And the windows mended, and the old boards taken down——"

"It would be ruined—utterly ruined—lose all its beauties—at least, in an artist's eye."

"And, perhaps, you think I am more to be admired than the dozens of comely young men you meet with every day?"

"Psha! I do not look at them twice!"

“And yet admire me?”

“More than I can express! I would give the world I might be permitted to paint you.”

“So, so,” said the little old man to himself, “he hears tell that I’m a rich old miser, so he praises my tumble-down place to please me, and flatters my person though he thinks me all the while as ugly as sin. I wonder, now, if I could make a bargain with him.”

“So you admire my phiz?”

“More and more every moment.”

“And you would like to paint me?”

“Inexpressibly. I should esteem it the greatest favour.”

“What! for the mere love of doing it?”

“From real admiration of my subject.”

“Well, now, you go a long way,—you lay it on well. I suppose you think a good dose of flattery will put me in the humour to pay you for painting me. I wonder if you think I got rich,—mind, I don’t say that I am rich,—by wasting my money on every body that wished it?”

“I do not wish for your money.”

“And yet you’d like to paint me? Now, master painter, I’m not to be coaxed out of a single coin, but if you’d like to paint me for nothing——”

“I should.”

“And give me the picture, I’ll give you a sitting.”

“Oh! my dear sir, I wish to retain your likeness.”

“I said you were mercenary—a bargain-maker. People call me the rich old miser, but you ought to be

called the young one. Who's to pay me for my time and the trouble of making a post of myself? Do you think I'm going to give myself stiff limbs, and sit to be stared at for nothing? No. If you like to paint me, and give me my own picture, I don't care if I make a bargain with you to oblige you."

"I will paint two portraits," said the artist, "one shall be my own, and the other the recompense of your trouble."

"But I shall have the time and trouble of double sitting."

"And I of double painting."

"Well, I like to be generous, so a bargain."

"A bargain."

"And now you may follow me into the house."

The painter rose, well satisfied with this arrangement, and began to collect his itinerant appendages, which motion having been observed from some corner of some cracked window in the mansion, the old lady, whom he had flattered into favour, came forward to assist him in carrying his tools of trade into the house.

Our hero followed the steps of his new friend over the broken pathway, trampling down the intersecting grass, and stepping aside to avoid a prostrate gate which was stretched, superannuated, its full length on the ground, degraded from the dignity of office. The door of the crazy tenement hung rickety and rattling, and he stepped into a low hall blackened by time, in which the mutilated banisters of an oak staircase that had once been proudly carved shewed that the worm was as busy above ground as below. A door

on the right hand stood open, leading into a species of antechamber, too dark, from its blocked-up windows, to allow of internal inspection. A streak of light, and his guide conducted our hero to an opposite portal, into which he blundered his way to find himself within the most habitable apartment of the mansion. This room was panelled with oak dark with age, surrounded with carved mouldings. The fire-place, once intended for the consumption of wood, was deep and spacious, and bore the mark of woman's care, being filled with an immense jar of flowers. Over this ample fire-place there was a deep recess filled with the carved coat-of-arms of some forgotten owner of the dwelling, and the same heraldic honours were painted on the glass of the opposite window, whose deep embrasures of stone shut out half the light, and gave a misty shade to the whole apartment. Some antediluvian chairs, carved and cumbrous, the bottoms of which were patched with diverse colours, an old buffet, a couple of heavy tables with sculptured lions' claws for feet, and no carpet, and no cushions, and no any thing in the shape of luxury or ornament, completed the garniture of the dwelling.

Nothing in the shape of ornament, said we? Fie on us, when one of the most glorious pieces of Nature's handiworks was there—that being whom sculptors strive in vain to mould in marble, painters in vain to dye their canvass with her ever-varying tints, poetry to portray with her Iris plume—woman was there!

Our artist stepped into the room. His eye, ac-

customed to the practice of his art, took in at a single glance the scene and its auxiliaries, but rested riveted upon the being, divine as well as human, who seemed like a beam of the sun darted into the haze of that obscurity. If women would learn to dress, let them abandon the parades of fashion, the meretricious goddess, and take a lesson from some such single prototype as our heroine. Every now and then, in some obscure and out-of-the-way sphere, we meet with some simple girl, who, either by happy accident or inborn taste, displays an attire worthy of a Greek chisel. Just such was the dress of the young girl on whom our artist now gazed,—a simple valueless black stuff, that yet hung round her in folds that all Almack might have envied, and which, being open at the throat, relieved the polished whiteness of a swan-like neck with its dark hue. But it was the attitude, the expression, the unstudied grace, that told upon the artist even more than the beauty of a face which a worldling might almost as well have appreciated. The rich complexion, the long glossy curls streaming down, eyes shadowed with their dark fringes, the white arms glancing from under the ruffled elbow-sleeves, the dimpled hands,—all these a man of the world might have admired almost as much as our intellectual artist.

“Happy stars!” said the artist to himself, “another divinity of another class! What a vein of luck am I in? I thought the old woman a prize, the old man a fortune, and now this dear adorable presents herself as a crowning paragon! Why, what a

mine have I sprung! let me only work it well, and fame and fortune must surely follow my beck. What an exhibition picture shall I have! See how the dim light flickers over the graceful undulations of those curls—see how the soft eyes seek the ground—see how the blood mantles—see how the garment undulates—see ——”

But “a change came over the spirit of his dream,” and the artist saw the cross-grained old man standing between himself and his vision. The expression of the miser’s face was lit up with light of another kind, and developing, as it did, a new class of beauties. The artist at once changed the object of his attraction, and returned a gaze of malevolent passion with one of ardent admiration.

“The man looks at us all alike,” said the miser, malevolently: “art moon-struck, man?”

“No, only struck with admiration.”

“First with old Barbara,” said the miser, glancing at her ancientness, who was standing arms full with the artist’s drawing apparatus.

“Much,” said the artist, with a smiling bow to the vanquished-hearted Barbara, who courtesied to the ground, ineffably delighted.

“And then with me.”

“More,” replied the artist, with another smiling bow.

“And now with Bertha,” said the old man.

“*Most*,” replied the artist, with a certain devotional movement of his body, and a corresponding expression in his eye, which brought the blood up even into Bertha’s brow.

“Well, no more of this folly! to business! to business!” exclaimed the old man.

So to business they went. The artist erected his easel, spread out his apparatus, pointed his chalk, and squeezed out his pigments, the old woman all the while assisting to derange his arrangements with delighted officiousness, the old man looking as if he scarcely could tell whether he had made a bad or a good bargain, the young girl hovering around like a gleam of light.

At length all was arranged. The old man submitted to be twisted round and about, first on this side, and then on that, his chin a little up, and his nose a little down; profile, full face, side face, then three-quarter face, and, in short, all the divisional proportions of faces were successively tried until the happy hair's breadth of effectiveness was duly ascertained, and then to his task the artist fell.

Day succeeded day, and each found the artist still at his easel; and whether he painted or not the whole scene was certainly a picture. The gloomy antique chamber, with its out-of-the-world, time-worn furniture, the light streaming through the heraldic glass-stained window, the artist at his easel in his Flemish frock, with his high imaginative forehead, his finely chiselled lip, and his intellectual eye riveted on his subject; the old man looking as cross as if he knew himself to be sustaining an injury; the young girl pretending to be coquetting with a flower, but watching every movement of the painter with absorbed attention, following every motion of his eye,

and ever meeting its beam ; the old woman looking as if she had a secret to keep, and glorying in its possession, —aye, the whole scene was a picture, whatever the artist might paint.

We said that the old man looked as if he suspected himself to be injured, and that the old woman had the proud look of a *confidante*. Well, both were right, and thereby hangs a tale. The old man was aggrieved, and the old woman an accomplice. She had gleefully entered into a plot with the painter, and this was neither more nor less than to aid and abet him in painting her young mistress whilst he was pretending to paint her old master, keeping the poor man sitting like a post or a poker, whilst he was poring and doting on the beauty of the young girl, and all the while transferring it to his canvass; the old woman carefully concealing the produce of his labour during his temporary absences, and helping him very faithfully to cheat her master, which, together, they did very effectually, entirely without the cognisance of Bertha Singleton.

Poor old gentleman ! what a martyr he was sitting chafing there, and the artist all the while making so little progress in his labours ! Never was poor man more persecuted with tediousness — never did artist prove such a drone ! Sitting after sitting seemed to produce no marked difference. There was only the vision of an eye, or the shadow of a nose, or the reflection of a complexion, though hour after hour had been spent in labour. Really, our artist must have found it very hard labour !

Oh ! no ; sooth to say, it turned out to be all labour of love, which every body knows to be light indeed !

The friendly compact entered into between the painter and the old maid, Barbara, did not, of course, end with its beginning, nor was it confined within the narrow limits of one act of confederacy. The artist had, from the first moment of their acquaintance, found out the key of her heart, and could henceforth unlock it at pleasure. Many a confidential conversation they had together, during which she willingly disclosed to him all that she knew, and all that she did not know, respecting the singular mortal yclept her master. It appeared that he enjoyed the reputation of immense wealth, and that he was an intense miser. She told him of huge iron-bound chests all stored up in a dark chamber of the old house, full of uncountable treasures, which were doomed to everlasting seclusion, and all the while he would not pay for a broken window, and even starved and pinched his household of their daily bread. As for Bertha, she was nothing less than an angel in disguise (the artist thought not much disguised), and the old miser would not allow her the value of a new riband at Easter, though his chests were all the while overflowing with wealth. And then, for a man of his fortune to live in that secluded place, when he might take the beautiful Bertha into a palace, a sin and a shame it was, considering that she was his own flesh and blood, though perhaps a few degrees removed. A strange thing it was that this master of hers had come from nobody knew whither, some fourteen years ago, with his

chests and little Bertha, then a chubby child, and had taken up his abode in the old tumble-down house which nobody else would inhabit; and by and by it would, doubtless, fall over his head, and then what good would living in a house rent free do him? And yet never was any body so respected as her master; every body paid court to him; every body made him presents; his establishment was nearly supported by these voluntary contributions; one sent bushels of apples, and another sacks of potatoes; one sent hares, and another hams; pheasants one day, and fowls another; and the more ungracious the master grew the more plentifully presents came. Every body was looking for a legacy; even she received no wages, but her master had promised to think of her at last, and then Miss Bertha would be such a match—and there was a somebody——

To all this the artist listened with eager attention. So then this humble and distant relation of the rich miser was placed far above his position in life, through all her seeming poverty and privations, by the probability of her being so rich an heiress, whilst he had nothing but his pencil and imagination on which to depend for fortune, or even for life's aliment. Strange inconsistency of human consideration, when the master of this crazy tenement, by the mere reputation of much-abused wealth, should be thus elevated above one who was at once energetic, industrious, and talented. But so it was, and the circumstance, so far from encouraging his hopes, did much to extinguish them, for, truth to tell, the very imaginativeness and poetry

of his temperament had proved but snares to him. Our artist, poor fellow, was far gone in that antediluvian disorder, love.

So of course, by that good, old, well-established rule of contrary, the more he was thwarted the more desperate grew his case. The pride which deterred him with disgust from the bare thought of mercenary motives yet urged on the desires which they coerced. Our poor artist's feelings were like fiery steeds, at once lashed and bound by the same thongs.

Still through all this world of intense feeling our hero painted on, though dreading through his labours to approach their end. The poor artist sighed, and looked, and painted; and painted, and looked, and sighed, and was compelled perforce to come to the end of his work, after having inflicted volumes of tediousness on the patience of the much-abused old man.

"Not finished yet!" exclaimed the old man, reproachfully. "Why, Master Painter, one would think that this face of mine took more copying than the most voluminous manuscript."

"There are as many lines in it, and they take even more deciphering."

"A lengthy affair it seems, but surely it is finished now?"

"To-morrow," said the artist. "I shall put in the few finishing touches to-morrow."

"Aye, and finish the whole matter," muttered the miser; "there's something in this that I don't like—

painting—painting—day after day—and looking—looking—at Bertha—day after day—and never finishing—never going away;” and muttering the miser left the room.

“I must leave you, Bertha!” exclaimed the artist, “and with you all the glad hopes of life. The brightness of the brief happiness I have enjoyed in being near you has blinded me to every other good of existence. Fame, fortune, aggrandisement,—these appear to me now but as vulgar toys. Obscurity and privation with you seem to me more than all the world can offer without you. I leave you with blighted hopes and prostrated desires. This world’s lottery holds for me no secondary prize!”

“Then why go?” murmured Bertha, her eyes on the ground, and her check flushed crimson.

“Dear tempter! suggest not a thought of happiness which I cannot buy but at the price of honour. You will possess untold wealth,—I have nothing but my mind, my heart, and my hand.”

“Above all price!” sighed out Bertha.

“I love you too well to injure you, generous girl!” said the artist. “If Mark Singleton forgave, I should be a mercenary; if he forgave not, you would be injured.”

“I care not for his wealth,” said Bertha, “but I care for his feelings. Whatever he may be to others, he has been ever kind to me. He took me a beggar-baby to his bosom, and I have owed to him, ever since, my daily bread. I would not forsake him—I would not grieve him—I repent the thought!”

Bertha and the painter both started, the old miser stood before them.

“Finish your picture, or take it away unfinished, only begone!” said the old man. “Bertha, come you with me.”

The artist, with a heavy sigh, proceeded to pack up his pigments. He seemed to be awakened from the happiest dream of his life, to be torn away from the most glorious vision of his imagination, to be wrenched from the best hopes of his heart. Henceforth his heretofore pleasant labours seemed to him but joyless drudgery, and the ends and aims of his desires but petty gauds. The fame which he had grasped at so hotly appeared no more than a shadow, the wealth he had coveted so strongly but base, feigned coin.

And, while thus preparing for departure from all that the acquaintance of a few weeks had made him most prize, the atmosphere itself seemed to sympathise with his sorrow. The heavens grew dark, the rain poured down a deluge, the thunder rolled, the lightning scathed.

In the midst of this exhibition of Nature’s temper, the echo of a horse’s hoofs became distinguishable amid the pauses of the storm, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and in another minute’s time our hero was disturbed from his gloomy contemplations.

A tall, well-formed, muscular man, enriched by about five-and-thirty years’ experience of the world and its ways, with a considerable portion of what that world would have esteemed masculine beauty, entered the room abruptly, with a riding-whip in one hand,

a hat drenched with rain in the other, and a coat, from which flowed a hundred little rills of trickling dew.

“Barbara! old Barbara! here, take this gear of mine, and let it be dried—that is, if the kitchen of my good friend, Master Mark Singleton, boasts fire enough; if not, burn some of the old banisters, and go and tell your master that I am here and want a welcome, and fetch pretty little mistress Bertha too—I want a hospitable greeting out of such inhospitable weather—and look you, old housewife, don’t look so cross—it makes you all the uglier.”

The old woman cast a look of withering disapprobation on the new comer, a look of tender commiseration on her old admirer, and hobbled on her various errands.

“So, so, what have we here?” exclaimed the new comer; “a picture of Mark Singleton, by some travelling sign-post painter. Going to put up a new house of entertainment!—the sign of the rich old miser’s head, eh?”

The artist lifted up his fine eyes with an air of conscious superiority, and as if he were wholly inaccessible to any vulgar apprehension.

The new comer felt himself in the presence of a mental superior, but rebelled at the consciousness. He bit his lip, lashed his own boots with his riding-whip, and walked impatiently about the apartment.

Some little time elapsed in this fretful impatience on the part of one of the gentlemen, and painful incertitude on the other, but, at length, the old miser

and the young girl came. The old man looked irritated and excited ; Bertha's eyes bore traces of passionate tears.

"My good friend," said the stranger, "I have come to trespass on your well-known hospitality again. My sweet Bertha, a smile is more flattery than a tear."

"A smile at meeting, a tear at parting," murmured Bertha, and the artist thanked her with his eyes.

"Go to your chamber, Bertha," said the old man. "Master Austin, I would have speech of you, as well now as another time, please to follow me."

The old miser led the way, and the stranger followed. Taking a lamp from Barbara's hand, he proceeded along the old passage and creaking corridor, now up a few steps, and now down a few more, through the rusty, fusty intricacies of the ancient dwelling. At length, having arrived at the end of a long passage, he drew out a rusty key, and, having turned it in the lock, pushed open a heavy door, passed into an antechamber, unbarred and unpadlocked another portal, entered, admitted his visitor, and then carefully closed himself and his guest within the dreary chamber.

In a sort of puzzled, wondering silence, Master Austin had followed, and, with the same feelings strong upon his mind, now gazed around him. The solitary light but faintly dispelled the gloom of the dreary chamber, the dark discoloured walls of which looked frowningly upon them ; not a vestige of furniture relieved the desolation that reigned around, but cob-

webs hung flickering down from the broken ceiling, and here and there the mouldering flooring had crumbled into holes. Nevertheless, the apartment did possess a peculiar feature. It was tenanted by two or three black, iron-bound, clumsy, unsightly chests; on one of them the old miser placed his lamp, and turned round to survey the countenance of his guest.

“Master Austin,” said the miser, “it is time that you and I should understand each other. Whilst we are considering whether the fruit be ripe, another may step in and pluck it.”

“Master Singleton,” returned the visitor, casting his eyes upon those all-important chests, which seemed as weighty in consideration as in *avoids*, “I rejoice to hear the result of your final consideration of my suit. You know that I love your pretty Bertha honestly and disinterestedly, and shall only be too happy to endow her with my own name and substance.”

“I am now old,” said Mark Singleton, “and would fain see the girl the wife of an honest man. It would grieve me to think that the reputation of wealth had gained her a husband, when her own innocent attractions had not won her a heart.”

“Can you doubt my disinterestedness?” exclaimed the suitor. “I, who despise filthy lucre! I, who care not for wealth! I, besides, who have enough of my own!”

“Aye, there it is,” replied the old man, “you have a fair estate, and ought not to covet gold with a wife.”

“ I despise it !—I despise it !” said the suitor ; “ I only wish that you had nothing, that so I might prove my singleness of purpose.”

“ Then you would court my Bertha were she a beggar ?”

“ As I do now.”

“ And what if she should never have a farthing ?”

An expression of alarm passed over Austin’s face.

“ Nay, nay, fear not, man,—fear not. All that I have, be it much, or be it little, will be Bertha’s, and Bertha shall be yours. I have made up my mind entirely. But I will give you nothing now—nothing, I declare, not even a solitary ten thousand !”

“ It would be such a convenience—such a convenience,” demurred the suitor.

“ No, no, not a farthing. I will prove your disinterestedness—wait till I die, wait till I die—time enough then—time enough then ; meantime, you have enough, and to spare. You have protested a thousand times that it was Bertha, and not my gold, which you desired. Bertha you may have now, let the gold come afterwards.”

The suitor looked first at the chests, and then at the old man.

“ Aye, aye, look, look ; weigh, weigh, they are heavy, and I am old. Now, hark you, Christopher Austin, I will not give you a coin, a farthing, a pocket-piece, whilst I am alive, but the very day on which you marry Bertha I pledge myself to bequeath to you those chests, just as they stand—too heavy for you to move—with every atom they

may contain—and, in truth, they hold every iota that I call my own—on your wedding-day I make my will.”

The eyes of the suitor glistened, as they feasted on the sight of the ungainly, iron-bound, chests, and he exclaimed, “I close with your offer, my dear sir, I am wholly disinterested as you may see.”

“I do see,” replied the old man, and his eyes also wore a peculiar expression.

The miser and his guest, having arranged the speedy fulfilment of their compact, returned to the usual sitting-room, where they had left the artist. He was still there, spell-bound more than weather-bound, for though the storm continued to rage, and the rain seemed to threaten to wash away, and the wind to blow away, the crazy tenement, he knew little of these meteorological facts, lingering and lingering on, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Bertha, of gaining another syllable, of uttering a few more words either of despair or consolation, he knew not which, and so still he lingered despite the grudging hospitality which afforded him no more than unwelcome shelter and a stay on sufferance.

But Bertha came no more, and the night waned. At length some surly and grudging arrangement was entered into between the miser and his guests. The old man went to his own pillow, Christopher Austin was conducted to some apology for a bed, which Barbara unwillingly submitted to extemporise, and the artist was left to pass the night in his chair.

Now it is one of the peculiarities of imaginative people, in some measure, to enjoy new combinations of circumstances, however comfortless they may be. It was the last time that the artist thought to behold that apartment, which had been the scene of that new-born happiness which he had hugged to his heart, and, therefore, was every particle of its parts sanctified to his feelings. He gazed on every inanimate object, committing the very minutiae of its shape and form to memory, associating every thought with Bertha, only Bertha. Here was the chair on which she had sat; there the flower which she had gathered; here the book which she had read; there the embroidery which she had plied. To these the artist's heart wandered; but who can follow the wanderings of the heart?

The artist's lamp flickered, fluctuated, expired; it mattered little, the vision only became internal, poetry, passion, imagination, the splendid things of art, all passed before him in glowing panoramas. Aye, in solitude, darkness, silence, dreariness, the intellectual mind still holds its feasts.

The storm still raged, the old casements rattled, the wind sighed and moaned through a thousand cracks and crevices, and the decrepit house tottered, trembled, and rocked again.

But what sound was that which came shrilly mingling with the wailings and moanings of the storm? Was it the expression of human agony,—the shriek of human fear,—the wild anguished cry of human despair?

Our artist sprang to his feet, at once awakened from his reverie. He felt his way out of the dark chamber, penetrated through the still darker ante-chamber, found himself in the antiquated hall, bounded up the worm-eaten staircase, while cry upon cry both guided and goaded him on, rushed across a crazy corridor, and, in fact, trod precisely the same path which the old miser and Master Christopher Austin had tracked the night before, finding himself, at last, precisely on the same spot where the two had driven their iniquitous bargain.

And here what a sight presented itself! Those chests, the reputation of which had gained for the old man the semblance of respect on every side, both from rich and poor, were now wrenched open, and their hoarded treasures strewn over the floor. The unhappy miser, his worn body stretched across one of them, was struggling in the grasp of a ruffian, whilst another, with a huge bludgeon in his hand, was, apparently, in the act of silencing his shrieks for ever.

"Villains!" exclaimed the old man, "release me!"

"Yourself the greatest villain!" replied the ruffian, in a voice that came like the hiss of passion from between his teeth,— "yourself the greatest villain! To live this life, to persuade the world that these chests were groaning with gold when all the while they hold but beggarly stones. We meant to ease you of your money in a gentlemanly way, without injuring your miserable body; but since you have led us into this trouble, this danger, and this disappointment, you shall die, mean hypocrite, for your deceit!"

“Spare me, spare me!” exclaimed the miserable old man. “Take all I have, but spare my wretched life!”

“Why, you have nothing to take but your life, deceitful beggar, and therefore will we have that, if only to punish you justly for the trap you have laid for us. Despatch him without more words.”

“Oh! help! help! help!” shrieked the wretched miser.

“Thou hast not a friend in the wide world, much less near enough to help thee. Why, man, the very peasants would help us to hang thee on a tree for thy deception,—the very magistrates would rejoice to find the cord! Deceitful villain, these stones are thy gold! they were thy only friends, and thou hast none other. We will brain thee with thine own sham gold! We will brain thee with thine own base wealth!” And, saying thus, the infuriated ruffian, infuriated most for being disappointed, took up one of the large stones, of which the rifled chests seemed full, and aimed as though he would have dashed out the old man’s brains.

But he was arrested in the action. A strong grasp was on his throat, and he was suddenly hurled to the other side of the room, whilst our artist followed on his advantage by wrenching the bludgeon out of the second ruffian’s hand, and striking him senseless to the ground, on which, the first, seeing the fate of his companion, hastened to escape.

A cry of such joy, such mad, wild, frenzied joy, as but seldom has rung upon mortal ear, broke from the lips of the old man.

“ My deliverer ! my benefactor ! my saviour ! ” exclaimed the old miser, gasping for breath.

“ But how is this ? What is all this ? ” asked the painter.

“ The ruffians ! they dragged me from my bed to unlock my treasures ; but they were deceived—they were deceived ; like Master Christopher Austin, they thought to impose on me, but I had been too deep for them ; ” and the old man chuckled with malignant exultation.

“ Stones, not gold ? ” said the artist, looking at the contents of those far-famed chests.

“ Aye, stones, ” said the old man. “ Hark you, good youth, you have saved my life, and I will pay you with candour. Hist ! in thine ear. I am a beggar ; thou couldst have gained nothing by marrying my Bertha. I love thee, and I am grateful in some sort, and I will own to thee my long-hoarded secret, my only hoard, saving these stones ; I am a beggar, but I am a shrewd man, I know the temper of the world ; I could not work, I could make nothing of its charity, so I made my bargain with its avarice. Instead of being a poor miser, I assumed the character of a rich one. I came here where nobody knew me, my sole fortune those old chests, filled as you see, he ! he ! The reputation of wealth did quite as well as its possession, every body looked for a legacy. The hope gave me a house to live in, bread to eat, a servant to wait upon me—I might have begged a dry crust in vain—and the hope of future wealth has nearly got for my Bertha a rich husband—rich, though the man

takes her in the hopes of more—but I have made a good bargain for her, I was too sharp for him, he! he! he! He'll never know how cleverly I managed, shrewd as he is, till I'm in my grave—I could almost laugh at him from thence, but, hark! hark! Aye, he can come to help me when I need him not."

And as he spoke Christopher Austin, half-dressed, Bertha, hastily shawled, and old Barbara, in her night-gear, handsomer than ever, came rushing in.

"What's the matter, old friend?" exclaimed Bertha's suitor; "what turmoil is this?"

"I might have been murdered ere you had come to help me!" returned the old man, doggedly.

"And robbed!" exclaimed Austin, anxiously,—
"and robbed! I hope and trust you are not robbed, at least to any amount. I always said it was the maddest thing to keep such treasures in such a shake-down house. But what have we here? Stones!" And Austin paused and looked on the old miser, and as he gazed the truth seemed to break in upon his mind. "So, so, these chests contained all you were worth in the world,—they should be mine if I would patiently wait for your decease,—you would secure them to me on my wedding-day. Why, thou arrant cheat! thou base hypocrite! thou low dissembler! thou rank impostor! thou—thou—I could murder thee myself in my just indignation—I wish those good fellows had not failed. Thou wouldst have trepanned me, duped me, cheated me, palmed upon me thy beggarly girl for a wife. Pretty Miss Bertha, a narrow escape have I had! I leave you to dupe somebody else."

And, saying thus, Master Christopher Austin made his exit from the room and from our tale.

The neighbourhood of the old mansion wondered after that night that no signs of life were discernible within it. No master Miser, no maid Barbara, no pretty Bertha, were seen hovering about ; after a while the house was broken open, but not a trace of its inmates was discovered. This mysterious disappearance was a nine days' wonder, but, at length, it faded into a tradition, a tale to be told by the winter hearths of the people round. The old mansion, however, was never more inhabited.

Howbeit, in our great metropolis there dwelleth an artist who could, if he would, disclose some further particulars of the incidents connected with that old dwelling, but we suppose he is now too happy to take much trouble, for happiness, whatever may be said, is a very selfish thing. He has got a very pretty wife, and he is not yet tired of her ; there sits an old man in the chimney-corner with a countenance so very smiling, that if the crooked lines of duplicity were ever traced upon it they must have been erased with the artist's India rubber, and those smiles are beaming on a little cherub, who is climbing his knee. An old servant, called Barbara, is jealously watching the group, whilst a certain artist is busily painting an Exhibition picture ; we hope our readers will find it in the Gallery.

TO THE VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON.

BY CHARLES HOWARD.

SING to us!—Our thoughts would stray
Through a weary world, where bleeding
Hearts by thousands strew the way:
Sing!—Our thirsty ears are needing
Something hopeful, something gay;
Let the shower of healing rain
Fall on blighted earth again.

Through the turmoil of the day,
In the city's noisy street,
Or where evening shadows play,
Or in midnight crowds, where meet
Pride and Folly, aye the same,
Busy o'er their senseless game,—
Voices haunt us from the grave,
“We are weary, we are weary,
For the words of love you gave,
For your hands of welcome cheery.”
Oh, 'tis worst of mortal pain
Thus to hear the Dead complain!
Bid them cease to importune,
Lock them hence with golden key;
Joy is given, in amplest boon,
To thy voice of melody!



O rare lady ! morn and eve,
 Thank thine angel who bestows
Comfort on the hearts that grieve,
 On o'erlaboured thought repose ;
Not a toy of tinsel shine,
But a gift from heaven is thine !

 Blest is every matin bird
Singing in its dewy lair,—
 Blest are falling waters heard
Through the stirless evening air,
 Blest the chime of distant oar,—
 Blest at sea the bell from shore ;
Gentle visions they recall,
 Silence Fear, and Hope prolong,—
Blest art thou, beyond them all,
 Pure and living shrine of Song !

Sing then !—ere our fancies stray,
 Through a weary world, where bleeding
Hearts by thousands strew the way :
 Sing !—Our thirsty ears are needing
Something happy, something gay ;
 Bid the shower of healing rain
Fall on blighted earth again.

THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCY.

A TALE OF THE CHOLERA IN IRELAND.

BY MISS ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

“ There are such things as truth, and tenderness, and devotion, in the world.”

L. E. L.

“ Hath the world aught for me to fear,

When death is on thy brow?—

The world! What means it? Mine is here —

I will not leave thee now !”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Sie kennen mich

Zur Hälfte nur—ich habe muth.”

SCHILLER.

It was a warm yet damp evening in the middle of July 1832; the morning had been wet, but some hours after noon the rain gradually subsided; the clouds parted, and allowed, here and there, a patch of blue sky to become visible, and now and then the sun shone out with summer brightness and summer heat; but its rays were partial, steeping in amber light the numerous rich green islands which seem as if they floated on the glassy bosom of Loch Gilly, yet leaving thick mists hanging gracefully, but heavily, around the summits of Knocknarea and Benbalbin. The tinkling of a bell came sweetly on the air. “ Six o'clock! and she is not yet come,” muttered Herbert Bayley, mending his sauntering pace. He had scarcely uttered the words when a small door-way, leading into

the grounds of one of the many fine seats that are situated on Loch Gilly's delicious banks, was opened, and the next instant he held the hand of Ellen Trevor in his.

"Have you waited long?" she whispered.

"Very long it appeared to me," he replied, smiling; "yet, if counted, I dare say not more than a quarter of an hour."

He drew her arm within his, and, after walking to a little distance in earnest conversation, they sat down on a bank overshadowed by a wide-spreading beech.

"You look pale and breathless still," said Herbert, anxiously surveying the face of the maiden. "Ah! Ellen, you are a timid girl! But no wonder! No wonder that the rich and courted Miss Trevor should have a pallid check at the thought of being detected keeping tryst with the bankrupt merchant's poor and forgotten son!"

"Herbert! Herbert!" cried she, "do you suppose I ever think of these things? I mean, do you suppose *I* ever think I am exalted above you, because my father is wealthy and yours now poor? True; these stealthy meetings take the colour from my cheek, but you know not the strong courage that is hidden in my heart. You smile to hear me talk of courage; you are doubtful: Heaven grant that nought may ever occur to make you believing!"

"You speak earnestly, dearest Ellen."

"Because I *feel* earnestly," she answered.

"Weakness and timidity are twin-born with your

sex," laughed he; "therefore, my gentle girl, I have no right to blame you for possessing those attributes. It is as much woman's nature to fear as it is man's to be fearless; if both were equally brave, we would see women girding on the sword, and stripping us of half our laurels; and dream not that this would be agreeable to our domineering tempers. We like well enough to lay our wreaths at your feet of ourselves, but we would not willingly see you endowed with the power to tear them forcibly from our brows!"

"You are far away from the sort of courage I speak of," said Ellen. "What you allude to is manly courage, and I venture to say there is not one man in a thousand who would love or admire that in a woman, for it gratifies your pride" (and she smiled) "to see us look up to you as our defenders and protectors in the hour of danger, and this would not be if we were valiant enough to defend ourselves. But what I mean is, the only courage that befits a woman—the courage that enables her to 'dare and to suffer,' to face danger, and it may be death, not for wreath, nor victory, nor spoil, but for the sake of those whom her heart loves."

"And do you say all women are gifted with this attribute?" questioned Herbert.

"That I cannot answer for: but I would, in return, ask you, Do you doubt that it is possessed by any of us?"

"Danger and death, Ellen, these are awe-striking words, and do they not bring awe-striking pictures to your fancy? I can scarcely believe that the most

fond-hearted woman could brave them, for, as I said before, woman is, *by nature*, timid and helpless ;” and he looked at the feminine face of his companion—a face pale as marble with the dread of being detected holding an interview with a discarded lover, and felt convinced that he had spoken justly. He little knew how wholly woman’s love can conquer woman’s weakness ; he had yet to learn

“ What marvels can be done
By strong affection.”

“ If you have this courage,” he resumed, “ why were you so agitated when we met ? Why does your hand tremble even now in mine, and the slightest sound send the blood from your cheek ? For *my sake* you are here, Ellen ? ”

“ But, Herbert, you are in no danger,” she said, impressively. “ My presence this evening may give you happiness, but it is of no actual consequence or service to you, therefore I am not sufficiently absorbed to be able to put away my selfish fears ; but were you in danger, every thought of self would be lost in all-engrossing thoughts of you.”

The merchant’s son gazed with deep and grateful tenderness on the face of the ingenuous and trustful girl as she thus undisguisedly expressed the true sentiments of her heart.

“ Ellen ! Ellen ! ” he said, mournfully, and drawing her yet closer to his side, “ you make me sadly forget myself ! You destroy all my resolutions, but the desperate one of clinging to you in spite of your father’s

haughty frown and my own ruined fortunes ! When away from you I dream dreams of honour and integrity ; I accuse myself of having lost the high principle, I once believed inherent in me, in thus retaining the affections of a rich and proud man's child. I ! the son of the poor, the fallen Henry Bayley, who has sought an humble abode in yonder town, that he may die in obscurity ! he who lived—but what of how he lived ! Why should I remember what all others have so well forgotten ? 'Tis nothing now, that he was a little while ago the trusted of thousands—that his richly freighted argosies swept the seas—that his son was smiled upon by Mr. Trevor, even thy haughty sire ! You remember that time ; 'tis now as a tale, but it *was* reality We met, Ellen, in the gorgeous saloons of the wealthy and powerful in the city of my father's prosperity, mighty London ! I was then your equal ; my fortunes were as brilliant as yours, my heart as high ; he, my father, fell, and sought privacy and seclusion in the sister island ; and was it chance, evil or good, that brought him to the neighbourhood of Mr. Trevor, his friendly associate in the days of his affluence, his coldest neglecter from the hour of his disgrace ? Was it good or evil chance that brought thee again before me, and strengthened a half-formed passion into a fervent attachment ? Ellen ! Ellen ! I should have shunned, I should have fled you ! The brand of degradation and poverty on my brow, how dared I longer cherish the dream which it was such presumption to cherish more ?”

“ Because you knew that I loved you for yourself,”

responded the maiden, gently yet earnestly: "and can the heart love and forsake at the will of others? When we met, you were deemed a suitor worthy of me, and when my eye lighted and my heart throbbed quick at the sound of your step or your voice, I read approbation in my father's face, and then—when the cloud of adversity came to overshadow you—when, through no fault of yours, you dropped from the high pinnacle on which you had been worshipped—worshipped, not for your own worth, but for the wealth that had placed you there—I was to abandon, to forget you! Herbert, Herbert, men worship gold more than they are themselves aware!"

"True, true,—humiliating truth!" replied he.

"Still, Ellen," he resumed, after a pause, "I am grateful to my fall for one thing, and that is, for its having shewn me that change of fortune could not change thy heart's affections. 'Tis a sweet thought, and comes ever upon me, to soothe and cheer my saddest moments,—the thought that, for my own single sake, I am beloved by you. Yet, yet," he added, impetuously, "what is all to end in? What prospect——"

"Hush, dear Herbert, hush! something that we dream not of may turn up yet to alter the face of our fortunes," whispered the maiden, who, true to her woman's nature, never looked to the future, when the heart was interested, save "in hope, in hope." This indulgence of hope is a delicious delusion, but I believe an unwise one; it is like closing our eyes on the reality and living in a world of dreams—like

drinking up the perfume of the rose and denying the existence of its thorns.

Whilst the lovers conversed, the sky had gradually resumed the sombre hues of the morning, without its rains; the sun again hid his face, and the mists rested heavier and heavier on the hills, and as the maiden pronounced the last words we have recorded a flash of lightning streamed vividly forth, kindling up the lake for the instant into the appearance of a sheet of flame.

Ellen clung to Herbert with at once the tenderness and the dependence of a fond-hearted woman, instinctively clasping her delicate arm around him as if to shield him from the fiery tempest, yet seeking shelter for herself under his. Nevertheless, she was not the one to be terrified beyond herself by a circumstance of the kind, for she was of a trustful and uplooking nature, and never lost sight of the calming conviction that not an hair of our heads can be scathed save by divine permission. The interruption to their discourse had been so startling and so awful, it was some moments before either of them spoke again. At length Herbert broke silence,—

“This will cause you to be sought for in your walk; we must part for to-night.”

And, rising, they proceeded towards the doorway where they had met. Ere they reached it, they were overtaken by a sailor walking hastily towards Sligo.

“Awful signs in the heavens, master,” he said, addressing our hero in passing; “darkness and fire have often been the forerunners of evil; God grant

that this be not the herald of the long-dreaded plague ! If so, we may as well lay down our heads at once and die, for we will never get to make sail against such a storm : Sligo is a ‘ city of the dead ’ in the time of contagion.”

The progress of the Asiatic pestilence, since its first appearance in Ireland, had been tremblingly noted by the inhabitants of Sligo, as its situation in the midst of low and unhealthy marshes rendered it a “lazar-house” of disease when visited by any distemper. Herbert and Ellen had sometimes spoken of the improbability of its being left unmolested by this awful visitation, but the subject was so painful to the latter, owing to the town of Sligo being Herbert’s only place of abode, that he lately endeavoured to avoid it ; and now, in reply to the sailor’s remark, he rallied him with affected cheerfulness on the superstition of his craft. Satisfied with having made his observation, the man hastened forward. Though the subject of the cholera, as I have just observed, was latterly seldom alluded to by the lovers, it was not forgotten by one of them. Though Ellen spoke not of it—for it is terrible to *hear oneself* speak of an apprehended evil—yet she thought of it in her sleep, on her awaking, and in her earnest prayers ; and, whilst the sailor was speaking, Herbert felt her steps linger, and her arm cling closer to his, as if she fancied the dreaded contagion had really reached hapless Sligo, and that she would fain detain him from a spot so fraught with danger.

