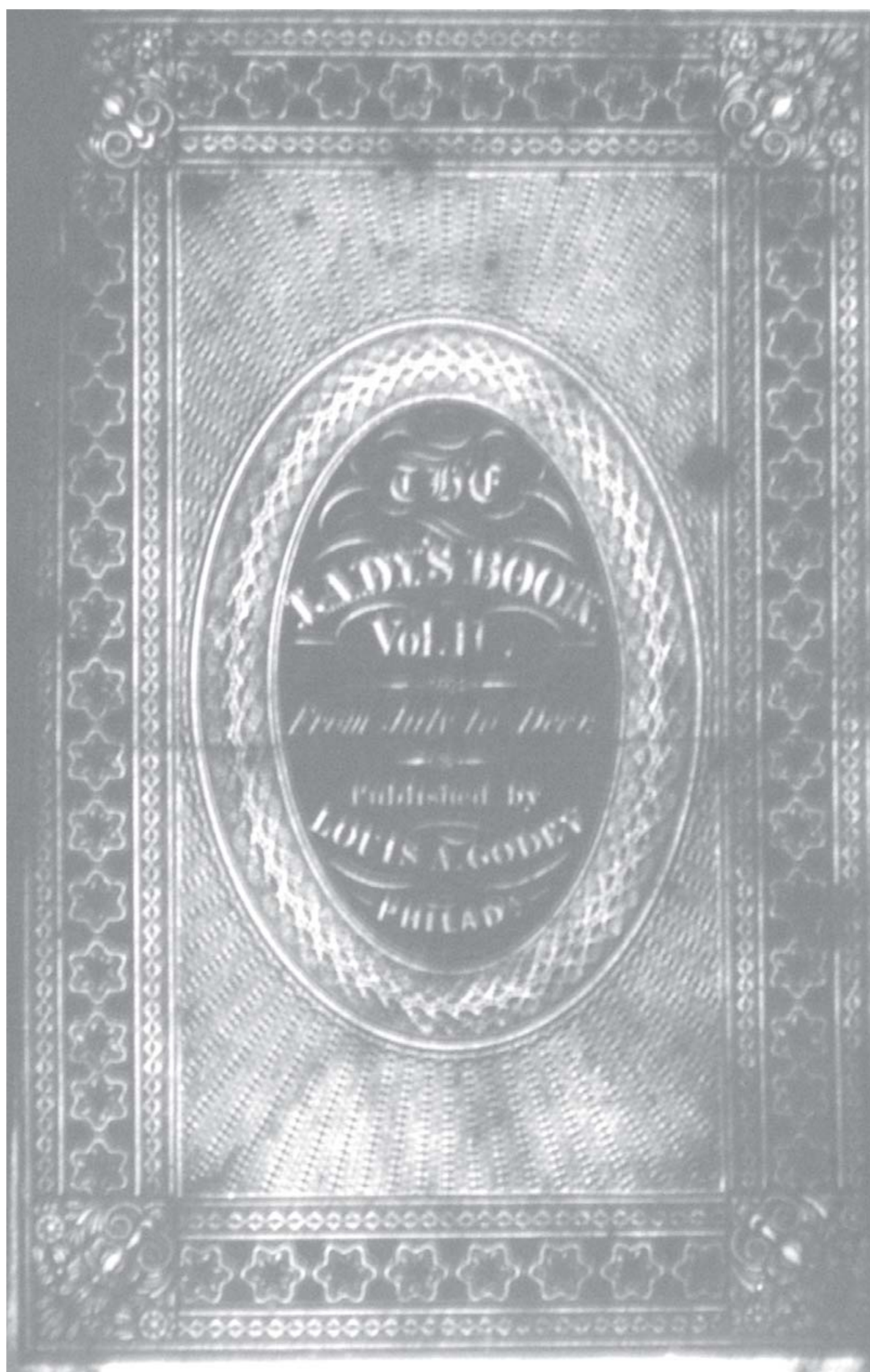

THE
LADY'S BOOK
Vol. II.
From July to Dec.
Published by
LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILAD.

GENERAL INDEX TO VOL. XI.

A

	Page
[illegible], Illustrated,	19
Anthology of Selected Poetry, 61, 127, 185,	260
[illegible], the Student of Padua,	77
Anecdote of Sir Walter Scott,	105
[illegible] Evening and Night in Sweden,	107
[illegible],	133
A Visit to the Abbey of St. Dennis,	134
A Little Child to her Pillow,	137
Anecdotes of Gallantry,	140
A Fragment,	158
[illegible],	166
A Dramatic Sketch,	168
An Awkward Situation,	207
A Man Overboard,	240
A Stray Leaf from a Journal, by Miss C. Gooch,	254

B

Bold Experiment,	55
Biography of Thomas Moore, Illustrated,	129
Do. of Thomas Campbell, do.	ib.
Do. of Robert Southey, do.	170
Do. of William Roscoe, do.	ib.
Do. of Miss Jane Porter, do.	217
Do. of Madame de Stael, do.	ib.
Do. of Hannah More, do.	241

C

Chinese Galleys, Illustrated,	108
Catechism of Health, 117,	231
Clara Mandeville,	121
Cromwell House,	129
Coming of Winter,	253

D

Dutch Customs,	30
Destin'd by Fate, set to Music,	40
Daughters to Introduce,	109
Death of Captain Cook's Widow,	117
[illegible],	142
Description of Queen Elizabeth,	216
Death of Richard II. King of England,	241
Dry Up Your Tears, set to Music,	280
Disappointment,	282
Decorum,	284

E

Excerpts from Old Books,	5
Earth's Demand, Original,	16
Experience of Richard Taylor, Esq.,	17
Excerpts,	47
Eastern Splendour,	50
Extract from Washington's Accounts, Illustrated,	74
Embroidery, 84,	156
Employment,	239
Eve of Saint Simon,	246
Editor's Table,	285

F

Fashions of the Olden Time, Illustrated,	2
Fashionable Female Studies,	38
From the Spanish,	76
Fac Similes of the Signatures of Distinguished American Citizens,	108
Friendship,	126
Fair Play,	ib.
Female Leander,	155
Floating Gardens of Cashmere,	245

G

Gallery of Portraits, 121, 171,	217
Gretna Marriages,	161
General Lafayette,	186
Getting into Society,	208

H

Happiness,	111
Happy Fireside,	185
Holyroodhouse, Illustrated,	273

I

John Tarleton, Original,	31
Johnsoniana, 99,	212
I do not Ask thy Love from Fate,	185
Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,	212
I'll Think of Thee, set to Music,	232
India Rubber, or Caoutchouc,	283

K

Knave and King,	32

L

Last Lines,	18
La Pola,	138
Lady Betty's Pocket Book,	213
Large Headed Quadrupeds,	279

M

Manners of the Court of Charles II.	25
Mineralogy, 37, 60,	106
Mutability,	40
Muirside Maggie,	42
Mysterious Vault in Barbadoes,	50
Marriage Vow,	55
Maternal Influence,	[illegible]
Matrimony,	99
Moral and Personal Deformity,	118
My Father's Legacy,	159
My Very Particular Friend,	260
Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic,	261

N

Norah Connell, Original,	86
Nathan C. Brooks, Portrait and Biography,	97
No More,	191

O

Origin of the Word Valet,	67
Oh, Come to Me Beloved One, set to Music,	88
On Being Told I Must not Sing of Love,	191
Old Money Broker,	276
On a Kiss,	282

P

Philadelphia Fashions, Illustrated, 1,	145
Park Row, New York, Illustrated,	61
Parting,	108
Portuguese Robinson Crusoe,	219
Printing Press in Turkey,	272
Progress of Education in Asia Minor,	286

R

Rules for Hygiene, 24,	189

PAGE

Receipts, ... 48, 144, 192, 240
Remember Me, ... 48
Ruins of New Madrid, ... 83
Rome at Midnight, ... 163
Real Heroism, ... 216
Romance in a Ringlet, ... 289

S

Self Love, ... 11
Stanzas, by the Countess of Blessington, . . . 16
Sister's Love, ... 83
Solomon and Queen Sheba, ... 107
Scripture Anthology, by N. C. Brooks, . 141, 157
Seasons of the Antipodes, ... 155
Sister Roses, set to Music, ... 190
Singular Escape, ... 192
Stanzas, Original, ... 253

T

The Robber of the Abruzzi, ... 3
The Winner Wears, a Tale of Charles the Second's Time, ... 6
The Spirit of Death, ... 12
The Great Man of the Family, ... 13
The Rhodian Vow, Original, ... 15
The Child of Adversity's Grave, Original, . . . 16
The Toilet, ... 36, 59, 111, 186, 239
Tincture of Roses, ... 39
The Heart, ... 40
The Parting Hour, Illustrated, ... 49
The Tomb of the Lovers, ... 51
The Tables D'Hote of Paris, ... 63
The Mousquetaire, ... 68
The Polish Widow to her Son, ... 76
The Young Sioux, ... 84
To the Rhine, ... ib.
The Black Napoleon, ... 85
The Lowland Laird and his men, ... 90
The Fairy Finder, ... 100
The Wife, ... [illegible]
The Brothers Carvajal, ... 107
The Bride, ... 118
True Greatness, ... [illegible]
The Peri's Song, set to Music, ... 135
The Unearthly One, ... 136
The Adieu, ... 137
The Bandit's Confession, ... 141
To the Memory of ——— . . . . . . [illegible]
To Her Who Once Knew Me, Original, . . . ib.
The Convalescent, ... 155
The Light Guitar, ... 164
The Flower Girl of the Pont Neuf, ... 167
The White Horse of the Peppers, ... 171
The Residuary Legatee, ... 187
The Tomb of Byron 189
The Shipwrecked Family, Illustrated, . . . 193
The Solitary, ... 202
The Legend of the Rock, Original, ... 203
The Wedding, Original, ... 204
The Unpresuming Mr. Hudson, ... 220
The Crusader, ... 223
The Lover's Memorandum, ... ib.
The Sandman, ... 224
Twice Lost, but Saved, ... 234
The Serenades, by Miss Leslie, ... 242
Tremendous Earthquakes, ... 251
The Wife's First Love, ... 259
The New Doctor, ... 265
The Slanderer, ... 283

U

University of Virginia, Illustrated, ... 24

W

Westminster Hall, ... 111
What is Education, ... 196
William Penn, Illustrated, ... 201

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

Philadelphia Fashions, ... 1, 147
Fashion of the Olden Times, ... 2
A Puzzle, ... 13
University of Virginia, ... 25
Mineralogy, ... 37, 60, 196
Music, ... 40, 88, 136, 190, 232, 280
The Parting Hour, ... 49
Park Row, New York, ... 61
Fac Simile of General Washington's Accounts and Writing, ... 74, 75
Embroidery, ... 84, 156, 228
Portrait of N. C. Brooks, A. M., ... 91
Chinese Galleys, ... 108
Fac Similes of the Signatures of Distinguished American Citizens, . . . 108, 232
Portrait of Thomas Moore, ... 121
Do. of Thomas Campbell, ... ib.
Do. of Robert Southey, ... 171
Do. of William Roscoe, ... ib.
The Shipwrecked Family, ... 193
Monument to William Penn, ... 200
Portrait of Madame de Stael, ... 217
Do. of Miss Jane Porter, ... ib.
Residence of Hannah More, ... 241
Queen Mary's Bed-chamber, ... 265
Queen Mary's Closet, ... ib.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.

Evening Dress *Walking Dress*

Published by L.A. Godey for the Lady's Book July [illegible]

FASHIONS OF THE OLDDEN TIME.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1835.

A DESCRIPTION FOR THE PRESENT FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.—Chip hat, ornamented with flowers or feathers according to Fancy, lined with blond lace—robe of plaid silk—the colours used are various.*

EVENING DRESS—Needs no other description than to mention that the hair is dressed much lower than usual, and that the colour of the dress depends entirely on the fancy of the wearer.

FASHIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WE invite attention to a comparison between the fashions of 1794 and those of July, 1835, an exact copy of which we present to our readers, taken from an old work on the subject. Can there be, in any two things wearing the same name, such a difference as is shown in these two plates?—They are given with a sole view to the amusement of the patrons of the Lady's Book. The following remarks taken from D'Israelis Curiosities of Literature, will be found to suit our present subject, and will strongly interest the general reader.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A volume on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result: the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips, would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in his head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others on the contrary adapted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabelle of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry, and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II., and wife of Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the Archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy. Or sometimes they originate in some temporary event; as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently laid hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV., cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination.

The *court* in all ages and in every country, are the modellers of fashions, so that all the ridicule, of which these are so susceptible, must fall on them, and not upon their servile imitators, the *citizens*. This complaint is made even so far back as in 1586, by Jean des Caures, an old French moralist, who, in declaiming against the fashions of his day, notices one of the ladies carrying *mirrors fixed to their waists*, which seemed to employ their eyes in perpetual activity. From this mode will result, according to honest Des Caures, their eternal damnation. "Alas!" he exclaims, "in what an age do we live; to see such depravity which we see, that induces them even to bring into church these *scandalous mirrors hanging about their waist!* Let all histories divine, human, and profane, be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them; but long it will not be before *every citizen's daughter*, and *every female servant*, will wear them!" Such in all times has been the rise and decline of fashion; and the absurd mimicry of the *citizens*, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in straining to rival the *newest fashion*, has mortified and galled the courtier.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II., their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says, they had, "change of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II., of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died. She was possessed of the dresses of all countries.

THE ROBBER OF THE ABRUZZI.

"Of no avail," says the excellent Neapolitan historian, Giannone, "was the horrid spectacle of the tortures and death of the chief Mangone, for very shortly after the kingdom was disturbed by the incursions of the famous Marco Sciarra, who, imitating Marcone of Calabria, called himself '*Re della Campagna*,' or 'king of the open country,' and asserted his royal prerogative at the head of six hundred robbers."

Favoured by his position in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and on the confines of another government—the Papal States—which for many years have been the promised land of brigandism—this extraordinary robber attained the highest eminence in his profession. His band, so formidable in itself, always acted in concert with other bands of banditti in the Roman States; they aided each other by arms and counsel; and in case of the Romans being pressed on their side, they could always retreat across the frontier line to their allies in the Abruzzi, while, in the same predicament, the Abruzzesi could claim the hospitality of the worthy subjects of the Pope.

The same circumstances have strengthened the banditti in our own days, and rendered the country between Terracina and Fondi, or the frontiers of the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples, the most notorious district of all Italy for robbers.

But Marco Sciarra was moreover favoured by other circumstances, and he had the grasp of mind to comprehend their importance, to avail himself of them, and to raise himself to the grade of a political partizan;—perhaps he aimed at that of a patriot. His native country was in the hands of foreigners, and most despotically governed by viceroys from Spain, who were generally detested by the people, and frequently plotted against by some of the nobility, who, instead of assisting to put down the *fuorusciti*, would afford them countenance and protection, when required, in their vast and remote estates. A great part of the rest of Italy was almost as badly governed as the kingdom, and consequently full of malcontents—of men of desperate fortunes, who, in many instances, forwarded the operations of the robbers, and not unfrequently joined their bands. An accession like their's added intelligence, military skill, and political knowledge, to the cause of the rude mountaineers of the Abruzzi.

In the course of a few months after the death of Benedetto Mangone, Marco Sciarra had committed such ravages, and made himself so formidable, that the whole care of the government was absorbed by him, and every means in its power employed for his destruction.

In the spring of 1588, he had retreated with his band before a force of government troops, into the states of the Church, which the vice-royalists could not invade without the permission of the Pope. In the month of April, the viceroy, Don Giovan di Zunica Conte di Miranda, applied to the Holy See for an immediate renewal of an old *concordatus*, by which the commissaries and the troops of either government were authorized to have free ingress and egress in the Neapolitan kingdom and the Papal States to pursue robbers, crossing the respective frontiers as often as might be necessary; and by which the two states were pledged reciprocally to aid each other in the laudable duty of suppressing all bandits and bad-livers (*mal viventi*.) The Pope, Sixtus VI., complied with this request, by granting a breve for three months. Immediately the troops of the viceroy, Miranda, crossed the frontiers in pursuit of Sciarra, who, being properly informed by numerous friends and spies of all that passed, turned back into the kingdom about the same time that his enemies quitted it, and avoiding the pass of Antrodoco, where the Spaniards were in force, he went through the defile of Tagliacozzi, and was soon safe in the mountain solitudes that surround the beautiful lake of Celano.