“ Go now, Ellen, hasten,” said the merchant’s son,

as they reached the entrance to the park. "Good night, and God bless you, my own, my——Go, go, it is dangerous for you to tarry one instant longer. Your father, should he himself seek you to-night!"

"To-morrow evening at the same hour," whispered the maiden.

"I will come," he answered, and they parted.

"It is come!—the dreaded enemy has arrived!" said the bankrupt merchant's son, as he drew Ellen Trevor's arm within his own on the same spot and at the same hour which had witnessed their interview the preceding evening. The stolen hour passed rapidly away, more rapidly than it had ever passed before, though laden with agony. 'Twere vain to tell the fervent vows that were exchanged, or the contending passions that tore the breast of Herbert, as, one moment, he condemned himself as unmanly and unprincipled in thus stealing a child from her duty; and the next he exclaimed, in strange contradiction, "But such is the weakness of the poor human heart, Ellen, it is a wild and a wayward thought, which I ought, yet cannot restrain, but I think I could not die in peace unblessed by you, unblessed by your presence at my death-bed! My heart would crave to pour out its last thoughts to you, to pray its last prayer with you! Could you stand by my death-bed? Would you shrink from, would you fear me?"

The maiden spoke not: to such a query the *heart*, not the lips, can reply; and Herbert might have read the utterings of hers in the one long look which she

fixed on his face, and the thrilling pressure of the hand he held;—it seemed to say,

“ Fear you ? there dwells no fear with love ! ”

Her mute eloquence was only half comprehended by her lover, and even, had he understood it in all its feeling and fervour, he would still have remained unconvinced, still have doubted her power *to act up to her professions*, if the trial came. Men are slow to believe, until they have had a living example before them, that “ the starlight of woman’s devotion shines brightest in the midnight of adversity.”

“ Forgive me, Ellen ! I am a fool and a mad-man ! ” exclaimed Herbert Bayley ; “ forgive my wild thoughts ! You have been a pattern of fidelity to a ruined man, but I should not forget that you are still a woman,—a timid, helpless woman. Nay, dearest, look not thus ! I doubt you not, your truth and constancy I doubt not, but I have talked to you as if I expected that you should be as brave as you are true ! ”

Herbert was wrong in thus separating affection and courage ; strong affection produces strong courage.

Evening after evening thus met the lovers, but each interview became gradually more brief and hurried than the last, as the pestilence rapidly increased, and there were new precautions daily taken to keep it *within* the walls of the devoted town, around which, at length, there was a line drawn, in order to cut off all communication with the country ; and, in the words of an accomplished Tourist, “ those who attempted to fly were driven back as if into a grave.”

This was a fearful blow to Ellen Trevor ;—to see Herbert even for a few moments every evening—to hear him say, “ I am still untouched, I am still safe,” was a strong consolation, notwithstanding the intense anguish of each parting, for, although neither of them expressed their sentiments, both felt that perhaps they were taking their last farewell ! They had now recourse to written communication, but this was of short duration ; one letter, full of tenderness, courage, and hope, was pressed to the grateful heart of the maiden, and no more ! An agonising silence followed, which brought the dreadful conviction that Herbert was at length numbered amongst the victims of the fatal visitation. We may not dwell upon the horrors that accompanied this idea ; fancy portrayed the beloved one dying, and perhaps deserted ! And this was by no means an improbable conjecture, the appalling accounts that had already reached her fully sanctioned it ; friend perished after friend, and the hireling fled from his employer the instant he saw a sign of

“ The plague-spot on his breast.”

Death alone seemed to exact universal obedience ! It is not in the heart of a truly loving and devoted woman to stand back willingly from an object of her affection in the hour of danger or distress. Ellen had said she had courage for such an hour, and she said right. “ In the sacred presence of God and our own hearts,” she murmured, “ we promised to love and cling to each other till death ; my vow is broken if I desert him now.”

The heavy cloud* which hung over Sligo ever since the arrival of the cholera but faintly reflected the light of morning, although it was summer, bright, glorious summer! Not a sunbeam trembled on the Loch Gilly's waters to wake them from their gloomy repose; not a breeze sprang up from the ocean to disperse the thick vapours that curtained the surrounding hills, when the Provost, as he approached the entrance into the town,† according to his daily custom, observed that he was followed by a young girl, closely muffled.

"What are you about?" he said; "you cannot enter here; you are a stranger I suppose, or you would not attempt it. The cholera is within, and the country people are not permitted to enter, nor the towns-people to leave it, for fear of spreading the contagion."

"I am aware of this," was the reply; "but give me admittance, and I will carry no contagion forth, for I am willing to remain."

* "Even the phenomena of external nature served for omens and predictions of evil. Some flashes of lightning had heralded the approach of the angel of the pestilence; and during his sojourn a heavy cloud brooded over the town."—LEITCH RITCHIE.

† "The Provost rode in every morning from the security of his country-house with as great regularity as if all had been well, to visit the hospitals, bury the dead, preserve order in the streets, and take his scat as President of the Board of Health. In spite of his unrelaxing labours, he, one morning on reaching the town, saw the grounds of the Fever Hospital covered with unburied corpses; and then, as he expressed it to me himself, he felt as if the end of the world was indeed come."—LEITCH RITCHIE.

“ Girl, are you mad ? I cannot suffer you——”

“ Gracious Heaven ! say not so !” she interrupted, clasping her trembling hands ; “ I have a friend ill, and perhaps dying, within those walls—perhaps dying alone, unattended, unwatched ! Let me—let me follow you !”

The strong man’s heart was touched by this moving appeal. Still he considered it his duty to resist it, and to endeavour to impress upon the maiden the risk she would run by entering such a sepulchre. But he reasoned in vain, for when did such reasoning ever avail ? She thanked him for the kindness of his motives, but she urged him, with passionate earnestness, to think not of her danger, for she had no fear, but to think of her dying friend. “ The heart is wise,” says some poet, and it is eloquent too. The heart of the young maiden pleaded in its own fervid eloquence against the cool calculations which the head-wisdom of her opposer put forth to discourage her ; and need we say she conquered ? With eager and trembling steps she traversed the desolate streets—desolate, save when the dead-cart rolled through them, or a couple of pallid beings hurried past, bearing a new-made coffin on their shoulders. Ever and anon the groans of the dying and the shriek of the bereaved reached her tortured ear ; and in passing the hospital a livid corpse, unburied and unmourned, scared her sight. Unmourned ! have not all men, from the peasant to the prince, their ties of affection ? Yes ; *but there were none left to mourn !* At last the abode of Herbert Bayley was gained ; the maiden’s heart now beat

with suffocating rapidity, now died away with a sickening thrill; the dew stood in heavy drops on her brow; she gasped for breath; but still she moved on. Silence prevailed the house; the door was only closed; she pushed it open and rushed up-stairs. A voice reached her—'twas not the voice her ear ached for, 'twas that of a stranger, and in prayer! She felt as if smothering; she proceeded with a gentler step, and saw a clergyman kneeling beside a bed; she strained her eyes towards the face of the occupant—it was not Herbert! White hairs fell thinly over the emaciated brow, and deep furrows traversed the pale cheek—furrows which sorrow, assisted by time, had graven. The clergyman raised his eyes at the sound of the approaching footsteps.

“Does Herbert—does the son live?” gasped the intruder.

He pointed to an opposite door, too much absorbed in his own various and perilous duties, and too much accustomed, of late, to heart-rending scenes, to feel interest or curiosity respecting this unlooked-for visitor. The first object that met the maiden's eyes, on entering the second chamber, was a tarred sheet used to wrap round the dead—the next the livid features of—could they be those of him whom her heart loved? She moved nearer—yes! it was he! She stooped over the pillow—“Thank God! thank God! he lives!” broke from her parched and pallid lips. Again her eyes fell upon the tarred sheet, which she regarded as a horrible proof that he was believed to be dying; she turned from the sight, and asked strength from

Heaven. Oh ! beautiful, and beautifully true, are the words of her who has said,—

“ Heaven ! Heaven ! control
These thoughts—they rush—I look into my soul
As down a gulf, and tremble at th’ array
Of fierce forms crowding it ! *Give strength to pray,
So shall their dark hosts pass.*”

* * * * *

The pestilence had quitted Sligo : an all-merciful Providence had deigned to listen to the great cry, which issued from her nearly desolated heart, to spare a remnant of her inhabitants ; the heavy cloud that hung over the devoted town had entirely cleared away. It was a bright morning, and, with the subjects of our story, a happy one. The church-bells rang a joyous peal, which was distinctly heard through the open window of an elegantly furnished apartment, into which Mr. Trevor led his daughter in bridal array, and placed her hand in that of Herbert Bayley, saying,—

“ Take her ! her constancy has melted my obdurate heart,—take her, and let the life which, under Providence, she has saved, be devoted to her happiness. Because I had met with a few women who made worldly wealth the chief object of their wishes, I erringly judged of *all* by them ; I deemed that a partiality formed for the *rich* Herbert Bayley would soon wear away when Herbert Bayley became poor. Ellen, forgive me for the wrong I have done your heart and principles ; forgive me my own ambitious views for you, they sprung out of a fond desire to

see you as great as you are good. When you were in the midst of the burning furnace, I was awakened from my dreams of vanity,—their worthlessness forcibly struck my soul when I found how powerless they were to comfort me then! My hearth was solitary,—my home was loveless,—none cared for my grey hairs save my gentle child! I missed you every where; even the voice of your caged bird struck my pained ear like a reproach, for its cry was mournful as if it missed you too! How joyfully would I have dashed to pieces all the idols I have ever clung to for the sound of your step once more! I vowed a solemn vow to Heaven, that if you would be restored to me, I would never again thwart your happiness; now I fulfil that vow. Take her, Herbert, but not away! My halls are wide enough, my wealth is ample enough, for you both. I was late in remembering this, but, thank Heaven! not *too late!* Now, God bless you both! And recollect, even at the altar at which you are about to kneel,—recollect with solemn awe and humble gratitude, that the visitation which has desolated so many hearts and homes has been the cause of making yours *one!*”

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT
OF
LADY ELIZABETH VILLIERS.

IN olden days when fair Segeste*
 Had reached the zenith of her glory,
And all her sages thought, or guessed,
 Was registered in classic story ;
One gorgeous temple graced her plain,
 And finished,—’twas her Senate’s duty
To raise within that mighty fane
 A statue to the Queen of Beauty.

The Sculptor hastened north and south,
 And culled from all Trinacria’s fairest,
A chin—a cheek—an eye—a mouth—
 Whate’er, in short, was best and rarest ;
Then—blending all those charms divine,
 His taste and travel had selected—
With pompous rites before the shrine
 The breathing marble was erected.

* “ Girgenti, Selinunté, fair Segeste.”—*Minstrel in Sicily*.

And now the Sculptor's heart beat high ;
The Senate praised his magic traces ;
And all Segeste took up the cry—
Behold “the mirror of the Graces!”
Yet, form like *this* had he but seen,
Had lovely VILLIERS been his neighbour,
The Sculptor would have crowned her Queen,
And disavowed his former labour.

W. B.

ÆSOP AND RHODOPE,
AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ÆSOP.

ALBEIT thou approachest me without any sign of derision, let me tell thee before thou advancest a step nearer, that I deem thee more hard-hearted than the most petulant of those other young persons who are pointing and sneering from the door-way.

RHODOPE.

Let them continue to point and sneer at me: they are happy; so am I; but are you? Think me hard-hearted, O good Phrygian! but graciously give me the reason for thinking it; otherwise I may be unable to correct a fault too long overlooked by me, or to deprecate a grave infliction of the gods.

ÆSOP.

I thought thee so, my little maiden, because thou camest toward me without the least manifestation of curiosity.

RHODOPE.

Is the absence of curiosity a defect?

ÆSOP.

None whatever.

RHODOPE.

Are we blamable in concealing it if we have it?

ÆSOP.

Surely not. But it is feminine; and where none of it comes forward, we may suspect that other feminine appurtenances, such as sympathy for example, are deficient. Curiosity slips in among you before the passions are awake; curiosity comforts your earliest cries; curiosity intercepts your latest. For which reason Dædalus, who not only sculptured but painted admirably, represents her in the vestibule of the Cretan labyrinth as a goddess.

RHODOPE.

What was she like?

ÆSOP

There now! Like? Why, like Rhodope.

RHODOPE.

You said I have nothing of the kind.

ÆSOP.

I soon discovered my mistake in this, and more than this, and not altogether to thy disadvantage.

RHODOPE.

I am glad to hear it.

ÆSOP.

Art thou? I will tell thee then how she was depicted: for I remember no author who has related it. Her lips were half-open; her hair flew loosely behind her, designating that she was in haste: it was more disordered, and it was darker, than the hair of Hope is represented, and somewhat less glossy. Her cheeks had a very fresh colour, and her eyes looked into every eye that fell upon them; by her motion she seemed to be on her way into the labyrinth.

RHODOPE.

Oh, how I wish I could see such a picture !

ÆSOP.

I do now.

RHODOPE.

Where ? where ? Troublesome man ! Are you always so mischievous ? but your smile is not ill-natured. I cannot help thinking that the smiles of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women ; unless of the women who are rather old and decrepit, who seem to want help, and who perhaps are thinking that we girls are now the very images of what *they* were formerly. But girls never look at me so charmingly as you do, nor smile with such benignity ; and yet, O Phrygian ! there are several of them who really are much handsomer.

ÆSOP.

Indeed ! Is that so clear ?

RHODOPE.

Perhaps in the sight of the gods they may not be, who see all things as they are. But some of them appear to me to be very beautiful.

ÆSOP.

Which are those ?

RHODOPE.

The very girls who think *me* the ugliest of them all. How strange !

ÆSOP.

That they should think thee so ?

RHODOPE.

No, no : but that nearly all the most beautiful

should be of this opinion ; and the others should often come to look at me, apparently with delight, over each other's shoulder or under each other's arm, clinging to their girdle or holding by their sleeve, and hanging a little back, as if there were something about me unsafe. They seem fearful regarding me ; for here are many venomous things in this country, of which we have none at home.

ÆSOP.

And some which we find all over the world. But thou art too talkative.

RHODOPE.

Now indeed you correct me with great justice, and with great gentleness. I know not why I am so pleased to talk with you. But what you say to me is different from what others say : the thoughts, the words, the voice, the look, all different. And yet reproof is but little pleasant, especially to those who are unused to it.

ÆSOP.

Why didst thou not spring forward and stare at me, having heard, as the rest had done, that I am unwillingly a slave, and indeed not over-willingly a deformed one ?

RHODOPE.

I would rather that neither of these misfortunes had befallen you.

ÆSOP.

And yet within the year thou wilt rejoice that they have.

RHODOPE.

If you truly thought so, you would not continue

to look at me with such serenity. Tell me why you say it.

ÆSOP.

Because, by that time, thou wilt prefer me to the handsomest slave about the house.

RHODOPE.

For shame ! vain creature !

ÆSOP.

By the provision of the gods, the under-sized and distorted are usually so. The cork of vanity buoys up their chins above all swimmers on the tide of life. But, Rhodope, my vanity has not yet begun.

RHODOPE.

How do you know that my name is Rhodope ?

ÆSOP.

Were I malicious I would inform thee, and turn against thee the tables on the score of vanity.

RHODOPE.

What can you mean ?

ÆSOP.

I mean to render thee happy in life, and glorious long after. Thou shalt be sought by the powerful, thou shalt be celebrated by the witty, and thou shalt be beloved by the generous and the wise. Xanthus may adorn the sacrifice, but the Immortal shall receive it from the altar.

RHODOPE.

I am but fourteen years old, and Xanthus is married. Surely he would not rather love me than one to whose habits and endearments he has been accustomed for twenty years.

ÆSOP.

It seems wonderful : but such things do happen.

RHODOPE.

Not among us Thracians. I have seen in my childhood men older than Xanthus, who, against all remonstrances and many struggles, have fondled and kissed, before near relatives, wives of the same age ; proud of exhibiting the honourable love they bore toward them : yet, in the very next room, the very same day, scarcely would they press to their bosoms while you could (rather slowly) count twenty, nor kiss for half the time, beautiful young maidens, who, casting down their eyes, never stirred, and only said, “ *Don’t ! don’t !* ”

ÆSOP.

What a rigid morality is the Thracian ! How courageous the elderly ! and how enduring the youthful !

RHODOPE.

Here in Egypt we are nearer to strange creatures : to men without heads, to others who ride on dragons.

ÆSOP.

Stop there, little Rhodope ! In all countries we live among strange creatures. However, there are none such in the world as you have been told of since you came hither.

RHODOPE.

Oh yes there are. You must not begin by shaking my belief, and by making me know less than others of my age. They all talk of them : nay, some creatures, not by any means prettier, are worshipped here as

deities: I have seen them with my own eyes. I wonder that you above all others should deny the existence of prodigies.

ÆSOP.

Why dost thou wonder at it particularly in me?

RHODOPE.

Because when you were brought hither yesterday, and when several of my fellow-maidens came around you, questioning you about the manners and customs of your country, you began to tell them stories of beasts who spoke, and spoke reasonably.

ÆSOP.

They are almost the only people of my acquaintance who do.

RHODOPE.

And you call them by the name of *people*?

ÆSOP.

For want of a nobler and a better. Didst thou hear related what I had been saying?

RHODOPE.

Yes, every word, and perhaps more.

ÆSOP.

Certainly more; for my audience was of females. But canst thou repeat any portion of the narrative?

RHODOPE.

They began by asking you whether all the men in Phrygia were like yourself.

ÆSOP.

Art thou quite certain that this was the real expression they used? Come; no blushes. Do not turn round.

RHODOPE.

It had entirely that meaning.

ÆSOP.

Did they not inquire if all Phrygians were such horrible monsters as the one before them?

RHODOPE.

Oh heaven and earth! this man is surely omniscient. Kind guest! do not hurt them for it. Deign to repeat to me, if it is not too troublesome, what you said about the talking beasts.

ÆSOP.

The innocent girls asked me many questions; or rather half-questions; for never was one finished before another, from the same or from a different quarter, was begun.

RHODOPE.

This is uncivil: I would never have interrupted you.

ÆSOP.

Pray tell me why all that courtesy.

RHODOPE.

For fear of losing a little of what you were about to say, or of receiving it somewhat changed. We never say the same thing in the same manner when we have been interrupted. Beside, there are many who are displeased at it; and if you had been, it would have shamed and vexed me.

ÆSOP.

Art thou vexed so easily?

RHODOPE.

When I am ashamed I am. I shall be jealous

if you are kinder to the others than to me, and if you refuse to tell me the story you told them yesterday.

ÆSOP.

I have never yet made any one jealous; and I will not begin to try my talent on little Rhodope.

They asked me who governed Phrygia at present. I replied that the Phrygians had just placed themselves under the dominion of a sleek and quiet animal, half-fox, half-ass, named Alopiconos. At one time he seems fox almost entirely; at another, almost entirely ass.

RHODOPE.

And can he speak?

ÆSOP.

Few better.

RHODOPE.

Are the Phrygians contented with him?

ÆSOP.

They who raised him to power and authority rub their hands rapturously: nevertheless, I have heard several of the principal ones, in the very act of doing it, breathe out from closed teeth, "*The cursed fox!*" and others, "*The cursed ass!*"

RHODOPE.

What has he done?

ÆSOP.

He has made the nation the happiest in the world, they tell us.

RHODOPE.

How?

ÆSOP.

By imposing a heavy tax on the necessities of life, and making it quite independent.

RHODOPE.

Oh Æsop! I am ignorant of politics, as of every thing else. We Thracians are near Phrygia: our kings, I believe, have not conquered it: what others have?

ÆSOP.

None: but the independence which Alopiconos has conferred upon it, is conferred by hindering the corn of other lands, more fertile and less populous, from entering it, until so many of the inhabitants have died of famine and disease, that there will be imported just enough for the remainder.

RHODOPE.

Holy Jupiter! protect my country! and keep for ever its asses and its foxes wider apart!

Tell me more. You know many things that have happened in the world. Beside the strange choice you just related, what is the most memorable thing that has occurred in Phrygia since the Trojan war?

ÆSOP.

An event more memorable preceded it: but nothing since will appear to thee so extraordinary.

RHODOPE.

Then tell me only that.

ÆSOP.

It will interest thee less, but the effect is more durable than of the other. Soon after the dethronement of Saturn, with certain preliminary ceremonies,

by his eldest son Jupiter, who thus became the legitimate king of gods and men, the lower parts of nature on our earth were also much affected. At this season, the water in all the rivers of Phrygia was running low, but quietly, so that the bottom was visible in many places, and grew tepid and warm and even hot in some. At last it became agitated and excited ; and loud bubbles rose up from it, audible to the ears of Jupiter, declaring that it had an indefeasible right to exercise its voice on all occasions, and of rising to the surface at all seasons. Jupiter, who was ever much given to hilarity, laughed at this : but the louder he laughed, the louder bubbled the mud, beseeching him to thunder and lighten and rain in torrents, and to sweep away dams and dykes and mills and bridges and roads, and moreover all houses in all parts of the country that were not built of mud. Thunder rolled in every quarter of the heavens : the lions and panthers were frightened, and growled horribly : the foxes, who are seldom at fault, began to fear for the farm-yards : and were seen with vertical tails, three of which, if put together, would be little stouter than a child's whip for whipping-tops, so thoroughly soaked were they and dragged in the mire : not an animal in the forest could lick itself dry : their tongues ached with attempting it. But the mud gained its cause, and rose above the riversides. At first it was elated by success ; but it had floated in its extravagance no long time before a panic seized it, at hearing out of the clouds the fatal word *teleutaion*, which signifies *final*. It panted and breathed

hard; and, at the moment of exhausting the last remnant of its strength, again it prayed to Jupiter, in a formulary of words which certain borderers of the principal stream suggested, imploring him that it might stop and subside. It did so. The borderers enriched their fields with it, carting it off, tossing it about, and breaking it into powder. But the streams were too dirty for decent men to bathe in them; and scarcely a fountain in all Phrygia had as much pure water, at its very source, as thou couldst carry on thy head in an earthen jar. For several years afterward there were pestilential exhalations, and drought and scarcity throughout the country.

RHODOPE.

This is indeed a memorable event; and yet I never heard of it before.

ÆSOP.

Dost thou like my histories?

RHODOPE.

Very much indeed.

ÆSOP.

Both of them?

RHODOPE.

Equally.

ÆSOP.

Then, Rhodope, thou art worthier of instruction than any one I know. I never found an auditor, until the present, who approved of each; one or other of the two was sure to be defective in style or ingenuity: it showed an ignorance of the times or of mankind: it proved only that the

narrator was a person of contracted views, and that nothing pleased him.

RHODOPE.

How could you have hindered, with as many hands as Gyas, and twenty thongs in each, the fox and ass from uniting? or how could you prevail on Jupiter to keep the mud from bubbling? I have prayed to him for many things more reasonable, and he has never done a single one of them ; except the last perhaps.

ÆSOP.

What was it ?

RHODOPE.

That he would bestow on me power and understanding to comfort the poor slave from Phrygia.

ÆSOP.

On what art thou reflecting ?

RHODOPE.

I do not know. Is reflection that which will not lie quiet on the mind, and which makes us ask ourselves questions we cannot answer ?

ÆSOP.

Wisdom is but that shadow which we call reflection ; dark always, more or less, but usually the most so where there is the most light around it.

RHODOPE.

I think I begin to comprehend you ; but beware lest any one else should. Men will hate you for it, and may hurt you ; for they will never bear the wax to be melted in the ear, as your words possess the faculty of doing.

ÆSOP.

They may hurt me, but I shall have rendered them a service first.

RHODOPE.

Oh Æsop! if you think so, you must soon begin to instruct me how I may assist you, first in performing the service, and then in averting the danger: for I think you will be less liable to harm if I am with you.

ÆSOP.

Proud child!

RHODOPE.

Not yet; I may be then.

ÆSOP.

We must converse about other subjects.

RHODOPE.

On what rather?

ÆSOP.

I was accused of attempting to unsettle thy belief in prodigies and portents.

RHODOPE.

Teach me what is right and proper in regard to them, and in regard to the gods of this country who send them.

ÆSOP.

We will either let them alone, or worship them as our masters do. But thou mayst be quite sure, O Rhodope! that if there were any men without heads, or any who ride upon dragons, they also would have been worshipped as deities long ago.

RHODOPE.

Ay; now you talk reasonably: so they would:

at least I think so : I mean only in this country. In Thrace we do not think so unworthily of the gods : we are too afraid of Cerberus for that.

ÆSOP.

Speak lower ; or thou wilt raise ill blood between him and Anubis. His three heads could hardly lap milk when Anubis with only one could crack the thickest bone.

RHODOPE.

Indeed ! how proud you must be to have acquired such knowledge.

ÆSOP.

It is the knowledge which men most value, as being the most profitable to them ; but I possess little of it.

RHODOPE.

What then will you teach me ?

ÆSOP.

I will teach thee, O Rhodope ! how to hold Love by both wings, and how to make a constant companion of an ungrateful guest.

RHODOPE.

I think I am already able to manage so little a creature.

ÆSOP.

He hath managed greater creatures than Rhodope.

RHODOPE.

They had no scissors to clip his pinions, and they did not slap him soon enough on the back of the hand. I have often wished to see him ; but I never have seen him yet.

ÆSOP.

Nor any thing like ?

RHODOPE.

I have touched his statue ; and once I stroked it down, all over ; very nearly. He seemed to smile at me the more for it, until I was ashamed. I was then a little girl : it was long ago : a year at least.

ÆSOP.

Art thou sure it was such a long while since ?

RHODOPE.

How troublesome ! Yes. I never told anybody but you : and I never would have told you, unless I had been certain that you would find it out by yourself, as you did what those false foolish girls said concerning you. I am sorry to call them by such names, for I am confident that on other things and persons they never speak maliciously or untruly.

ÆSOP.

Not about thee ?

RHODOPE.

They think me ugly and conceited, because they do not look at me long enough to find out their mistake. I know I am not ugly, and I believe I am not conceited ; so I should be silly if I were offended, or thought ill of them in return. But do you yourself always speak the truth, even when you know it ? The story of the mud, I plainly see, is a mythos. Yet, after all, it is difficult to believe, and you have scarcely been able to persuade me, that the beasts in any country talk and reason, or ever did.

ÆSOP.

Wherever they do, they do one thing more than men do.

RHODOPE.

You perplex me exceedingly: but I would not disquiet you at present with more questions. Let me pause and consider a little, if you please. I begin to suspect that, as gods formerly did, you have been turning men into beasts, and beasts into men. But, Æsop, you should never say the thing that is untrue.

ÆSOP.

We say and do and look no other all our lives.

RHODOPE.

Do we never know better?

ÆSOP.

Yes; when we cease to please, and to wish it; when death is settling the features, and the cerements are ready to render them unchangeable.

RHODOPE.

Alas! alas!

ÆSOP.

Breathe, Rhodope, breathe again those painless sighs: they belong to thy vernal season. May thy summer of life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come.

RHODOPE.

I must die then earlier.

ÆSOP.

Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the

earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present, while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodope! that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

RHODOPE.

Oh Æsop! let me rest my head on yours: it throbs and pains me.

ÆSOP.

What are these ideas to thee?

RHODOPE.

Sad, sorrowful.

ÆSOP.

Harrows that break the soil, preparing it for wisdom. Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened.

And now remove thy head: the cheek is cool enough after its little shower of tears.

RHODOPE.

How impatient you are of the least pressure!

ÆSOP.

There is nothing so difficult to support imperturbably as the head of a lovely girl—except her grief. Again upon mine! forgetful one! Raise it, remove it, I say. Why wert thou reluctant? why

wert thou disobedient? Nay, look not so. It is I (and thou shalt know it) who should look reproachfully.

RHODOPE.

Reproachfully? did I? I was only wishing you would love me better, that I might come and see you often.

ÆSOP.

Come often and see me, if thou wilt; but expect no love from me.

RHODOPE.

Yet how gently and gracefully you have spoken and acted, all the time we have been together. You have rendered the most abstruse things intelligible, without once grasping my hand, or putting your fingers among my curls.

ÆSOP.

I should have feared to encounter the displeasure of two persons, if I had.

RHODOPE.

And well you might. They would scourge you, and scold me.

ÆSOP.

That is not the worst.

RHODOPE.

The stocks too, perhaps.

ÆSOP.

All these are small matters to the slave.

RHODOPE.

If they befell you, I would tear my hair and my cheeks, and put my knees under your ankles. Of whom should you have been afraid?

ÆSOP.

Of Rhodope and of Æsop. Modesty in man, O Rhodope! is perhaps the rarest and most difficult of virtues: but intolerable pain is the pursuer of its infringement. Then follow days without content, nights without sleep, throughout a stormy season, a season of impetuous deluge which no fertility succeeds.

RHODOPE.

My mother often told me to learn modesty, when I was at play among the boys.

ÆSOP.

Modesty in girls is not an acquirement, but a gift of nature: and it costs as much trouble and pain in the possessor to eradicate, as the fullest and firmest lock of hair would do.

RHODOPE.

Never shall I be induced to believe that men at all value it in themselves, or much in us, although from idleness or from rancour they would take it away from us whenever they can.

ÆSOP.

And very few of you are pertinacious: if you run after them, as you often do, it is not to get it back.

RHODOPE.

I would never run after any one, not even you: I would only ask you, again and again, to love me.

ÆSOP.

Expect no love from me. I will impart to thee all my wisdom, such as it is; but girls like our folly best. Thou shalt never get a particle of mine from me.

RHODOPE.

Is love foolish?

ÆSOP.

At thy age, and at mine. I do not love thee: if I did, I would the more forbid thee ever to love *me*.

RHODOPE.

Strange man!

ÆSOP.

Strange indeed. When a traveller is about to wander on a desert, it is strange to lead him away from it; strange to point out to him the verdant path he should pursue, where the tamarisk and lentisk and acacia wave overhead, where the reseda is cool and tender to the foot that presses it, and where a thousand colours sparkle in the sunshine, on fountains incessantly gushing forth.

RHODOPE.

Xanthus has all these; and I could be amidst them in a moment.

ÆSOP.

Why art not thou?

RHODOPE.

I know not exactly. Another day perhaps. I am afraid of snakes this morning. Beside, I think it may be sultry out of doors. Does not the wind blow from Libya?

ÆSOP.

It blows as it did yesterday when I came over, fresh across the Ægean, and from Thrace. Thou mayest venture into the morning air.

RHODOPE.

No hours are so adapted to study as those of the morning. But will you teach me? I shall so love you

ÆSOP.

If thou wilt *not* love me, I will teach thee.

RHODOPE.

Unreasonable man!

ÆSOP.

Art thou aware what those mischievous little hands are doing?

RHODOPE.

They are tearing off the golden hem from the bottom of my robe; but it is stiff, and difficult to detach.

ÆSOP.

Why tear it off?

RHODOPE.

To buy your freedom. Do you spring up, and turn away, and cover your face from me?

ÆSOP.

Go, Rhodope! Rhodope! This, of all things, I shall never owe to thee.

RHODOPE.

Proud man! and you tell me to go! do you? do you? Answer me at least. Must I? and so soon?

ÆSOP.

Child! begone!

RHODOPE.

Oh Æsop! you are already more my master than Xanthus is. I will run and tell him so: and I will implore of him, upon my knees, never to impose on *you* a command so hard to obey.

THE BRIGANDS OF NAPLES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

THE circumstances I am about to relate have, at all events, the merit of being strictly true, the names alone of the parties being suppressed.

In the autumn of 1817, Naples was crowded with visitors; the beautiful climate tempting those who purposed crossing the Alps on their way homeward to a still longer sojourn, while the number of new arrivals promised a considerable harvest to the *locandieri*. The weather being particularly favourable, it was no matter of surprise that excursions and picnic-parties were quite the rage, especially as the delightful scenery around Naples offered so many points adapted for agreeable *réunions*.

It was on a lovely morning in the early part of September, that a gay cavalcade quitted the city, purposing to spend the day in a forest a few miles distant from Naples. The party consisted of an old baronet, his wife, and two daughters, several other young ladies and gentlemen, and the hero of our tale, whom we shall call Captain O——. Shortly before arriving at the entrance of the forest, it was agreed by common consent that the Captain and the two daughters of Sir —— L——, instead of proceeding by the straight road, should make a short *détour* through the wood on foot, and rejoin the others at the appointed place of

rendezvous. For some time the roll of the carriages was distinctly heard, but the footpath gradually diverged more from the beaten track ; and, at length the sounds altogether ceased. After about half-an-hour's walking, the Captain suddenly paused, and directed the attention of his companions to several heads, which appeared every now and then amid the bushes at a short distance from them ; seemingly they belonged to rather suspicious individuals, each head, as far as could be distinguished, wearing a cap, surmounted by a tall, green feather. Such an apparition was any thing but agreeable to the little party, as the many circulated stories of Neapolitan brigands were too fresh in the minds of each to leave a doubt who the unwelcome gentry were ; however, following Captain O——'s advice, the young ladies walked on boldly in the direction of the ambuscade without any symptom of fear or hesitation. They had nearly reached the thicket, when the robbers, deeming all further attempt at concealment useless, emerged from the bushes, and confronted the adventurous trio. They were about twelve in number, fine, picturesque-looking fellows, profusely adorned with figures of saints and charms against the *mal' occhio*, which were suspended by means of silver chains from their necks. Their leader was, if possible, a little more decorated than his companions, with the addition of a broad green sash, which materially improved his costume.

The Captain, without waiting to be questioned, stepped forward, and inquired the way to a certain part of the forest, describing the spot. The leader of the

banditti cast a scrutinising glance at the gallant officer who returned it without flinching, but for a moment made no reply. At length he said, "Do you know who we are?"

"Not in the least," said Captain O——. "How should we? We are English, and little acquainted with the country. You are merchants, perhaps?"

"No, signore, I am Natoli."

The Captain, despite his self-command, startled at the name of the brigand chief, most dreaded by all ranks; whose daring and cruelty had been the subject of many a too easily credited tale. Mastering his alarm as well as he could, he merely motioned an assent, and remained silent.

"Who are ye?" said the robber.

"I have already told you," replied Captain O——; "we are English strangers. If you have aught further to question, I am ready to answer; if not, let us proceed on our way."

"And what assurance have we that you will not betray our hiding-place?"

"The word of an English officer," answered the Captain. "I can give you no stronger pledge."

Natoli turned away for a minute to consult with his comrades, during which interval the young ladies, though excessively alarmed, contrived to maintain a tolerable equanimity of demeanour. Their apprehensions were presently quieted by the return of the robber chief.

"Strangers, you may depart. We trust you, because we have reason to believe the English an

honourable nation. But first swear that you will never mention to any living soul what you have this day witnessed ; at all events, until you have our permission to do so."

" You have my promise," said the Captain.

" And, now, would you serve us in return ?"

" In what way ?" asked Captain O——.

" We wish, if an opportunity offer, to leave this country ; we are prevented from doing so by the strict watch kept by the government. If you can aid us at any time, are you so disposed ?"

" I am," said Captain O——. " Only let me know the way in which I can be servicable to you, and if it be practicable, and not repugnant to my honour, I will not fail."

" Then, signore, mark me. If any should hereafter address you at Naples in the name of your ' friends in the country,' you may be assured the messenger comes from us. You shall run no danger—not even the slightest hazard. Have you understood me ?"

" Perfectly."

" Then farewell. *Addio, signorine*," continued he, courteously raising his hat to the still trembling damsels, " remember your friends in the country."

Without further adventure, Captain O—— and his fair companions arrived safely at the place of rendezvous, accounting for their protracted absence by asserting that they had missed their way. After the numerous enjoyments of a pic-nic, the whole party returned to Naples, the two young ladies having most laudably determined never to breathe a syllable of the matter.

Time wore on, and, immersed in the gaieties of the season, Captain O—— had nearly forgotten his brigand adventure, when, on walking one day in a public path of the city, he perceived himself perpetually watched by an old woman, who, after following him almost to his own door, glided beside him, and said, in a low voice,—

“ I come from your friends in the country. They wish you to meet them at such a place (describing the spot) to-morrow night. Will you be there?”

“ I will,” was the Captain’s answer; and immediately the old woman hastened away in another direction.

Captain O—— resolved to be punctual at the appointed time, and therefore set out early in the afternoon from Naples. On his arrival he found the place deserted, and after waiting several hours without seeing any one, returned home, enraged at the deception he supposed to have been practised on him. A week or more passed away without his hearing further, until one morning he perceived the same old woman at a little distance. She approached him carefully, and whispered,—

“ You were punctual. Your friends could not come, as the police were out. You shall soon hear more.”

And before the Captain could speak she had disappeared.

In a day or two, as our hero was walking down the Chiaja, a monk, in passing him, paused for a moment, and said,—

“Will you be at the same place in two days from this, at the same hour? Your friends in the country will not fail you.”

“I will,” again replied Captain O——.

“*Bene*,” said the monk, and walked on.

One would have thought the gallant officer's perseverance was nearly exhausted; but, nevertheless, he went, and, after waiting a short time, he perceived the captain of the brigands and several others approaching him.

“We are obliged to you for your punctuality,” said Natoli, “and are sorry that we were prevented seeing you before. We have decided, and wish to leave the country as soon as possible. Will you assist us?”

“I will if I can,” said the captain.

“You can if you will,” pursued the brigand chief. “An English officer has a brig near the coast at this moment; an application from you will insure us a passage.”

“I know the officer you speak of, and will endeavour to comply with your request,” replied Captain O——. “But what security have I that you are sincere in your wish to depart?”

“That shall not fail you,” said Natoli, with a smile. “Will the testimony of a nobleman suffice?”

“Certainly.”

“Then you shall be satisfied. *Addio*.”

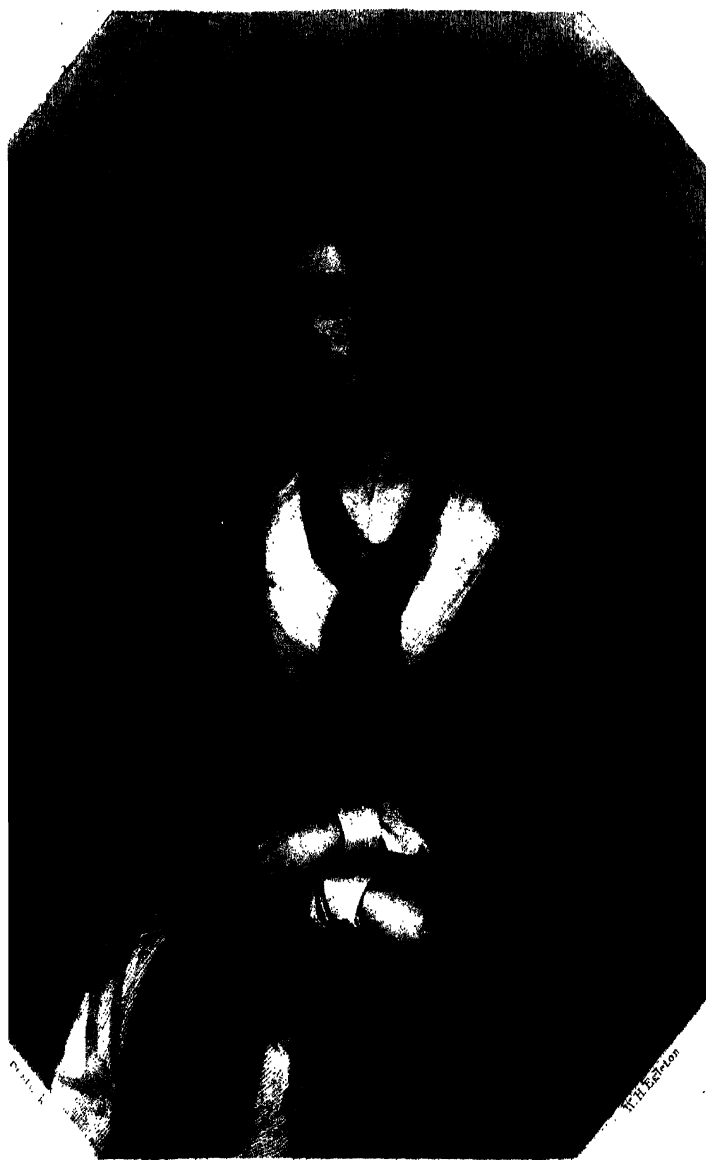
That very evening, at a ball given by one of the highest nobles in Naples, a wealthy Marchese, whose acquaintance O—— had casually made, came up to

him, and after offering him his snuff-box, confidentially said,—

“ You *may* trust your friends in the country.”

This determined Captain O——; he therefore instantly applied to Lieutenant ——, the officer in command of the brig, and begged him to send a boat on such a night to a certain place he named, acquainting him, also, that some friends of his wished to be conveyed to one of the Greek Islands. This request being acceded to, he communicated the intelligence to the brigands by means of the monk, who had been on the look-out for tidings since the rendezvous. On the appointed night, the boat and Captain O—— made their appearance, but the “friends in the country” were absent. However, after an hour’s delay, one of the band, stealing cautiously along the water’s edge, informed O—— that the King of Naples, attended by a large suite, had been fishing close by the spot where the boat was moored; at the same time requesting him to order the men to pull down a little farther, in order that they might embark without detection.

This was at length safely effected, and the brigands, including Natoli, were soon on their way to the ship, their leader having first absolved the Captain from his promise of secrecy. He, however, kept his own counsel until he obtained certain tidings of their safe arrival at the Greek Isles; he then felt himself at liberty to recount to his friends the singular adventure he had met with among the brigands of Naples.



W. H. Estlin

ON THE PORTRAIT
OF
THE LADY CHARLOTTE LYSTER.

BY MISS POWER.

DAUGHTERS of earth there be, whose radiant eyes
Bring to our fancy memories of dreams
Like those that visit infant slumbers,—gleams
Of angel presence,* which the opening skies
Only reveal when dull and torpid lies
The body, but the soul, all-wakeful, seems
To revel 'mid the pure and quenchless beams
Of heaven, where joy is born and sorrow dies.
Such eyes are now before me, I can read
Within their depths of thought, and soul, and sense,
All woman's brightest gifts, and innocence
As pure as childhood's :—Lady, these exceed
The worth of beauty ; yet, in thee are joined
At once the charms of person and of mind.

* Alluding to the Irish superstition that the angels converse
with slumbering infants.

THE WIDOW OF CAIRNLOUGH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I BELIEVE it would be difficult to find, in what is called the civilised world, a people more superstitious than the inhabitants of the northern coast of Ireland. Mingling, as they do, the traditions of Scotland with the legends of Ireland, a belief in supernatural visitations and in all sorts of spiritual agencies seems as natural to them as the air they breathe. I do not think they have as much faith in mere *fairies*,—little, dew-drinking, moonlight-dancing elves—as the dwellers in the south; but between the omens of the sea, and the warnings of the hills, and caves, and valleys, concerning “Banshees,” and “grey men,” the peasantry, particularly along the wild coast of Antrim, dwell almost as much in the ideal as in the real world.

In proportion to their mental or bodily strength is their actual trust in the stories which, while the old relate, the younger and more educated affect to discredit and endeavour to reason away; yet with all their efforts circumstances frequently occur that compel wiser heads than theirs to exclaim,

“’Tis strange, ’tis passing strange.”

But I will tell my story and leave my readers,

as it best pleases them, to believe, or disbelieve, what I relate.

It would be impossible for the most active imagination to fancy any thing more terrible or more devastating than the weather during the latter part of 1842 and the commencement of the present year. One calamity seemed hurled upon another,—each howl of the tempest was freighted with shrieks of perishing mariners, and the mountain-torrents echoed the roar of the ghastly ocean, white with wrath, as it contended with the rocky bulwarks of Fairhead, or rendered the sunny spots in the Plaiskin a mass of foam. Sleepless and prayerful were those poor fisher-families whose dwellings cluster around the bays and glens that indent the glorious coast of Antrim: the blue lightning illuminated the Banshee's couch in the towers of Dunluce, the thunder shook the proud Castle of Glenarm. Well might the weepers pray for those away—away!—upon the waters. Each day increased the fearful list of families made desolate by the ruthless storm. The Irish peasantry are naturally cheerful and fond of society, yet now they almost avoided each other, fearing to hear ill news.

It was the evening of the 12th of January, the rain had poured in torrents all day, but had suddenly ceased; and the lull, or, as the people call it, “the cradle of the wind,” was disturbed by a low moaning noise, the awakening “sough” of the Storm King. The widow Clarke, an old inhabitant of Cairnlough, was sitting beneath the shadow of her wide chimney. A young girl, the betrothed of her absent son, had

come in, "to stop with her a while, thinking she might be lonesome;" and a little shock-headed rosy child of about ten years old, an orphan, who, without any spoken invitation, had taken up her abode at "Widdy Clarke's," and ate of her potato as if she were her own child, was occupied in reeling worsted. Suddenly the door-latch was raised, and a blind woman, whose sweet ballad-singing had gained her the name of "Peggy-the-Voice," entered.

"God save all here!" she exclaimed, as she stood for a moment on the threshold, extending her stick forward,—“God save all under this roof as well as all in Cairnlough, and you, especially, poor woman! and keep all under the wing of the Almighty, I pray His holy name!” adding, while advancing, “I hope all’s well with you and yours, though one’s almost afraid to ask; but you have the prayers of the poor, any how, and they make a sure path to heaven!”

“Kindly welcome, dear,” said the widow, rising from the chimney-corner, and extending her hand to her humble guest, whose delicate form and sharp intelligent features rendered her, despite her blindness, a pleasing-looking woman. “Kindly welcome, agra, and sit here out of the wind of the door; if one can be any where out of such winds as are sweeping the mountains these bad times; if, indeed,” she added, in a low tone,—“if, indeed, it’s real winds that’s in it, and not something worse. Holy saints, protect us!”

“Thank ye, woman dear, I’m very well here, so keep your place; and I know the burr of Annie Morrison’s wheel, and the sound of little Alsie’s feet

on the floor. Ah ! girls, ye thought I wouldn't find you out, but God—His name be praised !—never takes away one sense, but He strengthens another,—Peggy-the-Voice has quick ears.”

Peggy Graham's infirmity would have obtained her a cordial greeting in every Irish cottage; her poverty, without her loss of sight, secured her kind treatment; and her voice—her store of songs alone—were trusty passports to each music-loving heart, so that the poor, gentle, afflicted woman might be said to be trebly welcome. During these nights of storm and days of sorrow she was anxiously looked for by many, for all her superstitions had a comforting religious tendency, and her mind was so hopeful, so trusting in God's goodness, that the glensmen said, “Peggy had a holy way with her that did them good.”

“And now, Peggy, have you any news?” inquired the widow; “though it's ill asking, for one trouble mounts over another. I heard a man who came from Bushmills tell how the Banshee was heard in Dunluce last week.”

“Ah, nonsense !” replied Peggy Graham, pettishly; “I wonder you wouldn't know better than that, and you bred, born, and reared, to say nothing of your people, in Cairnlough. Is it *she* cry?—sorra a tear she'd shed, or a cry she'd raise, if the whole county Antrim was just pitched bodily into the mad ocean this blessed minute,—barring the head of the family was among the people, which would be out of the course of nature! No, the Banshee of Dunluce has better

knowledge than that ; she'll raise no cry—till the NEXT is called. I wonder at ye, Mrs. Clarke."

The widow sought to apologise, for she ought to have remembered that the Banshee of Dunluce, belonging especially to the noble family of Antrim, took no interest in any death save that of its chief ; and the poor woman felt she had lost ground in her visitor's opinion. Anxious to retrieve it, she observed, "She knew that;"—"she said so at the time;"—"the man wasn't a Bushmill man, she thought he was a Mac Quillan."

"I dare say he was nothing but a Mac Quillan," replied the blind woman, bitterly, who was strongly attached to the rival clan of Mac Donnel,— "I dare say he was nothing else but that same ; and, indeed, Mrs. Clarke, considering who is in the place, and blessing and employing the whole country, the less of the Mac Quillans that's encouraged the better."

Mrs. Clarke, always peaceably disposed, answered, "that was very true," and that she "always said so."

A sudden and tremendous hurricane-shout of the sea and land winds, as though the spirit of the rival clans, of whom the blind woman spoke, were contesting over again for the broad counties where they so often fought, forced Annie to exclaim, "May the Almighty look over the seas and protect the poor craythurs this blessed night !"

A whispered "Amen !" hung upon every lip ; and as the winds waxed more wrathful, the women drew closely together, raked up the smouldering ashes of the turf-fire, and whispered to each other as if some

mighty spirit was on the watch and on the wing to carry away their words.

"It's a comfort to me," said the widow,—“and I tell Annie, there, it ought to be a great comfort to her,—that him we both love above the world, and who is foremost in our thoughts day and night, my son and her true love, is in foreign parts these stormy times. I've heard many sea-faring men say that often when the surge has been high enough to wash the grey man's track as with a besom, you could float a feather on the Bay of Biscay. Don't you hear what I say, *Annie, avourneen?*”

The girl looked up and smiled, but soon again her head drooped over her wheel; little Alice wound her arms round her neck, and murmured words of childish consolation and tenderness to one who was the favourite of old and young.

“There's some foretold these storms and wished that the fishermen would haul up their boats high and dry on the beach at the beginning of winter, but they would not; and, signs on it, there's many a broken heart in Cairnlough this blessed evening. But life and death are in the Almighty's hands, and it's not what you or I say or think;—it was to be—that's all,” added the widow, in a calm, resigned voice.

“Peggy,” inquired Annie, “did you in all your travels ever hear tell of the ship Charles is in? I'm told she's a raal beauty,—a queen of the sea, the Albion she's called.”

“She *is* a beauty,” answered Peggy, in a cheerful tone; “and there's nothing but the highth of truth in

what the mother said about storms not going *beyant* a certain place, not all 'as one as her story of the Ban-shee at Dunluce ——"

"It wasn't my story, Peggy agra!" interrupted Mrs. Clarke.

"Well, never mind, dear, whose story it was, the black drop was in it, so there's enough about it; but the boy, from all we've heard, is in a fine ship, and out of reach of the storms, and may the blessed Father of Heaven keep him so."

They then spoke of their neighbours' sorrows, of old prophecies, of "charms," and their "workings," of "warnings before death," dwelling on any thing rather than what was nearest to their hearts; and when the sudden hurricane, as Peggy observed, "blew itself out," the cottage candle was lit, the floor swept, a "fresh sod of turf" thrown on, and little Alsie sent to a woman, who lived "hard by," with a kindly message "That as 'Peggy-the-Voice' was to stop the night in their place, would she come in and hear her raise a tune, for Mrs. Clarke thought it would lift her heart to hear it, and take the trouble off her for a while?" This request was thankfully acceded to; and "the neighbour" being seated, Peggy commenced her song, rocking herself in time to the tune. The song was one of the croning ballads of the old times, and was thus prefaced by the singer,—

"Is it the 'Lady's Temptations' you'll have? Well then, dears, so you shall, it's an innocent song, and one the quality's fond of—it isn't that I say it, but many a time the drawing-room door has been

set open, and I have sung it to the highest and handsomest in this country." Then clearing her voice she began,—

" 'Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring to make you merry,
If you'll be my true lover.'

"And then, you know, the 'Madam' answers all so stately, for her blood was higher than his,—

" 'Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry,
When I am sad, to ring to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover.'

"The gentleman was nothing daunted, you understand, at this, for he loved her beyant life or death, and so he tempted her on, thinking to turn her heart from another,—

" 'Madam, I will give you a sheet of silver pins
To dress your ——'

The continuance of the half-chanted song was interrupted by the Widow of Cairnlough's suddenly starting up, and after clapping her hands wildly, she extended them, exclaiming, while her form seemed converted into stone, "There,—there!—*I see the water rising, and Charles struggling in a wave of the sea—There!*" She continued in a state of such painful agitation, even after she confessed "it was gone," that the terror she struck, to use her neighbours' expression, "into their hearts," was overpowered by their anxiety for the widow; despite all they could urge, she continued walking about the cottage until five o'clock

in the morning, when she lay down, and fell into a profound sleep. The sailor's betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her mother's cabin.

All traces of the storm had passed away from the heavens before the sun shone into the cottage window, but even at noon the widow still slept. Apart from her cottage, outside the door of an humbler dwelling, a group of persons were assembled, they spoke in suppressed whispers, frequently directing their glances towards the Widow Clarke's, occasionally the conference was interrupted by a sudden and sharp cry, a "keen" of bitter anguish, from within the house round which they clustered.

"Hear to poor Annie!" said Peggy, who was in the midst of the group. "Oh, her heart's breaking, and there was something over her all day yesterday! Well, the widow's warning beats all I ever heard tell of before; to think of her seeing him last night struggling in the wave, and to-day hearing of his certain death! Who broke it to poor Annie?"

"Who but her own mother," was the reply; "though, indeed, there was nothing to break, for she misdoubted a long time, and no wonder, the death-watch was never away from her own chimney-corner, nor the winding-sheet off her candle, nor the howl out of her little dog's throat, and she keeping it all close from his mother, and sure, the sorrow that finds voice finds ease, it's silent grief that *eats up the heart*, she's just like the moonlight shadow of what she was, poor girl; and when the letter came, a while ago, she was as calm

and still as a sleeping lake. ‘I know it, mother,’ she said, ‘but get one to read it me, word for word;’ and the mother, resting on her strength, did, and she’s been from one fit to another ever since; how the widow will bear it, the Lord, He knows; she was always a hopeful creature, but her hope is washed into the sand of the sea-shore!”

After a conclave of kind and thoughtful friends had consulted together, it was determined that a neighbour, much beloved by the widow, should go in under pretext of preparing her breakfast, and communicate the melancholy fact of the loss of the Albion off the coast of France,—

“A wreck, that left not a wreck behind.”

There was something, however, so refreshed in the poor widow’s waking, she used such efforts to cast away the heavy shadows of the past night, she prayed so fervently, and expressed so much faith and trust in that power which had so long preserved him she loved from the deep waters, that her friend found it impossible to reveal the fact; and another neighbour, a man of the name of Macbride, undertook the task inviting her into his house; observing that the wheel was set aside, and no employment going forward, Mrs. Clarke inquired the reason, the females of the family made no reply, but stole out of the room, and Macbride stood aside to hide his tears, this awoke her fears, and she desired him to tell her instantly what was wrong; his reply is to me, one of sweet and harmonious beauty, shewing the simple purity and *oneness*

of that strong and enduring sympathy which is so characteristic of the Irish peasant,—

“Mary,” replied Machride, “*Mary, your trouble is ours*——” then the widow *knew* she had no son, and her grief was loud and violent—he, her only one—her life—her hope—her joy—her glory—the fine, brave, high-spirited sailor—his mother’s darling—her support—her one, sole object—was indeed gone!

“And I!” she exclaimed, while tearing her grey hair, and casting dust upon her whirling brain; “I, that had such faith, that though I saw him, under my own roof, tossed in the wave of the sea, and yet would not take sorrow to my heart—I that disbelieved the sight of my eyes, rather than fold death to my heart—I, to be left desolate, at the last forsaken—forgotten by HIM, in whom the widow put her trust!”

It is worse than idle to repeat the maniac exclamations of such grief. Some months have since elapsed, and though bent with sorrow, though deprived of every support, the widow of Cairnlough has learned to say, “Thy will be done,” from the depths of her trembling heart.

I have not *made* this story,—it is a fact; three grown-up persons were present when the song was interrupted by the widow’s vision, she could have received no previous intimation of the sad event, nor had she any reason to pretend to “second sight,” nor any object to gain by deception; it has riveted unfortunately the belief in much that was nearly forgotten, and revived many “old wives’ tales.” The

poor woman seems to derive a melancholy pleasure in talking of the circumstance ; she says, she often dreamed of her “ fine boy,” but “ *that* night she saw him as plain struggling with the wave that swept him into eternity—as plainly as she saw the lady to whom she told the story.”

PORTRAIT OF MISS CRAVEN.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Oh ! what a likeness !— is the gazer's cry,—

There is the faultless oval of the face,
The lofty brow and the commanding eye,
The raven hair,—th' expression's thoughtful grace,
The noble figure and the high-born mien,
Whose dignity might well become a queen.

Oh ! what a likeness !— even in the dress

The fair original we recognise,
Whose rare propriety shuns each excess,
Of Fashion's jewelled or familiar guise,
At Court,—at home,—in Park,—or in the dance,
Unrivalled still in tasteful elegance.

Yet how *un-like* ! Th' engraver's happiest art

Shews but the beauties of the form,—not mind ;
Her social kindness, prompted by the heart,
Her frank good sense, her cheerfulness refined,
The winning, affable, and gracious ease
That all admire,—he cannot copy these.

E'en could this charm of polished manners meet

Our eyes, as Craven's portrait we behold,
The likeness would be faulty,—incomplete,—
Still should we miss the virtues manifold,
The principle,—truth,—duty, that endear
The prototype to all within her sphere.

ERNEST DURANT.

BY N. MICHELI, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

It was the year 1786. The convocation of the States-General—that prologue to the great coming tragedy in France—had not yet taken place. The old *noblesse* seemed firm in their seats and secure of their titles. The amiable, but short-sighted Louis feasted in the Tuileries and at Versailles; and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, with the little Dauphin and Princess, was the centre of all that was brilliant and gay in the most dazzling of European courts. The Louvre, the opera-houses, the gardens of the Luxembourg, and other public places of resort, were crowded with *beaux* and *élégantes*. Paris was the favourite city of the Epicurean, and in no other air could the man of *ton* breathe freely. Through the Faubourg St. Germain, and other *quartiers* on the aristocratic side of the Seine, there was a continual whirl of coroneted carriages. There was sight-seeing by day, and banqueting, dancing, and theatre-crowding by night; all was jollity, excitement, and light-heartedness; and none dreamed that a volcano was about to burst, whose lava torrent would oversweep their rank, pride, and high places, involving their hopes, the sources of their enjoyment, and the institutions of their land, in one common ruin.

It was in the spring of the year above alluded to that a young miniature-painter of Paris was introduced, or recommended, by David, at that time the king of artists—the Benjamin West of France, to a family of distinction in the Chaussée d'Antin. The young man was clever in his art, and the Marquis De Miremont engaged him to paint his eldest daughter. Beauty, seen under any circumstances, has dangerous influences on a man whose heart has no pre-engagement; how much will the danger be enhanced when the eye shall scan attentively, and feed, as it were, on the features of a fascinating woman, so as to enable the pencil to transfer to the canvass each point of loveliness and each expression which, as an ethereal light, is reflected on the face from the fair one's soul? Mademoiselle De Miremont was beautiful and eighteen, while Ernest Durant was of an ardent temperament; and, this being premised, it will not appear a marvellous circumstance that, ere the miniature of the lady was completed, the painter had lost his heart, and abandoned himself to those dreams of indefinable happiness, yet exquisite pain, which accompany a first and unconfessed passion.

The drawing was finished, and Durant, of course, was to be dismissed from the hôtel of the Marquis; the close of his rapturous vision was at hand—he should never more be near the object of his worship, never again be allowed to address her. The gulf set between a *roturier* and a nobleman of the old régime of France was too great even for Hope, winged by Love, to leap; the hour had not yet

arrived when that chasm was to be bridged over by *Sans-culottism* and revolutionary daring. Durant, then, could only regard his mistress as some divinity of a higher sphere, whom he might worship, dream of, but never hope to call his own.

The Marquis, in his demeanour, was a mild man; and good-nature and pride, though apparently antagonist qualities, were, perhaps, his chief characteristics.

“Monsieur Durant, I thank you for the clever portrait you have taken of my daughter; here are twenty louis for you, and I beg to assure you that you may depend upon my patronage.”

And thus was the artist dismissed from the house of the great man. With lingering steps, and often turning to look at the princely mansion which Lucine De Miremont hallowed and brightened by her presence, he wandered down the street, and in a short time found himself in his obscure lodgings in the Faubourgs. Every thing convinced him of the madness which possessed his soul, and yet he could not conquer it. All renown, all success in his art, all that others esteem in life, seemed as worthless without her love. He flung himself into his chair, and, in the excitement of the moment, rocked himself to and fro. He felt that time, which soothes some hearts, would not bring the balm of forgetfulness to him; and, with useless vehemence, he upbraided Fate, which had thrust him out from what he conceived to be the Elysium of “rank and place.”

A year elapsed,—and another, and, still the victim

of his first and fruitless passion, the young artist never passed a day without visiting the Chaussée d'Antin, and standing at the corner of the street, gazing wistfully at the lofty hôtel of the Marquis De Miremont. For hours he would watch on the mere speculation of Lucine's appearing at a window, or coming forth to take an airing in her father's carriage; and when, by chance, he *did*, under such circumstances, obtain a glimpse of her, the gratification, the thrill of delight which he experienced, amply recompensed him for his patient toil. At the theatre, also, whenever he learned that the Marquis and his family were likely to attend, he would ensconce himself in the pit, and there, heeding neither *danseuse* nor *cantatrice*, the young enthusiast would raise his eyes to but one point, the gilded box where Lucine shone like a bright star eclipsing all others in a hemisphere of light and beauty.

But did no fear ever awake in his mind that the time would come when another, her equal in rank, might woo and possess her? Yes; and this apprehension gave birth to pangs not to be described. We will instance one occasion when he laboured under these morbid feelings. She was at the Opera in company with a certain duke, who was very assiduous in his attentions. Oh! with what heart-burnings did he watch her every look and gesture! her blush, her embarrassment, seemed to assure his excited fancy that the young nobleman was her accepted lover; his eyes grew dim, his head swam round, and the theatre, and even Lucine, were beheld no more. When he

woke from his stupor, he found himself in the street between two *gens-d'armes*, who were roughly shaking him, and liberally drenching him with water. Shame was the first feeling which he experienced; but on the following day, in a fit of desperation, he addressed a letter—it was his first—to the innocent cause of all his misery. He poured out his soul in the most passionate terms of love, yet tempered his expressions with humility and by a confession of his utter unworthiness. Though her image was burnt into his heart in characters of fire, though his visions of happiness—the aim of his existence—all centered in her, he could not, in his wildest dreams, hope she could ever stoop from her sphere to regard a penniless artist; but the day that saw her make another man happy would be the last of his devotion and suffering.

And this letter, full of the enthusiasm of an overheated imagination and the outpourings of a desponding heart, *did* absolutely reach the hand of Lucine. To say that she had forgotten him who two years previously had painted her likeness, would have been incorrect; she had also noticed the persevering manner in which he had followed her, and introduced himself into those places she was accustomed to frequent. He was a rising artist, and had gained some celebrity; yet, however flattered she might be by having inspired a man of genius with a passion that seemed to border on idolatry, the notion of a daughter of one of the proudest nobles of France giving encouragement to a *roturier*, a man even

without houses or lands, seemed to her less preposterous than that it was utterly impossible.

And yet Lucine felt no indignation, as many ladies, similarly situated, might have done. Her heart was too good, her notions of the distribution made by Fortune of wealth and honour, independently of merit, too correct to admit of her scorning and cruelly trampling on the heart of the indigent painter. Accordingly she did not return the letter to the writer, but, strange to say, she read it over thrice, whispering to herself, "He is much mistaken; I hate the duke;" and then, as she deposited it in a secret drawer of her desk, she spoke audibly, "He must never—never write to me again,—I tremble when I think of my father and my proud family. He has committed that which might cost him his life, poor Durant!"

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The day had arrived: the storm which had been gathering on the political horizon of France, sending forth at intervals solitary flashes, the electrical spirit-fire of an excited nation, burst at last. The *Tiers-Etat* had triumphed over nobility and clergy; Mirabeau, Brissot, and Danton, thundered in the National Assembly; and the Jacobin Club raised a fiercer cry for the downfall of kings. The Bastille had been captured; Paris had sent out her thousands of pike-bearing *Sans-culottes* and *dames de la halle* to storm magnificent Versailles, and bring from thence the poor trembling monarch and queen, crowning their heads with the *bonnet rouge*, and dancing before in-

sulted royalty their "Carmagnole," and screaming their "Marseillaise." Titles had been abolished, and it was "Citoyen Louis Capet," and "Citoyenne Marie Antoinette." In short, the Revolution was progressing in every point as satisfactorily and rapidly as the most hot-headed Jacobin or purseless *Sans-culotte* could desire; while the original movers, Lafayette, astronomer Bailly, and other moderate men, could now no more stop the onward course of the dreadful machine, if they so wished, than they could have turned back the earth in her orbit.

And what path was pursued by the proud father of Lucine? Many of his brother peers consulted their safety by flight, and became fugitives and outcasts from their native land; but the Marquis De Miremont scorned to fly: he compared his country to a ship in a storm, and which, if steered aright, might yet reach a haven of safety: he was attached to his king, and would aid him in his terrible struggle, or share whatever might be his doom. With respect to his daughter, who took no part in the questions which agitated the minds of men, he could not imagine that Frenchmen would insult or injure her. He was mistaken; she was guilty of the crime of being an heiress, and of having aristocratic blood in her veins; and such constituted offences, in the eyes of true patriots, to be atoned for only by death.

As Durant was one day taking his accustomed walk through the street where Lucine resided, he was surprised at seeing a large concourse of people before the hôtel of the Marquis. The *poissardes*, or fish-

women, were shouting, "Vive la Nation!" and their husbands, with tri-coloured ribands in their hats, and pikes in their hands, were vociferating, "Down with the aristocrat! Bring out the hoary-headed traitor who dares to tell us we've a king! To the Abbaye with him, or we'll *lanterne* him, pike him here!—Death to all aristocrats!" In another minute a passage was effected through the mob by some police and soldiers of the National Guard, and issuing from the door of the hôtel the old Marquis was seen bareheaded, and followed by his daughter. They were conducted along by functionaries, whose profession could not be mistaken, towards a sombre-looking carriage; and as soon as the father and daughter were rudely thrust into it, an officer took his seat on each side of them, and the coach, which had of late done an immense deal of service in a similar way, started off in the direction of the prison of La Force.

The consternation of Durant may be conceived; but any visible display of the rage and anguish which possessed his spirit, he well knew, instead of aiding the cause of the Marquis, would only subject himself to a like fate, thereby depriving him of all means of rendering assistance to the noble prisoners. And what was De Miremont's crime?—attachment to the king, and certain words which he had been heard to utter in favour of a monarchical government, formed the pretext for his present arrest.

Durant did not sleep that night: he saw the question in all its dangerous bearings. Danton,

minister of justice, and the members of the municipality of Paris, were men without hearts; and the atrocities recently committed led him to believe that no hope existed for the Marquis or his daughter.

We must turn our attention to the prison of La Force, which, with the Abbaye and the Châtelet, was the principal place of durance for those arrested as persons *suspect*, and guilty of belonging to good families, and of regarding with feelings of compassion the humiliated condition of Louis and the Queen. The terrible "Second of September," when the blood of the aristocrats was to be poured out like water on the altar of national liberty, was fast approaching. Many high and many worthy men, together with several ladies of distinction, were already within the walls of La Force, even before the atrocious domiciliary visits had commenced. But we must neither visit the cell of Sombreuil, the venerable governor of the Invalides, nor that of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe; our story attaches us to the fate of Lucine and her father.

For a short time they had access to each other through the medium of adjoining rooms, but such an indulgence was not to last long. From the moment of their arrest Lucine had evinced more fortitude and self-possession than the aged Marquis, but this was the result less of personal courage than of a desire to cheer and support her parent.

They were seated together, on the second day of their imprisonment, in the stone room appropriated to them; a straggling sun-ray glimmered through

the grating, the rich shawl usually worn by Lucine was flung upon the bench, and her long hair fell in disordered masses on her white and beautiful shoulders. She held her father's hand, and looked cheerfully into his face. Oh! at such an hour, when man's sterner spirit is bowed to the dust, there is nothing like the smile and voice of woman to comfort and breathe hope into his soul.

"Our fate is sealed, my child, nothing can save us. I know the rancour of those men who have overturned the institutions of their country,—they thirst for our blood; and we have now no friend, for all those whom we esteemed are either prisoners like ourselves, or slaughtered, or banished."

"We have one friend, father, although I grant he is a powerless and an humble one."

"Who may that be, Lucine?"

"He followed the carriage which brought us hither. I saw him remonstrate with the leader of the guard; and when we entered the gates of the prison——"

"Well, I repeat, what may his name be?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten him, father; and I have nearly—but I know he has not forgotten us, and that he will risk something in my—I mean in your behalf."

"You still speak in enigmas."

"His name is Durant,—the artist Durant,—whom, you may remember, Monsieur David recommended to you as a clever painter of miniatures."

"Durant? I think I recollect such a person. And

place your confidence in a poor friendless boy like him? Lucine, I thought you till now a girl of sense. But, ha! I begin to suspect some secret love-correspondence. What! have you been giving encouragement——”

“Father, I pray you speak not so. I have not exchanged a word with Monsieur Durant since he drew my portrait, nor have I ever corresponded with him.”

The unbolting of the door of the room interrupted further conversation, and two gaolers entered; the elder was a savage-looking fellow, his frock, which bore stains of blood, was bound around him by a leathern girdle, at which hung a large bunch of keys; the younger man, who served in the capacity of assistant, was of a prepossessing appearance, though the *bonnet rouge* and knot of tri-coloured riband bespoke him a true Republican. Lucine, as she looked at the last-named person, uttered a faint shriek, but she instantly recovered her self-command, and calmly awaited their orders.

“So, young woman, you are afraid of us, I see, good and honest patriots as we are,—ha! ha! Citizen Miremont, we are come to remove you to more cheerful company; you’re to be honoured with lodging in the front ward, where some twenty *curés*, counts, and other lumber, are stowed away. You’ll be tried and released, perhaps, from all your troubles to-morrow, ha! ha!”

“Must we then be separated?” asked Lucine, imploringly.

"To be sure you must; 'tis as well to be parted now as by and by, isn't it? but we've too much business to waste time in talking."

The man passed a cord around the Marquis's hands to prevent the possibility of his giving them the slip, and while he did this the younger gaoler gazed at Lucine with an air of respect, but a countenance full of anguish.

"Now, young sprig of patriotism!" resumed the first gaoler, "you must assist me in taking Citizen Miremont to the front ward; the young woman will stay here till we return—March!"

Lucine, in a paroxysm of agony, sprang towards her father, her fortitude was gone; she clung to him—she shrieked his name—she prayed the gaoler in the most piteous accents that he would not separate them; but the man, with savage laughter, drew her away, and, thrusting her back into the room, locked the door.

The Marquis was conducted down the gallery, and presently found himself among a crowd of men, whose worn countenances, but eager eyes, bespoke mental anxiety of the most racking kind; these were the persons doomed, as they thought, to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, but who, with the exception of two or three, fell, without a hearing, beneath the pikes of the *égorgeurs* of the terrible "Second of September."

Lucine was removed to a cell in the back part of the prison; for some unexplained reason she had no companion; but a lamp was allowed her, other-

wise the night would have been insupportable. Her father's fate, more than her own, occupied her thoughts; and the idea that she should never behold him again alive excited her almost to frenzy. The prisoners in La Force were daily increasing, for the domiciliary visits had commenced, and the hour of fate was approaching. She had not seen the young gaoler since her removal to her present cell; he, too, she thought, had forsaken her.

It was night, when Lucine was startled by a faint knock, and presently a paper was thrust underneath the door; she seized it, and, as she heard retreating footsteps, read as follows:—

“My pen cannot write, my tongue cannot tell, the anguish I feel in not having been able ere this to assist you; but I am placed on the opposite side of the prison; I cannot obtain the key of your room, and were I to break open the door no escape could be effected from these galleries, for sentinels watch at every point. I have seen the Marquis to-day; he bears his fate heroically; but I am now driven to desperation, for I have just learned fearful intelligence; you must be freed from your cell to-morrow night, or—lady, I need not say that your life is dearer to me than my own, and I am prepared to risk all to save you and your honoured father. I can, however, do no more *within* the walls of La Force; my disguise must enable me to act *without*.”

“Poor Durant!” sighed Lucine, weeping over the hurriedly written note; “and for me he has gained access to this hideous place, having solicited the post

of gaoler—for me, who have met his love with coldness, he has ventured into the jaws of death,—but I must destroy this ;” and she instantly burnt the paper in her lamp.

Sunday had dawned, and this was the day chosen for the memorable massacre of the Royalists in the Parisian prisons. Whether Collot d’Herbois, Manuel, or Danton, were chiefly to blame in exciting the people to this act, which has scarcely a parallel in the annals of civilised nations, needs not here be discussed ; nor shall we dwell on a scene which has already by many pens been described with a revolting minuteness of detail. Suffice it to say, that the general massacre of the prisoners in the Abbaye, La Force, and the Church of the Carmelites, had begun ; but the *égorgeurs* were nowhere more busy than in front of La Force ; and as fast as the doomed men were passed from the table of the mock judge through the fatal wicket they were despatched by the *Sans-culotte* patriots. Night sank down upon the prison, as if with its black wings to hide the piteous and cruel scene. About one half of the inmates still remained to be slaughtered, and the unfortunate Marquis De Miremont and his daughter were among the number of the living. Who may conceive the feelings of the survivors, expecting every moment to be dragged away to their doom ; and yet some remained in entire ignorance of the scenes which were enacting until their turn came to be summoned into the hall and thrust through the wicket.

It was nearly midnight when Lucine, in her re-

mote cell, was listening to the unusual sounds and hurried movements which seemed to fill the prison. Shrieks at times, also, broke upon her ear; and then she comprehended that something dreadful was going forward. She trembled for her father; her blood, also, ran cold at the thought of the fate which might await herself; but at this moment a low tap was heard at the bars of her window, and words were whispered, "Lady, put out your light!" Mechanically she extinguished her lamp. An old tree, which has since been destroyed, stood near that part of the building, and around its upper branches a man had succeeded in passing a rope and attaching it to the bars of the grating. The profound darkness of the night, and the eagerness with which the work of slaughter was pursued in front of the prison, favoured the daring design; under any other circumstances, the attempt would have been frustrated by instant discovery. As the man steadied himself on the rope, he commenced filing away the iron bars; and the sound thus created was welcome, indeed, to the ears of the poor trembling inmate, but such as she feared every moment would be overheard by the gaolers. The darkness, it is true, prevented her recognising the features of the man; yet she well knew there was only one who would thus interest himself on her behalf. But the file had now done its work, and the next moment Ernest Durant sprang into the room.

"Fear not, lady, all depends on quickness and self-possession now."

"But my father?"

"I cannot inform you of what is going forward, the tale of horrors would paralyse you; for the sake of Heaven yield to my directions; obey me but for a few minutes."

"I will, I will!" and the girl was passive in his hands. Swiftly Durant passed a cord with which he was provided around her waist, and without hesitation, the fearful necessity authorising the hazard, he allowed her to drop from the lofty grating into the prison-yard; then, securing the cord to a bar which had not been severed by his file, he slid down himself. Not yet was the task achieved,—there was a high wall to scale, bristling on the summit with spikes; but Durant's plan had been well arranged: another rope, with an iron hook, had been concealed beneath the wall, and, flinging this over, he succeeded in fixing it on the spikes; in an instant he clambered to the summit, and then, drawing the girl after him, he lowered her on the opposite side of the wall, and thus they stood without the fearful prison of La Force.

The gratitude to Heaven, and to her lover, which swelled Lucine's heart, prevented her from speaking, she could only sob and clasp her hands; but Durant, aware of the danger of lingering a moment on that spot, drew her swiftly away. He took the precaution of fixing the Republican tri-colour on her dress, and, his own garb being that of a patriotic functionary, they ran no risk of being challenged in the streets.

"Mother, I give this lady to your charge," said

Durant, as he and his exhausted companion entered his obscure lodgings; "you will pay her every attention. Mademoiselle, you are quite safe here; my poverty and lowly condition are a better protection now than the iron battery of a fortress."

The elderly, good-natured woman, took Lucine by the hand, "I'll treat Mademoiselle with as much kindness as if she were my own daughter."