The robber had the sympathies of all the peasantry on his side, and found friends and guides every where. Not so the Spanish commander in pursuit of him, who did not learn whereabout he was until several days after, when some fugitive soldiers brought him word that Marco Sciarra was in the kingdom, and had just sacked the town of Celano, cutting to pieces a detachment of troops that had arrived there. The Spaniard then recrossed the frontier of the kingdom; but nearly a whole day before he reached the country about Celano, Sciarra was again beyond the borders.

He had now, however, considerable difficulties to encounter. The officer had left a body of bold men behind him in the Papal States, and these had been joined by several commissaries of the Pope, who each lead a number of soldiers, and carried with him his holiness's command to the faithful not to harbour, but to assist to take, the Neapolitan banditti wherever they might be. Sciarra had not expected so formidable an array on the side of Rome against him: he was several times hard pressed by the troops; but the peasantry, spite of the injunctions of the successor of Saint Peter, still continued his faithful friends. The historians who relate these events, especially record that, wherever he went, the robber was kind in conversation, and generous in action with the poor; giving, but never taking from them, and paying for what his band took, with much more regularity than did the officers of the Spanish troops. Consequently, he was advised by some peasant or other of the approach of every foe, of every ambuscade of the troops, of every movement they made; and he finally escaped them all, keeping two forces, which might almost be called armies, at bay, the one on the Roman confine, the other on the Neapolitan, for more than a week. He then threw himself back on the mountains of Abruzzi, where, by fixing himself in the most inaccessible places, with his men scattered in the most opportune spots, and regular sentinels stationed, and guards distributed, he had invariably the advantage over the enemy. Indeed, whenever the troops mustered courage to approach his strong holds, which he was in the habit of changing frequently, they were sure to return considerably diminished in number, and without the satisfaction, not of killing, but even of seeing one of the robbers, whose archibuses from behind rocks, or the shelter of forests and thickets, had so sure an aim.

Six months passed; the soldiers were worn out; the Spanish officer who first led them on the useless hunt was dead in consequence of a wound received from the robbers; winter approached, which is felt in all its rigour in the lofty, bleak mountains of the Abruzzi; the commissaries, with their men, on the other side, had long since returned to their homes at Rome; and the viceroy's now went to their's at Naples.

After these transactions, Marco Sciarra was deemed all but invincible; his fame, sung in some dozens of ballads, strengthened his *prestige* in the eyes of the peasantry; his band was reinforced; and he was left to reign, a king, at least of the Abruzzi, and undisturbed, for many months.

It was about this time that the robber chief's life was ornamented with its brighter episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers, on the road between Rome and Naples.

The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and horses of the travellers, who speedily obeyed the robbers' orders, and lay flat on the earth—all save one, a man of striking and elegant appearance.

"Down to earth!" cried several of the robbers in the same breath; but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to their chief, and said, "I am Torquato Tasso."

"The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knees, and kissed his hand, and not only was Tasso saved from being plundered, but by the mere mention of his name, all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey, without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.

The viceroy was stung to the quick by the failure of his expedition, of whose success he had been so certain, that the court of Spain was given to understand, their kingdom of Naples had nothing more to fear from the incursions of banditti; that the head of Marco Sciarra would soon decorate one of the niches in the Capuan gate. But Miranda was a man of energy, and in 1590, he renewed his attempt to exterminate the robbers. Four thousand men, between infantry and cavalry, marched this time into the Abruzzi, under the command of Don Carlo Spinelli. As the Abruzzese peasants saw the formidable army enter their pastoral districts by Castel di Sangro, and traverse the mountain flat, "the plain of five miles," they whispered, "The will of God be done! but now it is all over with King Marco!"

Marco Sciarra, however, had no such fear, but came boldly on to an open battle. With his increased forces he threw himself upon Spinelli, in the midst of the viceroy's troops, that were presently disordered; he wounded with his own hand the proud Don, who turned and fled, but so severely wounded, that he was well nigh leaving his life in the mountains, whither he had gone to take that of Sciarra. The soldiers followed their commander as they best could, leaving the robbers the full triumph of the field.

Marco Sciarra's courage and audacity were now increased a hundred-fold; he fancied he could conquer a kingdom. He invaded other provinces, and marching across the mountains of Abruzzi, he traversed those of the Capitanata, sacking, without meeting with opposition, the towns of Serra Capriola, and Vasto. Nor did he stop there, for he descended into the vast plain of Apulia, and took and pillaged the city of Lucera, a very considerable place, situated near the edge of the plain. The bishop of Lucera, who fled for refuge to one of the church towers, was unfortunately shot, as he presented himself at a window or loop-hole, to see what was passing. Without being molested by any attack of the government troops, Marco Sciarra's band leisurely returned from this extensive predatory excursion, loaded with booty, to their Abruzzi mountains that overlooked Rome, where their enterprising chief renewed his league with the banditti in the states of the Pope, and encouraged them by the flattering picture of his splendid successes. But he had allies more important and dignified than these. The politics of states now became mixed up with his fate.

Alfonso Piccolomini, a nobleman by birth, but one of the many desperate revolutionists Italy has been fertile in the production of—a rebel to his sovereign, the Grand Duke of Tuscany—had fled to Venice, where he obtained service as a soldier of fortune in the army with which that republic was then waging war with the Uscocchi. This man was enchanted with the stand Sciarra had made against the Pope and the viceroy, neither of whom at the time was [illegible] at Venice; and he induced the only [illegible] to wink at his corresponding with, and [illegible] bold Abruzzese, if he did not even do more [illegible] (working on their jealousies of the power of the [illegible] monarch and of the Pope in Italy) persuade [illegible] aid the outlaw themselves, with money and [illegible].

Marco Sciarra was every day gaining [illegible] and strength by these manœuvres, when a [illegible] change took place. Here I entreat attention [illegible] vindictive feelings—the utter want of [illegible] decency, that marked the proceedings of the [illegible] and potentates of Italy in those days.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, entertaining [illegible] revengeful feelings against his rebel subject, made a matter of embassy and degrading supplication [illegible] Venetians, that they would not only dismiss him from their service, but drive out from their state, Alfonso Piccolomini. But Piccolomini, it was replied, was a man of talent, and as a soldier they were well satisfied with his services.

Marco Sciarra, the Abruzzese, (he did not [illegible] propose a brigand!) was the better man of the two to carry on their wars against the Uscocchi, [illegible] duke, who did all that he could to make them substitute him for Piccolomini. The Venetians [illegible] turned a deaf ear to these representations, [illegible] Tuscan refugee could defy the wrath of his sovereign as long as he enjoyed their protection. But in an evil hour, Piccolomini returned a haughty, if not [illegible] answer, to the capi, or heads of that mysterious [illegible]guinary government. The senators of Venice [illegible] almost as vindictive as the duke of Tuscany [illegible] dismissed him from their service, and drove him out of their states, when he fell into the snare laid [illegible] him by his own sovereign, who put him to [illegible] death.

The oligarchy of Venice then thought of [illegible] and sent to invite him to their service. He [illegible] prosecute the war against the Uscocchi. But [illegible] for the present, turned as deaf an ear to their [illegible] as they had at first done to that of the grand [illegible] remained where he was—the lord of the Abruzzi.

He was not long, however, in finding that [illegible] death of Piccolomini, who had so materially [illegible] him, he had sustained a severe loss; and Sciarra's fortunes were still more overcast, when Pope Sixtus [illegible] and was succeeded by a better, or more active [illegible] Clement VIII. This new Pope shared all the feelings of the viceroy of Naples, as far as regarded the banditti, whom he determined to extirpate [illegible]. To this end, he despatched Gianfrancesco Aldobrandini against them with a permanent commission. By a simultaneous movement, a large body of the viceroy's troops entered the Abruzzi. The command of [illegible] with absolute power, was given to Don Adriano Acquaviva, Count di Conversano, a nobleman of [illegible] and very admirable prudence. The first thing he attempted, and without which little indeed could be done in that wild country of mountains and [illegible] was to conciliate the affections of the peasantry, who had been so insulted and oppressed by all his predecessors in command, and by the soldiery, [illegible] they could not but wish well to their countrymen the robbers. The count, therefore, abstained from quartering his troops in the villages. He imitated the [illegible] of Sciarra, and made them pay for whatever [illegible] consumed; he listened to the complaints of the aggrieved; and at last he so gained on the affections [illegible] better principles of the peasants, that they co[illegible] with him for the extermination of the very band[illegible] whom they had so often guided and concealed. [illegible] them as guides, the soldiery had now a key to the mysteries and recesses of the mountains and [illegible]

Thus deprived of the protection of [illegible] pressed by Aldobrandini on the one side, [illegible]

Conversano on the other, Marco Sciarra was fain to reflect on the tender made to him by the Venetian senators, and, finally, to accept the grade and service they offered him. They must still have thought him, and those he could bring with him, well worth having, for they despatched two galleys of the republic for their conveyance. In these ships, Marco Sciarra embarked with sixty of his bravest and most attached followers, and turning his back on his native mountains, sailed up the Adriatic to Venice.

As soon as the Count of Conversano was informed of the robber chief's departure, he blessed his stars that the Kingdom was quit of so dangerous a subject; and thinking now his business was over, returned to Naples, where the viceroy received him in triumph.

But the expatriating bandit left a brother behind him in the mountains of Abruzzi; and Luca Sciarra, in due time, gathered together the scattered bands, and commenced operations anew, with considerable vigour. Meanwhile, Marco and his men, who, in their quality of subsidiaries, served the Venetian republic very much to its satisfaction, corresponded with their former comrades at home. Marco's glory could not be forgotten! the soul of their body was at Venice—every thing of importance was fomented by him, and he frequently employed his "leaves of absence" in visiting them, and leading them, as of yore, in the more hazardous of their enterprises.

He had now been heard of so long; his deeds had been so desperate, but successful; he had escaped so many dangers, that people concluded he must bear "a charmed life." His long impunity might almost have made him think so himself—when landing one day in the Marches of Ancona, between the mountains of Abruzzi and that town, where the Pope's commissary, Aldobrandini, still remained, he was met by a certain Battimello, to whom, as to an old follower, his heart warmed;—with open arms he rushed to embrace him, and received a traitor's dagger in that heart.

Battimello had sold himself to Aldobrandini, and received for himself and thirteen of his friends a free pardon from the Papal government for his treachery.

For some years after the death of Marco Sciarra, there was a pause in his profession, whose spirit had expired with him. Other times brought other robbers, but his fame has scarcely ever been equalled—never surpassed.

EXCERPTS FROM OLD BOOKS.

Out of olde feldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.—Chaucer.

Four things, O my God, I offer thee, which thou hast not in thy treasury: my nothingness, my wants, my sin, and my repentance.

Suppose a man find by his own inclination he has no mind to marry, may he not then vow chastity? If he does, what a fine thing he has done! 'Tis as if a man did not love cheese, and then he would vow to God Almighty never to eat cheese. He that vows can mean no more in sense than this: to do his utmost endeavour to keep his vow.

'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant or from inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf." With that he came towards him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat; but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, "Sirrah," says he, "do you not know me, that you use no reverence?" "Yes," says the boy, "if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat."

'Tis most undoubtedly true, that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus—one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike, simply considered in themselves: he that hunts, or he that governs the commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons, enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavour to love sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler, playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him: his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons, may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity.

I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God; and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant, ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule and order of beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric.

A great place strangely qualified. John Read, groom of the chamber to my lord of Kent, was in the right. Attorney Noy being dead, some were saying, "How will the king do for a fit man?" "Why, any man," says John Read, "may execute the place." "I warrant," says my lord, "thou thinkest thou understandest enough to perform it." "Yes," quoth John, "let the king make me attorney, and I would fain see that man that durst tell me there is any thing I understand not."

THE WINNER WEARS.

A TALE OF CHARLES THE SECOND'S TIMES.

"CERTES she hath the brightest eye in Christendom! Its starry lustre transcends the sheen of crystal; its azure hue puts to shame the blue sky of a summer morn; and its heart-wounding glance is more to be dreaded than that of a basilisk. By the royal martyr's head, I would lose a limb to gain her hand!"

"She is worthy such a sacrifice! and then her lips —Zoons! they would tempt an anchorite to taste them! The richest coral, moulded by the fires of love, could not attain their smiling curve, or reach, even in appearance, their delicious ripeness. Oh! I shall run stark mad if I do not possess her!"

"Well, sirs, ye have spoken in round raptures of her charming face; but what say ye to the charms of her pocket, which jingle to the tune of some few thousand marks? By the nose of Nol, an' old Rowley don't reward my father's services in his cause by bestowing upon me her hand, I will turn Puritan, and react the Whitehall tragedy!"

Such were the exclamations of three young sparks on their way from Oxford (where they had been to visit some college friends) to Peterborough. They had gained the inmost fastnesses of Whittlebury Forest, and were now seeking a retreat, beneath the shadowy foliage of a sycamore, from the noontide sun, under which, for the last half hour, they had been riding. The first speaker was a tall, handsome cavalier, whose raven locks hung proudly upon his blue doublet, and whose large black eye bespoke him to be of gentle blood. He was named Aubert St. Leon, and boasted of no patrimony beyond his nomenclature, a tried sword, and a tough arm to wield it. Between him and the second speaker there existed a cousin-german relationship, although no traces of resemblance were apparent; for Wilfred Massinger (Aubert's relative) was conceited, arrogant, and impetuous; besides which, he stood no very equivocal chance of inheriting a good estate and swelling title. He was not, however, at present too much encumbered with the weight of cash, though every way inclined to spend it, and was frequently forced to borrow from St. Leon's limited store to assist in supporting his extravagances. This was the sole impeller of even the cold civility with which he treated his cousin, and had the latter not been enabled occasionally to supply his wants, our doughty cavalier of high pretensions would never have vouchsafed an exchange of syllables with the more prudent and generous St. Leon. A truly noble mind is unsuspicious of deceit in others, and thus it was with Aubert: he suspected not that the very man who flattered whilst importuning him for gold would, in his absence, ridicule him, and invent plots of which he was the intended victim. All this was, by Wilfred, considered as mighty wit, and the associates of his aimless life applauded it as such, but none more so than his boon companion, Francis Vernon, whom we beg to introduce to our readers as the third speaker in the preceding dialogue. He was of a kindred spirit with Massinger, yet possessed of more solidity: pleasure wooed and won him at every turn, but he invariably, in the stirring chase after her smiling flowers, had a more fixed purpose than the mere ephemeral gratification of the passing moment; whilst his friend was content with inhaling their sweets, and then heedlessly casting them from him—too frequently crushed and despoiled. Vernon also possessed qualifications which the other had not; his powers of calculation were good, his imagination fertile in expedients to better his fortunes, and his designs crafty and well laid. He always examined the premises, principle, and propositions of a plan, before he entered upon it; whereas Wilfred heedlessly dashed headlong into the execution of his rare project, without ascertaining whether he should fall into a rocky ravine or a foaming torrent. In two things, however, the trio entirely assimilated: all were alike brave—and in want of a rich wife.

The subject of their converse was the highly renowned Katrine Penruddock, daughter to Sir Guy of that name, and heiress to his immense possessions in and near the right ancient town of Leicester. How shall I describe her whose charms beggared all description? Bright, airy sylph! what language [illegible] of sufficient poetic variety to paint with fidelity thy peerless loveliness? Ah me! none; and thine exquisite form, thy seraph-like eye, thy fair brow—ah! [illegible] delicately fair!—must all pass undescribed. But, admired one, I *can* speak of thy sparkling virtues—I may dwell upon the bewitching playfulness which inspired every look and tone, proclaiming thee the queen of all hearts; and I can touch upon thy gentleness of manners, which would not suffer thee to inflict a pain upon even thy most annoying suitors. Yet why should I dwell upon this subject? Let the artist of the mind as well as person direct his contemplatory observations to the beautiful and innocent of our own age, and he will find many—many living portraits of the Lady Katrine Penruddock.