"Thank you, dear madam!" cried the girl, sinking on the good woman's shoulder, and bursting into tears, "your son has saved my life."

"Ah! I guess, then, who you may be; you are a great lady; but, Ernest, why do you leave us?"

"I tarry not a moment, mother; I have not finished my task yet."

"True! my father,—my unhappy father!" exclaimed Lucine; but, great as her agony was on account of her parent, gratitude, and a thousand circumstances, had now awakened even a stronger passion in her woman's breast than filial affection. She would save her father, yet not at the expense of the life of the man before her.

"Perhaps he has already fallen; you will yourself perish."

"My life is worth little. If I can restore the Marquis to you, my happiness will be complete. I can but fail, and die."

"Noble man!" cried Lucine, carried away by the feelings of the moment, "and is it you whom I have affected to despise?—no, no,—I never despised you." And she again hid her face, covered now with blushes,

on the bosom of the old woman. Durant seized her hand, and, pressing it passionately to his lips, the next minute hurried from the room.

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Beside a fountain, in one of the public squares, an old man was lying in a state of insensibility; his hair was white (agony had made it so in a few days), and blood was upon his forehead. It was the Marquis De Miremont, and Durant was bending over him.

To account for the present situation of the nobleman, and his escape from the murderers of La Force, we must briefly state that Durant had repaired thither, and, mingling with the *égorgeurs* before the prison, he found that the Marquis had not yet been sent forth. Another, and another, was hurried through the wicket, and fell beneath the usual bludgeon or pike. At length De Miremont came—Durant pressed forwards, his eagerness was mistaken for zeal in the patriotic cause, and he struck the Marquis (the only possible method of saving him) a stunning blow on the forehead. He fell, and was supposed to be dead; and Durant, amid the applause of some of the ruffians, was permitted to carry off the body, in order, as he intimated, to sell it to the surgeons.

Anxiously the young artist now bent over the once proud peer of France. He was fearful that the blow had, indeed, proved fatal; he bathed with water from the fountain his temples and his neck, and the old man at length recovered his consciousness.

“Where am I? Thank God I am still alive. Who is that near me?”

"You are better now, my lord; do you think you can walk? I dare not call a *fiacre*. I must convey you to a place of safety."

"These are kind words, though uttered by one in a murderer's garb,—I will trust you."

The Marquis rose and leant upon Durant, and they proceeded slowly along the ill-lighted street. After a short time De Miremont stopped.

"I must after all be in a dream—this moment I had resigned myself to death—but, ah! I forget,—where is my daughter?—what has become of my child?"

"Your daughter, my lord, is safe."

"Safe! who says so? what authority have you for saying so? Tell me, young man, who you are, that I may reward you—no, no, I have nothing now to give—that I may bless you."

"My lord, it will avail you little to know who I am; my object has been to save you and your daughter, and, by the assistance of Heaven, I hope I have succeeded."

"Saved me and Lucine? have *you* done this?"

The Marquis, by his eager gestures, might have attracted the attention of the few stragglers in the street, but Durant drew him forwards. In a short time they stood upon the threshold of the humble house, and mounting the stairs the Marquis at once entered the room where the artist's mother was endeavouring to soothe and tranquillise his daughter. Lucine, with a cry of rapture, rushed into his arms; and the meeting of the parent and child caused the

old woman to sob with delight, and Durant's bosom to bound with sensations of pleasure he had never before experienced.

"And who, Lucine," said the old nobleman, after their first violent emotions had a little subsided; "who is this person that has rescued us from destruction? for I know not as yet even his name."

"Father, I told you when in prison that we had one friend; we are both indebted for our lives to Monsieur—Monsieur Durant."

The Marquis seized the hand of the painter, the faithful, but humble lover of his daughter; and then he felt there was more real nobility in good and generous actions than the blood of Paladin and all his peers, if virtue be absent, could bestow. But why delay the sequel? The father guessed at that which neither the daughter nor her lover had courage to avow, and there, even on that night, he joined their hands, and pronounced over them a prayer and a benediction.

In a few days the barriers of Paris were opened: Durant, after some difficulty, obtained passports for the Marquis, Lucine, himself, and mother, as artists about to make a tour for professional purposes, and accordingly they escaped from France. England, whither so many unfortunate French gentlemen repaired, became the place of their asylum. There, after some hesitation on the part of Durant, who felt unwilling to take advantage of the circumstances which had made the noble emigrants so deeply his debtors, he was united to Lucine; and when order

had been restored, and safety guaranteed to the proscribed Royalists, under the sway of Napoleon, they returned to their native country; and the Marquis received back his estates, and Durant obtained high distinction in the Army of the Empire.

A LAMENT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Go, number the clouds which the winds rend apart,
Count the raindrops which fall o'er the desolate
leaves;
They are *light* to the sorrows that visit the heart—
They are *few* to the tears which no solace relieves.

Alas! for the man who devotedly twines
Every chord of his heart round one object alone;
Yet must watch o'er her life as it hourly declines;
That life which is dearer by far than his own!

Oh! teach me, great Nature, less feeling to keep;
Strike the heart with some barrenness yet undescried;
For affection is sorrow,—to love is to weep,—
Man never placed fondness on aught—but it died!

LINES
ON
MRS. SIMON DIGBY.

BY
HENRY HALLAM, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE MIDDLE AGES," ETC.

BRIGHT be thy path in Beauty's gay career,
And fair the Spring of life's just opening year.
Enjoy the hour, while Youth and Hope are warm—
While gleams with rainbow-hues thy fairy-form;
And oh! may Time but shift the changeful scene
For sweeter cares and pleasures more serene,
And these enchanting moments leave behind
The tranquil bosom, and the cultured mind!

1826.

THE GITANA.

BY MRS. ROMER.

" Cuando mi Gitana sale
Con flores en la peineta,
A las damas da sudores,
Y a los hombres da dentenra."

CANCION ANDALUZ.

It was a sunny Sunday in the commencement of June; not a cloud dappled the bright uniformity of the intense blue skies, not a breath of air stirred the white blossoms of the orange-groves that cluster along the banks of the Guadalquivir. The old city of Seville, usually wrapt in silence and repose during the mid-day heats of that season, had broken from its lethargic spell, and was all in movement; Plaza and Calle poured forth their thousands in the direction of the Old Alameda, near to which is situated the Plaza de Toros; man, woman, and child, gentle and simple, abandoning the dreamy delights of the *siesta* in cool and darkened rooms, rushed fearlessly forth into the highways and byways leading to the general rendezvous, apparently insensible to the blaze of a three-o'clock sun, whose vertical rays cause Northern natures to faint beneath their ardours. Francesco Montes was to exhibit his prowess in the arena of Seville on

that day, and the bulls to be slaughtered were from the famous *ganaderia* of the *Viuda* Isabella de Montemayor,—an announcement more than sufficient to empty from the town and the suburbs into the amphitheatre all who could command the price of a *palco*, or a place to witness the *funcion*.

It is a pretty sight to look upon the population of such a city, so deservedly celebrated for the superiority of their personal attractions, all clad in their most elegant attire, and all animated by the same spirit of enjoyment, threading their way in graceful groups beneath the venerable trees that shade the Alameda, and divided between the anticipation of the pleasure to which they are hastening and the actual delight of displaying themselves to admiring eyes in the most advantageous point of view. A stranger, indeed, must forget the nature of the sport that is to ensue to enable him to sympathise with the hilarity that surrounds him. But no such drawbacks influence the Spaniard's feelings; the sensibilities that shrink from the atrocities of the bull-ring are unknown to them; and never do their countrywomen appear more captivating in their eyes than when, armed at all points for conquest, they hasten to participate in the barbarous excitement produced by their national recreation.

It was in this state of mind that two noble-looking youths, both habited in the Majo dress (which is so admirably calculated to *rehausser* the advantage of a fine person, and without which no Andalusian ever appears at a bull-fight), leisurely paced forward, conscious of the approving glances that flashed upon them

from beneath the folds of the high *dama's* lace mantilla and the low-born *muchacha's* cotton panuelo, and returning with usurious interest the admiration of which they were the objects. One of them was a Sevillano, the other had been born and educated at the Havanah, from whence he had but just arrived; and not only were they cousins, but both bore the aristocratic name of Guzman. The latter, Ramiro, new to the place and the scene, could not restrain his exclamations of delight at every lovely form that glided by them;—the eye of one, the foot of another, the graceful gait of all, called forth the most enthusiastic encomiums from the young stranger.

“Well may Seville boast of its daughters, my dear Pablo!” he exclaimed. “What a paradise to dwell in, since all its women are such angels of beauty!”

“And so angelically kind!” rejoined his cousin, with the air of one who, young as he was, had already become *blasé* to the blandishments of beauty. “But do not scatter your admiration so prodigally upon mere prettiness; you have not yet seen the beauty of the place. When you have, I will allow you to rave about Paradise and its angels! or, perhaps more appropriately, about the lower regions and its devils; for she will break your heart!”

“And who is this wonder?” inquired Ramiro.

“A Gitana,” answered Pablo.

“A Gitana!” repeated the young American, with an expression of contempt curling his handsome mouth; “do you think that I could ever give a second thought to one of those creatures?”

“Wait till you see Mariquita,” was the significant reply.

They were now at the gates of the Plaza de Toros, and, pushing through the crowd, they made good their way to that part of the arena which is set apart for the populace, but where gentlemen, deeply interested in the sport, and wishing to obtain the nearest view of the actors in it, frequently place themselves; namely, the space which surrounds the bull-ring, and encircles the outer row of wooden barricades through which the *toreros* escape, when unable by any exercise of skill to elude the fury of the bull. This circular enclosure had been occupied since earliest morning by a dense crowd of Majos, who, in order to secure themselves good standing room, had taken possession of their places the moment the gates were opened, and patiently abided there, exposed to the meridian heat. Through this not very yielding throng the cousins forced their way, and by dint of hard elbowing and soft words they at last reached the places that had been retained for them by their servant, and stationed themselves close to that part of the barricade near to which Montes was to take his stand during the early part of the corrida; but scarcely had they achieved that point ere a shrill female voice from the crowd exclaimed, “Señor Don Pablo, you have arrived in good time to assist us! As you love your soul, my son, make room for us there near you!” Pablo looked around him at this apostrophe, and, catching a glimpse of the person from whom it proceeded, he immediately pushed his way towards her, and in a few seconds returned, leading by

the hand a wild-looking, dark-visaged woman, closely followed by another female, whose face was completely covered by the yellow cotton handkerchief that was thrown over her head, and placed them between the barricade and Ramiro and himself, so that they could not be inconvenienced by any pressure of the crowd upon them.

"The mannerless boors! they have nearly stifled the child!" continued the woman in an angry tone, and smoothing her own ruffled drapery; while her hitherto silent companion, uttering a rapid "*Muchas gracias, Senor Don Pablito,*" removed the yellow panuelo from her head, and revealed a countenance of such extraordinary beauty, that not only the eyes but the tongues of all around testified to the effect it had produced.

"That is Mariquita," whispered Pablo to his cousin, as, lost in admiration of what he beheld, Ramiro continued to gaze as though spell-bound by the resplendent eyes of the young gipsy.

And it was, indeed, a face calculated to arrest the attention of even a less ardent admirer of beauty than Ramiro Guzman. Though dark even beyond the usual duskiness of complexion peculiar to the daughters of Andalusia, the skin of the young Gitana was of so fine and transparent a texture, that the blue veins were clearly defined in her smooth temples, and the eloquent blood mantled to her cheeks in rich bloom when she spoke, and then faded away to clearest paleness, imparting to her countenance a sensibility that would have rendered it charming, even had her features been

less faultless. But they were perfect,—not with the soulless and impassible perfection of a Grecian statue, where expression is sacrificed to the symmetry of pure, cold lines; where the low forehead and diminutive head, although harmonising beautifully with the straight nose and short upper lip, convey to the physiognomist the conviction that no intelligence could dwell in human heads so organised,—but with the glowing charm of intellectual womanhood, where every finely moulded feature is instinct with feeling and passion; where the lofty brow is confessedly the throne of thought, and the eye is “in itself a soul.” The eyes of Mariquita were, indeed, of a beauty more easily to be felt than described; for, to say that they were large and black, would be but vaguely to convey an idea of their peculiar charm; they both penetrated and dazzled; and the power they suddenly exercised over the feelings of Ramiro was such that he could not detach his own from them. Fascinated by the contemplation, he forgot for a while to notice that the form of the young Gitana was equal to her face,—slight, round, graceful, and flexible, with that delicacy of limb that characterises Oriental races, and that eel-like suppleness peculiar to the gipsies of Spain; nor was it until much later in the *funcion* that he remarked the peculiarities of her gipsy costume,—the two round black patches, called *parchite*, affixed to her temples; the rich raven tresses gathered into a knot at the back of the head, and adorned with streamers of ribands and natural flowers; the bright-coloured, short *basquina*, with its deep Vandyked flounces, displaying the

delicate, well-turned ankle; and the *pañuelo* modestly crossed over her bosom.

Mariquita was not unmindful of the impression she had produced upon the susceptible stranger; but, accustomed to create a sensation wherever she appeared, and, young as she was, having already been the object of adoration to half the noble youths in Seville, without suffering either her feelings or her conduct to become entangled in so dangerous a pastime, she received the compliments and the glances of Ramiro with the *nonchalante* self-possession of the most finished, high-bred coquette, provoking by the adroit display of all her fascinations the admiration which she carefully abstained from encouraging either by look or word, and of which she *appeared*, with almost infantine simplicity, to be entirely unconscious. Indeed, she was apparently, for the time being, completely absorbed in the *corrida*, which had commenced in the most gallant style; and the ferocious black bull, whose prowess was calling down thunders of applause from every part of the arena, seemed in her judgment to be an infinitely more interesting personage than the most accomplished Caballero in Andalusia.

Not so Ramiro. Much as he loved the sport, and eagerly as he had anticipated beholding for the first time the scientific performance of Montes, he actually saw nothing that was going on in the ring, or only became aware of it through the exclamations of Mariquita, upon whose bright face his eyes were riveted.

"Take care of your heart," whispered Pablo to him; "*admire*, but do not think of *loving* Mariquita.

She possesses all the blandishments and all the incorruptible chastity of the whole Gitana race concentrated in her own person; and you know that no gipsy ever yet was to be seduced by mortal man, much less by a *Busné*.* Mariquita, be assured, will not be the first to deviate from this singular fact. She will, indeed, not scruple, by her *agaceries*, to encourage your infatuation to the utmost limits of human folly; but she will remain cold as an icicle herself throughout, indifferent alike to supplications or threats, as she has shewn herself to me—to every man of any note in Seville since she has started into womanhood. Besides, Mariquita is engaged to be married; she was betrothed at twelve years of age; and the third and last year of her lover's probation is drawing to a close. I warn you, therefore, to restrain your feelings in time."

"Spare your warnings," returned Ramiro, in the same under tone, and smiling; "do you think that I cannot look upon a beautiful picture without coveting its possession?"

But his smile was forced; and the disagreeable sensation of surprise he had experienced at hearing that Mariquita was so soon to be consigned to the guardianship of a husband was a tacit contradiction to the indifference his words were intended to convey.

At the same moment, Ruez, the elder Gitana, familiarly seizing him by the sleeve, directed his attention and that of Pablo to one of the Chulos who had

* "*Busné*," or white-blood, the term of hatred and reproach by which the Spanish Gitanos designate the whole human race, with the exception of the gipsy tribe.

just stepped forth from the group of *toreros* at the opposite side of the ring, and had performed the evolution termed *capear el toro* ("to cloak the bull"), at the very moment when the infuriated animal was within an inch of goring one of his less dexterous assailants. "Look, my sirs," she exclaimed triumphantly, "that is Emmanuel, the affianced husband of my daughter. Now, then, you shall see something worth looking at! Oh, well done, son of my soul!" she continued, clapping her hands in ecstasy at some new proof of the young man's skill and courage.

Ramiro's eyes glanced from the slight, wiry form, and the dark, sinister countenance, of the gipsy chulo (which appeared to him expressive of both harshness and cunning), to the face of his beautiful betrothed, and watched with an almost painful eagerness the effect produced upon her by the presence of her lover; but he could detect nothing like tender emotion in the play of Mariquita's countenance: when her eye caught Emmanuel's, she nodded to him with gay familiarity; but her glance neither rested upon, nor followed, his form with that fond anxiety which betrays, even to a casual observer, the secret of an enthralled heart; either *hers* was quite free, or she was the best dissembler to be found even among her dissembling race.

But even that careless recognition of him had inspired Emmanuel with a determination to distinguish himself publicly in her eyes, which led to the most brilliant results. One of the most difficult and dangerous achievements in the whole science of *taur-machia* is that of tearing from the neck of the bull the

devisa, or tuft of coloured ribands which has been inserted into the skin between his shoulders previous to his being turned out of the *toril* into the ring. The ambition of every chulo is to accomplish that feat, in order that he may present the hard-won trophy to his *enamorada*, who, however cruel she may have previously shewn herself to her lover's suit, is sure to be propitiated by such an offering; but ninety-nine out of a hundred fail in the attempt. Emmanuel did the deed in such gallant style, and displayed so much science and hardihood in the manner in which he deprived the infuriated black bull of his yellow *devisa*, that the whole arena rung with enthusiastic plaudits, and the waving of white handkerchiefs testified to the delight with which the female spectators had witnessed this *coup de maître*.

With a flushed brow and sparkling eye, the youth sprang across the arena to the spot where, leaning over the barricade, Mariquita and her mother had watched his prowess; and, tendering the *devisa* to the former, he rendered his triumph complete, by thus publicly proclaiming himself to be the accepted lover of the acknowledged beauty of Seville. But the business of the corrida permitted not of his remaining long enough near her to listen either to her thanks or her congratulations; ere the almost painful confusion into which she had been thrown by the general notice which this offering drew upon her had subsided, Emmanuel was gone, and Mariquita, recovering her self-possession, turned from the noisy exultation of Ruez to her new admirer. "Señor Caballero," said she,

raising her eyes to his with one of those bewitching smiles whose wiles were irresistible, and at the same time holding out the love-trophy to him, "have the goodness to fix this *devisa* in my hair!" At the same time, drawing from thence the bodkin that fastened the ribands of her *coiffure*, the knot of rose-coloured streamers already worn by her fell to the ground. Ramiro and Mariquita both stooped at the same instant to recover it, and, in doing so, their hands unavoidably met. Ramiro could not resist the impulse that led him to clasp for a brief moment that of the young Gitana in his own: something in the expression of her eyes, which sunk humbly beneath his glance, —something in the changing hues of her cheek, which told of emotions in which anger had no share, emboldened him, ere he relinquished that trembling little hand, to extricate from its grasp the knot of ribands they both had seized. No resistance was offered by Mariquita, and the pledge thus tacitly asked for and accorded was quickly hidden in the bosom of Ramiro. In the next moment, the yellow *devisa* was affixed to the raven tresses of the gipsy-girl, and Ruez, whose keen eyes had followed the whole transaction with evident satisfaction, remarked, in her wheedling voice, "Your Mercy is too condescending, Señor Caballerito, and Mariquita is proud to be served by you:" and then followed a recapitulation of her own services, which she declared were all at his command, some of which were of a nature to startle even a Spaniard into confusion, at hearing them thus unconcernedly specified; the whole ending with an entreaty that his

patronage might be accorded to her future son-in-law, Emmanuel, whom she represented to be the most scientific jockey and veterinary in Seville; equally expert in bringing up game bulls, breaking horses, or clipping mules; as deeply versed in the economy of the *ganaderia* as in the arcana of the stable; to which Señor Don Pablo Guzman, whom he had faithfully served, could testify, &c. &c. "Child!" she continued to Mariquita, "the colour of that *derisa* is unlucky! why did Emmanuel seek to win the emblem of inconstancy for you?" Mariquita blushed, but answered not; perhaps she at that moment felt that the emblem was but too appropriate to the wearer!

From that moment, both Ramiro and Mariquita would have been considerably puzzled had they been called upon to describe how that *corrida* or the five succeeding ones progressed. They were too entirely engrossed with each other to bestow any fixed attention upon the business that had brought them there; nor was it until the "occupation" of Montes was at an end, and that the spectators, drunk with excitement, and wound up to the most noisy pitch of enthusiasm for the bloody sport they had witnessed, loudly called for, and were granted by the Presidencia, an extra bull to be baited by the amateurs present, that Ramiro turned towards the ring. On such occasions, either an *embolado* (or bull having his horns tipped with wooden balls), or a *novillo*, or young bullock, is let loose into the arena; and, although suffered to be grievously tormented by his assailants, his life is not ultimately sacrificed. In the actual instance, the animal accorded

to the public happened to be one of the latter description; and no sooner did Ramiro perceive a wild-looking, red *novillo*, decorated with a *devisa* of blue ribands, rush bellowing into the ring, than, seizing from Mariquita's arm the yellow *pañuelo* with which she had shaded her head, in order that he might convert it into a Chulo's *capa*, he vaulted over the wooden barricade, and threw himself into the foremost of the *mêlée* of amateurs who eagerly hastened forward to supply the place of the professional *toreros* in this exhibition.

And now the attention of the young gipsy-girl became riveted to the *corrida*, and her quickened respiration and heightened colour betrayed the anxious interest with which she watched its progress. Both Pablo and Ramiro Guzman had joined in the sport, but the latter displayed a daring and graceful audacity in his attacks upon the bull which left all the other competitors far behind, and drew upon himself the attention and applause of the noble *damas* in the *palcos*; and many a bright eye flashed and white handkerchief waved as some new feat brought into evidence the young stranger's beauty of form and invincible courage. What a leveller of ranks and of worldly distinctions is Love! Having almost involuntarily consented to establish in his own mind a rivalry between himself and the gipsy Chulo, for the smiles of Mariquita the noble Ramiro Guzman condescended also to compete with him in his professional prowess, and he determined, by depriving the *novillo* of his blue riband (even should he perish in the

attempt), to divide with him the triumph of the *devisa* exploit, which had rendered the Gitana the hero of the day.

And success crowned the rash undertaking ; not, however, without involving a fearful risk. In his first attempt, over-eagerness caused Ramiro's foot to slip, and, in endeavouring to recover himself, his cheek came in contact with the bull's horn, and was slightly wounded ; but, with wonderful presence of mind, he threw himself flat upon the ground, and the animal, in his furious career, leaped over his prostrate body in pursuit of some other assailant without inflicting further injury upon him. Recovering his footing and his *sang froid* together, Ramiro immediately returned to the charge, and with the most signal success. Loud and prolonged were the shouts that greeted his achievement, but he heeded them not—he thought only of regaining his place by the side of her for whom the trophy was destined.

“ Mariquita,” he whispered, when at last he resumed his station there, and placed the *devisa* in her hand, “ this time the offering is of Love's own hue ! ”

“ Alas ! ” she returned, shuddering as she noticed a crimson drop that had fallen from Ramiro's wounded cheek upon the azure riband,—“ and this time there is blood upon it ! ” and, with trembling fingers, she pinned the *devisa* upon her heart.



That evening, as the cousins returned homewards, Pablo had no need to chide Ramiro for his lavish and indiscriminating admiration of the graceful Sevillanas. Although many a fan, closing with a sudden rattle, as its fair bearer glided past him, challenged his attention to the bright glance that followed like a note of admiration, he walked onward unmindful of all around him, and could only be aroused from his abstraction by the mention of Mariquita's name.

"I see how it is," said Pablo; "you have fallen over head and ears in love with Mariquita at first sight! It is *your* turn to be fooled by that young witch whose spells have enthralled so many hearts; and, be assured, she will not treat you better than she has done the rest of us."

"Why should you think so?" said Ramiro, whose own opinions were based upon certain bewitching glances which were then uppermost in his thoughts, and beneath which he felt persuaded that treachery and heartlessness could not lurk.

"*Why?*" repeated his cousin; "because she is Mariquita the gipsy—because she has been tutored by that she-devil Ruez, her mother, to play with the passions and the vanity of man without ever being herself scorched by the flame she raises—to make tools of us by every irresistible wile of which she alone is mistress, merely for the advancement of her own family interests! And when, duped by her blandishments, her infatuated victim looks for the realisation of the hopes she has raised, she will coldly turn upon him, and exclaim, 'Fool! know you not

that there is an impassable gulf between the people of my race and the white blood, and that sooner shall fire and water amalgamate than that the Romali should give herself to the Busné?' I speak from experience, for I have gone through my probation, thinking *then*, as you do *now*, that I should be the one exception to the invariable rule of dupery which regulates the conduct of Ruez and her daughter towards our whole race. I have given up my stables to the mismanagement of that arch-rogue, Emmanuel, until not a horse remained in it that I could mount; I have winked at the theft of two valuable mules, and allowed myself to pay an enormous price for two worthless ones in their place (all part and parcel of his valuable services!) because, as long as I lent myself to such a system of plundering, Mariquita was allowed to come to my house, and every facility was afforded me to prosecute my suit with her——"

"Well?" gasped forth Ramiro, grasping the arm of his cousin.

"Well," resumed the latter, "as well might I have expected that, at my bidding, the Giralda Tower would step across the Guadalquivir, and establish itself in the midst of the Triana,* as that either passion, sentiment, or sophistry, would produce the slightest impression upon Mariquita's—*heart* I was going to say, but she has no heart! Her gipsy virtue is invincible alike to supplications, threats, or stratagems;

* The Triana is a suburb of Seville, which is separated from the city by the Guadalquivir, and is principally inhabited by gipsies, thieves, and rogues.

she is invulnerable to all attempts directed towards her through either of those mediums which leave the generality of women assailable, vanity or the affections; and, having found this out when too late (for I blush to say she succeeded in rendering me for a time thoroughly wretched), I gave up the pursuit in despair; and I now hate Mariquita as deeply as I once loved her!"

"Notwithstanding all that you have said, I am certain that she *has* a heart," observed Ramiro; "and I am equally certain that it never has been touched by that swarthy-visaged, knavish-looking gipsy Chulo. Mariquita never *could* love that ignoble fellow, Emmanuel the *torero*!"

"Mariquita never *will* love that noble fellow, Ramiro the Caballero!"

Ramiro thought otherwise, and he acted accordingly.

It would be equally vain and tedious to attempt a detailed account of the privileged intimacy that followed between Don Ramiro Guzman and the beautiful Gitana. Innumerable were the *funcions*, or balls, given by him to the principal gipsy families of the Triana, either in the Moorish gardens of the Alcazar, or beneath the lovely shades of Las Delicias, merely that he might perform with Mariquita some of those pantomimic dances in which she excelled beyond all the daughters of her race. Still more frequently would he invite her and Ruez to pass the evening in the *patio* of his cousin's house, and, after the young syren had lapped his soul in Elysium by singing to

him some of those wild Andalusian airs which sound like the cry of a love-stricken heart, he would send them home with the purse of Ruez filled with dollars, for to Mariquita herself he never could bring himself to offer money.

Every thing of which Pablo had forewarned him came to pass, with one exception. The same facilities were afforded to Ramiro, that had been left open to so many other wealthy admirers, of pleading the cause of his enamoured heart to its too captivating enslaver; (for although Mariquita would not have been suffered to trust herself alone with her affianced gipsy-husband, the idea of any risk being involved by long *têtes-à-tête* with a Busné, however attractive or impassioned he might be, was never for a moment entertained by Ruez, she having brought up Mariquita in that unmitigated horror and contempt of any fusion with the white blood which characterises all the female gipsies of Spain, and which, together with the knowledge that a lapse from virtue is invariably followed by loss of life, keeps them so irreproachably free from any love-entanglements with those who are not of their own blood.) The same system of fraud and speculation was instituted by the girl's family, and Ramiro became the proprietor of the worst horses in Seville at a rate that would have procured him the noblest stud, in order that the care of them might be confided to Emmanuel. The same uncompromising rejection of Ramiro's devotion was opposed by Mariquita to all his passionate declarations,—the same capricious demeanour observed towards him, at one moment raising his hopes

by a familiarity of manner that almost partook of tenderness, at another spurning him from her with coldest displeasure. Yet, throughout this trying probation, Ramiro never wholly despaired; there was something in Mariquita's eye when it rested upon him (as she thought unperceived),—there was an almost imperceptible tremor in her voice when she addressed him, even in her most wayward moments, that negatived the possibility of complete indifference on her part: but yet the day rapidly approached when she was to become the wife of Emmanuel; the preparations for those extravagant festivities which always attend gipsy weddings were busily carried on, and still she remained inexorably proof against the persecution of Ramiro's tenderness, although she freely admitted to him that she loved not the man she was to wed.

At last, three days previous to the one that had been fixed for the marriage, in a stormy interview that took place between them in one of the deserted avenues of Las Delicias, when, in the bitterness of baffled love, Ramiro scrupled not to overwhelm the young Gitana with reproaches for the cold and calculating barbarity of her conduct towards him, and to taunt her with the vulgarity of soul that could choose to mate with a gipsy horse-jockey, when she might have become the cherished companion of his own life, he announced to her his determination to quit Seville that night, and to proceed to Cadiz, and embark immediately for the Havanah, preferring the agony of bidding her an eternal farewell to the more intolerable

misery of beholding her the wife of another. Unprepared for such an announcement, and startled by it into a betrayal of her feelings, Mariquita was surprised into one of those outbursts of the heart which sometimes, in one brief instant, defeat the caution of years, and, with passionate tears, she avowed her vainly repressed love for him, her hatred of Emmanuel, and the determination she had formed to destroy herself on the eve of the day upon which she was to be married.

"Yes," said she, "while you have been accusing me of cheerfully awaiting the moment that was to ratify an abhorred union, I have been thinking only of how I would escape from it without dishonour to myself—and death was the only refuge that presented itself to me! Sec," she continued, drawing from her bosom, where it was hidden, the blue *devisa* that Ramiro had won for her on the day of their first meeting, "I have worn this riband next to my heart ever since you gave it to me: it has been the only *confidante* of my fatal infatuation—it will be the friend that shall save me from a fate worse than death!" and she grasped her slender throat with a gesture not to be mistaken. "Ramiro! the gift was prophetic—Love's emblematic hue came to me defaced with blood!"

"No, no!" exclaimed her lover, in all the exulting confidence which her avowal had awakened, "my heart rejects so sad an augury. That stained riband is emblematic only of the devotion of him who would shed the last drop of his blood to assert his proud

right to Mariquita's love, and who, having at last acquired the certitude of that blessing, will never relinquish it but with life! Listen to me, Mariquita, *mi querida*; I am alive to all the difficulties, all the perils of your position; but what *can*—what *ought* to daunt us, since our hearts so thoroughly understand each other? There is but one way of ensuring the happiness of both. Fly with me this night to Cadiz! We will embark immediately for the Havanah, and I swear to you, by all that I hold most sacred, that the moment I reach my own country I will make you my wife!"

Ramiro Guzman was sincere in his professions, for at that moment, intoxicated as he was by the knowledge that his passion was reciprocated, no sacrifice appeared to him too great that was to render him the master of Mariquita's fate. Strange, however, that, while the noble Spaniard scrupled not to take to his bosom a gipsy-bride, the low-born Gitana herself hesitated at the idea of an alliance with "the white blood!" All the Romali prejudices rose up in her mind in formidable array to forbid such an abomination; and long and agonising was the struggle that ensued between love, and principle as it is understood by her people. At last, however, the former prevailed; and Mariquita consented to live and to be happy upon the honourable conditions that had been laid at her feet.

When two young hearts are once agreed in overcoming every obstacle that worldly considerations in-

terpose to their wishes, they are not very slow in making their arrangements. It was, therefore, speedily decided upon that Mariquita should return home as usual, and, to obviate all suspicions, that she should busy herself in carrying on the preparations that were making for her marriage; but that, as soon as her mother had retired to rest that night, she should steal quietly out of the house, and proceed to the habitation of Don Pablo Guzman (whose guest Ramiro had continued to be during his sojourn in Seville). There the young lover undertook to get prepared for her a boy's dress, in which disguise she could, without fear of detection, embark with him on board the steamer that was to depart for Cadiz two hours after midnight. They would thus have many hours' start of any pursuit that might be organised by Mariquita's family; the moment they reached Cadiz, Ramiro would secure their passage in the first vessel that was bound for the Havanah, and, once upon the ocean, all fear of pursuit or recovery would be over.

Once, while arranging this plan, Mariquita fancied that she heard a slight rustling behind the thick-spreading pomegranate branches under which she and her lover were seated; but Ramiro having started up, and carefully examined the vicinity, no trace of any human being was to be distinguished: and they re-seated themselves in perfect security, persuaded that the noise they had heard proceeded from the flight of a bird in the boughs, or the summer breeze agitating the foliage that over-canopied them. And so, giying

themselves up to bright dreams of the future, with many a tender vow, they separated, to meet again in a few hours never more to part.

The clocks of Seville had just told the midnight-hour, when a slight tap at the casement of the ground-floor room, occupied by Ramiro, in his cousin's house, was heard by the expectant lover. It was the signal that had been agreed upon between him and Mariquita to apprise him of her arrival; and, breathless with eager emotion, he unclosed the window, to ascertain whether it was indeed herself, before he proceeded to open the house-gate to admit her. A paper, wrapped round a pebble, was immediately flung through the iron grating, and fell at Ramiro's feet, but no answer was returned to the name of Mariquita softly breathed by him. Startled by this incident into a suspicion that she for whom he was willing to sacrifice the pride and prejudices of birth and station had played him false, he tore open the paper, and with difficulty deciphered the ill-written and worse-spelt scrawl it contained.

"Señor Don Ramiro and beloved friend," it set forth, "when this reaches your hand, lose no time in going to Las Delicias, where I will be in waiting to meet you. I dare not go to the Casa Guzmán, as we agreed upon to-day, *because I fear that some of the servants there may betray me to my people.* You will find me on the stone-bench under the pomegranate trees, where we met this morning. In life or death, your own Mariquita."

Without a moment's hesitation, Ramiro rushed

from the house to obey the mandate contained in Mariquita's letter. Although a momentary doubt had flashed across his mind ere he had opened it, it had not outlived the perusal of that document, and a quick revulsion from apprehension to joy left no room in his bosom for any sensation save happy impatience, as he flew rather than walked towards the place of rendezvous. It was a moonlight night,—one of those clear moonlights peculiar to southern Spain, when the earth is illuminated with a softened splendour that renders every object as distinctly visible as though the noonday sun shone forth; and as Ramiro entered the silent avenues of Las Delicias, although the broad shadows cast by the trees upon the moonlit ground left many spots in that beautiful wilderness buried in deepest obscurity, yet he could discover, afar off, the trysting-tree, and the form of Mariquita seated beneath it, upon the stone-bench they had both occupied in the morning. As he drew nearer, he saw that she was leaning against the stem of the spreading pomegranate, her head shaded with a *pañuelo*, and in an attitude so motionless that it was apparent slumber must have overtaken her in her midnight vigil. Stealing forward noiselessly on tiptoe, he reached her side, and, kneeling down, cast his arms round the slender waist of the sleeper, and called fondly upon her name. No start, no sound, no waking recognition, followed the tender greeting. With a thrill of dismay Ramiro snatched the *pañuelo* from Mariquita's head; the moonbeams streamed brightly upon her face, and revealed it to him as though beheld in a frightful

dream;—the open eyes were distended and blood-shot—the beautiful features, blackened and convulsed, had become fixed in their mortal agony—a blue riband, spotted with blood, the *devisa* given to her by him, was tied tightly round her throat, and disclosed to him the horrid truth——Mariquita was dead! But had she perished by her own hand, in fulfilment of the resolution she had revealed to him in the morning, and which she had only abandoned in compliance with his passionate importunities? With frantic haste Ramiro unfastened the deadly ligature, the fated *devisa*, from her lovely neck—but in vain! No returning animation followed. He raised her pulseless form in his arms, and, hurrying with it to the adjacent banks of the Guadalquivir, sprinkled the livid face with water. Then, for the first time, he perceived that her hands were bound together. The fatal mystery was solved—Mariquita had not died by her own act—she had been murdered!

Early the next morning the authorities of Seville were apprised of the assassination, and steps were taken to discover the author of it; but the disappearance of the gipsy-jockey, Emmanuel, and the circumstances under which the beautiful Mariquita had perished, left no doubt in the public mind as to who had been her murderer; and Ramiro, who had at first been arrested as implicated in the foul deed, was, in consequence, set at liberty. Emmanuel never again returned to Seville; and Ramiro Guzman, broken-hearted by the catastrophe that had deprived him of the too fascinating Gitana, embarked for the

Havanah as soon as he had beheld the remains of Mariquita consigned to the earth.

Underneath the pomegranate-trees of Las Delicias is to be seen an iron *cruce de muerte*, bearing this inscription :—

“ AQUI MATARON A MARIQUITA LA GITANA.”

ON
THE PORTRAIT OF MISS SANDYS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

BIRD and Beauty — Voice and Song —
Youth and Love, meet here together ;
May they dwell in music long,
Making glad the darkest weather !

Beauty ! where 's the power yet known,
Priest, or sage, or bard, e'er found ;
That with magic like thine own,
Love, and Hope, and Youth, hath bound !

Music ! Beauty ! still the same,
Like a double bud ye grow,
Differing little but in name,
Conquering wheresoe'er ye go !

For Beauty's self is Harmony,
In attractive feature found ;
And, oh ! Music, all agree,
Is the *loveliness of sound* !

Then if separate ye move
But for conquest ; — who may tell
What the soul must feel of Love
When ye thus together dwell ?

Beauty blooming on the eyes —
Music lingering on the ear ; —
Love, if thou indeed art wise,
Bless thy days in gazing here !

In the golden time of old
Poet's verse had prophet's power ;
But the birthright hath been sold —
Inspiration fled her bower !

Still amid the things of air
Dwells a spirit all may see ;
And my verse but breathes a prayer
To that spirit, sweet, for thee !

Chetwood Priory.

CONTENT AND DESIRE.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

THERE rested on a heap of stone
A quiet, but a shadowy Form ;
A thousand Tempests there had blown,
And still as calm It kept Its throne —
A smiler on the storm !

There skimm'd the earth and roved the air
A Shape on restless wings,
For ever, be it foul or fair,
Fluttering, and seeking here and there
For undiscovered things.