Sir Guy was one of the few bluff old cavaliers who had sacrificed every thing for his monarch during the civil wars, and been adequately rewarded for his loyalty. He was now a hearty old blade of sixty years standing, respected for his principles, adored for his hospitality, and laughed at for his eccentricities. Few could count a greater number of scars won in fight, and few boasted of more *marks* for each blow; his principal delight was, nevertheless, in his daughter; she was the prop of his declining years, and he gratified her every wish—her every whim; and truly the young lady was at times very whimsical, as, at certain periods, she would retire for hours together to a flowery alcove at the extremity of her father's park, and seclude herself from all society, despite the inducements which a glittering train of lovers held out for her to mix in it. Various were the conjectures which this occasioned, but, as she assumed an air of impenetrable mystery whenever questioned upon the subject, the ill-natured, scandalizing world set it down as an unequivocal fact, that she only went for the sheer conceited purpose of gazing, like another Narcissus, upon her own charms, in a placid lymph which served to keep green the verdure around her favourite bower.

Sir Guy Penruddock, amongst other acts of generosity, had adopted the orphan son of a deceased brother in arms, and reared him as a child of his own. When the youth arrived at a proper age, he was despatched to Oxford College, there to fit himself for one of the learned professions; and once a quarter Sir Guy journeyed from Leicester to see him. His third visit was made about the time of the commencement of our history, and after remaining some days with his protegé, the cumbrous, gilded coach was put in order for his return. A modern Jehu would have lifted up his eyes and wondered to have beheld the vehicle in which the old knight deposited his *propria persona*. It was but little inferior in size to a wagon of the present day, and rumbled majestically along, drawn by four Flemish

der mares, as sleek and as fat as dray horses. On the coach-box—then a very recent addition to carriages—there sat a tall, gaunt-looking figure, in a leathern jerkin and buff trunks, over which were drawn a pair of red stockings with blue and yellow stripes; and behind the coach were two lacquies, whose spruce attire shone in gaudy contrast to the plain habiliments of the driver. The cavalcade was escorted by some half dozen grooms, well mounted and armed, together with a led horse for the knight's convenience when he wished to enjoy a little fresh air. In this manner he proceeded till he reached Syresham, where he put up for the night, (twenty-seven miles being then no inconsiderable distance to travel in one day,) and on the following morning, a little before noon, he recommenced his route. He had already attained the outskirts of Whittlebury Forest, when the heat and closeness of his carriage became so intolerable, that he mounted his horse and rode onward in the van of his attendants, enjoying the cool zephyr which wafted a thousand delicious scents about him and fanned his heated brow.

"Would that old Rowley would take my advice, and canter a little more among such scenes as these, instead of running about the park after masques and raree-shows," said the old knight, half aloud, as he looked, smilingly, first to the right then to the left, and, lastly, straight forward, upon the green hills which every where bounded the landscape, except that part occupied by the forest. "Pize on the merry rogue! he'd shake a score of years from his shoulders by doing so. Adad! I'll bind him hand and foot, and bring him perforce, if he will not of his own accord." Then, urging his sluggish horse to a quicker pace, he struck into one of those popular ballads of the time, bearing the burden of

"The cavalier king, hey down derry!"

In this pleasant mood he rode on for some time, until he reached a long, low, whitewashed building, which proved to be one of the numerous meeting-houses erected by the Puritans all over the kingdom; and, as it was Sunday, a conventicle was being held at the very time Sir Guy passed, whilst a long, monotonous, yet—owing to the distance—not inharmonious, swell of voices, announced that they were singing psalms.

In consequence of the strict observance which the Puritans, when in power, had exacted of every holy day, the sudden loose afforded by a restoration of monarchy, was for some time afterwards productive of the opposite extreme, and, till the affair was seriously looked into by the clergy, a degree of licentiousness and disregard of religious ceremonies prevailed, that threatened speedily to undermine and abolish all pious duties. It will not, therefore, excite surprise that the ancient cavalier, in his love for sport, allied to an inkling for revenging former grievances, felt inclined to ridicule the quondam men of might, and accordingly, in a lusty voice, he commenced singing a favourite canticle immediately beneath the window of the place of worship, beginning thus:

"I sing of a nose—a terrible nose—
Hey trol! trol la lee!
O! may it soon hiss in the water of woes,
And I be there to see."

This interruption was followed by an instantaneous and profound silence within the building.

"Aha!" cried the knight, "I've quieted the crop-eared knaves with a plague to 'em!" and elated by success, he raised himself in his stirrups, and burst into another of his popular ditties—

"Trol lol,
Down with old Nol,
And when he is down, what then?
Why then—
The king shall enjoy his own again."

"Peace! profane Sabbath-breaker!" said a stern voice; and on looking round, Sir Guy beheld a figure in sad-coloured vestments issue from the house of prayer. This was a noted preacher of his time, named Daniel Stand-fast-in-faith, and as all symptoms of power had not as yet faded from his sect, the Puritans still forming a numerous and somewhat formidable portion of the country, he did not hesitate in thus boldly rebuking the testy knight, well knowing that King Charles had too many disorders of magnitude to rectify in his realms, to allow him to take cognizance of every petty squabble that might arise between the Cavaliers and Roundheads.

Sir Guy, however, wanted no kingly interference; his whinyard had before now been tried, and it was ready to leap from its scabbard upon every occasion: he, therefore, exclaimed, in a choleric tone, "Out upon thee, crop-eared villain! Gad's blood! wilt beard me on the king's highway? Apart, thou whining cur! or, by the martyr, I'll ride you down where you stand!" and again he commenced singing—

"Hey for Cavaliers!
Ho for Cavaliers!" &c.

But the Puritan moved not; nay, he even planted himself more centrically in the way, and said, "Man of Baal, I will not stir; thou hast openly set at naught the Lord's ordinance to keep holy the Sabbath-day, and, as a true servant, I will reprove thee for it."

"Round-headed cur!" shouted Penruddock, "dost ken who I am?"

"Nor know I, nor care I; thou darest not call thyself the son of Solomon the wise, nor of David the good, nor of Joshua"——

"I am the son of *none!*" cried the knight, laughing loudly at his fancied wit. "Nay, never purse thy brows, man; it is Sir Guy Penruddock you look upon."

"Sir Guy Penruddoch! Oh, Sir Guy Penruddock! The Lord deliver me from Sir Guy Penruddock!" cried the Puritan, quoting a portion of Oliver Cromwell's famous exclamation to Sir Harry Vane in the House of Commons.

"Pestilence catch thee! Another such word, and"——

"Another, and another such!" interrupted Stand-fast-in-faith, with a dark smile of energy gleaming on his sallow features. "We are not so depressed but that we shall rise again like giants refreshed with wine; and as the Lord liveth, Amalekite, I will gird up my loins to smite thee hip and thigh, as David did the Philistines of old!"

On his saying this, a person in the crowd, which had now assembled from the meeting-house, glided away, and in a few minutes returned with eight men, well mounted, and a riderless horse for the preacher. During his absence the knight maintained a half-jestful, half-serious altercation with the Puritan; but seeing that matters were likely to come to a serious termination, he retired a few paces, and said, "Why, this is quite mirth-moving! In sober sadness, dost see my retinue accoutred in buff and bandaliers? Wilt be mad enough to tempt us further?"

The Puritan made no answer, but, with a fixed intensity of purpose flashing from his eye, he slowly mounted his steed, and as slowly drawing his long tuck, or stabbing sword, he examined its edge and point; then suddenly raising the arm which held it, he waved it in the glancing sunbeams, and exclaiming, "Thy blood be upon thine own head!" spurred onwards his horse, followed by his devoted band of adherents.

"Out, whinyards! at 'em, brave hearts! pink 'em!" shouted Sir Guy, rushing forward with drawn weapon; but albeit his servants, not being so accustomed to bloodshed as their master, speculated upon the contingency of their opponents being joined by those who were now merely idle spectators, and turned their horses' heads towards Towcester, leaving Sir Guy to defend himself as he might. The coachman, however, formed an exception to the panic-struck domestics, and remained in his seat, looking upon the affray as though it was simply the representation of one; but when he perceived Penruddock to be alone and surrounded with enemies, he at once drew a light sword from his belt, and springing amongst them, laid about him right heartily, crying all the while, in a loud, discordant voice, "Hash them, slash them, all to pieces dash them!" (the well-known war-cry of the Cavaliers."

But vain was the valour of two men against such fearful odds: they were speedily separated, and each had nearly six foes to contend with, when the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard along the road, and three young men, with that reckless daring which characterized the period, dashed into the midst of the *meleé*. Even now it was two to one, but the cavaliers were tried swordsmen, and gave their adversaries sharp employment: wounds fell thick, and blows faster, until a bystander, perceiving his friends somewhat to slacken, aimed a loaded carbine at Aubert St. Lloyd as the most formidable of their new opponents, (for he it was, with his companions, who had come so opportunely,) and discharged its contents in his shoulder. Aubert instantly fell forward, and his horse, taking fright, galloped into the forest, bearing his lifeless master on his back. This circumstance gave an additional impetus to the fury of the combatants, and particularly the cavaliers, who now fought for revenge and life combined; howbeit, they were on the point of being overmastered, when Sir Guy's coachman, who contended on foot, disengaged himself dexterously from the throng, and leaping into an arm of a roadside tree, yelped out, "Odds fish! here they come! Four, eight, twelve true men, in full gallop! Now, rascally Roundheads, have at ye!" But the rascally Roundheads took to their heels on hearing of these succours, and left the field to their victors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated the driver, when they were out of sight, "who'd ha' dreamed of their not smelling the device?"

"Device! Heart o' grace! was there then no reinforcement at hand!" asked Sir Guy, wiping his forehead.

"Yes, a reinforcement of a dozen sheep," returned the man, with a peculiar chuckle; then relapsing into his former silent gravity, he slightly bowed, and remounted his coach-box, whilst Penruddock turned to his deliverers, and eagerly thanked them for their interference.

"Tush! good Sir Guy," said Massinger; "we did no more than we should expect thou wouldst, were we in similar jeopardy."

"Hark in your ear, gallants," replied the knight; "those canting ruffians would ha' done me to death, with a wanion to 'em! had it not been for your timely arrival: indeed, I am hugely astonished that we were not all massacred; but as I have received no other mischief than a few scratches, I deem myself beholden to ye for life, and demand to know in what way I can best discharge my debt?"

"There is but one way of payment," cried both cavaliers at once.

"Name it—name it, and, by all that's sacred, it is your's!"

"The Lady Katrine Penruddock's hand."

"The dickens it be!" cried the knight, with surprise, (the demandants, whom he knew by sight, not being among the list of his daughter's avowed suitors.) "Go to! Does not a certain dowry, which I wot of, prompt that demand?"

"By my life, no," hastily replied Vernon. "It is the possession of herself I covet. Her eminent charms, her beauteous form, and her voice—so soft, so sweet, so wild in its intonations, have enslaved my affections."

"And, alas! I am in as woful a plight," said Wilfred; and unless I can call her mine, I will embrace Popery and turn monk."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Sir Guy, in a dismal tone. "But how am I to act, gentlemen! My daughter would, I am sure, bestow her hand upon any noble cavalier to whom I owed my life; but I cannot perceive how she can accept two under such circumstances. I pr'ythee one of you withdraw your demand, and name some equivalent."

"That is but just," said Vernon; "therefore, friend Wilfred, as I was first to quit the forest at the sound of fighting, I, with all humility, arrogate a prior claim to choose my guerdon."

"I cry ye mercy, Frank!" returned Massinger, "here is a sword which was aimed at Sir Guy's throat, and would have forced an entrance, had I not wrested it from it's master's hand; I, in consequence, maintain the right to be mine."

"But I will not concede it," remarked Francis, with an air of cool determination.

"Nor will I," said Wilfred, with equal phlegm.

"Truly, brave sirs, this is a perplexing matter. Can naught be done to decide the case in question?"

"I will fight him an' you will," replied Wilfred, carelessly, and glancing at his sword.

"That challenge shall not serve thy turn, Massinger: thou knowest I am no match for thee at sword play: but, an' thou wilt, I will game with thee, if Katrine be the stake," returned the wily Vernon, with a ready confidence in his own skill.

"My daughter shall neither be fought nor played for, sirs," rejoined Penruddock, haughtily; "but if it so please ye—and as my oath is passed—the greater *wit* of the two shall gain the maiden."

"Wit! a weapon I love!" cried the volatile Massinger; "but how is the question to be solved of which bears the palm in that accomplishment?"

"Thus: each set forth towards Penruddock castle with all the speed you may; and he who first reaches my daughter's presence, shall have a brace of days to woo the maid without interruption, and at the end of that time, if she be willing, call her wife."

"How now, Sir Guy," exclaimed Vernon, will not this be more like a match between our horses than a trial of wit?"

"Fair and softly! Ye have full freedom to retard each other's progress by plot or counterplot; and he who proves most fertile in such devices establishes himself the greater wit—the wittiest wins, and the *winner wears*. Provided always that Kate gives her consent."

"Agreed!" cried the young sparks, simultaneously.

But Sir Guy, motioning them to silence, thus continued: "'Twill be necessary, I trow, to furnish ye both with a token to present to Kate when you reach her, should I chance to be absent, and, as I have my tablets about me, a few words in writing shall suffice. Here, Jocelyn!" he added, addressing his coachman, "canst write, man?"

"I *rede* me I can," replied the fellow; but whether a quip was intended, his fixed, strongly-marked features did not betray. He took the tablets, and wrote down the following words from Sir Guy's dictation:—

"My daughter Kate—The bearer hereof saved thy father's life at the risk of his own, and, in return, asked the boon of thy hand: let thine affection for me dictate thy conduct."

Having signed this, Sir Guy bade Jocelyn transcribe

it, and then presented a copy to each of the aspirants. "And now," said he, "let us to my coach, and disinter a flask of Canary from my travelling case, that we may take a cup at parting."

This was right heartily complied with; and it was subsequently stipulated that our heroes were not to start upon their matrimonial chase until an hour after Sir Guy Penruddock's departure; in sooth, they would be unable to proceed beyond Towcester that day, having already ridden thirty miles; and as the knight's horses were fresh, he calculated on gaining a day's march upon them, by reaching Thrapston, nearly five leagues onwards, before sunset, so that he could be at home in ample time to apprise the fair Katrine of his whimsical contract. It is of course to be understood that, before Sir Guy gave any final promise, he ascertained the condition and connections of his deliverers, that he might not have to blush in acknowledging either as a son-in-law; and having at length brought matters to a conclusion, he entered his elephantine coach, and was speedily whirled out of sight.

"Foregad! 'tis a pleasant adventure. I marvel which will be the gainer by it!" said Frank Vernon.

"I share in your wonderment; but, by the blind goddess! had I not this morning, in merry mood, changed my empty purse for Aubert's full one, (rest his soul!) we should ha' been sadly put to it for cash."

"We should, indeed," returned Vernon; "and right glad am I that we shared in its contents at the time; else now I might have to whistle for my portion."

"Aptly surmised," retorted Massinger; "but how say you—shall we seek for poor St. Leon's body ere we start?"

"As you please. Search for him, find him, dig a grave, and bury him—'twere a right worthy action."

The ironical look and manner that accompanied these words, plainly bespoke the speaker's intention of making other use of his time, should Massinger adopt his advice; but Wilfred saw through his motives, and coolly remarked, that it would be time enough when the business in hand was settled, as there was little fear of the body walking away.

When the stipulated hour had arrived, our heroes remounted their already jaded steeds, and after half an hour's hard riding, found themselves at the door of a hostelry—forming the corner house of the Roman Watling street, which passes through the bustling, thriving town of Towcester. Here they again dismounted, and entered the inn together, where the first object that met their view was Jocelyn Jewsbury (Sir Guy Penruddock's coachman,) seated in a huge arm-chair, by a snug fire, and with a flask of wine before him. The surprised cavaliers eagerly inquired after his master, and were informed by him that Sir Guy, fearing some of their stratagems might be of an unfair nature, had commanded him to remain in Leicester, to see that the race was properly won. This intelligence was equally pleasing to both the young men, as each conceived the idea of making the fellow subservient to his interest; and from his shrewd, penetrating looks and quaint manners, much assistance might be expected from him. In accordance with this resolve, Vernon drew him aside, and slipping a purse of gold into his hand, intimated that he wished to be awakened an hour before daybreak, without Massinger's knowledge. Jocelyn, after eyeing the money, gave a significant nod, and resumed his seat, while Frank quitted the room to give orders for supper. In his absence, Wilfred acted the same scene over again, and with similar success; so that Jewsbury bid fair to reap a golden harvest from their trial of wit.

Morning dawned, and with it were unclosed the rivals' eyes. Mutually astonished and vexed at meeting each other on descending to the refreshment room, they turned to Jocelyn for an explanation of his breach of promise.

"In good sooth, noble sirs," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, "there is no breach of promise in the case; for finding day had broken a full hour when I woke, I turned to sleep again, resolving to keep my word to-morrow instead—Nature having hindered me from doing so to-day."

The dry, simple tone in which this was uttered, plainly told the disappointed cavaliers that it would be useless to bandy words upon the subject; they therefore contented themselves with invoking—not a benediction—upon Jewsbury's head, and then hastily despatching their morning's meal, started along the high road to a wife, closely followed by their new attendant mounted upon a brown mare.

It boots not, courteous reader, to follow our heroes through all the trivial adventures of the day, nor skills it that thou shouldst be informed how Vernon strove to lame his rival's horse; how Wilfred, in return, unshod Frank's gelding, whilst he was indulging in a cup of canary; nor of the thousand and a half other merry tricks they put upon each other—whilst Jocelyn alternately assisted both; but pass we on to the inn at Thrapston, where, nose to nose, the three arrived at a pace which had set all the honest folk staring whom they had passed on the road.

"Foregad!" cried Massinger, throwing himself, exhausted, into a seat, "I must draw upon my brains for better expedients than they have yielded to-day, else my bonny barb will be knocked up ere I reach Peterborough;" and, leaning back his head, he summoned his inventive powers to his aid—and they obeyed the hest—and thick-coming fancies flitted around him—and lo! they became modelled into a perfect plot, which he imparted to Jocelyn—and at the same time he imparted the weight of a gold coin to the Jehu's palm, who, in turn, imparted a broad grin, and an acquiescent nod—and then they parted for the night.

In the meantime, Vernon had not been idle; being of a more muscular make than Massinger, he was enabled to endure more bodily exercise, and he reflected that if he could change his horse for one even of an inferior quality, he would be able, by Jocelyn's guidance, to pursue his journey the greater part of the night. His chief difficulty rested in giving Wilfred the slip; and as he pondered on the means, he suddenly conceived the idea of denouncing Wilfred as a robber, who had recently killed a noble cavalier in Whittlebury Forest, well knowing that his own and Sir Guy Penruddock's testimony would be sufficient to remove the imputation when his ends were accomplished. Fired with the thought, he once more bribed Jewsbury to embrace his cause, and that Janus-like personage accepted both the bribe and the proposal.

The worthy host, and no less worthy hostess, grew pale as a sliced turnip at the tale which Vernon told them concerning Massinger, (save and except the former's proboscis, which at all times tenaciously retained its "natural ruby,") and a long conference was forthwith held as to the best mode of procedure. They at length determined that Wilfred should be closely confined until an officer, with the landlord as a witness, returned from searching for the murdered man. Meanwhile Vernon, who pretended to have lured Wilfred hither by various devices, professed to proceed to Peterborough, where, he said, some friends of the deceased resided. In hopes of acquiring some benefit by any part he might take in this affair, the landlord readily made an offer of two fresh horses for Vernon and his servant, and prepared, with all speed, to rouse the officer of justice, and to start with him at once to Whittlebury.

The simple host had not departed an hour ere his deceiver, having first ascertained that the door had been suddenly and securely fastened upon Massinger, mounted a good, stout roadster, and, attended by Jocelyn with a lantern, joyfully took the road, in spite of

[illegible] fatigue he had already undergone. Merrily, merrily went they on, until the bright orb of light once more clad the earth in a garment of gold, and, with its first ray, a thick forest was seen to bound the landscape at a distance of about twelve miles, while a large town, with a familiar aspect, reared its walls in the adjacent meadow. Vernon, at this appearance, stopped his panting horse, for the first time since leaving the "Golden Fleece" at Thrapston, and, with a confused presentiment of some unlucky adventure, exclaimed, in tones of thunder, "I' the fiend's name, where are we?"

Jocelyn reined in his steed with the most perfect equanimity, and drily replied, "Hard by the meadows where Hal the Sixth was beaten and captured by the Yorkists in the year 1460. That is the ancient borough of Northampton—there flows the river Nen—beyond yon coppice is Queen's Cross, which Edward the First erected in memory of Queen Nell—farther on is Towcester—and, in the distance, you behold the forest of Whittlebury."

"How!" shouted Vernon, raising himself in his stirrups. "Why, thou infant of Beelzebub, what business have we at the forest of Whittlebury, ha?"

"Bury thy whittle in my heart, an' I show thee not ample cause," returned Jocelyn, without moving a muscle. He then related that Massinger had fee'd him thus purposely to guide him on a retrograde road. "You, sir," he added, "did not expressly say whither you wished to go, therefore—by joining in your plan, and obeying your friend—I have done my duty faithfully towards both parties."

There was no controverting this. Vernon clearly saw the inutility of expending any more cash upon Jocelyn, and he once more set his wits to work for means to extricate himself out of his dilemma; to increase which, he now saw the fat landlord, and bony officer, slowly proceeding from a road-side inn, where they had been taking an hour's repose.

"God a'mercy, cavalier! how find we thee here?" cried the aforesaid fat landlord, on recognizing Francis.

The foiled gallant, considering that a perseverance in his former story would only expose him to detection, boldly affirmed the truth, with the slight perversion of saying that it was a mirthful freak put upon him by his humble friend Jocelyn, and that the reason of his appearance there was solely to prevent their having any farther trouble in the affair.

The pair grumbled deeply at this avowal, and felt inclined to retaliate by taking Vernon into custody for misleading a king's officer; to avoid so dangerous a detention, he was fain to divide nearly all that remained in his purse betwixt them, but what was his horror on finding that, despite his liberality, he would be forced to remain with them at Northampton until the following morning, their horses being too tired to proceed a step farther: "And as for travelling through another night, I'd as lief cross the Alps on an unsaddled horse!" said he of the Golden Fleece. From this fiat there was no appeal, and Vernon was remorselessly plunged into the purgatory of inaction. His only consolation was that Massinger would remain in durance vile until his return—so that he would be no ultimate loser by Jocelyn's knavery. This important personage betrayed no signs of remorse for his conduct, but, on the contrary, appeared heartily to enjoy the joke; his natural spirits seemed, for a time, to burst through the solid bonds which had hitherto bound every muscle of his crabby countenance, and, at the inn where our party put up, he chatted gayly with the landlord, kissed his daughter, quaffed large bumpers of wine, and sang a whole batch of loyal songs, until Vernon, feeling his dignity offended by such freedom in a menial, sharply reproved him for it.

"Tilly vally, man!" exclaimed the knave, shaking some dark locks which hung in jaunty curls upon his forehead and shoulders. "Shall I not take [illegible] in mine inn? Odds fish! another such [illegible] will get so royally drunk as to usurp a [illegible] authority over thee—

> "'For oh! King Charles not a word he [illegible]
> When perched like an owl in the royal [illegible]'"

In this way the day and great part of the [illegible] passed, and the next morning found the party [illegible] the road to Thrapston. The meeting between [illegible] heroes was one of mingled complaint, [illegible] and laughter. Two days had been wasted [illegible] roguery of Jocelyn and their own cross [illegible] ever, as both were alike to blame, it was [illegible] neither should make any further use of [illegible] that, on the morn following, they should [illegible] together. This they did, and, without making [illegible] stay at Peterborough, whither their course was [illegible] really bent, made all speed to reach [illegible] by the time twilight came on they arrived [illegible] summit of the eminence on which it is [illegible].

They had now completed their [illegible] by riding the fatiguing distance of [illegible] and only twenty-three remained to be [illegible]. Being now so near the goal, the race became [illegible] interesting, and the fact more than ever [illegible] that wit alone could win it, as the horses had [illegible] proved themselves possessed of equal mettle. [illegible] non turned these things over after retiring [illegible] occurred to him that Massinger, as well as [illegible] must have nearly expended all his stock of [illegible] and be unable to raise a fresh supply. "[illegible] do," thought he; "I will turn his steed [illegible] down, and, while he wastes his time in [illegible] tion, proceed alone to Leicester."

But, alas for Vernon! Wilfred was beforehand [illegible] him, and had heaped such a quantity of [illegible] near the nose of Frank's horse, that the [illegible] until it could scarcely stir.* Again, therefore [illegible] they upon a level, (as Francis forgot not to [illegible] own purpose,) and Vernon's only alternative [illegible] to walk the remainder of the journey; but [illegible] at this crisis there drove up a splendid [illegible] was to proceed that day to Leicester, it [illegible] contracted for a wealthy resident of that [illegible] bribe the driver with all his remaining [illegible] work of an instant with Vernon; and [illegible] self into the vehicle, he waited patiently while [illegible] partook of some refreshment, which [illegible] over, smack went the whip, and away [illegible] horses.

Behold our adventurer at Billesdon. Nearly [illegible] miles of the twenty-three were now accomplished [illegible] he plumed himself upon the fortunate [illegible] he had gained the advantage. The weather [illegible] warm, he stopped at a rivulet a little [illegible] town, to refresh himself with a cooling [illegible] when, chancing to turn towards the [illegible] for the first time, discovered him to be—Wilfred [illegible] singer!

"Tormentor!" was all he could exclaim before [illegible] fool burst out into a loud fit of laughter.

"Why, friend," he cried, "didst think me a [illegible] that thou escaped thy carcass so securely while [illegible] driver was yet within the hostelry?"

"But how? I surely saw him mount the [illegible] box," said the perplexed Vernon.

"Thou sawest me do so in his attire! [illegible] cast a backward glance, and thou wilt see him [illegible] by jowl with Jocelyn, who has kept us in sight [illegible] way."

Frank uttered one deep groan, and said, "[illegible] all, speed must decide our fate."

---

* It is said that a horse will eat of clover [illegible] burst.

"It must," observed Massinger; "suppose, therefore, we unharness the horses from the coach, and let whip and spur do their best."

No sooner said than done—our heroes mounted, and once more the race commenced.

With wind-like speed flew they on, over hedge, ditch, and stile. They passed the river Soar, o'er which old Leicester soars—they crossed the meadow where stands the abbey in which died Cardinal Wolsey—they entered the town—they passed its far-famed castle, now in ruins—they passed the house in which was held the parliament that first made a law for burning heretics, in Henry the Fifth's reign—and, lastly, they reached together Sir Guy Penruddock's towers. Leaping simultaneously from their horses, they sounded the gateway bell, and the door was opened immediately. With one voice they inquired for the Lady Katrine, and were informed that she had gone with her father to a neighbouring chapel.

"There will we go, too!" cried they, darting off with the same action.

Now was Wilfred first—then gained Vernon the advantage,—and, in the end, they reached the place together. Up the steps they bounded—into the church they flew, and there beheld a glittering throng of dames and cavaliers, with looks bent towards the altar, before which stood, as if awaiting the priest's benediction, the lovely—the smiling—the coveted Lady Katrine Penruddock, hand in hand with *Aubert St. Leon!*

"Ha! what means this interruption!" asked Sir Guy, on the cavaliers' entrance.

But astonishment at beholding one whom they deemed food for worms, prevented them from replying; whilst Aubert, gravely advancing, with Katrine's hand still in his, said, "You see, fair cousin, I have won the prize."

But ere we proceed a syllable, or *foot*, further, it may be necessary to explain how all this occurred—we will do so.

St. Leon's wound, which, it may be recollected, he received in the affray with the Puritans, proved to be a mere trifle, and, as he soon recovered from the sickening sensation which it occasioned, he thought of returning to the field of battle, when the voice of his cousin met his ear, and, from the import of his words, Aubert was induced to pause. The whole of Massinger's deceit, together with the circumstance of changing purses, and the unfeeling manner in which he declined searching for the supposed corpse of St. Leon, thus became unfolded; and, stung by his conduct, Aubert resolved to pay it in kind, and instantly followed Sir Guy Penruddock to Towcester, where, after leaving Jocelyn with his horse, he assumed a postillion's disguise, and obtaining from the ex-coachman a copy of Sir Guy's epistle to his daughter, he mounted the box in high glee, whilst Jewsbury remained to retard Vernon and Massinger's journey as much as possible.

Thus Sir Guy and Aubert arrived together at Penruddock castle. The good knight was not remarkable for his discerning powers, and made no question but that St. Leon, when he presented himself the same evening, was one of the two cavaliers he had conversed with, and accordingly introduced him instanter to Katrine.

How the gentleman sped so bravely and so speedily in his wooing, as circumstances betokened he had, would have remained to this day an inscrutable secret, were it not hinted in the chronicles from whence we extract our legend, that the pair had before been introduced to each other by Katrine's foster-brother, who highly esteemed Aubert; and that to meet him, of her heart was the sole inducement of our heroine's frequent visits to a certain arbour erst mentioned. Here he first told his tale of love, and, although he well knew that his poverty formed an insurmountable barrier, yet could he not disenchant himself from the spell which Katrine had cast upon him, and scarce a day elapsed without his travelling from Peterborough for an hour's interview with her.

"But I forbid the ceremony to proceed," cried Massinger, when Aubert had explained the stratagem by which he won the race; "you were not included in the agreement—therefore Sir Guy's contract with you is invalid."

"Let the marriage rites proceed—I say it is valid!" exclaimed Jocelyn Jewsbury, entering the chapel.

Scarce had he crossed the threshold, and scarce had his well known voice subsided into silence, ere each person present sunk respectfully upon his knee, whilst the intruder threw off his slouched cap, opened his doublet, and displayed a diamond star glittering on his breast, which at once bespoke the wearer to be—Charles the Second, England's merry and eccentric monarch!

"Nay, Rochester," said he, patting one of the nobles present on the shoulder, "look not so rueful. But our friends here seem lost in wonder; rise and explain our wager to them."

The Earl of Rochester rose and briefly related that his majesty, on being told by flatterers of his great popularity, had wagered a magnum of claret with a service of gold drinking cups, that he would journey, disguised, from Oxford to Leicester, without being recognized by a single one of his subjects, who it was pretended loved and knew him so well.

"Thus," added Charles, "I have not only won the stake, but foiled unworthiness to assist worth, which it now remains for me to reward. Kneel, St. Leon."

The cavalier knelt, and his king bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood: he next imprinted a kiss upon the fair Katrine's cheek, and placed her hand in that of Sir Aubert St. Leon. Lastly, Charles turned, with a smile, to the disappointed competitors, and said, "Now, sirs, the wittiest has won, and—*the winner wears*."

SELF-LOVE.

The most notorious swindler has not assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own. She calls herself patriotism, when at the same time she is rejoicing at just as much calamity to her native country, as will introduce herself into power, and expel her rivals. Doddington, who may be termed one of her darling sons, confesses, in his Diary, that the source of all opposition is resentment, or interest, a resolution to pull down those who have offended us, without considering consequences; a steady and unvarying attention to propose every thing that is specious, but impracticable; to depreciate every thing that is blameless; to exaggerate every thing that is blameable, until the people are excited to turn out those that are in office, and to admit those that are not. There are some patriots of the present day, who would find it as difficult to imitate Sheridan in his principles, as they would in his wit; and his noble conduct during the mutiny at the Nore, will cover a multitude of sins. There are moments when all minor considerations ought to yield to the public safety; and the opposition of this or any country might take an useful hint from what was observed in the Roman senate: while a question was under debate, every one was at freedom to advance his objections, but the question being once determined on, it became the acknowledged duty of every member to support the majority.

A PUZZLE.

The accompanying plate contains the portraits of six celebrated monarchs and two generals.

GEORGE III.	LOUIS XVIII.	GEORGE IV.
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.	EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.	KING OF PRUSSIA.
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.		MARSHAL BLUCHER.