An Angel came from Heaven, and bore
The silent Shade on high,
Half-seen, with dim clouds floating o'er,
To dwell, and smile for evermore
Within the farthest sky !

The Flutterer on the wing, that ne'er
Till then a goal had guess'd,
Beholds the silent Shadow there,
Skins Earth no more, but through the air,
For ever upward, seeks to share,
In vain,—the Calm One's rest !

A guide that leads all human-kind
That wingèd Fool is given—
For aye to seek, and ne'er to find
Till Earth be o'er—the Shade enshrin'd
In clouds,—but clouds of Heaven !

CONCILETTA.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

It was one of those splendid days in early spring, when all creation teemed with life, that I left Mayfield to prosecute a journey on horseback. My road lay through a rich and populous valley in the garden of England, indented on each side with cultivated and woody hills. The shady lanes, the multitudinous hedges-rows of hawthorn, elder, maple, brier, and honeysuckle; the green fields, the windings of the smooth river, a thousand thousand flowers on its banks, and the brightest sun-beams on its waters, made the whole scene resemble an immense pleasure-ground. It was evening before I reached Kingsthorpe Common. The sun had been some half-hour gone, but its beams still lingered in the clear horizon, and the fleecy clouds were tinged with fading touches of red. Skirting the common, there was a large thick forest; within its precincts, where the axe had, by levelling many a tree, formed a large glade, a party of gipsies had located themselves, and never was there a more beautiful or romantic spot. The turf was smooth as the finest velvet, and green as an emerald. A stream brawled along its banks, covered with wild flowering

shrubs. Rocks started up at intervals, covered with moss to their summits, and at the bottom of the glen might be seen at a distance the blue expanse of the ocean. Six or seven hooped tents, made of blankets or coarse canvass, raised upon rough poles, were pitched in a straggling line along the banks of the stream. Some half-dozen donkeys were grazing in the green valley, usually haunted only by the timid hare and melodious thrush. Here and there a fire on the ground, with kettles hanging over it, hitched on cross sticks, or a huge caldron supported on two stones placed edgewise, might be seen. The gipsies were occupied in different pursuits; the women sat in groups, singing, laughing, and telling stories of love-sick youths and maidens whom they had witched with their palmistry and divination; the young men wrestled or played at quoits; the elder were smoking in the shade; while the children frolicked on the smooth turf or pursued from flower to flower the bright-winged butterfly. The tawny complexions, the raven-black tresses, the dark Oriental eyes, bespoke them of the real race of gipsies,—a race (unlike the modern trampers) whose origin have perplexed antiquarians, as to whether Egypt was their fatherland, or whether they were driven from Scythia by Tamerlane and other Tartar conquerors. But, to resume our narrative, the women no sooner perceived me than they surrounded me,—each was clamorously eager to tell my fortune. The leader of the gang gave a shrill whistle, which had the effect of collecting all the troop around him. The children

crawled into their tents. The leader of the gipsies having given his orders, which were to prepare against an attack, approached me, and, finding that my views were pacific, gave another signal, at which the gipsies resumed their occupations, and he came forward to the female group.

Politely accosting me, he asked whether I wished to see the Gipsy's Oak; answering in the affirmative, he conducted me through a thick and tangled wood to a spot where stood "the monarch of the wood," an ancient tree, on the trunk of which was carved, in rude letters, "Conciletta, aged twenty-one, died 1824." Anxious to hear the history of one, who, from her name, was evidently a foreigner, I asked my guide to tell me all particulars of the death of the ill-fated wanderer, but I could extract nothing from him, except that she was worthy of a place amidst the heroines of her sex.

The evening was now advancing; remunerating the gipsy for his trouble, I remounted my horse, and proceeded on my journey.

Peace and repose were the characteristics of the scene I had left; noise and turmoil those of the one I was about to enter, for it was assize week at Kingsthorpe. After some difficulty, I procured a bed at the Talbot, a right excellent hostelry, "all of the olden time." Whilst giving strict charge to the hostler that my horse should be well looked after, a solitary traveller rode under the old-fashioned archway, and alighted in the court-yard. Delivering the bridle to the man of oats, and unbuckling the straps

which secured his saddle-bags, he desired that they might be brought into the inn.

"A clever nag, sir," said the stranger, eyeing my Rosinante, and addressing me. I returned the compliment, and after some further conversation upon the respective merits of our steeds, seeing the bustling state of the town, he politely requested me to join him in the commercial room.

Following the new comer, who I found to be one of those useful members of the commercial world called by themselves and waiters "travellers," *par excellence*, by others, riders and bagmen, we entered the room appropriated to their especial use.

Nothing could exceed the attention paid to my companion. The landlord greeted him with a most friendly welcome; the young and blooming Hebe at the bar, who was preparing a glass of nectar (gin and water!), dispensed one of her sweetest smiles; the waiter begged to know what the gentleman would like to take; and the "boots" brought in a pair of slippers and a boot-jack. Indeed, the reception of the far-famed Jean de Paris was not more flattering than that paid to the traveller, so popular are the fraternity.

We entered the room. It was a cheerful, well-lighted apartment. Some half-dozen boxes, with their red curtains, tables, benches, and bell-ropes; a row of pegs, upon which were hung carpet-bags, travelling-cases, coats, cloaks, hats, and fur caps. The mantle-piece was ornamented with a convex mirror in a somewhat elaborately carved gilt frame, and two china

ornaments of Liston in "Paul Pry," and Mrs. Honey in the "Little Jockey." A few small wooden boxes filled with saw-dust, shewed that the gentlemen of the road patronised the Nicotian weed. A stand for, and filled with, umbrellas, completed the furniture. And it seems strange to say, that the commercial room is almost the only place where umbrellas are regarded as property; elsewhere experience must have proved the truth of those undeniable French axioms,—*"Un parapluie prêté, ne se rend pas ;"* *"un parapluie n'appartient à personne."* After enjoying a most excellent supper, the conversation turned upon gipsies, and the oak of Kingsthorpe forest; and my companion, seeing that I lent an attentive ear to the subject, indulged me with the following story, which I give (as far as memory serves me) in the traveller's own words.

"Once upon a time,—this is the way stories used to begin, and I am particularly attached to it, because it brings back recollections of early days of nursery lore,—well, once upon a time there lived a gipsy, Mark Cooper by name, who was the terror of Kingsthorpe and all the adjacent country. Kingsthorpe is one of the old-fashioned villages that give such a charm to the rural scenery of England. It is beautifully situated, some ten miles distant from hence, in a valley formed by steep woody hills, all in the highest state of cultivation. Mark Cooper was devotedly fond of a young Spanish girl, who, in early life, had left her father-land in company with a troop of figure-dancers, and had lately joined the gipsy gang. Conciletta Mar-

chesa was the only daughter of a celebrated Gitano, and was born in the sunny mountains of Andalusia. The generality of Gitanos are the settled inhabitants of large and populous towns; and, although the occupations of some necessarily lead them to a more vagrant life, the proportion is small who do not consider some hovel in a suburb as a home. 'El dinero esta en la ciudad, no en il campo'—'Money is in the city, not in the country,' is a saying frequently in their mouths. In Cadiz, the quarters '*de la Vina*,' and '*Santa Maria*,' may almost be said to be peopled by them alone. In Seville, they chiefly live in Triana, a large suburb, separated by the Guadalquiver from the city. Ronda is a considerable seat of Gitano population. Malaga, Granada, Antequera, Osuna, and Cartagena, in short, all the towns in this part of the peninsula, contain great numbers. Seville is, perhaps, the spot in which the largest proportion is found. And it was at the latter place that the young Conciletta Marchesa was brought up. Her father had followed, in early life, the avocations of a matador, a character held in abhorrence and contempt. He was one of those dissipated villains who, accustomed from their infancy to scenes of brutality, receive large sums for the casual exercise of their skill, and pass the remainder of their life in absolute idleness. Such was Manuel Marchesa; anxious to turn his daughter's talents to account, she was, when scarce in her teens, engaged as a figure-dancer at an inferior theatre. Despite of the demoralising influence of the stage, and the laxity of morals which characterise in so eminent

a degree the Gitano, the youthful Conciletta avoided the contagion. And when driven, by her father's brutal conduct, from quiet, lovely, and romantic Spain, the dark-eyed Andalusian had never harboured in her bosom any emotion unallied to goodness. Her countenance was the mirror of her mind.

“ In person she was not tall, but softly rounded ; and her taper fingers and little feet bespoke the delicate proportion that moulded her form to a beauty whose every motion awakened admiration. Her father had entered into an engagement for his daughter in England ; and as the spring came, the time Conciletta was to quit the land of her childhood to seek her fortune in our cold and dreary clime, the thoughts of the young gipsy wandered to her mountain-home ; she turned, with fond regrets, to those days of happy innocence, when, before vice and dissipation had brutalised her father, she had wandered with him over the rugged peaks, through the deep and silent dells, by the side of the purple vineyard, through the olive plantations, the groves of mulberry, cork, pomegranate and citron, or by the side of the sweet-flowing rivers, whose banks were adorned with scarlet geraniums, odoriferous myrtles, and a thousand other flowers and shrubs.

“ On such a scene did Conciletta, in her ‘ mind’s eye,’ dwell, as the vessel that was to bear her from her sunny clime left its native shores. From this moment misfortune seemed to attend the ill-fated girl : the ship in which she took her passage was wrecked off the rugged shores of Cornwall, and, al-

though all on board were saved, Conciletta and her father's troop lost the whole of their wealth, which consisted of a few doubloons and their theatrical wardrobe. Landing at Mevagissey in Cornwall, without friends or money, exiles from their own happy land, they joined a company of strolling players, and earned a miserable livelihood by attending fairs, markets, and races.

“ We must now pass over several years of Conciletta's roving life, and bring her to the period when she had become the wife of Mark Cooper, the head of a gipsy gang. Too late for her happiness, she had discovered that the troop of gipsies to which he belonged were allied with a gang of poachers. Several attacks, headed by Mark, had been made; and in a late affray two game-keepers had been murdered. An enormity like this could not fail to lead to a decided catastrophe; the magistrates assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up this atrocious band—a reward of one hundred guineas was offered to any that would bring the offenders to justice. Mark Cooper had been wounded in the late affray, and was with difficulty carried to the gipsy-camp; there he was met by his half-distracted wife. With light fairy fingers she released him from his heavy coat, and saw, on his right side, a mass of congealed blood, which his faintness had made cease to flow from his wound. Fearing that it would again break forth as he revived, she bound it with her handkerchief, and then gave him water to drink, after which he shewed certain signs of recovery. He tried

to raise himself, and the young Gitana bent down to support him, resting his head on her gentle heart; he felt its beating, and blest her with a thousand soft thanks and endearing names. Though the wound in his side was deep, yet it did not seem dangerous. It was long, however, before he could move, and the rest of the gang had moved their camp to a neighbouring county.

“ After three days of fear and anxious care, the wound began to heal, and Mark became convalescent. Who could tell, during the long hours that composed those days and nights, the varying emotions that agitated poor Conciletta? After the lapse of three anxious days he grew rapidly better, and the following morning was to see the departure of Mark Cooper and his kind-hearted Conciletta.

“ Darkness had crept around them; the bat wheeled round their humble tent, the ‘ ill faste owle, Death’s dreadful messengere,’ swept with huge flapping wings out of the copse. ‘ There they are!’ were the first words that broke the silence. Conciletta sprang up, and perceived a party of game-keepers within twenty yards of their tent. Mark seized his gun, and the young Andalusian took a pistol from her belt, and, covered by an ancient oak, awaited the attack.

“ ‘ Surrender, or we fire!’ exclaimed the leader of the keepers’ party.

“ ‘ Never!’ replied the poacher.

“ ‘ Forward, my lads!’ shouted the keeper.

“ Two daring young men rushed forward to seize Mark Cooper, who, with unerring aim, levelled his

double-barrelled rifle, and brought them to the dust.

“ ‘Isaac Copsley’s murdered!’ shouted the head-keeper. ‘Forward!’

“ A rifle was now at the gipsy’s breast.

“ ‘Surrender!’

“ ‘Never!’

“ Mark Cooper tried to draw his pistol, the click of the keeper’s gun was heard, his hand was on the trigger, when the wretched Conciletta, seeing no escape for her husband, threw herself between the parties, and received the fatal shot. Mark Cooper, driven to desperation, drew his pistol, but, before he could add another murder to his crimes, was seized and conveyed to prison. There he shortly afterwards underwent the extreme penalty of the law.

“ Return we to the wretched Conciletta, who suffered too much to be moved from the fatal spot; there every attention was paid to her; but before day-break all was over—her sorrowing heart reposed from every strife! To this day the Gipsy’s Oak exists; under a rude cross, respected by every passer-by, may still be traced the name of

“ ‘CONCILETTA,
AGED 21,
DIED 1824.’ ”

COUNT AZZO'S DEATH.

BY MRS. MABERLY.

THE scaffold is reared and the crowd has met
At the sound of the muffled drum ;
The headsman arises, the axe is set,
And the people murmur, "They come! they come!"
But calm and clear, above the din,
One voice is heard to say,—
"Thy soul is lost, if thou diest in sin ;
Repent ! repent ! and pray !"

"Find me a heart not all of stone
In the breast of my fellow-men,
Then bid me mourn the deed that's done,
And pray—but not till then."
Stern and proud, with his dark death-train,
Count Azzo takes his way ;
But the calm, clear voice is heard again,—
"Repent ! repent ! and pray !"

The steps are mounted ; he gazed around,
Each upturned face he scanned,
And the iron clanks with a harsh, dull sound,
As he raises his fettered hand.
"Say, is there one to heed my prayer,
My latest wish to meet,
Swiftly and sure this scroll to bear
To an angry monarch's feet?"

As the lightning speaks from the curtained fold
Of the thunder-loaded skies,
Count Azzo knew that his doom was told
By the flash of a thousand eyes.
Strong grew the voiceless storm ; it burst —
The heavens gave back the sound,—
“Traitor and felon ! die, accurst !
No friend for thee is found.”

He turns, and o'er his face the while
Gleamed wild and fearfully
That smile, unlike each other smile,
The mirth of misery.
“Thy hour is come !” said the priest aloud,
As he raised the cross on high ;
And the cry was caught by the breathless crowd,
Panting to see him die.

Count Azzo hears not, dreams not now
Of people, priest, or prayer ;
Frozen he stands, heart, lip, and brow,
In iron-bound despair.
Ring on !—ring on !—his last hope gone,
What heeds he of the knell
Falling with slow and measured tone—
The dismal, dull, death-bell ?

But see !—he starts !—he looks around—
Light flashes from his eye,
As the war-steed wakes at the trumpet's sound
That tells of the battle nigh.

Backward his raven locks he flings,
 And tears fall down like rain,
 As he welcomes the angel form that brings
 His heart to life again.

“Zayla!”—she scarcely raised her head,
 As bending o'er his chain,
 She took the scroll. At last he said,—
 And his words came forth with pain,—
 “This to the king; perchance 't will save
 My child, my only one.
 No pardon for myself I crave,
 But for my infant son.”

Around his fettered limbs she flings
 Her arms, yet shuns his eye,
 And madly to that loved breast clings,
 She knows that he must die.
 One moment—now he stands alone,
 His peace with God is made,
 And Heaven's own light around him shone.
 He knelt,—he wept,—he prayed!

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

The night wind moans with a sullen sound,
 No glimmer is there of moon or star;
 The vultures shriek as they wheel around,
 They have scented their banquet of blood afar.

And all night long, like an infant's wail,
Voices are heard that come and go,
Faint and sad, as the fitful gale
Sweeps o'er the scaffold to and fro.

'Tis morn ; and o'er the gibbet's chain
A shrouded form is lowly bending,
And towards the spot a holy train
Its measured way is slowly wending.
"Zayla ! awake !" All's silent now.
But, oh ! no need of words to prove
The depth revealed by that pale brow
Of woman's truth and woman's love !

THE AMAZONS.

BY SIR GARDNER WILKINSON,

AUTHOR OF "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS," "EGYPT AND THEBES," ETC.

HISTORY, fable, and sculpture, have all celebrated the Amazons of old. The early Greeks gloried in having been able to defeat those female warriors, their assistance was welcomed by Priam during the siege of Troy, and their skill in war was the theme of many an ancient tale. Even etymology was called in to prove their existence by its elastic property; and the *process* by which they were fitted for handling the bow was described with appropriate gravity, though contrary to the authority of ancient sculpture.

To the present day some have admitted, others have doubted, the existence of those not very feminine heroes; and the more matter-of-fact belief of some modern writers has confined their exploits, and their existence as a nation, within very narrow limits. Most accounts fix their abode in Sarmatia, whither they are said to have retired from the coasts of the Black Sea; and to Asia is given the honour, if honour it be, of having this unlady-like community. But Africa has had and still has its Amazons; though seldom noticed by old writers, and only known in

modern times through the discoveries made by order of Mohammed Ali on the banks of the White Nile.

Diodorus, after censuring the belief of their being confined to Asia, asserts that the African Amazons were much more ancient, having existed many ages before the Trojan war, and introduces Myrina, their queen, as a friend of Horus, the son of Isis, in the fabulous ages of that most antique country, Egypt.

The ancient Amazons, with an ultra-old-maid aversion to men, either killed all the males of their community, or maimed them in such a manner as to prevent their taking part in war; and any young woman who, with disinterested public spirit, was willing to benefit the state, by increasing the Amazonian family, was first obliged to prove her hatred of mankind by killing three men. The birth of a son and heir was the last wish of a mother, and the strangling of unwelcome male children was a parental duty. Such was a custom, or believed to be a custom, of those good old times. In these quiet days women are fortunately less enthusiastic, and children enjoy a more agreeable fate: boys are not strangled; and girls are not doomed to suffer under a hot iron, or to force themselves to an unnatural love of battle-axes and war. The modern Amazons of Africa, though assuming the character of warriors, neither destroy their offspring nor pretend to the sovereignty of the country they inhabit; and they are contented with the duties of body-guards to the king. They do not, however, appear to leave him much liberty in the choice of his associates, and

no one is permitted to approach him but his ministers.

The expedition sent by the present ruler of Egypt to explore the course and source of the White Nile have obtained much curious information respecting that part of Africa. The first, composed of four hundred men, under a Turkish officer, Sehim Binbashi, a captain in the Egyptian navy, after having penetrated, by water, to the distance of one hundred and thirty-five days' journey above Khartoom, was obliged to return, from the lowness of the river at that season. The results of that expedition were few; owing to the inexperience of the persons employed in making astronomical observations, and other requisites for geographical accuracy. Sufficient, however, was learned to shew, that the direction of the White River differed much from that previously laid down in our maps; that it had no branches coming from the west, but merely marsh-lands on that side; that some tributary streams did come from the eastward; that no range of high mountains existed in the vicinity; and that the Bahr-el-abiad, or White River, as far as they had traced it, continued in nearly the same southerly direction, and lay even to the east of the meridian of Cairo.

The second expedition had the advantage of being accompanied by two Europeans. It ascended as high as latitude $4^{\circ} 42'$, and the river was not only found to come from the eastward, without a single tributary stream from the west, but appeared to rise to the south of the hills of the Galla country, where geographers

had hitherto erroneously placed the Mountains of the Moon.

Various tribes of wild people succeed each other in this tract, generally at war with their neighbours; some of whom treated the strangers as friends, some as enemies. The most remarkable were the Shelooks, the Denkas, and the Behrs. The first are remarkable for their lofty stature; the Denkas, for their worship of the moon, and for the singular custom of abstaining from hostilities the moment it rises above the horizon; and the Behrs, for a strange regulation respecting the death of their king, and for their having a body-guard of women to protect his person. The royal abode is about four miles from the river; its approach is concealed within the thickets of a large forest; and all access to it is cut off by deep ravines, that are filled with water during the inundation. Besides these advantages of position, it is guarded by the rigorous vigilance of two bands of female warriors, who allow no one to approach the king's person except his two ministers. These even are forbidden to enter the sacred precincts of the interior, from which the king comes forth to meet them and hold a council; and the only occasion when they are admitted to the private apartments of the king is when he is attacked by a mortal disease. Their presence is then required at his bed-side, and the custom of their country imposes upon them the duty of strangling the august *patient*, lest he should die a plebeian natural death, like the meanest of his subjects.

This mode of disposing of a king seems to have

been adopted in Ethiopia from a very early period, with a slight variation in the mode of determining the proper time of his death; for we are told by the same Diodorus, that the priests, whenever they pleased, sent to the king to say the gods had ordered him to die, and these "good easy men," one after another, obeyed their orders as readily as a Turkish Pasha puts his neck into the bowstring of the Sultan's envoy. At last one of them, Ergamenes, more tenacious of life than his predecessors, resisted the sacred command, and put a stop to the custom. He had been studying Greek philosophy, and reading many an heretical book, until he had learned to judge for himself, and doubt the divine authority of the priesthood. This cautious class of beings had not yet hit upon the expedient of excluding profane wisdom from their country; and though they had arrived at the point of treating all the rest of the community as children, they had not yet invented a list of forbidden books, either for fear of its being a good inventory of bad things, or, more probably, from their own ignorance; and Ergamenes became too enlightened to depend for life on the caprice of the priests. Feigning, therefore, to celebrate a grand ceremony, he induced them all to attend at one of the *high-places*; where, having a number of armed men in readiness, he put them all to death, and instituted new laws, to the great comfort of himself and his successors.

Whether the expedition of Mohammed Ali, or future intercourse with civilised people, will effect a similar change in the institutions of the Behrs, it is

difficult to say: it is, however, to be hoped that no disagreement between them and the Turks will lead to another *battle of the Amazons*; and that, as the Turks cannot emulate the Greeks in recording the strange combat in sculpture, they will not imitate them in a real war with the female warriors of the present day.

TO LADY CLEMENTINA VILLIERS,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

MAY 6TH, 1843.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IF words were roses, wishes rainbows bright,
I then might twine them in a wreath of light,
And lay them at thy feet on this glad morn,
Which some sweet brief years since beheld thee born!
Cold language needs new magic to impart
The warm, true, faithful wishes of my heart;
And yet what *can* be asked — what claimed for *thee*,
That is not found in thy fair destiny?
What shall I wish thee that thou *now* hast *not*?
No charm, no blessing hath kind Heaven forgot;
What shall I wish thee? Thou hast all — bright
thing! —
That poets' hearts can dream, or Fate can bring! —

I say not thine be *Earth's* best grace and good,
I feel already thou'rt with *all* endued ;
Nor pray that Love and Joy may round thee move,
For thou—thine own sweet self—art Joy and Love !
I can but wish that *Earth* may keep thee long,
And *Heaven* preserve thee from her cares and wrong ;
Thus my best wishes for the *World* I hoard,
While such fond prayers are fervently outpoured,
For *that* shall be the gainer by the grace,
Accorded by *thy* lengthened mortal race ;
Long may Time spare thee to adorn and bless
All round with Beauty and with Happiness !
Thoughts, like crowned Seraphs, seem to hover now
Round the dear heaven of that translucent brow ;
So be it ever ! May no grief—no care—
E'er chase one smile, or cast one shadow there !
Fair as thy form, and cloudless as thy soul,
May all thy days of brightness *heavenward* roll !
Fond friends surround thee !—*if* there may be aught
That yet seems wanting to their wish or thought,
Oh ! may *that* bliss be measured to thy heart,
Even unto *their* desire—and *thy* desert !
Grieve not that *Heaven* lets fall some tears to-day
To wash the brightness from the cheek of May ;
Perchance 'tis Angels weeping, that at last
They see themselves, on *Earth*, by *thee* surpassed !
But if they weep, while thus to *Earth* thou'rt given,
How shall they smile thy welcome to their heaven !

ON
THE PORTRAIT OF MISS HOPE VERE.

BY R. JOHNS, ESQ. R.N.

As stands the warrior, self-possessed,
When draws the hour of conquest nigh,
So thou, in simple beauty drest,
Dost wait its coming musingly.

A shade of thought is on thy brow;
Thine eye shines with a chastened light;
Yet may'st thou muse on vict'ry now,
For Beauty ever knows her might.

Go forth to conquer with thy smile—
Yet in thy triumph counsel take;
And, as thou smilest, think the while
'Tis well to heal the wounds we make.

RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

IF Poverty—as it is said—makes us acquainted with strange companions, railroads assuredly introduce us to as strange associates; and, perhaps, this very circumstance is not one of its least recommendations, for by it we become acquainted with a class of persons whom we might otherwise never have encountered, and acquire a knowledge of human nature which, if not always agreeable, is certainly not without its advantages. How far the adventure I am about to relate may exemplify this hypothesis I leave my readers to judge, but to me it was not devoid of interest.

Having occasion to go to Norwich to visit an invalid friend, I proceeded to the station whence the railroad trains depart, and, finding I was ten minutes too soon, I entered the waiting-room, and, for want of other occupation, glanced around on the motley groups, who, like myself, were waiting for the sound of the bell to hurry to the carriages.

Amongst the persons present I was struck by a very pretty young woman, neatly, if not elegantly, dressed, near to whom sat a man whose eyes were riveted on her face, and who whispered to her words which, whatever might have been their import, brought

bright blushes to her cheeks. So intently and so wholly occupied was this man by his fair companion, that he appeared totally unconscious of the presence of the persons who surrounded them, while the woman evinced a degree of unaffected timidity, which indicated that she had not been much accustomed to scenes like that in which she was now placed. The female part of those waiting for the train eyed the person in question with a curiosity that argued more of ill than good-nature. Her smart bonnet, rich veil, neat robe, and fashionable cardinale, were alternately examined; but neither these, nor her pretty face, seemed to find favour in their sight; and all the marks of exclusive attention paid her by her male companion—and they were many—only served to increase the expression of ill-nature so visible in their countenances. The men, too, at least the younger portion, stared more than good breeding could justify at the pretty woman, and glanced somewhat spitefully at her protector. What is it that renders the generality of women so dissatisfied at observing one of their own sex occupying the exclusive attention of one of the other? And what is it that indisposes men towards him who engages the whole attention of a pretty woman, although that pretty woman is a total stranger to them? Alas! for poor human nature, the question may be easily solved. At length the ringing of the bell summoned the passengers to leave the waiting-room, and I noticed the glance of alarm with which the pretty stranger shrank from the pressure of the bustling crowd who rushed by her, and clung closer

to the side of her companion, who involuntarily pressed her arm to his heart as if to reassure her. This pair were the last to quit the room, for he appeared unwilling to expose her to the rude contact of the crowd; and, prepossessed in their favour, I was glad when I saw them enter the carriage in which I was seated, and take their places opposite to me. But scarcely had they done so, when the woman exclaimed,—

“Oh, dear! I have left my reticule in the waiting-room, and my purse and keys are in it!”

“I will get it in a moment, dearest,” replied the man, and he rapidly left the carriage, and rushed towards the place she had named. He had not, however, reached it, when the signal was made, and off started the train like lightning, groaning and shrieking, as if in torture, as it flew along, leaving every moment a vast space between it and the route it madly passed over. Houses, chimney-tops, trees, and fields, seemed to fly past us with an incredible velocity, that made the head giddy, so that a minute elapsed before I thought of my pretty travelling companion. When I did, I was really shocked at the metamorphose that had taken place in her countenance. Pale as marble, and her eyelids distended with alarm, she looked the very personification of Terror. I suppose the sympathy that my looks expressed touched her, for she burst into tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

“Do not be alarmed,” said I, with all the kindness I could throw into my voice and manner, “your friend will certainly follow in the next train.”

An elderly woman, with a countenance exceedingly

repulsive, pinched in her thin lips, and shook her head in a manner that denoted *her* opinion that the absent gentleman was *not* likely to follow.

"It was very strange that your friend should jump out of the carriage at the very time he *must* have known it was about to start," said the elderly lady, "and somewhat suspicious that he should have done so on hearing you say *your purse* was left behind. People should be very cautious with whom they travel;" and the speaker looked suspiciously.

"If you have lost your purse," said a vulgar young man, dressed in a showy style, "let me be your banker."

I know not whether this offer was heard by her to whom it was addressed, for she took no notice of it, but the elderly woman who had before spoken to her glanced sternly at the young man, and remarked, that "it was well for those who were so rich as to be able to offer to pay for any stranger with whom they might chance to meet."

"Any money you may require until your friend comes, I will gladly furnish you with," said I, taking hold of her hand, which trembled exceedingly.

"Thank you; I am very sensible of your kindness," replied she; but her tears still continued to flow.

"Well, some people have rare luck," observed an elderly woman; "offers of money are made them at every side, without any one so much as asking them who or what they are, whence they came, or who was the person that jumped out of the carriage the moment a purse was mentioned to have been left behind."

"How soon, madam, will the next train follow?" asked the pretty young woman, addressing herself to me.

"In two hours," answered I.

"I can, I suppose, remain in the waiting-room until it arrives?" inquired she; "and though it will be very disagreeable to find myself alone and unprotected——"

"Oh! for the matter of that, I don't mind staying with you," interrupted the young man.

"I thought as much," muttered the elderly woman. "Some people can always find people to stay with them, though other people can't. No one ever offers to pay for, or stay with, me; though, for the matter of that, if they did, I'd scorn to be beholden to any one: but then *I* take care not to leave my purse behind, or to travel with people who jump out of the carriage the moment the train is going to start;" and she looked spitefully at the pretty young woman.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the young man, impudently. "Does your anxious mother know you are out?"

"And what's that to you, I should like to know?" answered she, angrily.

"Instead of remaining alone two hours in the waiting-room, would it not be as well for you to continue your route to the place of your destination?" said I.

"And where are you going to, if it is not a secret?" demanded the elderly woman.

"To Norwich," answered the pretty woman.

"I am going to the same place," resumed I, "and will gladly take charge of you to your friends, as doubtless you have friends there, and are expected."

"I *am* expected," replied she, "but the friends who look for me I have never yet seen;" and she blushed a rosy red while making the avowal.

"Expected by friends whom you have never yet seen!" repeated the elderly woman; "well, that is a strange thing, I must say;" and she looked more suspicious and spiteful than ever.

Many were the attempts made by the forward young man to enter into conversation with my pretty travelling companion, and as many were those made by the elderly woman to draw from her the particulars of her position; she, however, behaved with a modest but dignified reserve that foiled the efforts of both, and increased the interest I felt towards her. Arrived at the station where the railroad terminated, the passengers entered the waiting-room, and I again renewed my offer of pecuniary assistance to the fair Unknown in case she wished to proceed to join the friends who expected her at Norwich, when, to my surprise, she confided to me that she had only that morning been married to the person who had been left behind; that she had never previously been separated for even a day from her mother; and that she was proceeding to pass the honeymoon with the parents of her husband, whom she had never yet seen; and that this had been her first journey on a railroad. No wonder, then, that the youthful bride felt alarmed at the embarrassing situation in which she found herself,—a situation

which she was pleased to say would have been infinitely more so had she not met with kindness from me. This communication was made to me in a whisper, as we stood apart from the herd of passengers, for her modesty revolted from declaring herself a "deserted bride" in the presence of the impudent young man and suspicious elderly woman. It had hardly been made when the former walked up to renew his offer of pecuniary assistance and personal protection, both of which, it is needless to add, were coldly rejected; on which he entered the stage-coach waiting to convey the railroad passengers on their route. The elderly woman then approached, and with perfect *sang froid* asked my pretty companion what she intended to do, and what her name was? Not content with the reserved reply, which did not satisfy her curiosity, she muttered something, in which the words "pride, and conceit of some people, who pretended to lose their purses, and were deserted by other people, whom she was sure were no better than they should be," were audible, as she hurried to the coach, the driver of which was loudly vociferating that he would leave her behind, if she did not instantly take her seat. The pretty young bride was so fearful of being left alone for three hours in the waiting-room, and so unwilling to proceed without her husband to the house of his parents, that I, not being particularly pressed for time, determined to remain and keep her company until the arrival of her husband. The three hours passed away agreeably, to me, at least, as I found my companion well-informed, sensible, and unaffected, and in a few

minutes after I had the pleasure of restoring her to her husband, who, judging from the paleness of his face, the agitation of his manner, and his delight at again beholding her, must have suffered nearly as much as his bride at this unlooked-for separation.

THE HAREEM.

BY E. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

BEHIND the lattice closely laced
With filagree of choice design,—
Behind the veil whose depth is traced
By many a complicated line,—
Behind the lofty garden-wall,
Where stranger face can ne'er surpris
That inner world her all-in-all,
The Eastern Woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests ;—
His will the single perfect law,
That scarce with choice her mind mol
Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth,
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

If young and beautiful, she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine.
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honour has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains woo the wind,
And birds make music to their loves,
She lives a kind of faëry life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
That wears the palpitating hours.

And, when maturer duties rise
In pleasures' and in passions' place,
Her duteous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace ;
So hopes she by untiring faith
To win the bliss, to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth
That time can never taint or dim.

Thus in the ever-closed hareem,
As in the open western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being's busy foam ;

Through latitudes of varying faith
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

Home of the East! thy threshold's edge
Checks the wild foot that knows no fear,
Yet shrinks, as if from sacrilege,
When rapine comes thy precincts near :
Existence, whose precarious thread
Hangs on the tyrant's mood or nod,
Beneath thy roof its anxious head
Rests as within the house of God.

There, though without he feels a slave,
Compelled another's will to scan,
Another's favour forced to crave,
There is the subject still the man ;
There is the form that none but he
Can touch,—the face that he alone
Of living men has right to see,—
Not he who fills the prophet's throne.

Then let the moralist, who best
Honours the female heart that blends
The deep affections of the West
With thoughts of life's sublimest ends,
Ne'er to the Eastern Home deny
Its lesser yet not humble praise,
To guard one pure humanity
Amid the stains of evil days.

BOURNE MOUTH.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

My friend—I dare say you know him as well as I do—was a very funny fellow. Odd in his dress, odd in his address, and peculiar in every thing, he never failed to make one laugh if he wished it, or to weep with him when inclined to be sedate and sorry. We met the other day in town, just as the fine weather had set in, and public jarvies, of coach and cab denomination, doffed their coats and commenced the mastication of cherries. Our mutual greeting being over, knowing his propensity to the country at this season of the year, I asked him what kept him in town?

“Ah,” he replied, “my dear fellow, you may well ask me! Upon my word I hardly know, except, in fact, the desire to watch the debate on the sugar duties, and to remain in town for the Fox Club dinner at Greenwich.”

“Why,” I rejoined, “what on earth had you to do with the sugar duties?”

“Little enough,” he said, “on earth, or in the earth either, for they have not left me a cane standing; and now they ask me, as one of the West Indian body, ‘What need have I to fear competition with the slave-holder?’ I wish all foolish questions were as easily answered. *I don’t fear competition, if they will*

let me compete; but at present I cannot obtain labour for love or money, and therefore, with every wish to do my duty to Heaven and man, my hands are tied behind me, and I am cast into the sea of ill-arranged reformation, to drown without a given reason."

"Where are you going then after Saturday?"

"To Bourne Mouth."

"What sort of a place is it — I have never been there?"

"It's an odd place, and of strange history. Listen: I knew it when it was in its wild state of heather, and its name was only known from the juncture of the little rivulet of Bourne, at that particular spot, with the sea. On a dark night, a lord of the soil drove up in his carriage, and, halting on a slight eminence, he exclaimed to his steward, "How far am I from the sea?"

"Close, sir," was the reply; "you will hear the surf if you listen."

"Good," said the great man; "let there be houses here: and mind, as people at watering-places love shaded and sequestered spots, plant — plant, sir, well with the Scotch fir; for, d'ye mind me, nothing else will grow."

"Where shall we plant, sir?"

"Here — here," said the great man, waving his hand in the murky air, and turning round till he forgot his position as regarded the where-about of the vasty deep, and ordered the trees to be planted in front of the row of houses.

"The lord of the soil who commanded this was a

gentleman of the old school, of a warm heart and an open hand, and one whom to know was but to like; his word was a law against which there was no appeal, so his steward obeyed him to the letter.

“ House upon house, no two of them at all alike, soon reared their walls over the dreary heather, till the village or watering-place assumed the likeness of a Chinese puzzle. It was evident that the proprietors of these graceful tenements determined to combine a necessity for exercise with all that was warm and comfortable, for they so arranged their structures, that, though within hearing of the waves in West Bay, not a tenant could see the sea or overlook the fir-trees without climbing to the roof of his house. The houses had scarce been raised by their proprietors before wise men were found to take them; an inn was built, baths sprang up, bathing-machines of different patterns spotted the beach, fat women were found to attend them, and there was nothing wanted but a parson, a butcher, a baker, and an hostler; the doctor and the lawyer were regarded as sure to follow of their own free will, as Satan may be supposed finally to tend a congregation of sinners.

“ The first daring adventurer who went to bathe was loosed from *terra firma* with not sufficient caution; the machine got a run on the sudden slope, and it was near carrying its occupant to the very windows of Neptune’s most secluded country seat,—in fact, it so alarmed the fish king, that he asked the merman in waiting if that was not the railroad which he heard; but, when told it was only a machine from

Bourne Mouth, he contented himself with damming the sands a little higher, to prevent a recurrence of the intrusion.

“ Things continued thus for some time ; luckily for the lords of the soil, they were blessed by steady tenants, resolved upon the success of the place ; the nicest innkeeperess in the world was found to take the Bath Hotel ; some young parsons, butchers, bakers, and hostlers, were caught from their nests, tamed, and bred up by hand, and, becoming attached to the place, were found to do well, and the population visibly increased. It does not signify,” continued my eccentric friend, “ what houses you may build, or how much Nature may have done for a place, if you cannot raise an artificial interest for it in the minds of the public. What then was to be done ? Circumstance and individual sacrifice did all they could. A devoted young rustic, while amusing himself with his comrades in running to the edge of the cliff, and sliding on that part of his figure usually assigned to sedentary purposes upon the loose sand, down to the shore, kicked his toe against a stone, and, unceremoniously reversing his position, pitched headlong on the strand, a height of some fifty or sixty feet, and never hurt himself.

“ A lady, a very nice young lady, addicted to too tight lacing, heedless of the public caution given in the daily journals as to the effects of undue pressure, walked in a high wind on the cliffs. She was snapped, sir, like a tender flower—her bosom and her bonnet flew away to sea, while all beneath re-

mained upon the cliff, the little feet stamping with anger on the heather. At that moment up came a down-looking gentleman; he heard a cry of distress, and he saw the usual extent of a female figure generally acknowledged by his eyes stamping apparently in grief. He offered his services, he asked what he could do; he listened to no purpose for a reply, and he offered his arm. A kick from one of the little feet made him look up for farther explanation, and he saw in the distance the bosom and bonnet flying away, while the hands which should have taken his proffered assistance were kissing adieus, or vainly stretched out towards the remnants left upon the native land. It was the first time *that* gentleman ever looked up; he has by this event been confirmed in melancholy, and never will look up again!

“To meet the gloom occasioned by this extraordinary, but nevertheless useful occurrence, races were established on the sands, ancient *tripeds*—for none that I saw could use *all four* of their locomotives—were urged to competition, and a daring farmer on an active black mare rode up the cliff, lost his stirrups, and nearly slipped off behind; he succeeded, though, in his endeavour, and received at least my commendation. In addition, a pack of harriers were kept, for those that needed a moderate exercise with currant jelly.

“During this time the dear good landlady of the Bath Hotel was not idle, she resolved upon her own plan, and ordered the waiters to procure Scott’s novel of the ‘*Heir of Ravenswood*,’ and study the part of

the laird's butler, Caleb Balderson. Headless hats were procured to put in the rooms; if one asked for a dinner and a bed, there were many doubts raised if such accommodation *could* be afforded, for 'they were quite full;' and, to keep up the sportive, innocent, but most useful delusion, the waiter came in two or three times without a summons, and asked 'If you were pleased to ring?' On being assured that you had not rung, he begged pardon, and left you with an audible asseveration to himself 'that *it must* have been *some* of the other parties in the other rooms.' By these useful refusals of chance customers, and system of temporary self-denial, sundry people were sent hungry and thirsting on to Christchurch, Mudeford, or Poole; it did good, though, for Englishmen always like to go to any place where they think there is a reasonable chance of their not being admitted.

"Well, sir, things still continued thus for a period; but now 'a change began to come o'er the spirit of the dream.' The owner of Charborough Park found out and established himself in a very pretty villa commanding a delightful view of the sea. Ashley Cottage, though small, yet made beautifully neat by the good taste of its tenantress, looked from its balcony upon the bosom of the ever-moving and mysterious Main, and was a little picture in itself. The quiet, beautifully wooded watering-place of Bourne Mouth was found also to possess a bland and beneficial air for invalids in winter, and a fine bracing sea breeze for them in the most enervating days of summer. Hints were given that there were minerals

in the vicinity greatly conducive to the renovating properties of its pellucid waters, and Bourne Mouth stood on an eminence alone needing a decisive confirmation.

“The spring of 18—— commenced. The heaths and plantations echoed with the song of birds. The thrush and blackbird sang from the ever-verdant thickets, while the wheeling plover replied plaintively from the distant moors. A carriage came, and then another; then descended from them—a man? men? No! The steps were let down, and forth from the fleecy clouds around it there fell upon them a little foot as mute as snow, and the figure of a beautiful girl followed. Another, and another girl, all of them equally lovely. Waiters ran up-stairs instead of coming to the door, and put on the before-mentioned headless hats, and looked out of as many windows as they could, *as gentlemen*; they then ran down in great haste, as if disturbed in their distant attendance, *as waiters*, and ushered the way to the best parlours; mine hostess was at hand, as well as the beautiful attendant of her bar, and excellent refreshments, with comfort, closed the eventful day.

“I was there at the time,” continued our facetious friend, “and saw all this; and on the afternoon of that day I ascended to the most commanding point of the cliff to prophesy the future success of this pretty watering-place. The evening was lovely, the sky soft, and dappled with the hues of the setting sun; while the sea, reflecting a thousand tints, a million lights and shadows, blending beautifully together, lay out

stretched before me, a magnificent, motionless, and gleaming mirror! So clear was the atmosphere, that the distant villas of Swanage were visible, while, in front of its little bay, from the position which I held, as if watching over its interests, stood forth the storm-worn and commanding rocks known to sailors as Old Harry and his Wife; and further still, the bluff bold brow of St. Aldhelm's Head. To the right, the West Bay was terminated by Brownsea Island; the winding entrance to Poole harbour losing itself between the hills of the distant shores; and on the left lay Christchurch Bay, the towering light-house on the Isle of Wight, and the extraordinary rocks called the Needles. As if to enhance the prospect, hundreds of distant sails were seen far, far out at sea, proceeding down the Channel, and nearer still, the face of ocean was dotted with the smaller craft employed along the coast, or lying at anchor waiting for the tide. Beneath me, at intervals along the shore, were the boats of the mackerel fishermen, their nets in the sterns of their craft ready for shooting, should the glittering spoil make manifest its presence by a ruffle on the smooth surface of the waters. To watch for the appearance of the fish, numerous wild-looking picturesque figures were seated in different corners of the cliffs, idly waiting for the expected time. I had looked long upon this lovely prospect; but then, oh heavens! there came a lovelier vision still. Forth on the sands there paced the form of woman, alone and unattended, for so quiet and unpretending is this dear place, that its guests walk forth as if at home on their own lawn.

No necessity, sir, for huge footmen, with cocked hats and gold-headed canes, who are perpetually running over their mistresses; whenever the latter stop short in their constitutional walk : on she came, and she paused on the silvery edge of the mimic waves that rippled on the golden sand, and she seemed to invite old Neptune to touch her tiny foot. Old Triton was awake ! and, making the most of his opportunity, he sent a baby billow, larger than the last, and snatched a kiss, ere she, with a shriek, could spring beyond his reach. The fleecy clouds were lifted a little to escape the daring suitor ; and I saw such twin invaders of domestic peace, that it was high time for me to turn my attention to more abstruse matters, or hang me, my friend, if I might not have made a fool of myself. Suffice it then to say, that from that hour Bourne Mouth became a place of general resort ; and one of its plantations was christened ‘ Cupid’s Grove ! ’ I was there then ; I’ve been there since ; and after our descent upon the white bait on Saturday next I shall go there again ; so happiness attend you, and adieu.”

1843.

LINES

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF LADY RIVERS.

BY E. W.

OH! why do all things that are fair
 Fade, or die, or vanish like a dream,
As if they could not live in the thick air
 That curdles round this earth? Alas!
They but appear, and quick are gone. 'T would seem
 They pine to some more genial home to pass.

Spring's brightest flow'rs,—
 Fragrant, and sparkling with the dew of morn,—
Droop in a few short hours,
 And die—almost as soon as they are born!

Music breaks forth—the magic breath of sound
 Wanders in sweetest mazes round ;
But the delighted ear in vain would try
 To stay the passing harmony.
In spirit-land far off it had its birth,
And cannot linger long on this dull earth.

Thy beauty, Woman ! quickly, too, it flies,
 From a destroying world of care,
 Back to its native skies—
 To be again where all things lovely are ;
 —'Tis only lent by angels ; but too soon
 They see it fade, and quick recall the boon.

Yet shall not all depart,—
 Sweet-scented flowers must die—sounds melt away—
 No charm such fleeting sweets can stay :
 But there's a power—('tis thine, immortal Art !)
 Can bid a record of the lovely live ;
 And, when all we are past and gone,
 With mimic truth to future times can give
 The forms that we have lov'd to look upon.

Thus, Lady ! may it be with thee !
 The gifted pencil's grace
 Hath caught the soft expression of thy face ;
 And when *thy* beauty—even thine—shall fade,
 That skill will justly honour'd be
 Which hath so truthfully thy charms pourtray'd !

DORMANT TALENTS.

BY MRS. ARDY.

SIR FREDERICK MERTON was young, handsome, rich, and “ a marrying man ;” his house and grounds were situated about half a mile from the populous, bustling, gossiping town of Flutterton, and he was an object of much interest to all the young ladies resident either in the town or its vicinity. Sir Frederick, however, was “ very particular ;” he declared, that he would not marry until he met with the union of birth, wealth, and talent, and it is not surprising that he found some difficulty in obtaining the object of his wishes.

Miss Bertrand prided herself on her high connexions ; her father was a general, and her aunt was married to a German baron ; her eldest brother was in parliament, and her youngest (a very handsome young man in the Guards) had recently wooed and won the sister of an earl ; it was true, that she was plain, middle-aged, and ill-tempered, but then he had the honour of being lord and master of a Lady Clementina ! Miss Bertrand, however, had only two thousand pounds, and her intellect was rather below par. Miss Colebrook was wealthy ; she had inherited the property of a rich aunt, but her relations were all in

business, and as her father had, to use a colloquial phrase, "risen from nothing," her early education had been much neglected. Miss Brightwin was clever; she was called deep blue at Flutterton, although she would only have been thought light blue in London. Grattan, Bulwer, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Gore, and Mrs. Trollope, were household words in her mouth, and she contributed every other Thursday through the year to the poetical corner of the "Flutterton Weekly Journal," but, alas! Miss Brightwin could not boast one aristocratic connexion, and was entirely dependent for her future fortune on the pleasure of her father, who was a handsome flirting widower. Could these three single ladies have been "rolled into one," Sir Frederick might have been blessed with a suitable wife, but as such could not be the case, he determined, although in general a "home-keeping youth," to take a journey to London, and select a partner for life out of a number of candidates.

His search was successful, for in a few weeks all the newspapers informed the Flutterton ladies that Sir Frederick Merton had united himself with "Jemima, only child of the late George Nicholls, Esq., of Kensington." That the bride was the only child of a deceased father, seemed to favour the supposition that she was wealthy. Kensington was a large place, and Nicholls a common name, and inasmuch as Flutterton was two hundred miles distant from London, it is not surprising that none of its inhabitants knew any thing of the late father of Sir Frederick's beloved, but doubtless she was of high extraction; they only hoped

they should not be quite overwhelmed with the airs and graces of the newly married lady.

Miss Brightwin said nothing, but, like the parrot in the story, she "thought the more;" she shrank from the arrival of Sir Frederick's talented bride; she had been so long the leading *bel esprit* of Flutterton, that she did not like the thought of abdicating in favour of a rival. At length the happy couple arrived.

Lady Merton was about five-and-twenty, tolerably pretty, tolerably agreeable, but remarkable for nothing. She was, of course, wealthy and highly allied, because Sir Frederick had repeatedly declared, he would not connect himself with any one who did not possess these recommendations; but the ladies of Flutterton had nothing to fear from her airs and graces; she never alluded either to her property or to her family, an instance of humility quite incomprehensible to Miss Bertrand, who was always quoting the observations of "my aunt, the baroness," and "my sister, Lady Clementina;" and also to Miss Colebrook, who was constantly asking her friends "what they thought of India stock," and "whether they preferred mortgages or ground-rents for an investment?" Neither did Miss Brightwin veil her advantages in obliquity; she was everlastingly talking of "my last little contribution to the 'Flutterton Weekly Journal;'" and had traded for at least six months on the triumphant fact that the editor of a fourth-rate London periodical had written to solicit the favour of her contributions. Miss Brightwin, however, did not praise the bride for her humility in concealing her talents,

but boldly propounded the daring opinion that she had no talents to conceal! None differed from her, with the exception of Mr. Medlicott, a good-natured old bachelor at Flutterton, who was a philanthropist and a phrenologist, spoke well of every body in his former character, and in his latter capacity professed that most people had talents, only that they sometimes "lay dormant." He declared that Lady Merton's head was finely formed for intellectual developement, and although he was not practical phrenologist enough to define in what her abilities consisted, it was quite clear that she had great abilities of some kind or other, and that doubtless they would soon be rendered apparent to the inhabitants of Flutterton. Accordingly every effort was made to develop the talents of the bride. She was solicited to play and sing, and refused; she was blamed for her diffidence, reproached for her unkindness, and finally, the lady of the house attempted to decoy her into a little morning-room, where stood the practising piano of the younger girls, assuring her, that she need only select one or two privileged favourites to accompany her, and might close the door on all intruders. Lady Merton put an end to all further solicitations—"She had never been taught music."

"Very singular!" said Miss Colebrook to a little knot of friends, "a young person must have been brought up in a strange way who never learned music!" (Miss Colebrook could just manage to pick out a tune, and never sang above half a note too sharp!)

"It is not at all strange," said Medlicott; "it is cruel to persecute girls with musical instructions if they have not the organ of tune; it is no proof of want of general abilities to be without musical genius; there is a Spanish proverb which says, that 'no songster is over-wise!' Lady Merton is all the more likely to be clever because she does not play and sing."

A pic-nic party soon took place. A young lady produced her sketching-book, delighted with the picturesque effect of a beautiful group of willows at a little distance, and in the course of ten minutes completed something which might be deemed a tolerably correct representation of a plume of feathers! She put the book into Lady Merton's hands.

"I am sure you would succeed much better," she said; "do try."

"I would with pleasure," said Lady Merton, "but I never learned to draw."

"Another talent wanting," whispered Miss Bertrand, maliciously, to Medlicott.

"And no great matter," replied the zealous phrenologist; "it is better (lowering his voice, that he might not be heard by the unsuccessful lady-sketcher) not to draw at all, than to draw badly; and, after all, where is the merit of drawing well? It is the exercise of the fingers, not of the intellect. My favourable opinion of Lady Merton is not in the least diminished by her ignorance of drawing."

Soon after Lady Merton was tried on the subject of languages; she was asked to pronounce on the

words of an Italian song. She frankly avowed, that she did not understand them. A little girl was privately prompted to shew her a French motto, and request her to translate it; she pleaded want of ability.

"No consequence at all," said the good-natured Medlicott: "if a person can say and write clever things in their own language, what need have they for any other?"

"Very well observed, Mr. Medlicott," said Miss Brightwin, approvingly; "I give you great credit for the soundness and justice of that remark; but pray, what reason have you to conclude that Lady Merton *can* say and write clever things in her own language?"

"It is not for me," said Medlicott, deferentially, "to search for evidence of such a nature. Who so fit to decide upon the important matter as the Muse of Fluttermerton?"

The Muse graciously undertook the commission; and when she next met Lady Merton in society, held forth to her for a quarter of an hour on the poetical excellencies of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, and concluded by asking, to which of them she gave the preference?

Lady Merton "did not recollect that she had ever met with any verses written by either of the ladies!"

"Doubtless," soliloquised Medlicott, "she prefers the old authors;" and he slipped a volume of Young's "Night Thoughts" into her hands.

Lady Merton glanced her eye over it, and said, with more animation than was her wont, "I am not

fond of blank verse,—there is no cleverness in it,—any body can write it:—the difficulty of poetry is to be able to find a rhyme.”

Miss Brightwin uttered a half-suppressed groan of horror, but Medlicott whispered, “Ah! she is not romantic and fanciful, Ideality and Marvellousness are clearly not developed in her organisation; but, doubtless, she is excellently versed in useful learning. I dare say she is a capital historian.”

In the course of the evening some gentlemen in the room were discussing the comparative merits of Conservatives and Liberals, and Medlicott adverted to the struggles of the Whigs and Tories in the reign of Queen Anne; from thence he diverged to other subjects connected with that period, and spoke of the warlike Duke of Marlborough, his high-spirited Duchess, the scheming Mrs. Masham, and the undaunted Dr. Sacheverell.

Lady Merton listened to him with as unmeaning a look as she had worn while Miss Brightwin was expatiating on the abilities of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon.

At length Medlicott, who persisted in thinking that she was very timid, and required to be drawn out, asked her opinion of the character of Queen Anne? She first of all declined giving any, but, when urgently pressed on the point, said, “I believe she was a very sensible woman, but I never could quite like her on account of her behaviour to her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots.” This was quite enough. Medlicott could no longer flatter himself

that Lady Merton was grounded in useful information, but he persisted in his cuckoo-cry, that she had "dormant talents," and that her acquaintance must wait patiently for their exhibition.

The belles of Flutterton were well inclined to wait patiently at the present time, for a source of great interest and excitement had recently been opened to them. A fancy-fair was to be held for the benefit of the Flutterton Schools, and ladies who had previously worked about half an hour in the course of the day now did scarcely any thing else from morning till night. The volumes of the Flutterton Book Society circulated with uncut leaves; and the proprietor of the Flutterton Music Warehouse expressed his astonishment that "none of the pianos in the town or its vicinity should want tuning." The fact was, that they *all* wanted tuning, but as the ladies never touched them, they were not sensible of their deficiencies. Husbands complained of the region of gold-paper, paste, and tissue in which they were compelled to move; brothers lamented that they could never prevail on their sisters to walk or ride with them; and fathers, with a disconsolate glance at their purses, remarked, that "although the ladies gave their labour gratuitously, the tradespeople did not supply the materials for the manufacture of the gew-gaws on the same terms." Few morning visits were exchanged, and when they were, there was a great alteration in the openness and cordiality formerly displayed in the reception of visitors.

When a name was announced, there was generally

an agitated scuffle and a hasty rush to a chiffonier or ante-room to deposit some fanciful article safe from the investigation of curious eyes, and probable piracy of ingenious fingers; and the fair proprietress, vainly attempting to be at ease, would sit directing anxious looks to the mysterious cabinet or door, just as Sir Edward Mortimer might be supposed to have glanced at the iron chest which contained the tell-tale evidence of his guilt. Miss Brightwin alone employed her time just as usual; she wrote four sonnets to the four seasons of the year, purchased two dozen of large blank cards and copied her effusions over and over upon them in a neat stiff Italian hand. She then deemed that she had done quite enough for the interests of the Fancy Fair, especially as she had offered to preside at one of the stands, dressed in flowing white muslin robes, with her hair wound round her head after the fashion of the bust of Sappho. General Bertrand had promised the use of his grounds for the occasion. A marquée was to be erected on the lawn, where a certain number of ladies were to officiate at the stands; and his daughter-in-law, Lady Clementina Bertrand, had come to stay with him some time previous to "the great, the important day," for the purpose of assisting in the dispensation of the above-mentioned stands, the principal one of which was to be graced by herself.

Many were the ladies, both in Flutterton and its vicinity, who were candidates for the honour of being damsels of traffic for that day only; and Lady Clementina, Miss Bertrand, and Mrs. Nelthorpe, a person

of some consequence in Flutterton, formed themselves into a committee, like the patronesses of Almack's, to decide upon the fortunate persons to be admitted, and the unhappy ones to be excluded from the enviable station coveted by them.

"Fifty-five applications," said Miss Bertrand, counting the list twice over to be sure she was correct; "fifty-five applications, and eighteen to be elected; we are three in number ourselves, and therefore can only receive fifteen in addition. We shall cause forty hearts to thrill with disappointment."

"Then the sooner we put them out of the pain of suspense the better," said Lady Clementina, dipping a long pen in the ink-stand, and handing it to her sister-in-law, that she might draw a line through the excluded.

"I think," remarked Miss Bertrand, "that it will simplify matters very much if I draw my pen through all the single ladies, with two exceptions: Miss Brightwin has applied, and must of course be accepted."

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Nelthorpe, "it is never good policy to affront writing people."

"And Miss Linton," pursued Miss Bertrand, "is my most valued and highly esteemed friend; she is rather awkward in every thing she does, but has the best and sweetest disposition in the world, and was quite a beauty till she was so tremendously disfigured by the small-pox; these two ladies, with myself, will make an ample proportion of girls, the remainder had better, on all accounts, be married women."

Lady Clementina, whose long and wearying season of spinsterhood had given her a decided distaste to girls as a race, immediately acquiesced, and Mrs. Nelthorpe, having no single sisters, did not differ from her ; but, in a moment, recollecting that she had a blooming little niece of fifteen, she ventured gently to insinuate,—

“ I think sometimes at a fancy fair people like to look at a pretty, *very* juvenile face.”

“ That has been provided for,” answered Miss Bertrand, sharply ; “ the four youngest boys of my friend Mrs. Emmett, who are as lovely as Cupids, are to parade the marquée in green velvet tunics, bearing baskets of flowers and fruit in their hands : it only now remains for us to select thirteen married ladies from the list.”

“ We had better not have Lady Merton,” said Mrs. Nelthorpe ; “ she will never acquit herself well, she will want energy and animation.”

“ Never mind that,” replied Miss Bertrand ; “ she will serve as a foil to make her neighbours appear to greater advantage ; Sir Frederick Merton has a certain position in society, and we must not omit any token of respect to his lady.”

The meeting was now broken up, information of its proceedings was forwarded to the accepted and rejected ; the former busied themselves in deciding what they should wear on the occasion, and the latter consoled themselves with the reflection, that they might shine as contributors of the tasteful articles, although not as vendors of them. The eventful morning arrived

and was brilliantly fine—rather a remarkable event, when it is considered how long the day of the fancy fair had been fixed beforehand; and the warm sun and the balmy breezes rejoiced all the hearts in Flutterton, with the exception of two. These beat within the bosoms of an umbrella-maker and a clog-seller of the town, each of whom had intended to post a boy, laden with the above-mentioned articles, at the front of General Bertrand's gates, to volunteer to the guests purchases, which, if the sky had happened to be stormy above and the ground wet beneath, would have been of no trivial value. The company flocked in, the ladies were all at their appointed stations, and the business of the day commenced.

Miss Brightwin was principally interested in the sale of her own cards; she considered it derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of a poetess to affix any price to them, consequently she told the visitors, that "she wished they would give her what they considered the real worth of them," thus throwing herself upon what is called "the well-known generosity of the British public." The first gentleman whom she addressed wounded her feelings by giving her a piece of silver; no one could extract from her the precise amount of the despised coin, it might have been a crown, it might have been a silver fourpence, but, at all events, it was not gold, and Miss Brightwin deemed it a totally inadequate compensation for her "Sonnet to Summer." The next applicant was a stylish-looking young man, with a profusion of glossy curls and carefully cultivated whiskers: he read through the "Sonnet to

Spring," pronounced it exquisite, and when asked to give what he considered the real value of it, laid his hand upon his heart, threw his eyes up to the old, faded, red volunteers' flag that waved above Miss Brightwin's stand, and declared, that "strains so exquisite could only be adequately repaid by the full devotion and homage of the heart, and that it would desecrate them to offer money in exchange for them!" Miss Brightwin was undecided whether to smile or frown, remonstrate or approve; but while she was thinking about it, the handsome stranger walked away with the card, and she reflected that she must take care of the interests of the charity, that delicacy and diffidence might answer very well at the fancy fairs of London and Brighton, but that they were clearly out of their place at Fluttermen, and that she would do wisely to ask half a sovereign for each card at first, and lower the price if she found it needful. This train of thought (which was an uncommonly rational one for a poetess) having come to an end, she acted upon it, and to the credit of the gallantry and generosity of Fluttermen, realised ten pounds in the course of the day by her lucubration,—a very tolerable sum, when the original remuneration of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is called to mind.

The ladies acquitted themselves as ladies generally do on these occasions; they were rather over-active and forwardly zealous in the beginning of the day, and grew somewhat idle and languid towards the middle of it: they had all provided themselves with

mother-of-pearl or ivory tablets, to put down the money they received, but they were apt to let their accounts get sadly in arrears; sometimes they flirted with a favourite beau while purchasers were waiting to be served; and sometimes made terrible mistakes in the recommendation of their articles, enlarging on the beauty of a baby's embroidered cap to an unwilling spinster, and proffering a worked satin spectacle-case to an elderly dandy, who flattered himself that he looked five-and-twenty! Sometimes they accepted the kind offer of a cavalier in waiting, and reclining on a chair, refreshed themselves with fruit and ices, while a group of visitors stood for a moment before the stand, and then, perceiving the engagement of its high-priestess, passed on and made their purchases at the next. Some ladies, too, were occupied more than they ought to be with the arrangement of their scarfs and drapery; one white-handed beauty was always dropping her bracelet, and asking somebody to clasp it; and another, having unfortunately a little ornamental box with a looking-glass in the lid on her stand, was continually stealing furtive glances at it, that she might ascertain whether her ringlets had come out of curl. Miss Brightwin, when she had sold her own sonnets, took no heed of her remaining wares, but entered into a fluent discussion on the merits of Montgomery's "Luther" with an interesting young collegian; and Miss Bertrand seemed to care for nothing but to fill up the chances of a splendid hanging-screen, which she had painted in every imaginable variety of birds,

flowers, and butterflies, and which, as she had valued it at twelve guineas, she thought she had better dispose of in the way of a raffle.

Let me, however, make one honourable exception to these censures in the person of Lady Merton; she wanted neither energy nor animation, as had been predicted of her, nor was she, on the other hand, too energetic or animated: she was perfection; ready in eye, quick in ear, nothing escaped her, and she seemed, by intuitive acuteness, to know at once what would be acceptable to every visitor, and zealously and unobtrusively produced it to them as the occasion required. If a child approached, she would contrive to be adjusting the sash of a dressed doll; embroidered easy slippers invited the attention of a decidedly old gentleman, and knitted worsted shawls that of an unquestionably old lady; if a young lady rested her hand on Lady Merton's stand, a pair of white silk gloves, delicately worked in rose-buds, soon found their way to her vicinity; and at the appearance of a clerical-looking young man, a black satin sermon-case and a pair of snowy lawn bands were transferred from the back of the stand to the front with pantomimic celerity. Lady Merton had taken no trouble to make herself fine, she wore a plain dark silk dress, an unornamented net collar, and her hair was braided beneath a close cap, consequently she had no personal cares to interfere with her attention to her vocation; nothing could surpass the quickness with which she put down a memorandum of every sum she took; nor did she sport ornamental tablets or a gold pencil-case, like

the other ladies, but had a little book neatly ruled with proper lines for pounds, shillings, and pence. As for refreshments, Lady Merton was continually importuned to partake of them, but had Ganymede stood by her side with a cup of nectar, or had the dragon appointed to guard the garden of the Hesperides relented in her favour and proffered to her a basket of its delicious fruits, she would not have yielded to the temptation; her whole heart was in her stand! In a few hours her merchandise was nearly exhausted, and her exchequer in a highly flourishing condition; she then, good-naturedly, offered to remove to the stand of a neighbouring lady, who had only sold one scissor-sheath and two needle-books in the preceding hour, and had occupied her leisure time in fanning herself, eating pine-apple ice, pouring *eau de Cologne* on her handkerchief, and tying and untying a bouquet of greenhouse flowers. The lady willingly acceded, and Lady Merton was in five minutes surrounded by eager purchasers. None rejoiced so much in her success as Medlicott.

“Was I not right?” he said to one lady after another. “Have not Lady Merton’s dormant talents developed themselves at last? Which of you can equal her? Just look at her now, pointing out to Mrs. Richmore the beauty of the flowers painted on those china jars: I always thought she knew a great deal about roses and geraniums, though Miss Brightwin wondered so much that she had never read any of the works about the language and morals of flowers.”

Miss Linton, to whom he addressed this speech,

tossed her head, and tried to look as if she could have sold every thing upon her stand, but had not chosen to take the trouble.

“How many organs of phrenology are developed by Lady Merton’s skill in selling pincushions and pen-wipers?” asked Miss Brightwin, sarcastically.

“Several,” replied Medlicott, holding out his hand, that he might check off the lady’s good qualities upon his fingers. “First, order, otherwise she would never have every thing at hand just when it is wanted; secondly, number, else she could not cast up her receipts with such accuracy and celerity; thirdly, benevolence, because the animation never before visible in her is kindled by a charitable motive; fourthly, conscientiousness, for I notice that, unlike some other ladies, she always returns the full change to a purchaser; fifthly——”

“That is quite enough,” said Miss Bertrand; “it is very unladylike to be such an exact accountant. I think it is fortunate, Mr. Medlicott, that Sir Frederick Merton is not here to-day, you cannot take your eyes off Lady Merton, you are evidently under the influence of a charm.”

“Rather say of a *counter-charm*!” suggested the Muse of Fluttermont.

“I am very much afraid,” pursued Miss Bertrand, “that Lady Aston will not drive over to us to-day, and I quite depend on her party for my raffle; I hear she has friends from London staying with her.”

Miss Bertrand had particular reasons for wishing that the fate of her screen should be decided; the

stylish young man, with glossy curls and carefully cultivated whiskers, who had taken Miss Brightwin's "Sonnet to Spring" without paying for it, had put down his name for three shares in the raffle, and, with a soft sigh and insinuating glance at Miss Bertrand, had expressed his peculiar anxiety to be the possessor of a screen so beautifully decorated by her fair hand.

Fortunately, for the tranquillity of Miss Bertrand, her wish was realised almost as soon as she had given utterance to it. Lady Aston, who lived ten miles from Flutterton, entered, with several ladies and gentlemen in her train; she advanced to Miss Bertrand, and introduced her friends the Grantleys; the raffle was speedily filled up, and Lady Aston then repaired to the stand of her daughter, Mrs. Nelthorpe, whilst the rest of her party walked round the marquée. In a short time they rejoined her.

"Every thing is admirably arranged, Mrs. Nelthorpe," said Mr. Grantley, "and does great credit to the lady patronesses. I think you shew your wisdom in having admitted one professional person among your vendors, it puts you all in the right way."

"Sir," said Mrs. Nelthorpe, with dignity, "you are very much mistaken in your supposition."

"Believe me, I am not," he replied. "I was the other day at the private theatricals of my friend Lord Dronington, and I found out in a minute two or three scions from Covent Garden, whom he had enlisted among his *corps* of right honourable sticks. There is something not to be mistaken in the tact and skill of

habit ; in fact, as Sir Harry Wildair says, ‘ It is downright madness to contend with anybody in his profession.’ ”

“ I do not presume to censure Lord Dronington’s arrangements,” answered Mrs. Nelthorpe, coldly, “ of which he must certainly be the best judge ; neither do I wish to impugn the opinion of Sir Harry Wildair, a gentleman with whom I have not the honour of being acquainted ; but I beg to assure you, that the ladies of Flutterton would consider themselves very much degraded by the association of any hired saleswoman, however respectable and deserving she might be. We had fifty-five applications, Mr. Grantley, for our stands ; Lady Clementina Bertrand, Miss Bertrand, and myself, were deputed to investigate the pretensions of each candidate, and although I am ready to own that many who were eligible were declined, I am equally prepared to maintain that not one who was ineligible was accepted.”

“ You must have been deceived, Mr. Grantley, by some likeness,” said Lady Aston, looking almost as austere as her daughter, for she felt her own honour implicated in the concerns of Flutterton, her son-in-law being one of the leading gentlemen in it.

“ I cannot be mistaken in manner as well as in person,” replied the pertinacious Grantley : “ I am unable, it is true, to tell you where I have seen that active, obliging young person in a puce-coloured dress and close cap, but I am certain that I have seen her where she officiated as a professional vendor.”

The ladies were on the point of overwhelming

Grantley with a chorus of reprobation and incredulity, when his sister joined them.

"Look, George," said she to her brother, displaying a few "lady trifles," "I have been tempted to spend some money by that very civil, nice young person with whom I used to lay out so much at the — Bazaar. I knew her again in a minute,—she is quite a treasure to the ladies."

Miss Grantley's manner carried conviction with it, but it was agreed that the discovery should not be openly talked about on that day; consequently, it was only whispered to twelve or fourteen people. Lady Merton was rather surprised when the business of the day came to an end, that so many of her fair friends seemed cold and shy to her; she, like the cat transformed into a fine lady, had enjoyed very much a return to her old habits; and she had not been checked in the animated discharge of her duties by the observation of her husband, for the best of all possible reasons—because a pony race that was to take place at a town twenty miles off presented to him stronger attractions than the fancy fair, and he had accompanied some friends thither.

General Bertrand politely handed Lady Merton into the dining-room, where a collation was prepared, telling her that her exertions had been unparalleled, and that he thought she deserved to be queen of the day. His daughter looked very much out of humour; but for that there was a sufficient reason: the raffle for her hanging-screen had just been decided in favour of the stylish young man with glossy curls and care-

fully cultivated whiskers, who had taken three shares in it, and who now avowed himself to be the hair-dresser of a neighbouring market-town, who had been anxious to win the screen for the purpose of transferring it to his show-room!

Sir Frederick Merton shortly became aware that his secret was known at Flutterton, and bitterly did he lament that he had suffered his wife to officiate at a fancy fair. Had the Grantleys seen her among the rest of the visitors, with her face shadowed by the falling blonde of her bonnet, or had they even met her at a dinner-party, sparing in words and smiles, and profuse of ribands and ringlets, they would not, probably, have recognised her, or would merely have remarked that she was like some one whom they had seen without identifying the resemblance; but the key-note of memory was touched by seeing her in the same costume, the same attitude, and the same employment in which they had formerly known her, and the discovery of her original station was the consequence. Sir Frederick found out that the air of Flutterton did not agree with his bride, and took her on a Continental tour; the ladies of Flutterton lamented that they had lost a pleasant house to visit at, and Miss Grantley and her brother sincerely regretted the mischief they had unwarily done: they were kind-hearted young people, and if their old acquaintance of the — Bazaar had been pointed out to them as Lady Merton, they would scrupulously have kept her secret; but they believed her to have been engaged by the Flutterton ladies on account of her

useful abilities, and had not an idea they were doing wrong in declaring their knowledge of her.

Strange to say, the only person pleased with the events of the day was the good-natured Medicott. "I have never been wrong in my judgment," he said; "I was always quite sure that Lady Merton was clever, and fitted to shine in some sphere or other. Such tact in selling and such readiness in accounts I never saw in my life; she is a paragon in her own way; and I daresay the —— Bazaar will soon be obliged to shut up in consequence of losing her. The day of the fancy fair may have been productive of some mortification to her; but, at all events, it has done her one service,—it has satisfactorily developed her Dormant Talents!"

THE BEES.

BY MISS GARROW.

It is a well-known custom in Somersetshire, and one, surely, not without charm for those who keep bees, to confide to them every event, whether joyous or sorrowful, which occurs in the family. It is believed that the neglect of this observance would occasion the desertion or death of the swarm, from disappointment at their owners' want of confidence in them.

Not in vain, dark-vested rovers,
Do ye skim the meadows wide,
O'er the sunny hill-tops wander,
Murmur down the streamlet-side !

Not in vain ! for, while ye gather
Golden sweets from star and bell,
That pure lore which Nature teaches
Stores your tiny hearts as well.

Ever, as ye deftly labour
Through the sultry hours of noon,
Each one cons his lesson over
In a slumbrous undertone.

Ever, as the flush of Evening
Homeward warns your sun-browned wings,
To his comrades each repeateth
Marvels of familiar things !

Simple creatures ! ye can fathom
Truths which man can scarce descry,
Or doth only crush in grasping,
Like some fragile butterfly !

Well ye know that care and duty
Mock the craving heart's desire,
Cheerless, as in wintry hours,
Glimmerings of phosphoric fire.

What though watchful eyes should guard you—
What though ready hands should feed—
Ye must share your master's BEING,
Joy and sorrow—thought and deed !

And beside your garden-dwelling
Human lips must smile and sigh,
Lest your mother-queen in sadness
Seek another home, or die :

Thither goes the childless mourner,
Weeping o'er her folded hands—
Lingers there the free-browed stripling
With a tale of distant lands ;

There the new-betrothèd maiden
Whispers low with hurried breath,
Trembling, even beneath the glances
Of the blue-eyed bindweed wreath ;

There the cautious father telleth
All his plans of gain and care ;
There the rosy child revealeth
Where the blackbird's nestlings are !

Thus ye share in rustic pleasure,
Take in homely grief a part ;
Thus a warm elastic feeling
Binds you to the peasant-heart !

Oh ! ye scatter seeds of wisdom
 Lightly o'er the thoughtful breast ;
 Ye, who commune most with Nature,
 Thread the heart's deep mazes best !

Wiser, prouder, happier are ye
 Than the heirs of mortal breath,
 For ye know that true Love dwelleth
Only with unbounded Faith !

LINES,

GIVEN WITH A COPY OF ROGERS'S "ITALY."

BY B. SIMMONS, ESQ.

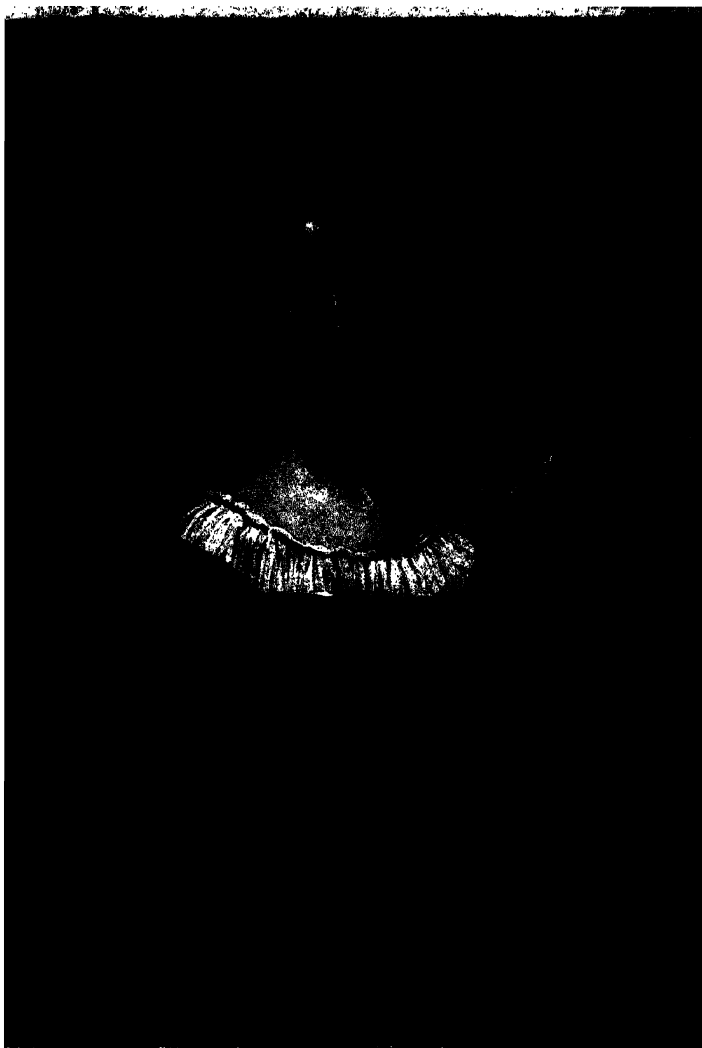
DID Fate assign my hastening age
 Some cedar-sheltered Hermitage,
 Whose vine-bright porch, from summit hoary,
 Should watch Val d'Arno's vaunted glory—
 There from the false and fickle far,
 While lingered still life's Evening Star,
 My maple bowl should brim for **THEE**,
 While glad we gazed on Italy.
 Fate wills not this. In pleasant rhyme
 (Whene'er this volume meets thy gaze)
 Then roam with me the radiant clime
 That woke our earliest love and praise.
 No meeter guide for *us* than He,
 The Bard who sang of **MEMORY** !