LAST LINES.

BY C. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

By affection's torturing power
In that fatal, final hour—
By my waking on the morrow
To the consciousness of sorrow;
Grief, which far exceeded sadness;
Love, which still approaches madness;—

By the tones which, as thou speakest,
Make the firmest heart the weakest;
Charms, too fatally beguiling;
Pensive grace, or playful smiling,
Looks with which thou still delightest,
All expressions best and brightest;—

By my tears, repressed, but starting,
At the moment of our parting—
By the love which yet adores thee—
By the pride which thus implores thee—
Pangs that torture, cares that fret me,
Doubly loved and lost—forget me.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

Sweet violet, I saw thee sigh,
Warm beauty from thine eye of blue!
Thou must wither soon, but I
May wither sooner far than you!

I sung a lay of olden time
Among the summer leaves reclined,
And waked by that pleasant chime,
Memory did not unbind;
The flowers gleaned in childhood's prime,
And shook them on the mind.

But suddenly a sound I heard
Among the branches near—
It could not be the singing bird
Whose voice fell on my ear;
It had a chilling tone, that stirr'd
My wondering heart with fear.

The green leaves quiver'd, and behold
Death stood beside me.—Lovely flower!
Thy bloom shall wither with the night,
But mine will wither in an hour!

THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my paternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years; on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime street, and I sit in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, inasmuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed.

Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother upon these occasions schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articled to an attorney, is told to pull Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-yard-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a bustle in our establishment, as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is very little variety in the infliction; the narrative of what passes at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own—that is to say, whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Phlegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington; upon another, to pay a visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross; upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home on that day. My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram.

"Bob," said my father to me, "do run up stairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day."

I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour door found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me,"—as she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo, harbinger of spring." This was unlucky: the cadence might have been heard down in the counting-house; and any thing more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her Hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea, began to growl, "*Oh, ruddier than the berry.*" As for little Charles, he was left to find out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity.

A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte on the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate; a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father; he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instanter* to Leadenhall market.

"No, my dear, no," said my father; "remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone."

My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner hour is five, and my brother John dines with us generally, returning to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say, "Let me alone; I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us; Charlotte mechanically began to play "Comfort ye my people; my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation: the door opened, and the servant delivered—a twopenny post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Snuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Pshaw!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradual diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his high mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had just before been rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny postman was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honour to receive his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without spilling.

"What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the great man to my brother.

"Only the first volume of Morgan's Vade Mecum," answered the driver of quills.

"Right," rejoined our reverend uncle; "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!"

"At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it, "and so did we; the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter; and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership I should, in all probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it heaven only knew. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring; it is no

fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced, the great man took his seat at the right hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but when the great man of the family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit, the great man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there; no, not there; a little nearer to the fat; or stay—no; it is a little too much boiled, I will wait a slice or two; ay, now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonfuls of gravy; put two small parsnips with it; and, Thomas, bring me the mustard."

It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands for which I entertain an aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always give me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter, of boiled leather breeches. My polite mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum: it would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches' pocket.

"Has any body seen Simpson & Co.?" inquired the great man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls.

I was upon the incautious point of saying yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father with the most adroit simplicity answered:

"I met Simpson this morning at Batson's; his partner is at Liverpool."

Hereat the great man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson and Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha! ha! ha! No; I mean Simpson and Co. at Drury Lane."

"No," answered my mother; "we none of us go to the play."

Lord help me! it was but a week ago that my father, Jack, and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First, the great man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potato. Then our man Thomas placed the pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visiter's nose; at a given signal Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he were harpooning a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiation. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar, and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of memories. Bedford-square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's memory all geographical knowledge of city streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime street is the second or third turning; affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate street; and tells me that when he goes to receive his dividends at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the last ten years of his civic [illegible], threaded every nook and alley in the city, with a black pocket-book full of bills, as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

I yesterday overheard my maiden aunt Susan giving a hint to somebody, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years' abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and think for myself. At the very first uncle-giving dinner after that *denouement*, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson and Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List.

I am, sir,

ROBERT RAKER.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

WESTMINSTER HALL was built in 1098, by William Rufus, the king. Three hundred years afterwards it underwent such thorough repairs as almost to form it anew.

The present hall is called the New Hall Palace. It is the largest room in Europe not supported by pillars. Its length is 270 feet, its breadth 74, and its height 90. The roof consists chiefly of chestnut-wood, most curiously constructed, and every where adorned with the figures of angels, supporting the arms of Richard II., or Edward the Confessor.

Courts are held in this hall, but it is also used for various other purposes. At the crowning of a king, the greatest feasts, called coronation feasts, are held here. Those of our young readers, who know nothing of the extravagance and waste of royalty, may form a faint idea of it by looking over the following statement of the amount of provisions and drink furnished at Westminster Hall at the coronation of King George IV.

Beef, 7742 lbs.; veal, 7133; mutton, 9474; ham, 250; bacon, 1730; lard, 550; butter, 912; house lamb, 20 quarters; legs of house lamb, 20; saddles of lamb, 5; grass lamb, 35 quarters; lamb's sweet-breads, 160; cow-heels, 389; calves' feet, 400; geese, 160; pullets and capons, 720; chickens, 1610; dishes of fish, 160; of venison, 80; of vegetables, 160; of pastry, 640; of creams and jellies, 400; and of shell fish, 160. Boats of sauce, 480. Number of dinner plates, 6794; of soup plates, 1406; of dessert plates, 1499.

The wine provided amounted to 100 dozen of Champaigne; 20 of Burgundy; 200 of Claret; 50 of Hock; 50 of Moselle; 50 of Madeira; and 350 of Port and Sherry; besides 100 gallons of iced punch, and 100 barrels of ale and porter.

It would be pleasing to know the cost of this extravagant meal, thus wickedly provided; but it is impossible. We have estimated it, however, at seven thousand and five hundred dollars. Probably every individual who ate of this costly dinner—say seven thousand persons—would have been far better off the next day, had his dinner cost but six cents. Then more than $7000 were wasted! Enough to feed, and warm, and clothe 40 families, including 200 persons, during the whole of a long cold London winter.

Original.

THE RHODIAN VOW.

MORN on the breast of ocean, bright and clear,
Poured down a stream of radiant gold
From heaven's high fount of light and splendour. Calm
And stilly beautiful, the waters lay,
Save that the first soft morning breeze, scarce felt
Upon an infant's cheek, just raised the folds
In ocean's robe of green, and lightly played
Around her yielding bosom. From the west
It came, to greet the coming day-star's light,
And wafted gently o'er the deep a bark
Whose high curved prow pointed afar, where Rhodes,
Gem of the waters, shone. On the high deck,
An eager band of gazers stood, watching
The low coast which stretched blue in the distance.
As the light vessel danced along the sea,
Driven by the fresh'ning breeze, the cloudy shore
Rose clearer on their earnest eyes; and soon
To their still nearer view, Earth seemed to doff
The soft blue robe which air had o'er her cast,
And stood resplendent in her own bright green.
Glorious that far-famed city shone, the home
Of every art, mid nature's fairest scenes.
High o'er the haven's narrow entrance towered
Colossus, spanning the heavens with his huge arms;
Upon whose heavenward head, day's first bright beams
Fell rich and splendid, even as though Phœbus
Proudly shed those rays to crown his giant
Image. Beneath the mighty form they sailed,
The stately mast unbending still, and swept
Within the port, whose cold dark bosom heaved
Beneath a thousand hulls. And now with joy,
Forth from their sea-worn bark the wanderers pass,
Hastily turning through the crowded streets
Where greeting friends or calls of interest
Await their coming footsteps: all save one,
Who solitary and retired, had stood
Upon the spray-washed prow, and marked
With calmly curious eye, the columned city,
As it rose in beauty from the ocean.
Wrapt in his Roman robe, he leaned apart,
And watched the gathering crowds, till all
His fellow wanderers had passed away;
Then turning, o'er the high ship's side he sprung,
And freely trod again the hard, firm earth
With joyous step. Along the streets he moved
Haughtily bold, and the retiring throng
Knew that the stately port and flowing robe
Declared a Roman citizen, whose high
And sacred privilege, no monarch
Dared withstand or question. Still as he walked,
His glance rested admiring on the shrines
Of sumptuous splendour, which in ancient days
The princely Rhodians reared; now o'er the isle,
They rose, thrice hallowed with the touch of time.
Pre-eminent above all meaner piles,
Towered one high temple 'mid a grove of oaks,
(The tree sacred to Jove,) and as afar,
His dark eye caught its marble's snowy gleam,
From its dark leafy curtain's sombre shade,
He knew the famous shrine of Jupiter,
Adored as Ammon in far Libya's wild
And sandy deserts. Joyful he hastened
Up the vast portico; and when within
The temple's holy precincts, low he bent
Before the imaged lord of heaven and earth.
Awful in marble frowned the Thunderer,
And the pale lightnings seemed to half tremble
In his vengeful hand. But milder beauty
Shone in the bright form, that sculptured stood
Beneath the god's right hand, in manly grace
Supremely radiant. 'Twas Alexander,
Ammon's boasted son; maddened with fortune,
He, the world's young conqueror, deplored
His victories, because they left no more
To vanquish. There he stood in royal armour
Dight, and leaning on his shield, his face turned
As in sorrow from the light, and sadness
Darkening on his noble features. The stone
Had felt Lysippus' magic touch, and lived.
The Roman gazed: he knew the sculptured form
Mourning in silence there, and why he mourned.
'Twas not the beauty of that marble life,
'Twas not the grandeur of the solemn place
That fixed his dark eye in that ardent gaze—
His soul was far away in other times.
He thought of the bright hopes of youthful days,
Of high resolves in manhood's firmness made,
He thought of all for ever lost, and wept:
The Roman wept, and manhood's burning tears
Fell on his hardened cheek; the bitter grief
Of self-degraded honour wrung his heart.
He raised his drooping head, and sighing spoke:
"Thou mournest, son of Ammon, o'er a world
Too early conquered, e'en in thy short life—
Ere thirty years had passed above thy head,
Undying glories glittered on thy name:
Ah! how unlike my unremembered deeds!
But by the majesty of heaven and earth,
Though now I stand a nameless wanderer here,
The day shall come—yes, soon come, when my name
Shall swell as far and proudly, as of old
The Macedonian monarch's rung. * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Upon ten thousand helmets fell the rays
Of sunset parting on the hills of Gaul,
When by the shore of a dark river stood
A Roman legion, still, but dreadful
As the gathering storm-cloud. Slowly pacing
On a stately war-horse, sat the leader
Of that silent host, there lonely musing.
Why lingered he with that bright host
At nightfall on that narrow river's bank?
Did its dark waters rolling in the night-wind,
Or the rough shores that rose beyond, appal
Those Roman hearts? No, for impatience burned
In their fierce eyes; and now they waited
Only for the word, to march unbroken
Through that torrent's path. But who was he,
Their lonely chief, that lingered there so long?
'Twas he, who in the Rhodian temple vowed
Before the Macedonian's mourning form,
To light a glory, that should shine as far
As his, amid oblivion's darkness.
He had fulfilled that vow: for nations afar,
That never knew the name and sway of him
Who tore the Persian from his gorgeous throne,
Had felt the terrors of his wasting sword,
And regions wide as India, fell
Before the Roman conqueror. Here, too,
As at the shrine of Ammon, mournful thoughts
Seemed pressing on his soul, as his high crest
Hung drooping on his courser's arching neck.
He paused, but wept not as of old, for oft
The fount of sorrow fails 'mid burning years.
He shrunk from that dark river's foaming stream;
It was the Rubicon, Rome's sacred bound,
Untouched by an intruder's foot for ages.

For him in arms to cross that boundary,
Was to proclaim exterminating war
Against his country's hallowed shrines and homes.
But should he yield that gallant host, and march
To Rome, an unarmed citizen, disgrace
Unmerited from lordly foes was his.
He thought of glory, and the vow, of old
Offered to Jove. "The die is cast!" he cried;
He raised his plumed helm, and as he sprung
On his leaping steed, into the foaming deep,
"Forward!" he shouted to the waiting host.
The trumpet's clear notes rang along the banks,
And swift the legion's stately columns moved
Into the rapid Rubicon; they rose
In hostile lines upon the banks beyond,
And Roman soil was trod by Roman foes.

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

The cry of sorrow rose amid the towers
And temples of the seven-hilled city. Loud
The Roman forum rung with wailings
Of the gathered thousands who lamented
Long, the fall of one, their nation's joy.
Low, on a marble tablet laid, was seen
A noble form, which bore the recent marks
Of bloody death. The gathered robe lay still
In folds unmoving on that lifeless breast,
But pierced with many a wound, on which the gore
Lay but just stiffened in the morning air.
The laurel that enwreathed his bald, high brow,
Marked the imperial form of him who ruled
Singly, the Roman world. Though lowly laid
By cruel hands, those whom he lately ruled
Insulted not the fallen Cæsar's corpse;
But o'er her first imperial lord, Rome wept.

Original.

EARTH'S DEMAND.

Sea! sea! restore me my dead!
For thou hew'st no tomb where the form may be lain—
Thou raisest no turf—and no funeral train
May shed o'er the lov'd their tears!
But thy winds howl around the unsheltered head,
And thy waves leap above the unshrouded dead
Thou hold'st in their sleep of years!

Sea! sea! give back my dead!
For the warrior thou'st bound with thy mighty chain
Had earned him a grave on the blood-red plain,
Where the deeds of his pride were done;
And the marble points to the record of Fame,
And proudly boasts of his spell-like name:
Yet his form it hath not won!

Sea! sea! release me my dead!
For the tear of lonely affection hath gushed,
And childhood's voice in its gladness is hush'd,
Or turn'd to a wail for the dead!
For the hope of return hath been chang'd for despair;
For the ocean-buried—the slumberer there
May not leave his wave-hid bed!

Sea! sea! keep not my dead!
For the mother's heart with its anguish is rent;
And tottering age yet more lowly is bent
For the youth whose tones thou hast hush'd!
And already the hectic seal of decay
Has imprinted the cheek of the lovely and gay
For hopes in their budding crush'd!

* * * * * * *

Earth! earth! ask not thy dead:
For peaceful they sleep in their amber-lit cave,
Beneath the dark coral whose branches ne'er wave,
And whose leaf knows nor with'ring nor fall!
And sinless flowrets their couches entwine,
And moss, whose dew is the ocean brine,
Has woven o'er them a pall!

Earth! earth! ask not thy dead!
Nor pearl nor gem has your coffin'd dead,
But treasures the floor of the deep bespread,
That a prince 'mid his wealth might claim;
And the garnered riches of ages strews
Its bed—and shells, whose gorgeous hues
The rainbow's pride might shame!

* * * * * * *

Sea! sea! I claim my dead!
Gems shine not like memory's tear,
And pearls but mock the lowly bier
Of death's unconscious sleep—
But a grave shall be theirs where the willows bend,
Where spring's first flowers with the green turf blend,
And affection her vigils may keep!
Then release my dead from thy grasp, thou sea!
The imprison'd of ocean set free—set free!

EDA.

Original.

THE CHILD OF ADVERSITY'S GRAVE.

I heard the rude breeze as it hurriedly swept
O'er the strings of that harp which in gladness was strung;
When I thought of its owner, in pity I wept
O'er the heart that misfortune so early had wrung.

In the morning of life, in the spring-time of youth,
When Hope was propitious and Fate seem'd to smile,
He had loved, and his harp had oft told his heart's truth,
For its chords never knew of deception and guile.

But long ere the evening of age had arrived,
The tempest had gathered, his sky was o'ercast;
Unwept and unpitied, of all hope deprived,
Like a flower he withered and drooped in the blast.

Where all silent and lone now in death rests his head,
The hoarse wind may sigh and the willow may wave;
But never! oh, never shall her tears be shed
In grief o'er the Child of Adversity's Grave.

STANZAS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

My heart is like a wither'd rose,
On which the envious worm has fed;
And healthful bloom no more it knows:
All but the rankling thorns are dead.

My heart is like a broken lyre
Which some rude hand has snapt in twain,
And on its chords the notes expire,
That music ne'er can wake again.

My heart is like a lonely tomb,
Where lies interr'd the lov'd—the dead—
Nought breaks upon its chilling gloom,
And Hope no more her light can shed.

EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

THE SHABBY GENTEEL.

> At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen;
> At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen;
> At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot;
> In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.—Goldsmith.

How often soever it may have been said, that we never seem ridiculous from what we are, but from what we assume to be, the saying remains as true as before; and, therefore, I once more repeat it, at the opening of this chapter. Taken in this sense, ridicule is indeed the test of truth, for nothing *true* can be in itself ridiculous. We may smile in contempt or derision of conceit and folly; or laugh in sympathy with comic or ludicrous scenes and ideas; but it is pretension, assumption only that move our ridicule. To be above its insolent insulting inflictions we have only to be ourselves; which simple part, to the bulk of mankind, appears the most difficult to perform of any. Our social customs universally conspire to make us attempt every thing, rather than display the real character; but above all to conceal the true circumstances in which we live. We must either seem above, or—though far more rarely—below them. The very wealthy do sometimes take to

> "The devil's own vice,
> The pride that apes humility."

as often as they rise above the commoner affectations of vanity.

My young friend, Mrs. Roberts, exposed herself to ridicule, by the common folly of assuming to give dinners, to dress, and to live in the style of persons three times as wealthy; but, for the credit of English morality, I regret to say that she only incurred the penalty by attempting to reconcile discretion and honesty, with what, in such circumstances, was quite incompatible. Extravagance, folly, debt, gross dishonesty, in short, might have been pardoned her, where the thing was managed with *dash*, and a proper understanding of *effect*; but who can pardon the *shabby-genteel*; abhorred of gods, men and charwomen.

On one of the latter turned the fortunes of Maria Roberts's *jour-de-fête*. She had, from frugality, hired one of those wondrous machines, a *maid of all work*, ignorant and stupid, at half wages—who made up the balance by breaking china and glass, and damaging every article of furniture that fell in her way. I have frequently noticed that notable house-keeping ladies are, in general, fatalists about breaking. Mrs. Roberts, after the first three months, concluded that Jane had got through most of her breakings. And she was so good-hearted and kind to "baby," (that important personage in so many small households,) and was believed so honest." "With myself, Jane, and the charwoman, and a good deal of forethought, I can manage very well," said Maria, at one of our final consultations. "I shall have every thing possible done beforehand—the cooking will be all over before the company begin to arrive—then I can dress in a minute; and Biddy, when she has sent in dinner, can assist Jane to wait at table. I cannot think of having one of those insolent fellows of hired footmen in the house again; and those cooks who go about, are so horribly extravagant, conceited, and dictating—one of them, whom Mrs. Pentague hired to assist her cook, charges 15s. a day; and must be wined and *portered*, and waited upon and coaxed."

I entirely approved of dispensing with the perambulating footman, whether "*of parts or figure*," and also the consequential cook mentioned, whom I knew to be as troublesome and conceited as if she had taken regular diploma from Dr. Kitchener; but how Jane and Biddy were to perform their various functions, was still an affair through which I could not see my way. Of the latter I had indeed considerable suspicion all along; strenuously as I understood she had been recommended by her countrywoman, my neighbour, Mrs. Plunkett, as possessing every good quality, requisite under a kitchen roof—had lived cook in genteel families, both in Bath and Dublin city itself; and in her first husband's time assisted the cook to the mess of the 93d regiment, though that was fifteen years ago.

My doubts threw Maria into fresh perplexity, she studied her bill of fare. "It would be taking too great a liberty to ask Mrs. James Taylor to lend me her cook for a day; but I might ask her advice—she is always so gentle and kind to me."

"But you won't ask her advice though," I put in abruptly. "My sister Anne is one of the best women that breathes; no one more amiable—more generous; but, good worthy lady, she has been happy and moderate enough never to have known any one serious domestic difficulty in her life. She has always been so perfectly at ease in money matters herself, that like many more excellent women one meets, she is rather puzzled to find out why other people are not as much at *their* ease, and have not every thing as nice and proper about their nurseries and their table as herself. When Roberts can allow you £600 or £800 a-year for your housekeeping, about half my brother's liberal allowance, then advise with my sister Anne. She can discourse most sensibly on economy, and wonder too how people need be so very ill off. In which sort of surprise I have seen her sensible husband join her, and with a most proper and husband-like admiration of his wife's domestic talents, declare that where families do not go on well, (with probably not the fourth of her means,) there must be bad management at bottom. And yet they are about the best people I know. To comprehend the exigencies of your position in society, or rather that of struggling professional people, the most difficult of any—is quite out of their way. Your part in life clearly ascertained, ought to be easily filled."

"I assure you to me it seems the most difficult of any. If with the fourth part of Mrs. James Taylor's income, one could do with the fourth of the beef, bread, tea, coals, candles, butter, and so forth—but you see how it is—that would be no rule—and what to save upon, while one must keep every thing the self-same as those wealthy people"—

"Or at least some mock-imitation, and make-shift thing, Maria. Well, it is a wretched system, a despicable slavery—this making one guinea do the fashionable work of three, or *seem to do*; for after all, it never gets beyond seeming. Like the foolish bird, we hide our heads under the wing of our own vanity, and fancy the whole world is not seeing and laughing at us, because we have good-winked ourselves."

I had probably pushed the conversation beyond the

point of politeness; dry on this subject, and with so interesting a victim before me, I could have no remorse or patience. Sometimes my heart misgave me, and I was on the point of warning Maria against the absurdities she was about to commit, and the laughter she was to draw upon herself by her "three courses and a dessert;" but stern friendship counselled that I should let her do her worst, and endure the penalty of shame and mortification at once and for ever.

I undertook several little commissions for Maria, connected with her fête, and promised to come myself very early, to amuse Mr. Sam. Madox, a cockney bachelor of some sixty years; somewhat of a virtuoso, but more of a gourmand, florid and withal priggish, and known by the ladies of the many families with whom he was a dinner visitor, as "that plague old Madox, who always comes so early." Not that he came a second before the appointed hour, but that he appeared punctual as the hand of his watch.

I did not appear before my services were required. Great as are the mysterious powers of ubiquity possessed by a maid-of-all work, it is still just possible that the most thorough-bred of the corps cannot overtake every thing. When I arrived, all was, as is said, at sixes and sevens. The parlour fire was still unlit; the confusion in the kitchen might have been, as the charwoman who made it said, "stirred with a stick." Maria, in a morning gown and apron, not over clean of course, and her chin [illegible] in papillotes, was hushing "baby," who squalled, as if on purpose, ten times louder than ever he had squalled before—and casting looks of distraction and despair on Biddy, the regular charwoman and brevet cook. To me the latter was the most amusing person of the group. Maria watched her as a clever sensible patient may an ignorant surgeon, certain that all was going wrong, that some dreadful mischief was impending, but over-awed by the dignity of the profession, and afraid to interfere. Mrs. Roberts was conscious that, though perfectly able to judge of results, she still knew little or nothing of preliminary culinary processes; and was, in many cases, an entire stranger to the mode by which particular effects were to be produced. It was not difficult to perceive that Biddy, if she had ever possessed the requisite skill, had let her right hand forget its cunning. Like all other persons in office who do not know their own business, she required a deputy.

"Sorrow be on you, girl, won't you give me the cullinder; and the vittles, as you see, between my own hands?" Mrs. Roberts flew with the desired utensil. "Och, excuse me—is it yourself ma'am—where the d'ickens has that creature Jane put the dish-cloth, which was in my hands this minute! In troth, then, sir," continued she, looking at me with one of her broadest grins, "if you don't have that, we'll be thinking of pinning it to your tails. But just mention, my lady, now, what sauce you would like for the roast bullock's heart, that's to relieve the stewed rabbits, and onion sauce."

"Oh, not the rabbits," cried Maria; "surely you know better—you can't forget it is the *Roman* ragout, that the [illegible] roast hare [illegible]"—

"Well, never mind—the one or the other it is any way. Sure I have it oftener than there's teeth in my jaws, both ways; with the man of the Old it was always the t'other way—but your ladyship may take your own way for all that."

"Think how time flies, my good woman," cried the anxious hostess—"almost five. Will you take another draught of beer?—and then the pheasant—not singed yet. Mrs. James Taylor has sent me such a beautiful pheasant"—

"We'll be none the worse of the liquor, any way, ma'am. And is not he an elegant love of a bird, now, Mr. Taylor—many is the like of him I seen in my own country—only a thought larger—(Drinks)—That's for bad luck. Cox's house is one of the best in London, both for measure and quality. Would you like his head twisted this way, under, or the way, ma'am? He is a prince of a bird. He'll grace your table, ma'am!"

"So I hope. It was so good of Mrs. Taylor to send me this game—I never would have gone to the high price. But dear me, cook, truss the head any way—really, my good woman, this is no time for conversation, pleasantly as you talk—any way with his head—you know best about that."

"*I shall*"—was pronounced with emphatic [illegible], and the neck of the unhappy bird was twisted every way but that which fashion or custom prescribed [illegible] calls the way. Maria groaned as much; and I [illegible] the strong good sense and presence of mind [illegible] prevented her from fretting, or standing on [illegible] such an emergency. She was like Napoleon giving his commands to the surgeon accoucheur of Marie Louise. "Treat my golden pheasant as if it were but an ordinary barn-door fowl," Mrs. Roberts' [illegible] seemed to say. "And never fear," replied Biddy, "we'll have him in in pudding-time, I warrant me—the pheasant and the articles, ma'am first—a'n't that it?"

"O dear, no, no"—cried Maria, now thoroughly vexed. "The pheasant—the game is for the third course."

"The third course!—Sure I have seen him in the first, when a dony bird like that, both in Sir Lady Clark's and Mr. Serjeant Dennis's too."

"But in England—Oh Biddy!—Well, you know you will surely remember when the pheasant is to be sent in. Here's the bill of fare."

Again perverse "baby" squalled out, and drowned all our voices.

"Such a scene, Mr. Taylor—will you step into the parlour?—Jane has lit the fire now, I hope. Oh baby, cruel baby! if you knew what your poor mother has to undergo to-day, you would surely be a better boy. Gracious! that's old Madox's knock!"

This luckily proved a false alarm; "baby" by good fortune had now exhausted himself in squalling and fell asleep. Maria had five minutes to dress, but how, she whispered, could she leave that fearful Biddy.

"Make yourself aisy, ma'am; first to mind, and mind you your good company. First, the soup, and the *Roman* ragout—but there's no good any way in letting this drop of beer die a natural death in the mug. A merry meeting of friends to you, my lady! and leave your dinner to myself, and I'll do it handsome and genteel, as Mr. Taylor there will tell you."

The maid, by power of bellows, had by this time forced a tardy reluctant fire in the parlour, and sent clouds of ashes over all the neatly laid-out table, the labour of the indefatigable Maria. Willing to be useful, aware that the mode of a service may double its value, and having no other means, I dusted all round and over with my veritable clean silk handkerchief—and ingeniously comprehending that a box of half or a third burnt wax-lights, such as thrifty housewives buy cheap in London, were next to be stuck in the candlesticks, but forgotten by the all-work, I also performed this other duty. And now Madox fairly knocked, and Maria flew down, almost from her attic chamber. Miss Kelly never shifted her costume more rapidly. We were both in the passage on our way to the drawing-room; but the final orders were to be given to panting Jane, who was still half dressed. "Now, do my sake, Jane, don't forget what I have driven into you! Don't affront me by your stupidity—the thickened butter—and to boil the coffee hot—and to heat the cream—and the drawing-room fire; and oh, do try to keep 'baby' quiet if he awake; and don't let him pull his own ear. [illegible] put it on till I ring for him—and above all be sure you don't let Biddy come so loud, to knock [illegible]

bear—you know what a beast she makes of herself—she will spoil the dinner, and break the things. O! that plague old Madox! How he knocks!"

"Yes ma'am—no ma'am," followed at intervals from the bewildered maid of all-work, whose replies were mechanically measured by time; certainly not dictated by sense—for true it was, as Maria said,

"Now, Jane, you don't know a word I have been saying to you. Oh me!"

Maria had not composed her looks, or drawn on her gloves, when Madox was upon us in the blue drawing-room.

Whether the devil tempted him or not, I cannot tell, but he talked away at no allowance of the excellence of the London markets, always in this month of February. Fish so good—salmon, prime—game—wild ducks—teal. It was the very season for the London carnival. Mrs. Pantague sailed in imperially—spread abroad in satin, capped, and jewelled; and after the ordinary compliments, the discourse flowed in the former channel. She had been ordering things that morning, though she rarely marketed herself. Mrs. Pantague was one of those many English people, who apply the possessive pronoun on all possible occasions. "*My* fishmonger," "*My* confectioner." One might have thought she held the whole of each poor man in sole property. *My* cook is nothing.

"My cook is so exquisite a judge, that I rarely look at any thing. I can so fully rely upon my butcher. How do you manage, my dear Mrs. Roberts?"

"The London markets are splendidly filled at present, ma'am," said Plague Madox to the great lady. "Few London sights equal to them after all, ma'am."

"And so they are, Mr. Madox—Paris, Brussels. I don't say much about Vienna, though my friend, Lady Danvers, who lived long there, when his lordship was connected with the embassy, has often told me that Vienna is in *bonne chere* a superb city; but after all, Mr. Madox, as you say, commend me to London markets. Cookery may be better understood in Paris. You have been in Paris, I conclude, Mr. Madox—often?"—Madox bowed. "But for provisions; the sterling English staple, as Sir John says, London may challenge the world—fish, flesh, or fowl."

"Right, madam, and so it may. Old English roast beef, the growth of every county. Banstead mutton, Essex veal, Dorking fowls, Norfolk turkeys, Lincolnshire geese. Hey, Mr. Roberts, got before you." Maria lit her lips over the alimentary catalogue of February, while Roberts saluted the company.

I cannot go into the mortifying details of this *three courses, and a dessert.* The bawling, and mishaps of Biddy, the blunders of distracted Jane, the agony of poor Mrs. Roberts, and the distant squalling of "baby." Even *I* could not have anticipated a chain of such mortifying accidents, though they were all quite natural.

The awkwardness of the guests who possessed politeness and delicacy, and the ill-suppressed grumbling of the ruder natures, disappointed in that great affair, a dinner, was nothing to the air of insolent disgust with which Mrs. Pantague pushed away plate after plate—touched, yet untouched. I must acknowledge that the *soles* were not of the freshest, though they might be correspondingly *cheap*, nor were they the best cooked. Mrs. Pantague, in pure malice, I am certain, required to have the dish named *Hessian ragout*, analyzed by Madox.

"Bullock's cheek stew! that is a ragout I am not acquainted with:—not any, thank you: indeed I have dined." The great lady leant back in her chair with a look of haughty yet piteous resignation to her fate.

"There's a pheasant coming," faltered poor Mrs. Roberts. It was in her dinner like the single great lord among a vain man's acquaintance.

"I will trouble you, Mrs. Roberts," said my hearty brother James. "I did not know the dish under the fine name. You remember, Dick, how we used to lay our ears in this stew at Nurse Wilks's on Sundays. Never was turtle so glorious."

This was scarcely a rally for Maria. At another time it would have been mortification. Plague Madox now ventured upon "Just one-half spoonful of the ragout—thick;" and after cautiously reconnoitering the table, had the dose repeated. This looked better, and

By and by, the second course
Came lagging like a distanced horse.

Bullock's heart stuffed and roasted has its admirers even among *gourmands:* but then it must be *roasted*, sanguinary as English eaters are. The condition was, therefore, a capital disappointment to more than one gentleman, and worse to Mrs. Roberts, compelled to say, "take this away," though it had been her main reliance; a dish that both Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Madox particularly admired—and rarely saw. A young puppy, one of Mr. Roberts's friends, who had got, by chance or accident, a copy of verses into a magazine, and set up literary pretensions accordingly, regaled us at our side of the table with the story of "De Coucy's Heart," and the "Basil Pot," till the ladies began to look pale and sick. Across the table there was a dialogue on cannibalism and the New Zealanders, which, so far as it was heard, did not mend our health nor quicken our appetites; but all this was nothing to the tremendous crash which came at once above, below, and around us!—and the exclamation,

"Och diaoul! come quick jewel, Mr. Richard. Did not the kitchen chimney go on fire—we are all in a blaze." And Biddy, like ten furies, was in the midst of us."