ON THE
PORTRAIT OF THE VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THIS is a portrait I could gaze on long,
Meet subject for a poet's tuneful song
Or painter's pencil, when he fain would trace
The magic loveliness of woman's face.
Well has the limner's cunning hand defined
The charm conferred on Beauty by a mind
Beaming, as here, with bright intelligence,
As alabaster vases light dispense.
The finest features cast in Nature's mould,
Unless expression gives us to behold
The stainless purity, the mind divine,
Which of its earthly dwelling makes a shrine,
Are cold and valueless — mere common clay,
O'er which the spirit sheds no genial ray ;
A ruined temple of its god bereft,
Where nought to worship, or to love, is left.
Yes, Lady, thou art worthy of *his** name—
The Poet, Statesman, Orator, whose fame
Will live for ever 'mid the chosen band
Who shed a lustre o'er their native land.
For Britain's weal too early snatched by fate—
Oh! may thy sons their grandsire emulate.

* George Canning.



LINES

BY MISS ELLEN POWER.

I SEE the flow'rets blossoming
Among the paths I tread ;
And *they* will bloom there ev'ry spring,
And as sweet fragrance shed.

But I shall never see them bloom,
Nor hail another year ;
I journey to the dreary tomb—
I may not linger here !

But as the lily's root 'neath earth,
Lies an unsightly thing :
Yet thence the flow'ret hath its birth,
And into light doth spring.

So, when this form is in the dust—
Of mortals all the lot—
Oh ! may my soul its prison burst,
Its errors all forgot ;

And like unto the lily's flower,
Be spotless, pure, and fair,
And rise up in that solemn hour
For ever freed from care !

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I MUST commence with a terrible confession,—my heroine was not beautiful; neither was she, at the period I must introduce her to the reader, in her *première jeunesse*, for she had arrived at the age which a young lady in her teens considers—if the individual be single—as verging most decidedly on old-maidism; if married—which my heroine was—as a very near approach to the middle age. In short, she had lived a quarter of a century. Those, however, who have considerably passed this epoch are accustomed to look back on it as a very bright period of their youth; and, if they are among those dear loveable people who enjoy their old age, acknowledge their advanced years, and remember not only the outward and visible events of their own youth, but the ebb and flow, the high tide of its keen sensations, its idle wishes, false hopes, and needless fears,—they look on these emotions, reflected, as it were, in the mirror of another's heart, with sympathising protection, yet calm and dignified composure. Now, as for the individual herself, at five-and-twenty she feels nothing *passée* which she has the slightest desire to

recall. If she have a character, it is by that time developed; and the developement of our own character usually places us on a pinnacle from which we can, better than heretofore, view the world at our feet. If she have a heart, its depths have probably been sounded, an operation, whatever its results, involving so many mingled feelings that its memory is sometimes sweeter than the reality. If she have a mind, she must feel it is daily expanding and promising, with a prophet's voice, that its meridian is yet in the far future. If she have beauty, time hath not dared to mar it. I hope I have established the fact that five-and-twenty is a delightful age! In fact, it is so delightful that people would like to stop at it.

Alicia Rashleigh had a decided character, a warm and generous heart, an enlarged and cultivated mind, and so, though not beautiful, in accordance with a sure theory, she could not be plain. Her brow, though *not* so white as Parian marble, was finely shaped, there was mind in it, and intellect and heart were both revealed in her large yet rather deep-set hazel eyes. I have seen many mouths more finely chiselled, more "fit for a sculptor's model," but few where strong decision was so tempered by sentiment and feeling: her hair, though dark, was *not* the "hue of the raven's wing," but it was rich and abundant, and always fell gracefully.

From a failure in the male line, the barony of Rashleigh had become extinct, but the vast wealth annexed to it had centred in its sole representative, Alicia. Deprived of her father whilst still an infant,

she had no recollections save those of "the heiress;" for, strive as parents or guardians may to conceal it, children very soon discover their real position, nor is it quite certain that it would be desirable to be otherwise. There were silly people who wondered at her quiet, gentle manners, her extreme affability and frequent condescensions, forgetting that arrogance is an attribute of the *parvenue*, and could form no part in the character of Alicia Rashleigh. Too young to remember the one parent, the death of her mother, while yet in the spring-tide of her girlhood, had seemed her first bereavement. She had friends, it is true—kind, dear friends, but no near relatives; she felt keenly her isolation, and through that suffering understood, young as she was, the responsibility her own expectations entailed. I say expectations, for her property was so settled that she could not come into the entire possession of it till the completion of her twenty-fifth year. Many, however, were the suitors for her hand long before that period had elapsed; some, we may charitably suppose, for admiration and love of her own sweet self; a few possibly from admiration of *les beaux yeux de sa cassette*.

It was neither the titled nor the wealthy whom she chose, but the younger brother of a good family. It was called an imprudent match; her friends gave advice, a most unmarketable commodity; her acquaintances "pitied" her; yet, if the truth must be told, some of them (though they would not have owned it for the world) felt rather glad that she, who was called a paragon of perfection, had reduced herself a little

nearer to their own level by doing one foolish thing in her life : her trustees, dressed in the armour of their " brief authority," threatened her, asserting their rights and power the more pertinaciously as each passing month the more contracted their remaining span. Truly Love is blind ; and yet his bandage is the very crown of his divinity ! Heaven knows it is too apt to fall ; ay, and how slight a thing will remove it ! Had Arthur Forster said a silly thing, or done an ungentlemanly one (ungentleman-like, in this sense, to include every thing mean, dishonourable, or vicious), it is probable Alicia would never have married him. But, having won her young heart, he was little likely to lose it. Strikingly handsome, intellectual, of polished manners, and brilliant in conversation, there was no fear of a rival. To be, where the heart is concerned, firm in her resolves, to be perchance too devoted, may be a fault in woman's character, or it may *not* ; at all events, Alicia Rashleigh was a true woman, and though many people would have praised her discretion, had she broken her engagement, it may be a question if she would have been half so really estimable. She was two-and-twenty ; and three years, when in the future, seem an eternity. It must be confessed, she braved her guardian and trustees, and they did their worst, by consenting to her marriage only on the condition that Arthur Forster assumed her own name, and that nearly all her fortune should be settled on herself. Had she married without her guardian's consent, she would have lost many thousands ; and fearing that she

would do so might probably be the reason he granted it, however reluctantly.

I have said my heroine was five-and-twenty, consequently she had been three years married, and as yet had not repented that important step. It was morning, that is to say, an hour or so after noon, and she sat in an exquisitely arranged boudoir, employed in some of that busy trifling in which the sagest of us occasionally indulge. The windows, which opened to one of the parks, were crowded with rare flowers—Alicia had a passion for flowers—the odours of which the summer breeze wafted into the chamber. The room itself bore the test of true elegance, by wearing also an air of extreme comfort. An open pianoforte was there, and an uncovered harp, books in abundance, a few cabinet pictures by the first masters, a writing-table that had just been used, and a work-box, the inside of the lid of which had once been a looking-glass, but which had been removed to make way for an enamel-painting of a child, a little girl not more than two years old. But we have nothing to do with the perfumed notes which had been written, the book which lay open, or the filmy muslin which rested in the open work-box. The imagination is a magic mirror, and the reader must picture on its surface Alicia Rashleigh, with a newspaper of the day in her hand. A smile passes over her countenance, and no wonder. Among the “fashionable intelligence” she reads of the marriage of an English nobleman with a high-born and beautiful maiden; and circumstancees are related touching their “long attachment” with all

the acumen and confidence of perfect authority, of which, however, the parties concerned are entirely ignorant. Alicia smiled, for she thought how much more extraordinary was the *true* story than the false one.

The Earl alluded to had been her own devoted lover; it was he of all the admiring throng who had most truly worshipped at her shrine, and this, with a woman's instinct, she had known. Ah! why could she not return some tenderness for his devotion? How often, in former years, had she asked her own wayward heart the question! But she had the generosity of a high-minded woman; the rejected was not the scorned, his secret was safe. The butterflies who had fluttered around her, and singed their wings when they drew too near, deserved for the most part to retire with drooping pinion, and to shew the marks of their discomfiture; but not so he who was in every attribute worthy of the prize he sought. Alicia had known him for years (he was some half-dozen her senior), and felt for him a respect and esteem which almost amounted to reverence. Ah! why does not Love more often build his altar on those rocky foundations, instead of on the sandy, shifting soil of the passions? The Earl of —— had loved hopelessly for years; he had left England on Alicia's marriage, and, now that the charm of time had worked, he had wedded almost a stranger, one who, three months since, had been Alicia's guest, and *then* had never seen him. They were married abroad, and now the journal of the day gave particulars unknown to those most deeply interested. What a pity that an ingenious story was

thus wasted ; but be sure it was not half so “ passing strange ” as the truth.

The smile that passed across Alicia’s face had settled into an expression of joy and cheerfulness : not that the marriage of which she read was news to her, but it led her mind to dwell for a moment on past events, and thence to rejoice in the present ; for she *did* rejoice that peace was restored to the heart which she had so much pained. Placing the journal on one side, ready to shew her husband, she descended to the conservatory, for Arthur had admired a bouquet she wore the preceding evening, and she wished herself to gather one precisely similar.

The conservatory opened into a drawing-room, and many a rich and odorous blossom had Alicia severed before she approached the glass-door which led to that apartment ; close to it, however, stood a beautiful myrtle, which she fain would rob of a delicate flower. She stepped lightly, but at the moment her ear was arrested by the preluding chords of a guitar and a rich voice which began a passionate Italian melody, and which she immediately recognised as that of a young foreigner, who for the last few months had been almost a *protégée* of hers. She listened, but towards the close of the strain a slight movement presented to her view the interior of the room. Alicia was spell-bound ; pale, motionless, she stood a breathing statue ! Her husband was beside the singer, hanging over her in the unmistakable attitude of passionate devotion ! He broke the silence which followed the concluding notes by exclaiming,—

"Theresa, promise that you will never sing that song again."

"Why not?" murmured the minstrel, raising her lustrous eyes, and revealing her flushed cheek for a moment to Alicia.

"Because I heard it at Milan the first time we met,—that fatal night when I was free, before I sold myself for this accursed gold."

Theresa sighed; and he, yes, Arthur Rashleigh wound his arm around her, and clasped her unresisting form to his heart, murmuring Love's honey words in tones that seemed to Alicia more thrilling than any *she* had ever heard. Spell-bound, rooted to the spot, it were weak to tell the fearful truths the heiress heard and understood. Enough that he, her husband, for whom she had braved censure, and had refused the noble, the wealthy, and the *true*; and, above all, to whom she had given the priceless treasure of her love, whose image seemed to saturate her heart, mind, and intellect; who was to her being—we write it not profanely—what the Spirit of God is to the Universe; *he* had never loved her! She did not start, she did not scream, she did not weep; but the words they uttered, and every gesture of mutual affection, were branded for ever on her memory with the searing-iron of frightful reality. At last, the timepiece chimed, recalling the guilty pair to some sense of the world around them.

"She will be home in an hour," sighed Arthur; and his wife recollected that a visit she had intended paying a few miles from town had been postponed in consequence of the sudden illness of one of her attend-

ants. The time-piece reminded her that she had much within that hour to do. The myrtle-blossom had fallen from her hand, but even that she raised to make the bouquet complete. The flowers fulfilled their destiny ; three hours afterwards, Arthur Rashleigh found them on his dressing-table. By their side was a scrap of paper, on which, in pencil, these words were written :—

“ Gathered by me, in the conservatory, just before the time-piece chimed three. Farewell—farewell ! ”

They were enough ; a volume could scarcely have conveyed more meaning to the heart of the faithless husband than those few words. From a sort of blind instinct, hoping against hope, he flew to Alicia's boudoir. It was nearly in the state in which she had left it, when, with smiling face and joyous spirits, she descended to the conservatory ; but it is probable she had returned for a few minutes, as the miniature portrait of their child, before alluded to, was partially wrenched from the work-box lid, and the task of removing it seemed to have been relinquished rather from some after-thought than from any failure in the attempt. *This*, too, told its story, for before an inquiry was made Arthur Rashleigh felt certain that wife and child were alike removed from his roof.

How differently do men and women act ! And how cunningly hath custom moulded opinion until it seems nature ! Under similar circumstances, the “ injured husband ” blurts his sorrows to the world (blunting, it is to be hoped, by universal sympathy, the edge of his own sensibility), seeking satisfaction

“e'en at the *pistol's* mouth.” Woman has no defence but pride and self-respect.

Alicia was gone; but whither? Her carriage had been ordered at four o'clock, and she entered it, accompanied by her almost infant child and one faithful female servant. She had intended — if intention could belong to a mind so rent and bewildered as hers — to send back her coachman and footman after the first stage, and proceed to her destination with post horses, concealing thus that destination from her husband; but the infantile caresses of her child drew tears from eyes that had not wept from the last hour's fearful agony; and then the little prattler wept too, she knew not why, but she twined her arms round the wretched mother's neck, and sobbed upon her bosom; and so it was the child appealed with mighty eloquence for the erring father! Her child's sweet influence was like oil on the troubled waters of her soul; she would send no message, but she would make no mystery of the home she had chosen, she would not shut the door of pardon if he sought, if he would deserve it. She tried to assure her own heart that, if she strove to forget the past, it should be only for her child's sake, but—she was a woman! Forgetfulness! the meshes of the mind are fine,—like great thoughts are great sufferings, if they enter they pass not out.

The home the heiress had chosen was neither of the stately mansions which called her mistress, but the secluded residence of her mother's dearest friend, situated within twenty miles of London, and where she

well knew she should be received with open arms. Whether Alicia had one or many interviews with her husband during the ensuing week, or whether their communications were only by letter, the chronicle of her life declareth not; it is enough that for three years she remained the guest of her kind and dear friend, Mrs. Lawrence. The noble mansions of the heiress were both deserted, for Arthur was on the Continent. The newspapers blazoned the separation, and hinted at incompatibility of temper, the gentleman's extravagance, and the lady's parsimony. But Alicia's wise selection of a protectress (Mrs. Lawrence being the widow of a dignitary of the church) shielded her from more dangerous slander. Notwithstanding such "high authority," in justice, Arthur must be acquitted of the charge of extravagance, and after their separation he did not avail himself of half the income left at his disposal. No, he was not mean; and, though it was true he had not loved Alicia passionately, he had *intended* to prove a kind and faithful husband. Alas! for intentions, when we lead ourselves into temptation. The truth was, that, though of vivid intellect and great acquirements, he was too young (a year her junior) thoroughly to estimate a mind so ripened as Alicia's. Circumstances had favoured its development, and it was in advance of his own—a fatal position for love on his part to exist or continue. At five-and-thirty, he would have worshipped such a woman with a far deeper, truer love than the Theresa of an earlier page ever awakened. And yet he fancied himself devoted to *her*, though she had in former years de-

clined his addresses for a titled lover who in turn deserted her.

It was strange—to such as require a minute chapter where its text a brief sentence might suffice—to mark with what deep anxiety the heiress perused almost all Continental intelligence, chiefly, however, conning musical and theatrical notices, and the lists, at the different cities, of the arrival and departure of distinguished persons. Sometimes, after these careful perusals, she shed tears ; at others, hope and joy sparkled in her face, settling, for a while, to an expression of serenity, though fainter than that of former days—like its shadow rather than itself.

Alicia had always been a great reader, not confining herself entirely to the uncorrupted wells among our elder writers, but selecting with judgment the pure and living springs which *do* flow on, notwithstanding the poison-streams and froth and impurity which gather around them. Two or three periodicals there were in which she greatly delighted, which were (and are) in their timely, moderate quantity, and delicious quality, like olives to the mental appetite—that is, if we may for a moment compare it to that of the body. Latterly, a series of papers had appeared in one of these works, in which she had been especially interested. The sentiments seemed familiar to her, their garment of words new ; a page here and there seemed the very revealings of her own opinions and feelings, while the next, perhaps, described places she had never visited, or emotions she could imagine without having experienced ; but the one spirit, the essence of

a kindred genius, pervaded all these effusions, which were signed by the simple initial "F." One morning her favourite magazine was in her hand, its leaves even yet uncut, when her dear friend, Mrs. Lawrence, entered the room, with spectacles in one hand and an open letter in the other. The old lady was evidently excited by some very agreeable feelings. Laying her hand upon Alicia's shoulder, she exclaimed,—

"I have some news for you, my dear child,—good news, be sure, or I would not grieve you by recurring to the most painful epoch of your life."

"Good news for me?" murmured the heiress.

"Yes; be calm. This is a letter from my young friend at M——, in which she tells me, among the local news, of the marriage of their *prima donna*, the Signora Therese de V——, with an old but immensely rich Italian, and——"

But the kind old lady's further and unimportant continuation was cut short by the fervent ejaculation and thanksgiving of Alicia. The gush of happiness those few words brought to her heart was almost overpowering, and it was several hours before she regained even the appearance of tranquillity. At last, towards the middle of the day, she took up the book she had been on the point of opening, for she felt a sort of friendship for the unknown writer, "F.," and seemed to long for his or her sympathy in her comparative happiness. The first lines which attracted her were the motto to his chapter,—lo! an extract from a poetical effusion of her own! She pressed her hand upon her brow, and remembered that it must have

been left behind, with many other half-forgotten manuscripts, on the occasion of her sudden and fearful flight. But how could *her* papers come into the possession of the unknown writer? A lightning thought possessed her, and with lips apart, and almost breathless from the wild beating of her heart, she yet read on, weighing every line and sentence. It was like the solving an enigma. How could she have been so dull as not before to tell the unknown writer was her husband? But how much did the knowledge (for her thorough conviction *was* knowledge) now reveal! First, vast mental progress, a higher footing gained by a spring rather than a step, of which the individual himself cannot fail to be conscious; secondly, remorse, regret; and thirdly, love for herself! Yes, there were sure oracles that told her she was now beloved. Through the accident (if there be an accident in the world) of her manuscripts falling into his hands, he had learned better to understand and love her than during three years of close communion. In absence, their minds had learned to mingle, and she knew that the author and the man were one, knit together like the soul and body. However chatterers may dispute the point, few thinking persons will deny that an author's real nature is revealed in his works. Depressed by inferior society, or chained by conventionalism, he may not always be judged by his outward seeming, or even by his actions, but genius must be unfettered, and the hand would fall powerless unsupported by the spirit of Truth!

The secret Alicia had discovered seemed too holy

at that moment to repeat; and Mrs. Lawrence was a little surprised at her guest suddenly ordering her carriage, and preparing to start for London. The postilion was directed to the publisher of ——'s Magazine, from whom she procured some other address, and drove to a street in the neighbourhood. It was towards the close of a summer's day, when, after the fresh, pure air of the country, London seemed especially close, dusty, and disagreeable, but Alicia Rashleigh was too much absorbed in her own emotions to heed whither the fleet steeds had brought her. She had been calm in giving her directions, yet her servant's thundering knock startled her from a reverie. An inquiry was made, and—in two minutes, the heiress and her husband met. There was a moment of almost motionless silence,—the next her hand was taken,—and in another one eloquent glance proclaimed that both loved, and one forgave. Her head rested upon his shoulder, and he kissed away the tears that now fell fast, till, raising herself for a moment, she pointed to the miniature of their child, which hung opposite, and with a smile, beautiful from its joyousness, she exclaimed, "Come to her, she has grown like you—more beautiful than that, now."

The newspaper-writers, and "the world" in general, never clearly made out the cause of the Rashleighs' sudden separation, and as sudden reunion. A great many interesting tales were invented, but none, I believe, approached the truth. One circumstance, especially, puzzled inquisitive people; it was the fact of the beautiful conservatory, which in former years

had been Alicia's pride and great delight, being entirely pulled down; and it was even rumoured that she loathed the scent of flowers.

There are now two noble boys who call her mother, and Alicia has been heard more than once to exclaim, "Thank God my daughter will not be an heiress!"

TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

No, Teresita! never say
That uncle Landor's worthless lay
Shall find its place among your treasures:
Although his heart is not grown old,
His rhymes are, like himself, too cold
For bridal bowers and festal measures.

He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,
And still will think so, while your eyes
Seek not in noisier paths to roam,
But rest upon your forest-green,
And find that life runs best between
A tender love and tranquil home.

AVIS AU LECTEUR.

SLEEP, Maiden,—gentle Maiden,
Through the calm night!
Be thy gentle heart unladen
Of its burthen quite!
And, when golden Morning streaming
Wakeneth thee from happy dreaming,
With its Oriental light,
Rise,—and let thy humble prayer
Thank the God who made thee fair—
Fair and happy, fit to dwell
On a throne or in a cell.

Shun the fevers of the mind,—
Envy, Hate, Ambition blind,
Too much Love (if love thou must),
And the passions born of dust.
Learn, to soothe another's smart:
Learn, to rule thy own warm heart:
For, of all the treasures sent
Downwards from the azure air,
Know, there's nought that may compare
With the sweetest sweet,—CONTENT!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE PAGE.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

“ His graceful neck adown
Hung grape-like clusters of the darkest locks ;
While some upon his shoulder brown
(But smooth as Pelops'), by the wind were blown :
Dream of his form, for portraiture it mocks—
O ! never did the elements combine
An adolescence so divine ! ”

Amarynthus the Nympholept, by HORACE SMITH.

THROUGH the Gothic hall the sunset light,
From the oriel window streaming bright,
Casts over yon couch its rosiest dyes,
Where a beautiful Page in slumber lies—
Like a glory plays on his clust'ring hair,
And seems enamoured to linger there :—
Endymion, or Hylas, could never be,
In their lovely boyhood, more fair than he !

O'er his downy cheek a colour is spread,
Like blossoming peach-tree's delicate red ;
And though now the speaking eyes are hid
By the snowy shade of their vein-traced lid,
Still the long and ebon lashes shew
What powerful orbs lie hidden below,—
As the thunder-cloud, by its blackness tells,
Where the burning might of the lightning dwells !

The Page still slumbers, his lord is afar,
Borne on the turbulent tide of war,
Which over the land destruction and dread,
From tower to cottage, has darkly spread ;
And, wounded in fight by his chieftain's side,
At the castle now must the Page abide,
In his lady's care—and with her remain
Till called to the battle-field again.

And well may the Page's young bosom delight
In the gentle smiles of that lady bright,
Who tended him still by her lord's command ;—
She ranked 'mid the noblest dames of the land,
And was still in her beauty's summer prime,
Like the golden day of an Eastern clime ;—
On the sleeping youth she is gazing now,
With a tranquil joy on her lofty brow.

In silence beside him she stands awhile,
Till her lips uncloze in a mournful smile :
She thinks of the past—of those happy years
When she tenderly soothed his childish fears ;
Now eighteen summers have over him past,
The down o'er his red lip is dark'ning fast,
She prays that kind Heaven will his manhood bless,
And bends o'er the boy with a fond caress.

At once at her touch his light slumbers broke !
With a start of joy from his dream he woke ;
The eloquent blood, in a rushing tide,
With crimson his cheek and his forehead dyed ;—

Then faded sudden, and left as pale
As a fainting girl at a fearful tale—
While he felt his heart in his bosom spring,
And struggle and pant like a dying thing.

From his quivering lips no accents came,
But his breast swelled high as a sea of flame.
“What!” thought he, “the goddess I deemed divine,
Can she thus descend from her sacred shrine?
The statue of marble, too cold to touch—
The sacred Madonna, adored so much—
Have fallen to earth; and my fancy in vain
Would strive to enthrone them in Heaven again.”

Alas! all was changed from that fatal hour!
Not the guilty kiss in Francesca's bower,*
We read of in Dante's immortal rhyme,
Led on to more bloodshed or deeper crime;
All the timid awe of the youth was gone,
She now was his own—his beloved one!
A mighty passion, too wild for control,
Sprung thus into life in his ardent soul.

The snows that lie heaped on the mountain's height,
Through the long cold winter are pure and white;
But when summer comes, with her roseate blush,
As a foaming torrent away they rush!—

* Francesca, daughter of Guido de Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, married Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, but loved his brother Paulo. Francesca and Paulo were both murdered by Lanciotto.—*L'Inferno*, canto v., where Francesca relates to Dante the story of her love and death.

And purity is a delicate thing,
Fragile as dust on the butterfly's wing,
One touch will destroy it—we may deplore—
But its brightness, once sullied, returns no more!

Though the lady shared not her lover's pain,
And smiled in her scorn at his passion vain,
She would idly list to the flatteries sweet
He scattered like flowers at her graceful feet;—
But accents of love, uttered day by day,
At length to the heart *will* force their way,
As a mountain-stream, when swelled by rain,
Can sever, at last, even rocks in twain.

The rest of my tale may be briefly told:
One fatal morn, when by Love made bold,
He knelt at her feet, in his troubled joy,—
By his chieftain's sword fell that daring boy!
His last death-shriek of despair and fear
For evermore rang in his lady's ear;
Who lingered on earth but to weep and pray,
In remorse of heart, to her dying day.

The glittering folds of the serpent, Sin,
When gliding the bowers of Eden within,
Were hidden *by flowers* from the watchful eyes
Of the angels who guarded Paradise;—
'Tis ever the same, the Spirit of Ill,
'Mid the loveliest blossoms lingers still,
And guilt may be hidden, and danger lies
In the midst of the holiest sympathies.

A VISION.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

BLESSED be they who erected temples to the ancient Gods! Mistaken they may have been, but they were pious and they were grateful. The deities of Olympus, although no longer venerated, have thrown open, both to the enthusiastic and to the contemplative, many a lofty view beyond the sterile eminences of human life, and have adorned every road of every region with images of grandeur and of grace. Never are they malignant or indifferent to the votary who has abandoned them; and I believe, there is no record of any appearing by night with frowns and threats: but, on the contrary, I know from my own experience, that neither time nor neglect has worn the celestial smile off their placid countenances. An instance of this fact I am now about to relate. Let me begin by observing that my eyes, perhaps by an imprudent use of them, grow soon weary with reading, even while curiosity and interest have lost little or nothing of excitement. A slumber of a few minutes is sufficient to refresh them; during which time I often enjoy the benefit of a dream; and, what is (I believe) remarkable and singular, it usually takes a direction far wide of the studies on which I had been engaged. On one occasion, perhaps

it might have been that, pushing my book away from me to the middle of the table, the last object I saw was a picture by Swaneveldt, on the left of which there is a temple ; for a temple, sure enough, stood before me in my dream : beside it ran a river, and beyond it rose a mountain, each sensible alike of the sky that glowed above. So far the picture and the dream were in accordance. But the dream's temple was entirely its own : it had no sheep nor shepherd near it, as the picture had : and, although dreams are apt to take greater liberties than pictures do, yet in the picture there was an autumnal tree by the side of a summer tree ; the one of rich yellow, the other of deep green. In the dream I remember nothing of the kind ; yet I verily think I remember every particle of it. I remember a cool and gentle hand conducting me over some narrow planks, thrown across a deep channel of still water. I remember the broad leaves underneath us, and how smooth, how quiet, how stainless. I remember we tarried here awhile, not leaning on the rail, for there was none, but tacitly agreeing to be mistaken in what we reciprocally were leaning on. At length we passed onward, by the side of a cottage in ruins, with an oven projecting from it at the gable-end : on the outside of its many-coloured arch were gilliflowers growing in the crevices : very green moss, in rounded tufts, and blossoming, had taken possession of its entrance : and another plant, as different as possible, was hanging down from it, so long and slender and flexible, that a few bees, as they alighted on it, shook it. Suddenly I stumbled : my beautiful guide blushed deeply, and said,

“Do you stumble,” said she, “at the first step of the temple? What an omen!”

I had not perceived that we had reached any temple: but now, abashed at the reproof, I looked up, and could read the inscription, although the letters were ancient, for they were deeply and well engraven.

Sacred to Friendship were the words, in greek. The steps were little worn, and retained all their smoothness and their polish. After so long a walk as I had taken, I doubt whether I should have ascended them without the hand that was offered me. In the temple I beheld an image, of a marble so purely white, that it seemed but recently chiselled. I walked up to it and stood before it. The feet were not worn as the feet of some images are, by the lips of votaries: indeed I could fancy that scarcely the tip of a finger had touched them; and I felt pretty sure that words were the only offerings, and now and then a sigh at a distance. Yet the longer I gazed at it the more beautiful did it appear in its colour and proportions; and, turning to my companion, who (I then discovered) was looking at me,

“This image,” said I, “has all the features and all the attributes of Love, excepting the bow, quiver, and arrows.”

“Yes,” answered she, smiling; “all, excepting the mischievous. It has all that the wiser and the better of the ancients attributed to him. But do you really see no difference?”

Again I raised my eyes, and after a while I remarked that the figure was a female, very modest, very

young, and little needing the zone that encompassed her. I suppressed this portion of my observations, innocent as it was, and only replied,

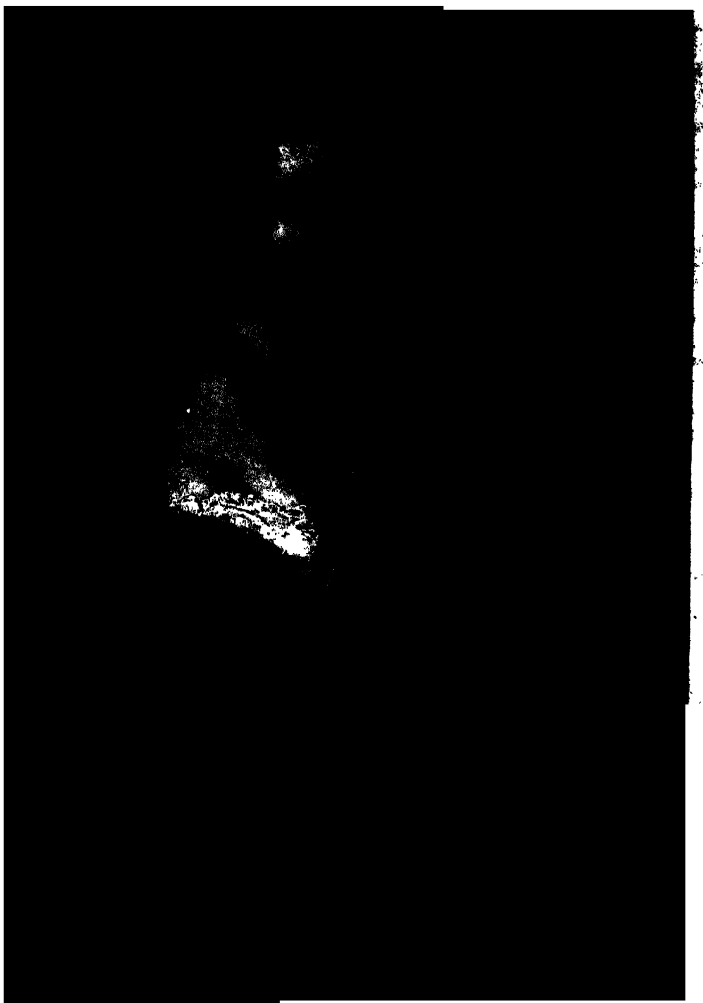
“ I see that the torch is borne above the head, and that the eyes are uplifted in the same direction.”

“ Do you remember,” said she, “ any image of Love in this attitude ?”

“ It might be,” I answered ; “ and with perfect propriety.”

“ Yes ; it both might and should be,” said she. “ But,” she continued, “ we are not here to worship Love, or to say any thing about him. Like all the other blind, he is so quick at hearing ; and above all others, blind or sighted, he is so ready to take advantage of the slightest word, that I am afraid he may one day or other come down on us unaware. He has been known before now to assume the form of Friendship, making sad confusion. Let us deprecate this, bending our heads devoutly to the Deity before us.”

Was it a blush, or was it the sun of such a bright and genial day, that warmed my cheek so vividly while it descended in adoration ; or could it be, by any chance or casualty, that the veil touched it through which the breath of my virgin guide had been passing ? Whatever it was, it awakened me. Again my eyes fell on the open book ; to rest on it, not to read it ; and I neither dreamed nor slumbered a second time that day.



ON THE
PORTRAIT OF LADY ARTHUR LENNOX.

BY THOMAS D'OYLY, ESQ.

LADY, in whose every feature
Beauty beams with purest light,
Scarce thou look'st an earthly creature,
For this mortal sphere too bright.

Worthy of a world's devotion,
From the frame thou seem'st to start
Quick with life, endued with motion :
Well the limner's done his part.

Leaves of verdant ivy tender
Mingling in thy tresses twine ;
That fair form, more fair to render,
Art and Grace at once combine.

One soft hand retains a flower
That might deck thy snowy brow—
Emblem of life's briefest hour,
Of the brightly flitting *Now*.

“ ONE TEAR.”

BY MRS. MABERLY.

I WOULD not have thee love like me,
Nor listen to the vow
My wild heart breathes, I would not see
A shadow on thy brow !

Holy, and calm, and very fair,
A word of love might wound thee ;
And shall I seek, by burning prayer,
To break the spell around thee ?

I could not bear to know thy breast
A prey to passion's fears,
Mine be the hours of dark unrest,
Of sorrow and of tears.

But thou, do thou move calmly on,
Thy path where roses bloom ;
My weary day is almost done,
It closes o'er my tomb.

E'en now its shadows round me fall.
When I am gone, to me
A tear thou'lt give, “ One Tear ! ”—'tis all
I ever asked of thee !

THE STUDENTEN-KNEIPE.

A TALE OF HEIDELBERG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE."

I WAS slowly travelling along, following the course of that glorious river, the *Rhine*, the pride of Germany, towards the south of that romantic country, my thoughts, if thoughts they were, bound up in a delicious reverie, wherein the Past, the Present, and the Future, seemed as one; my mind, as it were, intoxicated with all I had seen, all I had heard, of the magic scene around me, so that I had no other consciousness than that I had at length achieved the burning desire my heart had entertained for years. I was actually journeying on the borders of *the Rhine*, where every height and craggy rock around me was crowned with ancient castles, or splendid ruins "grim and hoar," each of which I had been informed by my talkative guide, Wilhelm Müller (a genuine lover of the marvellous), possessed some wonderful legend of witchcraft or of murder, of charnelled ghost or midnight banqueting of unholy priests; I was, in fact, oppressed and overcome with excess of awe and admiration, and could no longer bear the incessant

talking of my light-hearted companion ; it seemed to irritate my overwrought feelings ; I longed to be *alone*, to meditate at my ease on the mighty past, so I desired the good-tempered fellow to leave me for a few hours, and seek refreshment at the little village of Capellen, that he might order beds and entertainment for us, and told him that I would join him there soon after sunset. It was a relief to me when he left me.

“ So this, then, is the river of enchantment ! ” I mentally exclaimed ; “ every mile of which, from its birth-place in the everlasting Alps to its grave (as far as it regards our tracing), in the sands of Holland, where it sinks from human sight, but still pursues its way to its final place of destination, the *ocean*, is full of sublimity and beauty ! Let me look at thee at leisure, beauteous Rhine, and listen to thy roarings in thy impetuous course ! What need of all this dashing and foaming ? What means this turmoil and apparent haste ? Where art thou going, mighty river ? ‘ *To my grave !* ’ thou answerest me ; and so am I, but let me do it calmly, reflectively. Why should I gallop pell-mell on, as thou dost, to darkness and forgetfulness ?

“ And that is the magnificent ruin of the once splendid castle of Stolzenfels,” I continued, gazing up at it as it stared me full in the face ; “ in thee was perpetrated (so honest Wilhelm has informed me), a most awful scene of bloodshed many centuries back ; and thou hast been left tenantless and desolate ever since ! Thy spacious halls roofless and overgrown

with ivy and noxious weeds! What! dost thou beckon me up to thy dismantled chambers, as if thou wouldst have again *one* being of flesh and blood thread the mazes of thy solitude?" And so *inebriate* was now become my imagination, that I fancied the unglazed windows and open doorways of that grey ruin *looked* at me as if with imploring eyes, and that I heard a sound, amidst that of the rushing waters beside me, saying, "Stranger, come up hither; I have somewhat to impart to thee!"

There are some quiet matter-of-fact persons who, seeing me in my then excited state of mind, would have ordered me to have had my head shaved and a blister applied to it; perhaps a sedative of some sort or kind would have done me good, but the reins of Reason had only slipped out of my hands for a short season, and the *Spirit of Romance* was now running away with me, helter-skelter, over precipices and frowning chasms, at forty-horse power speed; in fact, she, this same spirit, caused me to clamber up the rugged face of that mountain without breaking my neck, and set me down, panting it is true, but in a whole skin, in one of the ruined stone galleries of Stolzenfels. I knew not for what purpose I was there, or *how* I should ever get down again, as I was unacquainted with the path that once led circuitously up to it, but which had fallen, by long disuse, into decay.

There is a particular Providence, I have often heard, over children and *persons who are intoxicated*; let them tumble about ever so fearfully, seldom do

they meet with serious injury. Thus goes the adage. Why such peculiar favour should be shewn to votaries of the rosy god I know not, but that it was extended to *me*, during my mind's drunkenness at Stolzenfels, I verily believe; I met not with one stumble, as far as I can recollect, up my precipitous way. Oh, that the ascent to Heaven could be as easily scaled! Perhaps it is to those who have the *inflatus* full upon them, as I had then. It gives wings to the feet, vigour to the arm, strength of nerve to the whole frame. So martyrs have met their fate—so heroes have braved every danger—so patriots have bled—and so I, once in my life at least, under the magic influence of Romance, found myself seated against a broken pillar at the refulgent hour of sunset, in that noble ruin, looking down upon the superb river below, which, on account of the distance, appeared tranquil as a lake, although the rush of its agitated waves still reached my ears, and told me of the delusion. There I sat, heated, entranced, drinking in at my eyes larger draughts from the cup of inebriation, until, I suppose, I fell fast asleep.