The ladies huddled together and screamed, and would have run into the street—if not prevented by main force, backed by my speedy assurance that this was a false alarm—merely a blaze of overturned grease as their noses might inform them. Maria, forgetting every thing but a mother's feelings, flew to find her child, who appeared among us after all in his night-cap, but yet helped wonderfully to restore tranquillity, as all the women were bound in turns to seize and praise him. Things looked better again. The *sweets* previously prepared by poor Maria, with great pains and care, and want of sleep, and a wonderful effort for a first, got the length of being "damned with faint praise" by the lady-judges, though Mrs. Pantague did recommend Mrs. Roberts to try "My confectioner only for once. He was, to be sure, an unconscionable wretch in his prices—but exquisite in taste. His *Vanilla Cream* was allowed to be unequalled in London. It was sent to the Pavilion, and to —— House, when nothing else of his was taken. It was indeed a great favour to procure it." What was the final catastrophe of the pheasant I cannot to this day tell, but he never appeared; and Plague Madox indemnified himself with *blue* cheese and some tolerable bottled porter. The port—it was called clarety-port—something that was to unite *cheaply* the *body* of Portugal with the spirit of France, he had sipped—eyed between him and the candle—and pulled in another decanter. I suppose the Sherry, or rather Cape Madeira, he hit upon, was a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. He actually made faces.

"Who is your wine-merchant, Roberts," cried loud Mr. Pantague, the stock broker, from where he sat, by the elbow of the miserable hostess, who had now lost all self-possession and almost temper, and who afterwards told me that it was with great difficulty she kept from crying. Pantague was also smacking critically, and holding his glass between him and the candle. Roberts looked as simple as his wife and more vexed. Either no current name of value in the

weigh-trade occurred to him, or he might not like to lie. He had, after a moment's pause, the forethought, the true John Bull spirit and manliness to say, "The very little wine I use, Mr. Pennyguss, I buy where I find it best and cheapest."

"O right—quite right," cried Mr. Pantagus, and tossed off his glass. This was the most hopeful feature of the night. Could I have caught the eyes of the speaker, mine would have thanked him.

"Very fair port, this," said Mr. James Taylor, the rich thriving solicitor. Pingue Mudox drew his red wine glass to him again, and filled it once more. "New; but very good: what say you, Dick?—My brother is one of the best judges of wines now in London. You need not gainsay it now, Dick: your Italian residence, and early pursuits, have made you so; but I believe you refer it to your unsophisticated palate."

I rose 100 per cent. with the company in one second; and resolved to improve my sudden accession of vinous fame to the benefit of Maria Roberts.

"There ought to be wine in this house; ladies' wine, at least," I said, nodding, knowingly, to Mrs. Roberts, "if the lady of it would only appoint me her butler for the night."

"With the utmost pleasure, Mr. Taylor; but you know"——

"What, I know—give me your key." Maria stared at me. There was method in my madness. I returned in five minutes, or rather more, and solemnly placed a couple of pint bottles upon the table. Jane furnished me with fresh glasses.

"I am not going to accuse our hostess of not bestowing the very best wine she has upon her friends; but I am afraid I must accuse her of not having taste enough in wine to know the value of her own treasures."

"Nay, if I had thought that half so admired as"—

"Give me leave, ma'am. We need not mystify the matter. This is two of six bottles—but we must not rob Mrs. Roberts of more than one—this little cobwebbed fellow—that came as a present from the Bishop of ——'s cellars; sent by his lady to her god-daughter, our amiable hostess, before her late confinement. The late brother of the bishop was for some time governor at the Cape. Give me your opinion, ladies of this *coddling* wine, that you send in presents to favourites." I had said enough for a lady of such quick tact as Mrs. Pantagus.

"Delicious Constantia!" was her affectedly rapturous exclamation. "'Tis not every where one meets with the like of this. And the bishop's lady, whom I have seen at Brighton, is your godmother, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I have that honour."

"Exquisite wine! The veritable nectar of the gods, Mr. Richard, must be Constantia. Nay, nay; this must be kept for a *bonne bouche*—husbanded—a fourth of a glass if you please." I had no wish to hazard a second trial, having come off so well upon the first.

"The *Bouquet*—the delicious fragrance of this wine, is its character, sir," said our young poet. "You must be sensible of it, Mr. Taylor."

"I'll be hanged if I smell any thing save the burning grease the cook has nearly set the chimney on fire with," replied my brother. "She seems, by the way, on very happy terms of familiarity with you, Dick; and quite a character in your way. I believe you know all the Irish charwomen in London."

All the ladies tasted the "delicious Constantia," while Maria, trying to look frowningly, really looked half comic, half amused, at my impudent fraud. Several of the fair judges pronounced it very fine. My sister, Anna, said it was very sweet and nice indeed—but of wine she was no judge; and Miss Claves, a very lively young lady, vowed it was so like milk punch, which was quite a charming thing, that she could not tell the difference for her life.

"O, the green taste of our girls, Mr. Richard," whispered Mrs. Pantagus. "How many fine things in life are thrown away upon them? Your sister, Charlotte, has really then positively refused the banker—her ultimatum given in? But will the Roberts never move, think you? Really, to be frank, I long for a cup of even cold wish-washy coffee, after this is abrupt absurd visceral repast. I wish some friend would give the poor young woman a hint; could not you, Mr. Richard?" She looked at her watch.

I vowed, in my indignant heart that Maria should, in hearing every word of this, reap the bitter fruit of her own vain toils. But I did not need to be severe in my lesson.

Before the poet and myself reached the drawing-room, half the ladies had disappeared. From below, Pingue Mudox, my brother, and all the old stagers went off without looking near us. The dinner would not have been very good, after all, I suppose. Mudox swore that either the wine or the fare had deranged him sadly; for three days baffled all pepsic powers—lost him two *good* dinner parties—and made him doubt whether he would ever accept an invitation from Roberts, or any man who kept no regular cook in his life again, where every thing was, he said, "More provoking and worse than another. Pity the poor fellow with such a wife."

In the mean time I have forgotten to tell, that the very late George Roberts, and a few young men, who in spite of every disaster, stood by him and the bottle, staggered up stairs. I was now alone in the drawing-room. The young ladies, after yawning, hour after hour, in the vain hope of relief from below; after examining and re-examining Maria's store of knick-nacks, and hopelessly endeavouring to extract music and young gentlemen from the broken-stringed cabinet piano-forte, had all taken wing while Maria was gone to put "baby" to sleep.

Roberts was half tipsy, half chagrined, and I perceived in a fair way of getting into very bad temper. This was his day of festival, the christening feast of his first-born, and there was no joy, no sociality, no pleasure, no amusement. He had promised his young friends his wife's music, female society, a dance—and there remained for them an empty disordered room, where "Queer Mr. Richard Taylor" kept watch over two blinking wax-candle ends and a few smouldering cinders.

"Where are all the ladies—where is Maria?" was said hurriedly. "Where is Mrs. Roberts?" in a more imperative, and husband-like tone. Echo might answer where, if she chose, but I was dumb. Roberts jerked the blue bell-rope, and down it came, and up came panting Jane.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Putting 'baby' to sleep, sir."

It would be treason against nature to suppose that Roberts could really have said "Deuce take 'baby'"—but Jane, who looked perfectly aghast, and, in the utter horror, certainly believed those shocking unnatural words were spoken; and had they even been, they would have meant nothing serious—a proof that a man must not always be judged by his rash expressions.

"By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if we cannot have amusement above stairs, we shall have some below. Here, you Biddy, or whatever they call you"—

"Biddy Duigenan, an' plase your honour—so christened by Father"——

"Get us a dry devil, or a broiled bone, or something peppery and famous."

"Och, then! devil a bone with a thread on it, within the door of ye. The mistress chooses her meat with

gut hopes. She's a mighty frugal, managing young crature."

This conversation passed, aloud, between the door of the drawing-room and the bottom of the stairs. The young men roared in full chorus; and Mr. Sullivan, the Templar instantly challenged a countrywoman in Biddy, who was heard laughing jollily below, crying to Jane "Faix, but it does myself good to see the gentlemen getting hearty and merry at last. One might thought their feast a *Keenin*—*to* knock till the bits of pianos, the cratures, go off."

"By the powers! if we can't get meat we shall have drink, boys," cried Mr. George Roberts again in a most uproarious and savage humour, something affected too by the satirical commentary made by one of his friends on "a lady choosing *her mate* without bones," which as a husband of some eighteen months, and consequently still very touchy on the score of *hen-pecking*, he fancied it mightily concerned his honour and manhood to resent.

"Ay, *bones* and blood, and spirit too, by Jove, Maria! Mrs. Roberts! Madam, I say, come down stairs! You shall see, gentlemen, who is master in this house—if all the wives in Christendom"—But it is idle to repeat the ravings of an intoxicated man. I knew Maria would have the delicacy and sense not to come down stairs; and Sullivan, by far the soberest of the party, having brought our host to order, and promised me to take care of the party, I stole away. Jane, as I afterwards learned, a simple country girl, immediately became so frightened, that she crept up to her mistress, reporting "that the gentlemen were tipsy and riotous, and that one of them had pulled her on the stairs. Master was tramping up and down rummaging all the cupboards for spirits; and Biddy was worse than all the rest." Maria, a stranger to every species of excess, a girl transferred from school to her own house, became more nervous than Jane; and as the noise of song and revelry,

Of tipsy dance and jollity,

rose louder and louder from the pollyted blue-room, constituted into a kind of *Free-and-Easy* club, the women bolted themselves in. Jane, after her hard day's work, soon fell asleep sitting on the floor; and it was not till the watchmen, attracted by the riot within, had rung repeatedly, and that the young men sallied out "to thrash the Charleys," when a general *melee* ensued, that she was awoke by the shaking and suppressed cries of her mistress, as the whole party below, Biddy inclusive, were carried off by the guardians of the night, and safely lodged! How Maria got through the dreadful night I cannot tell; but I lost no time, after receiving her early message, in repairing to the office. Mr. Roberts and his friends were already liberated without examination, and had slunk away, bribing Biddy to silence with sundry shillings and half-crowns.

Roberts looked foolish enough when I found him at home, sitting amid the *debris* of the blue-room, writing a note of apology to Joseph Greene for the nocturnal disturbance; but he still seemed to believe that the whole scene arose from Maria's absurd management, and the air of pretension and *shabby gentility* of her entertainment, which had made them both ridiculous; the discomfort of every thing; and, above all, the impudence of that Irish hag, and the insolence of that Mrs. Pannague." He did, however, condescend to apologise to his wife for the outrage of which he had subsequently been guilty; and his boon compeers of the night, one and all afterwards declared, that they never durst look Mrs. Roberts in the face again.

This was not the end of the affair. Roberts was forgiven by his wife, who, in her ignorance of *life*, fancied his conduct far more grievous and degrading than he was disposed to feel it. But there was another reckoning to adjust. By some means my brother got intelligence of the manner in which Roberts's *fete* had ended. "A married man—in his own house—it is too bad. I fear this is not the first of it," James said to me. "For some weeks, Richard, I have wished to consult you about this. Do you know Roberts is short of his cash?"

Awful charge against a confidential clerk! I guessed how much it imported.

"To what extent?"

"No great extent; but the thing is so wrong, so un-*business-like*." This is another most significant phrase. "About £60 or £70—and perhaps he may have some claim against me; but I don't like the look of it. Such arrears are so *unbusiness-like*. I fear he is extravagant—getting dissipated"——

"Only foolish—or something of that sort," was my careless reply;—"but he will mend, I dare say. What meanwhile have you done?"

"Ordered him to balance his cash, and pay up by Friday at farthest."

"Quite right."

I instantly took my way to the Row. Maria was in the blue drawing-room; now in its gilding and draperies of all hues soiled and tawdry—the ornaments smoked and tarnished; the chairs and tables crazy or fractured, and the purple and gold purse faded from its original splendour, as I remarked on seeing it on the table.

"Alas, it has acquired a worse fault," Maria said, while she shook it to display its emptiness, smiling and sighing.

"A sieve-like quality—the faculty of running out faster than Roberts pours in"——

"Something very like that, I confess."

"Do you pardon my frankness, Mrs. Roberts, and give me leave to be sincere with you?"

"I do, I do, and thank you most sincerely.—With our limited income"——(*hesitation.*)

"All your stitching and pulling cannot keep fortune in at heels and make both ends meet."

"You have guessed, it Mr. Richard.—Were it not for my poor child—and poor Roberts too—I would certainly endeavour to procure a situation as a governess—and Roberts, he might go into lodgings again; since it seems I cannot, with all my skill and economy, manage that we should live on our income—and it is worse than all that with us! Oh, I assure you it has almost broken my heart!—Mr. Roberts is short of Mr. Taylor's cash. It is shocking!—his integrity may be doubted; and he was in fearful temper this morning. I dread his coming back." Maria could no longer restrain her tears. I was gratified by her confidence in me, pleased that Roberts had at once told her the circumstance so important to them both; but she had another motive for confiding in me. "I have a great favour to beg of you; I have a few trinkets," she said; "presents and gifts of one kind or another. It would be such a kindness in you to dispose of them for me, that I may help Roberts so far. There is the piano too, and other useless things"—she looked round the room—"they would not bring much, but every thing helps."

I knew, for I had seen it, that Maria had at least the full value for her *suit* of pearls and other ornaments; but principle and generous affection were far more powerful than vanity. Roberts had peremptorily refused to dispose of her trinkets; he was even affronted by the proposal, and she depended on me, and urged me; and with the case in my pocket I left her, and encountered her husband at the corner of the street.

"You have been calling for your favourite, Mrs. Greene," said Roberts.

"No; I have spent the last hour with my more interesting favourite, Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts looked confused and uneasy. He re-

membered in what humour he had left his wife in the morning. "Then, sir, you have spent your time with a very silly, incorrigible woman; but this, I suppose, is no harm to you; you see how all reason and advice are thrown away upon her."

These were high airs, indeed, for Mr. George to give himself! he who deserved at least a full half share of the common blame.

"Pardon me if I see no such thing; but quite the reverse. To me, Mrs. Roberts appears an uncommonly clever young woman—generous, candid, and well-principled—and most anxious to do her duty so far as she understands it. All she requires is forbearance, kindness, and gentle guidance, till her rapidly increasing knowledge is matured into experience."

The honeymoon was long past, and Roberts, as I have said, is the [illegible] when young husbands are the most susceptible of jealousy for their many privileges and powers; yet was Roberts much better pleased with my opinion of his wife, than if it had coincided with his own. I took his arm, and we walked back towards his house. One of the peculiar blessings of an old bachelor and slender annuitant like myself, is the power of saying, when the salvation of a friend demands frankness, things that it would frighten a sensible man with a wife and six small children even to dream of. Some of these startling things I now whispered in the ear of George Roberts and his wife. They were young, healthy, virtuous, sincerely attached to each other, better endowed with world's goods than on the average are four-fifths of their fellow-citizens—why should they not be happy? "How great a blessing were it," said George sensibly, "if young women were trained to the utilities and comforts and habits like Rachel Greene, and less to the refinements of [illegible] like Maria."

[illegible] though Maria was more my favourite at present from compassionate interest, and though custom had stamped many of her little pretty ways and affectations with the name of refinement, was she in reality more truly refined, further removed from the vulgarities and assumptions of affectation, than Rachel Greene, the amiable prudence, with whom she was contrasted.

"If Maria had been taught a little plain housekeeping instead of so much music," continued sensible George, "how much better for us all now."

Yet Maria had not been taught so very much music. She had not, at least, acquired more than any girl might easily learn between seven and seventeen, and practise while it was desirable, without interfering in the least with her domestic duties, where music is kept as an elegant recreation, not held as a means of coquetry and display.

"If we could be carded through each other," said Maria, half laughing.

"Ay, Rachel's [illegible], with Maria's [illegible] and [illegible], would be a [illegible] [illegible]. I think I see it in my fancy-loom. I shall never despair of women in the general, nor Maria in particular."