Whether I was in a sort of poetic trance or not I cannot say; but my consciousness was first awakened by a sort of whispering sound near me, and, turning my eyes in the direction from which it came, the moonbeams, now pouring gloriously through the dismantled windows, shewed me clearly the outlines of *two figures*, both habited in flowing white, and appearing, from the peculiar pale light with which they were surrounded, as if they were formed from mouu-

mental marble. But then the sound that issued from them, how could I account for that? In a moment there rushed through my brain the thought that I was in the presence of supernatural beings, and my blood froze in my veins at the conviction.

Oh! how agonising is that state where the nerves are held in strong and unnatural tension, where every hair on the head seems as if it were sympathetic with the wild, deep, but often suppressed throbbings of the overwrought heart; and the eyes, strained almost to bursting, have neither the power to close or turn themselves away from what they gaze on? I have full remembrance of that unutterable moment, and feel now how vast is the *gulf of separation* between us poor, weak, trembling mortals and beings that are disembodied! We must, indeed, put off this clothing, made up of a net-work of sensitive fibres, each communicating with a still more sensitive organ, the brain, to be able to endure calmly the presence of spirits, and talk to them as man converses with man.

How long I thus remained paralysed with terror it is impossible to guess, for I had lost all notion of *time*, and space, and identity: I heard a sound as of voices, but it was indistinct, nor could my sense of hearing, partaking my general alarm, collect a single *idea*, from what it heard, to convey to my wildly agitated brain, in order to soothe the beatings of my heart.

I am not describing myself here as a *hero* or a *philosopher* I well know, but am relating, with the finger of *Truth*, things as they actually occurred to a

sort of dreamy, romantic, young man, in very weak health, just out of a nervous fever, who had imbibed a strong fancy for German literature, and was now nearly beside himself at arriving at the summit of his wishes, traversing the borders of *the Rhine*, and clambering up, he knew not how, to the legendary castle of Stolzenfels.

At length I was enabled to collect a few articulate words, spoken at a distance, and, as far as I could understand them, in my dreadfully agitated state, they were these:—

“Meet me at Heidelberg, at the *Studenten-Kneipe*, on May the 17th.”

Another voice replied, “Fail not!” and I thought I distinguished the words, “It was not *murder*, but justifiable homicide;” but I cannot be positive, for another wonder seized me, that disembodied spirits, as I concluded these two beings to be, should, in their private whispered conversation, speak of *time* precisely as we on earth do — “*The 17th of May!*” It seemed, in my idea, to lower the character and nature of spirits; so I gathered up courage enough to look at them again, for my nerves had relaxed a little during this mental observation, and I had closed my strained eyes for a single instant. When I opened them both the figures had disappeared. The beams of the full moon shot down straight over the place they had occupied. A sickening sensation, as of approaching death, quite opposite to the one I had lately endured, came upon me: every nerve seemed as if relaxed in a moment; a tinkling of bells sounded in

my ears, a cold perspiration bedewed my forehead, and I sank backward in a swoon.

On recovering, I found myself in a neat comfortable bed, the curtains as white as snow, at the little village inn of Capellen, with my host's pretty daughter, Margaret, on one side of me, and on the other my faithful servant and guide, Wilhelm Müller.

I heard from their discourse, that Wilhelm, having become alarmed at my non-arrival at the inn the previous evening, had, with three or four stout peasants, sought me in the dreaded castle of Stolzenfels, and partaking somewhat of my alarm, for they declared they had seen an apparition, *all in white*, pass along the broken parapet of the great stone gallery, they had found me lying senseless at the base of one of the marble columns, and not far from me a richly ornamented *cigar-case* half filled with the very best Havannahs, and the *patent tinder still warm*, as if it had lately been used.

"My master does not smoke," said Wilhelm to the pretty Margaret. I *felt*, more than knew, that she *was* pretty, from the deference with which my German servant addressed her, and from the sweetness of her voice. Oh! how much is there in a voice!

"I never heard that *ghosts* smoked tobacco," urged my host's daughter. "Besides, this beautiful case, I see, was made in *Paris*, and has a coronet worked on it. But I think the gentleman moves."

"That case belongs to *me*, young woman," cried I, drawing aside the snowy curtain with a trembling

hand, for I felt at any rate I had the best right to it from what I had suffered.

Margaret put it, blushing, into my hand, and I promised her a ducat when I had breakfasted. This was a *hint* for her departure. I desired Wilhelm not to speak to me on the adventure of the previous evening, which seemed to cause him severe disappointment, for muttering to himself, "Just as Mynheer pleases, but people will *think* what they like for all that," he began to busy himself about preparing my toilet, whistling, in an under tone, some favourite popular air, which I told him I could dispense with.

"It is a pity Mynheer does not send for a Lutheran priest, and *tell* all that is on his mind," said Wilhelm, with the water-jug in his hand, after filling a large basin with its contents; "I never saw Mynheer *use* that cigar-case all the time I have lived with him."

"Probably not," answered I, dryly. "Can't an English gentleman smoke a cigar in a damp ruin, but he must give an account of it to his domestic?"

My heart smote me for my harsh and equivocating reply to my faithful servant, after he had taken so much pains, too, to seek me out—shewn so much affection in the care of me since; but I was in no humour to talk to him just then; I wished to be *alone* once more, to ruminate at my leisure; and the words still rang in my ears,—

"*Meet me at Heidelberg, at the Studenten-Kneipe, on May the 17th.*"

“Was that mysterious phrase addressed to *me* or to his companion?” I exclaimed aloud, forgetful of the presence of my loitering, inquisitive attendant.

“Did Mynheer see *two* of them then?” inquired Wilhelm, his eyes opened to their full extent.

“Go and prepare my breakfast, sir,” said I, sternly. “Did I not say I would not be questioned?”

In a few minutes I heard him whistling away below, and chatting gaily to Margaret, as he assisted her to put the breakfast things in order and boil my chocolate and eggs.

On the day following I was on my road to Heidelberg. I was obliged, by weakness, to remain one day at Capellen.

The mountains of Leibenstein and Sternenfels, each topped with a ruined castle, invited me, quite as strongly as did the preceding one of Stolzenfels, to scale their high precipitous foundations and to visit their tenantless chambers, but I heeded them not. In vain Wilhelm, the everlasting Wilhelm, related to me, *en passant*, a strange and wild legend respecting those two mountains called “*The Brothers* ;” and the feuds once caused in those decaying castles by the love borne by the two barons’ sons of one for the Lady Geraldine in the opposite one, whose hair hung down several inches on the ground, so that she was obliged, in walking, to throw it across her arm, as ladies do their trains, her father not choosing she should twist it up in a knot behind, because the peasant-girls so dressed their sun-burnt locks; and how she dedicated those auburn ringlets and herself

to the Virgin, who, because of their excessive beauty, would not suffer them to be cut off when she professed, or even to cover them with a hood and veil when she became the abbess of the convent she built in the valley between "*The Brothers*;" and how a youthful priest, in shriving her, was struck dumb, because he attempted to cut off a single lock of that long fair hair as an offering to his patron-saint or with impure affection, it never was ascertained which, and recovered it not until he had presented an enormous *gold chalice* to Geraldine's convent, or rather to the image of the Virgin there. Still I hurried on my route to Heidelberg.

After resting the night at Bingen, and being struck with the beautiful Roman bridge I crossed, I pursued my way, not stopping to look at any thing, but muttering constantly to myself, "Yes, I will meet you both on the 17th of May;" "Nothing but death shall prevent my being at Heidelberg, and at the *Studenten-Kneipe* at the appointed time."

Weary was I, and so was Wilhelm, as could be clearly understood from himself, for he whistled no longer his favourite air, or endeavoured to attract my attention by his "legendary lore," or a single remonstrance upon the jaded state of our horses and the little repose I had afforded either myself or him since we had left the comfortable little inn at Capellen. Perhaps the form and face of the pretty Margaret still floated over his remembrance, and added regret to his weariness. I had observed that he lingered a minute or so after me as I departed from mine

host's, no doubt to give a parting salute to the cheek of his charming daughter. I read it thus in the self-satisfied smile that sat upon the rogue's lips, as he joined me, and demanded, "Whether Mynheer was not well pleased with the accommodation he had met with at the Silver Swan?"

"Most truly, sir," answered I, smiling in my turn; "and, now I think of it, I had promised my little nurse a ducat for returning me—*my cigar-case*. Take it, Wilhelm, and present it to her, with my compliments when next you meet."

"I thought I perceived Mynheer presenting it himself," said Wilhelm, colouring deeply, which shewed how closely he had been watching us both.

"True, Wilhelm, but she will not refuse another for the satisfaction she has given to my honest domestic *at parting*;" and I looked archly at him.

"Margaret would *scorn* to receive money for any favour she might please to confer on *those she liked*," answered my servant, a little resentfully, and refusing to take the piece of gold I offered him.

"Pshaw, Wilhelm," said I; "if I had kissed the girl myself, and then paid her for it, you could only look as you now do. Tell her it is to buy a breast-knot, when she is to be married to a certain whistling, ghost-loving fellow, of the name of —." Before I could pronounce it, Wilhelm had taken the piece of gold, and resumed his place in the rear. I saw how it was; he had often been at the "*Silver Swan*" before, and was the *fiancé* of the pretty Margaret.

But, wayworn and reflective, we were now ap-

proaching the ancient city of Heidelberg. It was evening, and, as I had computed well, it was on the 16th of May, the day *previous* to the mysterious appointment, signified by the beings I had beheld at Stolzenfels, whether of this world or not was yet to be known—whether intended for me that appointment, or for each other, was equally uncertain. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair, was, that I imagined the language used by these two white-robed, cigar-smoking gentry, was *Irish*; but *how* they had been able to preserve that accent, if disembodied, was to me another wonder, for, though Irish myself, and consequently believing myself to be a descendant of “the most ancient race on earth;” which the very name of our abode proves to have been styled “*believers*,” when all the rest of the earth was in the very depth of darkness and superstition, as the great *Moullah Feroze*, the Palahir teaches us, that *Iran* is the plural of *Ein*, and means “the country of believers,” or the *Sacred Isle*. I was puzzled. Perhaps it is accorded to them alone, I argued, to keep their peculiar accent, at least until they are quietly laid in their graves. All this, and more, I probably may learn to-morrow; and I spurred on my wearied mare. At length we reached Heidelberg.

We passed through the *Manheim* gate, and down the long Hauptstrasse, which appeared endless. I looked at many enticing inns, Brown Bears, Green Dragons, and White Harts, but rode on.

“Where will Mynheer please to alight?” ventured to ask the disconsolate Wilhelm. “There is

an excellent hotel yonder to the right, beds fit for the emperor, and a larder that an archbishop would smile at;" but, without turning my head, I rode on.

"They keep the finest Johannisburg and all sorts of wines at the Golden Eagle, just at that corner," remonstrated my nearly exasperated servant, riding up abreast of me, and touching his cap. "There is a terrible storm coming over the brow of the Jettenbühl yonder, where the castle stands; and, believe me, a storm in Heidelberg is no joke, Mynheer. They have a proverb here which I well remember, and the severe wetting I once got by not attending to it."

"What is the proverb, Wilhelm?" I asked, with most provoking indifference, my thoughts being on another subject.

"There is always much wisdom tucked up under the wing of a proverb," resumed my servant, brightening up a little at being requested to recite. He cleared up his throat, and began:—

"When the Jettenbühl puts on his dark cap of grey,
Both horseman and footman should hie them away;
But when it looks black on the old Odenwald,
Expect by the storm to be soon overhauled!"

Wilhelm gave me this Heidelberg proverb in its native German, knowing me to be a tolerable proficient in his language, but I have done the best I could to give it an English version.

“And there,” added the poor fellow, “if Mynheer will but turn his head, he will see the black mantle gathering, like a curtain, over the ‘Odenwald’ himself. Let me pray you to seek shelter somewhere. See, large drops are pattering on the pavement, and there is that awful stillness which always forebodes the bursting forth of the hurricane.”

“Whereabouts, Wilhelm,” I inquired, “is the great *Studenten-Kneipe* of Heidelberg? I shall lodge there to-night.”

“Lodge at the *Studenten-Kneipe*!” uttered the man, in utter amazement. “Why Mynheer might as well attempt to get repose in the very entrails of Hell itself! It is quite clear *milor Anglais* knows nothing of the *Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe*, or he would not have such a wish.”

“It is for that very reason, my good fellow, that I am resolved to go,” answered I, with cool determination; “so shew me the way at once, for the ‘black cap’ on the ‘Odenwald,’ I see, looks like that on a judge’s head before he condemns a man to execution.”

Wilhelm knew nothing respecting the customs of the judge in England, but he was aware that the storm was close at hand, and was willing to get shelter any where; knowing also, by the tone of his master, that he *would* be obeyed, he made the best of his way towards the favourite place of entertainment of the Heidelberg students, and, much to the amazement of the host himself, demanded, “if his master, an *English lord* (for English and Irish were the same to him,

and all had patents of nobility), could have accommodation there for the night?"

"We are seldom asked for *beds*," replied the rubicund landlord; "but," winking with his eye to the German servant, "we can deny no favour to the *English*, for reasons you and I understand well enough; of course I am not bound to supply your master with *sleep*, but he is welcome to lay himself down on my own bed, which is on the third story; but he must not mind our Heidelberg boys; they won't bear the muzzle on their mouths, and it is just now high change with them."

"You have no private room here, I suppose?" inquired Wilhelm; "and as for the horses, what are we to do with them?"

"There is a hostelry next door," said I, after reconnoitring the premises, "and you, Wilhelm, can take charge of them there; I shall not want your assistance here. Bring me up the little *valise* into my host's chamber, which he has so kindly promised me the use of, and *call* me to-morrow precisely at six o'clock."

"There will not be much occasion for that," muttered Wilhelm, and I saw him put up his hand significantly to his own head when he thought I was looking another way, and I began to think that the fellow was right. What had I to do, if in my sober senses, with this detestable, uproarious *Studenten-Kneipe*, the clamour of which nearly stunned me at the present moment, although I had not yet entered within its doors? Why should I follow up an adventure which

had already produced on my weak frame insensibility and horror? What might it not lead to? But *Destiny*, or rather my own *will*, worked up to an unnatural state of obstinacy, would listen to no arguments. I determined that I would be at the *rendezvous* of the mysterious pair *on the 17th of May*, and see what would come of it.

I entered, when I had thus made up my mind, with a sort of desperate courage; as if like an instrument, I had wound myself up until every string was ready to crack. I entered into the principal hall of the Pandemonium; all the windows were open, and yet so dense was the atmosphere from tobacco-smoke that I could discern nothing, and actually stumbled against one of the four long tables that ran through the immense room, and, had I not been guided to a seat in a distant corner by "mine host," should never have found my way. I was perfectly stupified with the fumes around me, deafened by the various shoutings, yellings, vociferations, and uproar, that met my ear. I could distinguish no particular sound, where so many co-mingled and sought for mastery. But tallow-candles were, at length, brought in abundance; I had two placed on my little table, and some refreshment, such as it was, and I then could begin dimly to perceive, through the clouds of smoke, some of the principal objects in this extended hall, which was any thing but a "Hall of Science."

"I smell a *fox*," cried the president of the night, a pale, thin young man, seated in an old high-backed elbow-chair with two tarnished gilt lions at the front

corners, which was mounted upon a couple of empty beer-barrels. "Silentium!" he roared, striking with his long wand of office the empty barrel nearest to him; "I smell, I say, a nasty, skulking *fox* in yonder corner; hunt him out, and let us singe his brush."

Mine host interfered, and let the president know, with a deep sonorous voice, that the *fox*, that is, myself, a *new-comer*, was under his especial protection, his guest, and, moreover, an English lord upon his travels.

A tremendous shout followed this announcement, and I found that at that precise moment the English were popular with the *Burtchen*, or German students; and they insisted on "making me free of their *Kneipe*," which I was obliged to submit to. The ceremony was performed by making me pass three times round the room, beneath the archway formed by a continuity of *naked swords*, held two by two at about a foot and a half distant from each other, by the students, and joining in the chorus that they greeted me with. It is impossible to translate the *spirit* with which this full chorus was given, accompanied by the clashing of the naked swords against each other, as crowned by the president's own crimson cap, with long streaming green feathers, I walked under the glittering and clashing archway. The following may convey a feeble idea of it:—

No *fox* shall he be ;
But join in our glee,
Our freaks he shall see,
Provided that he,

Is as joyous as we,
 As brave and as free—
 Jolly students of Heidelberg college !
 So clash away, boys,
 Hurrah ! for the joys
 Of drinking in *wine* with our knowledge !
 Now jingle each glass,
 To the health of each lass ;
Amo and *amas*,
 Let us shout as we pass ;
 Jolly students of Heidelberg College !
 So clash away, boys,
 Hurrah ! for the joys
 Of drinking in wine with our knowledge !

It seemed I gave these turbulent sons of the university entire satisfaction in going through this *gracious* ceremony, for such it was intended to be, and I was allowed to take my place, as a particular mark of civility, in another old-fashioned arm-chair, which was hoisted up upon a single beer-barrel rolled to the feet of the president, who received again his *cap of maintenance*. And there I witnessed at my ease, if ease can be supposed to live one moment in a *Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe*, all the forms and outrageous follies of a set of wild, drunken, half-mad young men, who fancied the more noise they made, and the greater extravagances they committed, the more worthy they were of the glorious name of *Burtchen*. I was introduced to the different classes forming that motley assembly, and to the most renowned *leaders* of each. Such was the manner of the introduction :—

“ Brave English brother, this is Von-Kranich from Little Gottingen, who liked our brave Heidelberg better than his own owlsh nest: he is the leader of the ‘ Princes of Twilight.’

“ This blustering blade is better than he looks, his name is Schwartz; he is from Coblantz, and has arrived to the high honour of commanding the renowned troop of ‘ Mossy-heads.’ Respect him, noble English brother.

“ And here comes the Prince of the ‘ Pomatum Unicorns.’ Bow low before him. Is he not a true descendant of the mighty Baron of Stolzenfels?”

I started at this name, and turned so deadly pale that the president himself handed to me a brimming goblet from his own particular flask, a rich Rhenish wine, and I, partly to conceal my emotion, partly to act in unison with the scene around me, drained it to the bottom, and tossed the empty glass over my left shoulder.

“ Softly, *milor Anglais*,” shouted the president, “ you have nearly broken the head of his high mightiness the general of our first order, our commander-in-chief: do not even I, the presiding planet of the evening, own the power of our great Strasburg leader, Hohenfels, supreme magnet of the immense body of the ‘ Old Ones,’ the terror of Heidelberg —— And there — put a plaster to thy forehead, Hohenfels, and I pr’ythee, man, draw not thy sword; he aimed the goblet not at thee, I swear it by my scarlet cap and wand of office, but at our landlord’s brindled cat, who is, we all allow,

a ghost in disguise, perchance, that of thy great-grandmother, Stolzenfels, who walks, they tell us, to this hour."

"No jokes on my great-grandmother, master President," muttered the leader of the "Pomatum Unicorns," whom I had wounded also, drawing his sword, and aiming a blow across the legs of the exalted president, who, rising to defend himself, overturned the worm-eaten arm-chair and the two barrels; I jumped from my place of preferment, and retired to my remote corner, whilst a general skirmish took place, some hallooing out, "Shame! shame! to attempt to strike our president!" "Support the chair!" Others, "How dared he call the Baron's grandmother a '*brindled cat*'?" Again, I heard, "'Twas the English booby's fault; see what a cut the goblet gave." The affray getting thicker and thicker, I took the proffered advice of "mine host," and stole off unperceived to his surrendered bed; and seeing it decorated with a couple of snow-white sheets, and a purple silk counterpane, worked in coloured silk embroidery with the arms of Austria, I very gladly threw my wearied self within the inviting embrace of such a dormitory, and, putting a sufficient quantity of wool into my ears, plucked from the soft warm blankets of that same bed at Heidelberg, to shut out the uproar below, I soon fell soundly to sleep, and dreamed of rivers of blood, and brindled cats, and grandmothers walking in their winding-sheets, and dancing quadrilles with mewing mousers, until the morning, when Wilhelm came on tiptoe into

my room, and looked through my curtains with an air as if he would say, "Are you alive or not, master of mine?"

"*This is the 17th of May*, is it not, Wilhelm?" asked I, rubbing my eyes, and trying to collect my thoughts.

"Yes, Mynheer, and I wish with all my heart that it was over," answered my servant, with a profound sigh, "for I hear you have a *duel* to fight this morning with the young Baron of Stolzenfels for having thrown a tumbler of Rhenish at his head last night."

"The devil I have!" I exclaimed, starting upright in bed; "I thought that affair was settled last night."

"No, Mynheer, the president tried all he could do, and so did the great Order of 'The Old Ones,' and the landlord tells me he interfered, and swore that you were not English after all, but a mad-brained Irishman, just out of a nervous fever, which had left you madder than you were before; but the Baron would not be pacified; '*Blood should be repaid with blood*,' he declared, and he has sent the challenge by me, whom he sought out about three this morning in the little hostelry close by. A fragment of the glass it seems had cut his forehead."

"And how did the landlord know that I was *Irish*," I demanded, "and that I was just out of a nervous fever?"

Wilhelm coloured up to his eyes, and owned that he had given a hint of that sort the evening before, as he feared, he said, "*Something would happen*."

An Irishman can never be a coward, or much dis-

like a duel : still I did not like my “17th of May” to be so broken in upon. I therefore hastily dressed, and, getting implements of writing from “mine host,” I penned, in the best German I could muster, the following note :—

“Baron of Stolzenfels,—I will not fight you to-day, for I have vowed to keep an appointment *here* on this 17th of May, with —, no matter who. This day is not my own, but to-morrow I will meet you, with all your ‘Pomatum Unicorns’ at your rear, at any hour or place you choose.—O’BRYAN.”

I despatched this laconic note by Wilhelm, to the residence of the young Baron, who lived near the celebrated ruin of the castle of Heidelberg, considered to be only second in magnificence to the Alhambra of Granada.

I received the following answer from my challenger :—

“In my mad fury against thee, insolent Englishman or Irishman—I care not a whiff of tobacco which—I had forgotten that *I also had an engagement on this day*, and am glad thou hast reminded me of it. I can as well bore a few holes in thee to-morrow as to-day, so meet me, without fail, on the summit of the *Rent Tower* at six of the clock of the morning. I will be waiting for thee under the cluster of linden-trees there, growing out of stones and mortar, like modesty in the heart of a great city. I know not how it is, but I have written away half of my resentment against thee. Perhaps, after all, thou aimedst the tumbler at the landlord’s brindled cat, and not at the heir of a hundred

generations, the descendant of the Baron Stolzenfels, who never could brook an insult, as his old hacked sword, worn as thin as a pen-knife, can well attest. If I do not kill thee to-morrow, Irish O'Bryan, for that I find is thy name, I will shew thee this sword of his, hanging up in its gold scabbard behind my parlour door. Adieu. I wonder what engagement *thou* shouldst have at Heidelberg on the 17th of *May*! 't is confounded strange.—STOLZENFELS."

"I rather like the humour of this blustering blade," thought I, on reading this strange epistle; "he too has it seems something to do, somebody to see on this said 17th of *May*. What a remarkably handsome young fellow is this my foe, for I caught a full view of him as they were plastering up his noble forehead at the *Studenten-Kneipe* last night! At any rate, I will go up to Jettenbühl, and get a peep at the mighty castle there, the glory of Heidelberg, for there will be no company for some hours, at least, in my present lodging; to-morrow, if I should not be drilled like a cullender by this same blustering Baron, I will provide myself with better quarters, or leave Heidelberg for ever." I set off accordingly, attended by Wilhelm, who was a most excellent guide; he pointed out to me the chapel of Saint Udalrick, so famous before his death for the miracles it was believed that he performed, especially for the improvement of *female beauty*. No wart, or pimple, or squint, or hump on the back, could stand his presence; even age, deafness, and decrepitude, fled his approach, leaving the late possessors of them beautiful and young. No wonder his memory was hallowed

by the fair sex, who carried votive offerings of fruits and flowers to his tomb, especially on the 17th of *May*, which was the anniversary of his death, and consequently his beatitude.

The rushing impetuous stream, the Neckar, was fast flowing in the valley below. I visited the splendid palace and adorned terraces of Elizabeth, the idolised wife of Frederick the Pfälzgraf, and the "Giants' Tower," and Otho's Rittersaal, the Count Palatine of the Rhine; but as "Odenwald," the dreaded, began to gather an ominous frowning cloud upon his lofty brow, I was again admonished to seek shelter, so, about two o'clock, I found myself again seated at my former corner in the *Studenten-Kneipe*, and, though it was at that early hour, the room was reeking with the combined smell of beer and tobacco-smoke; and there lay in the chimney-corner, swept up to a heap, many bushels of broken pipes and goblets, which I found were only cleared away once a-year, and were then paid for by a general contribution of the students, before they left for the vacation, at the rate of so much per bushel.

* * * * *

"And how did you like Heidelberg Castle, Monsieur O'Bryan, as you saw it through the mist this morning?" said a very pleasing voice to me, as I sat sipping a glass of execrable beer, that I might do as the rest.

I looked up and beheld the fine eyes of the Baron Stolzenfels gazing at me, with a whimsical sort of smile breaking out at the corners of his chiselled mouth; he had placed a long strip of court-plaster across his lofty brow, to conceal the injury my unlucky tumbler

had occasioned him. He looked *inquisitively* also at me, but the good-humoured smile still prevailed over all.

"You have been all over the ruins there, have you not?" continued he, smiling still more at my amazement; "are they not magnificent?"

"I wish they had been *grey* instead of red," I calmly answered; "but if—that is, if I am not *hacked to pieces* by your lordship's redoubted sword, I mean to spend many more hours there." The Baron laughed outright.

"I trust you are not severely injured by my ill-directed missile of last night?" said I seriously; "allow me to apologise for the accident."

"My dear fellow," cried the Baron, extending his hand towards me, "these trifling scars only add another leaf to my chaplet of renown; you see I am determined it should be noticed."

"Is the cut deep?" I demanded, as I admiringly gazed upon the extreme beauty of his polished brow.

"Geraldine can tell you better than I can," said the Baron.

"And who is Geraldine?" I inquired musingly, for the name lingered about my ear as having been made the subject of a romantic legend by my servant.

"Not the Abbess of the Golden-hair certainly," said my companion, who seemed to divine my thoughts; "but my little sister, who proved her skill in surgery, this morning, by covering this mark of your prowess from her needle-case."

"Your sister can *give* wounds as well as heal them,"

I said, with all an Irishman's gallantry, "if she at all resembles her brother."

"And become the leader of the 'Pomatum-Unicorns,' like him," laughingly observed the Baron; "*but come and see*; we will all three sit together upon the bench under those same linden-trees, on the Rent Tower you wot of, that are a wonder to all who see them, how they get their sustenance, growing out of the cleft made by lightning in that old tower. Geraldine and I resemble them," he added in an undertone, "we flourish in the midst of *desolation*, and the downfall of our ancient house."

I could of course return no answer to this allusion; but before he had time to observe my hesitation he started to the door, and caught by the hand a young student, most fantastically dressed, who just then entered the room, with a guitar fastened round his neck by a purple riband. Not Apollo, on his fabled descent to earth, would have appeared more beautiful; auburn ringlets were hanging about his elegantly turned shoulders; he was clothed in a green vest, and his dark azure eye was full of inspiration and poetry.

There was a shout of triumph through that large assembly. "Albert is returned," was echoed by a hundred voices.

"Another linden-tree," cried the Baron, presenting the juvenile stranger to me, after he had been cheered and hailed by all the Heidelberg students, who came pouring in until the room was actually choked by them. "Mr. O'Bryan, this is my young brother, who, being one of us mad *Burtchen*, unfortunately got into

an affray with the son of Prince Letcherstein, the Minister of Austria. They tilted together, and the poor boy, the prince's son, got a dangerous wound. An arrest was issued which would have laid up this valorous brother of mine by the heels, and perhaps for life, but that I concealed him for about three months in that old ruin of a castle of ours; and as there is a noted legend connected with it of its being haunted, I clothed him in a long white linen robe, ample and flowing, that he might be taken for an apparition if any stranger should chance to visit the place, and I fed him as the ravens did Elijah, until the danger was over. The young prince is quite recovered, and has generously written to me, telling me that he had prevailed on his father to relinquish the pursuit of his son's antagonist."

Whilst the Baron continued speaking, I sat as one in a stupified amaze, and so completely absorbed was I in astonishment at this solving of my adventure at Stolzenfels, and my shame at the state to which it had reduced me, that the main actor in it, watching my countenance as he made this explanation, burst out at the end of it into a hearty fit of laughter, and demanded of me, "If I had yet kept my engagement for the 17th of May?"

So confused had I become, that I could hardly yet be satisfied that it was the two brothers, clothed in white drapery, who had given such a shock to my nerves, from my imagining I was in the presence of disembodied spirits, as to throw me into a state of alarming insensibility, and after that have caused me to scamper

through the country like one possessed, that I might keep an appointment at Heidelberg with I knew not whom, nor for what purpose ; but gradually the whole mystery unfolded itself to my comprehension, as all mysteries *will* do, if they are properly analysed, instead of putting them contentedly by, rather desiring they should remain as marvellous and supernatural than as events caused by strange and complex circumstances, somewhat perhaps out of the common course of things.

All the time my mind was *travailing* thus with conviction and thought, the Baron, his young brother, and a host of the students, surrounded me, laughing immoderately ; “ Let him alone,” exclaimed the leader of the “ Old Ones ;” “ The face of this Englishman is as eloquent, and more *visible* a lecture on metaphysics, than any Professor Von Kleist or Wurgendrassel ever gave.”

At length I was obliged to join in the laugh against myself, but it was with an unsatisfied feeling at the bottom of my mind. No one likes to be disenchanted suddenly from a favourite and fixed idea. It seemed to me that I would rather have preserved the notion that I had beheld two beings escaped from human clothing, floating o’er the place they had once inhabited as mortals, than that they should turn out to be the convivial, generous, hot-headed, but really noble Baron of Stolzenfels, one of the *Heidelberg Burtchen*, and his Apollo-looking brother.

“ Give us one of your enchanting love-songs, noble god of Music,” bawled out one of the “ Mossy Heads.”

“ Or the ‘ Wonder Horn,’ that you used to chant ;

or ‘The Skeleton Bride with the worm ring,’” cried another.

“Or ‘The Walpurgis-night in Faust,’” said another. “Come, strike upon that magic little instrument as thou wert wont to do, and charm us all. Much have we missed thee, noble Albert, so begin.”

“I will give you a little ditty I composed up in the old ruin that mocks my brother with the name of its lord; it is not, perhaps, the most gallant one that could be made to Woman, but there is much truth in it, nevertheless.”

Albert of Stolzenfels ran over a graceful prelude on the guitar, and began the following:—

TO WOMAN.

Woman, like a brilliant star,
Should be worshipp'd from afar;
If to *man* she cometh down,
To him her lustre all is gone;
Woman, like a letter seal'd,
Loses value when *reveal'd*;
If by *man* she is read over,
He no longer is her lover.

Woman, like a river flowing,
Should be ever *going, going*;
If she *stay* man's kiss to meet,
No longer are her kisses sweet.
Woman, like the nightingale,
Should *at distance* pour her tale;
Never let her venture near,
If she wishes *man to hear*.

There was a universal shout of "No! no!" from the assembled throng; and, "Horrid advice to the fair sex;" "At a distance forsooth, she knows better than that;" "Albert is but a boy yet;" "He'll soon change his tune," and suchlike exclamations; but though an Irishman, and not over fond of keeping lovely women *at a distance*, still I thought that woman herself might gather something worth attending to by hearing young Albert's little ballad.

My narrative draws to its conclusion. I was taken home, and introduced, with noble frankness, to Geraldine of Stolzenfels by her brothers. What an assemblage of beauty and grace did that trio present to my enchanted eyes when seen together! The effect produced on me at the old ruin was but as a *prophecy* of what would happen. I lost only my consciousness at beholding the brothers, but Geraldine deprived me of my heart, but has bestowed on the fortunate O'Bryan *her own* in return for it, and such happiness as I never dreamed of possessing. The Baron and his brother are both staying with me at my ancient hall in Ireland, which is known by all who visit the "*Sacred Isle*," especially as one of the celebrated "*Round Towers*"—the objects of so much antiquarian discussion—stands on the very outskirts of my park, and brings thousands hither to speculate upon their origin and use. Should any traveller wish for my opinion on the subject, I shall be happy to give it, and such hospitality as "Castle O'Bryan" affords, when he may be gratified with the sight of my peerless Geraldine, who, though worshipped by me

as a brilliant star, has not lost any of her lustre by visiting me in the nearest connexion, and Old Ireland together.
O'BRYAN.

The cigar-case had been a present from the Austrian minister's son to his former friend Albert, who occasionally used it in his solitude at Stolzenfels; he would not receive it back, and it is always replenished with the best Havannahs for those who like smoking. I am myself far too happy ever to think of seeking such an amusement.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY A. H. T.

HARK! the sound of the revel!—'tis the dance, the
glowing song!

Amid Life's stern realities they cannot linger long;
On—on—while all lovely dreams are springing fresh
and warm,

While feelings burst their thralldom in the magic of
the charm!

Can a sudden cloud, at will,

Bid the throbbing pulse be still,

Hush the music, quench the lights, with its desolating
power?

Can a thought, it may be, stirred

By some idle passing word,

Change to silence and to darkness all the beauty of
that hour?

Hush ! the voice of the singer breathes its tenderness
around :

What eloquence e'er sank so deep as that entrancing
sound ?

With its full melodious earnestness, it fills the inmost
heart,

Waking echoes, which through after years can never
all depart !

Yet, even as in the skies

Will a mournful shadow rise,

While sunbeams, like a flood, all their golden glory pour,

Giving light and warmth in vain,

They touch not the dark stain ;

Far, far, o'er all it spreads, till Heaven is seen and felt
no more !

ON

THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE MARTYR.

BY ALEXANDER B. COCHRANE, ESQ. M.P.

THE leaves have fallen from bush and tree, each
roof-top's clad in snow,

The river, laden with its ice, falls tremulous and slow ;

The outcast cowers beneath the porch to screen him
from the sleet,

And the footstep of the steel-clad guard falls echoing
through the street.

DEATH OF CHARLES THE MARTYR.

In truth the night is dark and sad, but not so sad
as when,
To-morrow morn, the streets shall ring with feet of
many men ;
And the mother, and the daughter, and the blue-eyed
maid, shall come,
To see the gallant Stuart King move forward to his
home.

And is that home a happy home? and shall the
cloisters ring
With the chivalry of English hearts, the glories of
our King ?
And shall the watchman on the tower look forth
upon the night,
And see the glories of the heavens bathed in a golden
light ?

There is a sound, but not of joy—a solemn mur-
muring,
Like the crushed notes of harmony when damp has
touched the string ;
The muffled drum is rolling, and the bugle peals its
sound,
And the footsteps of the soldiery tramp on the tented
ground.

But there is *One* who does not weep, as though *He*
did not know
That the nation's heart is breaking fast beneath its
storm of woe,—

One eye that doth not quail, one foot that's ever firm
of tread,
As he moves, like saints in pictures, with a glory
round his head !

For ne'er had England's royal line so brave a monarch
yet,
From the first Rose of Lancaster to bold Plantagenet ;
The gallant and the cavalier, the statesman, all in one,
The father of the peasant's hut, the king upon the
throne.

But the drums they roll more fearfully to drown the
shriek of woe,
And the multitude, like stormy waves, are heaving
to and fro ;
And the man of blood and sin and death has crept
him from his lair,
And the scaffold's strewn with saw-dust and the
battle-axe is bare.

Oh ! we will wash his feet with tears and dry them
with our hair,
For never perished monarch yet so gentle and so fair ;
And many a lady heart shall pray, and lady voice shall
sing,
A solemn, saintly requiem for England's Martyr-King !

THE
FAREWELL OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY JOSEPH WILLIAM DENISON, ESQ. M.P.

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm,
In gallant trim, the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.”—GRAY.

BOUND to my heart, by many a mystic spell,
Dear France, adieu !—a long and last farewell !
Where Friendship wooed me to her fairy arms,
Joined by the Graces, with their fabled charms ;
While Hymen’s torch illumined the festive scene,
And princes worshipped Gallia’s future queen.
To Northern climes my footsteps now must turn,
Where Life’s dull lamp obscurely seems to burn ;
Where barb’rous chieftains, from each Alpine height,
Arm their poor vassals for some deadly fight.
Where the stern Puritan’s fanatic race
Each sacred edifice and shrine deface ;
Our ancient creed and chronicles abjure,
And many a wand’rer from his duty lure.
No works of art, by classic taste refined,
In their rude temples, elevate the mind ;
Devotion-glow “ *no pealing anthems* ” raise,
Or golden tripods, filled with incense, blaze.
What visions flit before my tearful eyes !
At midnight’s hour, what hideous spectres rise !
The passing bell, the “ *requiem* ” chant I hear ;
And weeping friends in sable garb appear.

An exile now, from battle-fields I fly,
And rebel banners flutter in the sky,—
A scaffold then, each throbbing nerve appalls,—
As some lost wretch in vain for mercy calls.

Yet, gracious Heaven ! whate'er Thy just decree,
Hear the poor suppliant on her bended knee ;
Torn from the haunts where all her youth was past,
With dire forebodings whispering in the blast,
Let me — (Thy pardon humbly I implore) —
Again revisit Gallia's smiling shore ;
Her brilliant circles soothe my aching heart,
Which peace and comfort ever will impart.
Let me again, with dear companions, rove
The stately chamber or the gilt alcove ;
Enjoy the revel in some roseate bower,
While Mirth re-echoes through the *Louvre's* tower ;
Nor yet confined to scenes of courtly show,
With manly fire her *Preux Chevaliers* glow ;
Bayards again to honour will appeal,
And *Montmorencys* in my *cortège* kneel.
If these gay dreams forbidden to behold,
Oh ! take my sceptre, diadem, and gold ;
On Seine's loved banks, resigning pomp and state,
Vouchsafe, at least, the peasant's happier fate.
There, free from envy, and exempt from strife,
With each vicissitude of regal life,
Let the smooth currents of existence flow,
'Till Death dark tyrant aims the fatal blow.