I took my leave, inviting myself back to tea, at which time in a regular family-council, I deposited the [illegible] of Maria's pearls in her husband's hands. He was half [illegible], half vexed. I have ever noted that men have much less true magnanimity and simple greatness, on such occasions, than women. He was at first ashamed and angry at being obliged to his own wife, but better feelings prevailed. We had a long [illegible], and therefore a most satisfactory explanation. The limited income was the first head of discourse. I heard George expatiate on that with some impatience.—"Your income is at least more, by three times, than the richest [illegible] in England affords to his [illegible] curate—twice or near three times more than the income of two-thirds of our half-pay officers, with considerable perquisites in addition."

"These have undone me," said Roberts. "Trust-

ing to these, I [illegible] to be so [illegible] [illegible] as I ought to have been. I [illegible] [illegible] I did not choose to seem churlish and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] interference with her arrangements, [illegible] all her anxiety to do right."

"Fluctuating income and sanguine calculations [illegible] ruined thousands," was my [illegible], though [illegible] commonplace rejoinder.

George Roberts needed not my direction, [illegible] his good sense was roused. His wife's [illegible] [illegible], for so he was pleased to call it, though [illegible] Maria nor myself would allow the phrase, [illegible] of nearly all the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] him next day to close accounts with my kind [illegible] Mr. James Taylor, who now said there was [illegible] promising hearts, as Mr. Roberts, with his fine [illegible] [illegible], might need a little indulgence.

On the same day Maria would say she [illegible] house of her own to live in, almost as [illegible] Rachel Greene's.

Jane and she had indeed worked hard [illegible] night before Roberts came home, to dine [illegible], bringing myself along with him, after the [illegible] of our blue seals, to share the very small [illegible] Irish stew of mutton with vegetables and [illegible], which formed the repast. After dinner, [illegible] filled my tall [illegible]-looking glass with [illegible] of creaming Scotch ale, Maria said, with [illegible] elevated spirit than I had ever seen her [illegible] with an air of noble simplicity. "Drink to the [illegible] woman, my excellent friend, whose husband [illegible] [illegible] a shilling—and to her who resolves that [illegible] depends upon her economy and management, [illegible] shall."

I never accepted pledge with more sincere [illegible] in all my life.

"But what will Mrs. Pettigrew say?" said [illegible], laughing.

"Exquisite Creatures!" mimicked Maria, [illegible] as she sipped the cream off her ale; and the [illegible] young natural laugh rang out that I had ever [illegible] her indulge. My fears for the peace of the [illegible] family—for their prosperity and happiness, were [illegible] for ever. The spell of fashion was broken—the [illegible] Mrs. Pettigrew, exorcised; and Maria was one [illegible] proof that a well principled character, an [illegible] and active mind, when its energy is roused, will [illegible] found in every circumstance equal to the [illegible] duties of life. She became an excellent housewife.

There were few of the many houses at which [illegible] drop in" where the fireside now looked so [illegible] [illegible] as that of Mrs. Roberts. Even "Baby," [illegible] [illegible], now well managed and healthy, had grown a fat, good-humoured, smiling, comfortable fellow. [illegible] [illegible] once again ventured to take in the [illegible] the usual expense, and never grudged to pay [illegible] much reading as Roberts or myself chose to give [illegible] at what she called the mother's hours of work; [illegible] seven to ten in the evening.

Towards the end of the year I was again [illegible] by my sagacious brother, James.

"What do you think, Dick? that old fox, [illegible] Chancery Lane, is trying to steal George Roberts [illegible] me—the man who knows all my affairs better [illegible] myself—the boy I brought up, whom I [illegible] [illegible] right hand. Don't you think, Dick, I might do [illegible] now that I am growing lazy, and tired of the [illegible] than give so steady a fellow as Roberts some [illegible] share?"

"There was no obstacle about his [illegible]," was [illegible] sly reply; "was there not? His wife [illegible] was folded in his cash."

Mr. James Taylor could remember nothing of [illegible] and there was no affectation, much less [illegible] his oblivion on those points—which inclines [illegible] think that when uncommon annuitants really [illegible]

[illegible]

Blessings upon their kind, simple hearts!

"He spoke to them who never had a husband!"

Would I keep Sally from her duty?

[illegible]

"Qualifications strong!" cried Maria, laughingly holding out to me the printed sheet of music, inscribed in his best hand "With Mr. Madox's compliments to Mrs. George Roberts." "But in spite of this polite note, and Annie au-corage to boot," said Maria, "a charming bride, no doubt, I do think a young couple like Roberts and myself, beginning life, may find, if we beat up diligently the highways and hedges, more suitable or desirable family guests than the Plague Madoxes of society. I have imbibed your own notions and Rachel Greene's of that in which true hospitality consists. They exclude the regular diners-out."

I must some day write the biography of my friend Plague Madox; who had dined out for nearly thirty years upon the reputation of a farce, damned forty years ago, and three anecdotes of Sheridan; and this, though the ladies where he visited hated him with one accord.

RULES FOR HYGIENE.

Mr. Godey,

So much of the enjoyment of life—and indeed of its duration, depends on a proper knowledge and observance of correct rules for food and drink, and so few have correct ideas on the subject, that I presume it will be regarded as having a salutary tendency to present to your subscribers a set of rules well calculated to shed light on it. Their efficacy has been confirmed by long experience. They will be principally taken from an excellent work, entitled "Method of improving Health and prolonging Life." M. C.

Philadelphia, May 22d, 1836.

I.

"When actually labouring under a cold, don't wrap up in flannel, nor otherwise keep yourself hot, nor drink much hot liquor; for this will inevitably make bad worse. It should be remembered that a cold is a slight fever, and therefore the proper treatment is, to indulge a little in a very moderately warm atmosphere; to live low, and on food of a moderate temperature; and to keep the bowels open. UNLESS THE ATMOSPHERE BE DAMP, NO ONE WITH A COLD OUGHT TO KEEP WITHIN DOORS THE WHOLE OF THE DAY.

II.

"When we reflect on the multiplied evils resulting from undue repletion, the small quantity of food necessary for life and health, and the numerous manifest proofs we have, that a rather scanty diet most powerfully conduces to longevity, every unprejudiced man must admit that the subject of quantity is a most important one.

III.

"It is the opinion of the majority of the most distinguished physicians, that intemperance in diet destroys the bulk of mankind; in other words, that what is eaten and drunk, and thus taken into the habit, is the original cause of by far the greater number of diseases which afflict the human race. Every medical practitioner has abundant proof of the correctness of this sentiment; and all persons may, if they please, be convinced of the reality of the fact, that a very small quantity of food conduces to long life, by observing the mode of living, in this respect, pursued by such as attain to a good or an extreme old age. It is rarely that a very aged person is to be found who has not observed a rather scanty diet.

IV.

"It is, without doubt, a good rule for those who have weak stomachs, to restrict themselves to two or three pints of liquid food during the day; since a moderately dry diet is found to conduce, in such cases, to the restoration of a healthy tone of stomach, and to the recovery of health and strength.

V.

"Wholesome seasonings, when used in moderation, merely to give sapidity to the food, [illegible] have a tendency to increase the appetite, and to [illegible] mote digestion; but where they are either unwholesome, or taken immoderately, they tend very much to weaken the stomach, to occasion acrimony in the [illegible] and to produce a general irritation in the whole system.

VI.

"*Coffee* is sufficiently wholesome for occasional [illegible] but does not sit so easy on the stomach as tea, [illegible] also more heating; and when taken immoderately, [illegible] very strong, impedes nutrition, weakens the nervous system, and produces all the bad effects of strong [illegible]. The weakly and delicate generally find it difficult of digestion, and apt to become acescent, more particularly to persons troubled with much weakness of the stomach; and it is, therefore, by no means an eligible beverage for the dyspeptic or bilious.

"*Chocolate* is far more nourishing, less heating, and when properly made, perhaps, more wholesome than coffee. It is commonly made much too thick, and with too much milk, which renders it oppressive and cloying to the stomach.

VII.

"*Broths* and *Soups*, properly made, with a due proportion of animal and vegetable food, without fat, are undoubtedly wholesome and nutritive, and may be said to serve, both for meat and drink; but they should invariably be taken with bread. Many suppose that they are calculated only for those whose powers of digestion are weak; but this is a mistake.

VIII.

"Wine ought not to be drunk at dinner. In general the best and most wholesome drink during dinner, is well-hopped home brewed small beer, which should be quite fresh. This is taken as a diluent; wine is best as a stomachic.

"Red wines, either of a very deep or a very [illegible] colour; of a woody or tart taste; and those which cover the inside of the glass, as well as the bottom of the bottles, with a red sediment, are generally tinged with some colouring substance.

IX.

"Those who drink sound malt liquors, are stronger than those who drink wine; and to those who are trained to boxing and other athletic exercises, old home brewed beer is particularly recommended, drawn from the cask, and not bottled. Hence Jackson, the celebrated trainer, affirms, that if any person accustomed to drink wine, would but try malt liquor for a month, he would find himself so much the better for it, that he would soon take to the one, and abandon the other.

"In the majority of cases, this beverage agrees much better than wine, since it is far less disposed to acescency, and better fitted to act as a stomachic, and, therefore, to invigorate both the digestive organs, and the constitution at large.

X.

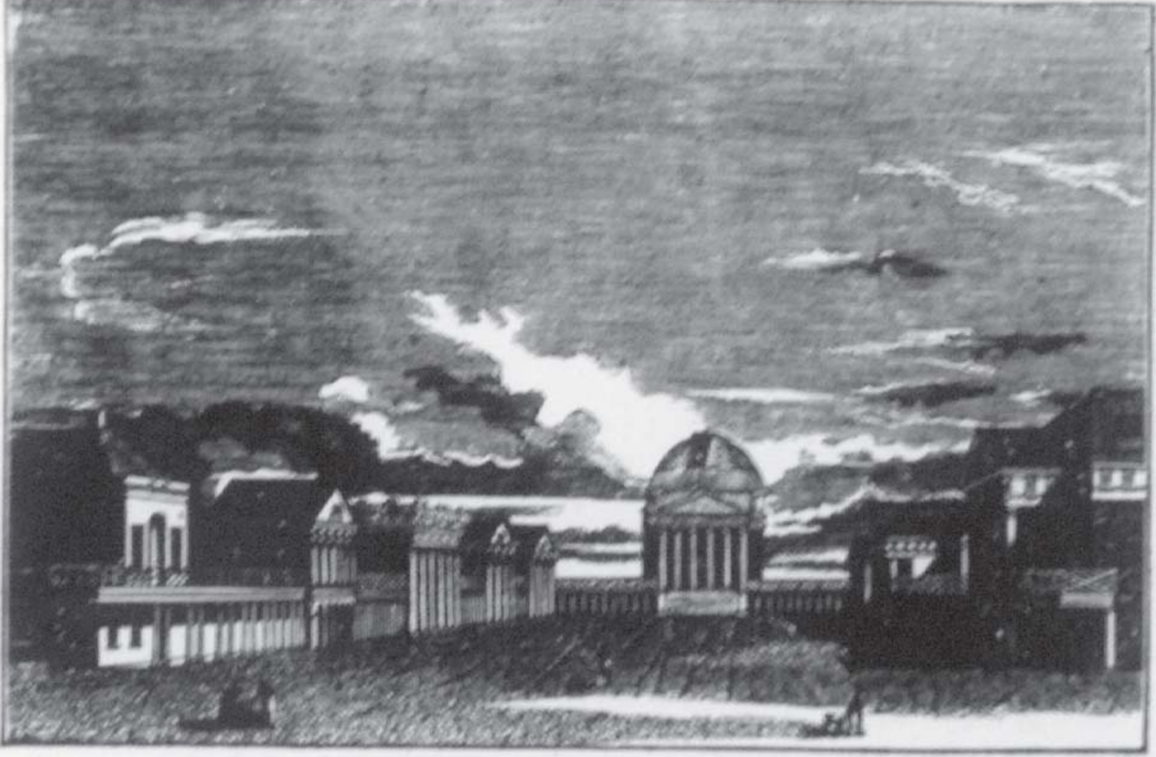
"Good spruce beer is diuretic, and anti-scorbutic, and sits easy on a weak stomach. It is well suited to the summer, being, from the quantity of fixed air it contains, highly refreshing and cooling.

XI.

"Weak brandy and water is a very exceptionable beverage for common use; notwithstanding its being frequently recommended by some medical men.

XII.

"All liquors are pernicious."



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

MANNERS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

[illegible]

There is a kind of information relating to times past, which, if the value of knowledge be estimated by its quantity, and not its intrinsic importance, is exceedingly precarious. We mean those miscellaneous scraps of intelligence, which, when strung together in letters or conversation, are usually denominated gossip. This bears no value at the time it is uttered, and he or she who is addicted to it, not unjustly incurs the imputation of weakness. But the gossip of former times, when it fortunately happens to descend to posterity, becomes valuable information; inasmuch as it is the very kind of writing that conveys the knowledge of many minutiæ of life that are requisite to be known, in order to the formation of correct opinions in manners and the condition of society.

This species of knowledge history does not even attempt to supply: to the privacy of individuals it rarely descends; whilst their lives, which are more amply unfolded by biographers, are generally of an extraordinary kind, and no fair samples of the community. Besides, in public bodies and characters, subject to particular kinds of etiquette, there is a wonderful uniformity maintained from age to age, which renders them very improper criteria by which to judge of the different stages of society. The picture of one court, for example, may serve, with a few variations in the dresses and attitudes of the groupe, for that of another. The universities, also, wear the same or a similar aspect; and though they may be more in the light than formerly, the same tone of feeling and modes of behaviour are, to a certain degree, observable. Dr. [illegible] might preach a high-flying sermon at St. Mary's, and afterwards dine at Magdalen, without discovering, unless by some alteration in the outward man, that he was not among his own contemporaries. A member of parliament, or of any other body, considered in his public capacity, is but slightly changed from what he was, in all save externals. A country gentleman of Charles II. might vote at this day upon the opposition benches, and verily believe that his nap had not exceeded its usual length. "Noodle's oration," or a part of it, would be sure, before long, to draw from him his accustomed hear! hear! His Stentorian voice, loud as that of a view-hollo in a fox-chase, might possibly be admired for its strength, but would otherwise pass as a matter of course, or be thought exceedingly well timed. "I maintain, sir, that this trade is injurious to the best interests of the country. It is, what the bill emphatically calls it, a nuisance. Do we not see our [illegible] daily decline? Is not Ireland deriving an enormous profit from the trade? And is it not clearer than the sun at noon-day that all this must be at our expense? I say, sir, that he who can object to the principle of this bill, must have either an Irish heart, or an Irish understanding!" Thus harangued the orator of his own time. Had he taken a nap, and waked in the early part of the eighteenth century, his apprehension would have been excited by a continuation of the same enlightened argument. "What, sir, are we to expect when this northern hive is allowed to swarm and settle here? Our manufactories and our produce will be all cut up by these hungry invaders. A poor people can never be leagued with a wealthier, but to the great detriment of the latter. Sir, if this bill pass this house, let the country, let posterity look to the consequences." Once more, should our sleeper have indulged in a third nap, he might have been awakened, towards the conclusion of the same century, by words of exactly the same import: "Ireland cannot make a single acquisition but with the proportional loss of England." Thus were the great council of the nation more than a century in learning one of the easiest lessons in politics! Nay, at this very moment, though it might puzzle our sleeper waked to extricate the meaning of what he heard from the tortuous envelope of phrases, in which it was wrapped up, though he might inwardly curse the prosing speaker, and think him even more than usually dull and tedious, yet, as far as he went along with honourable members, he would not fail to recognise the cordial old sentiment of his English heart. A court preacher, or a a bishop; a Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Mayor, exhibits as little in his sentiments the change of times, and the progress of civilization. A hearty anti-catholic peer, that lent himself all ear to Bishop Burnet's denunciations of danger from papists, might listen with as much edification to Bishop Bloomfield's apprehensions from the same quarter. He would doubtless discover that the reverend lord had lost his Scotch brogue, but to compensate that, he might perceive in his discourse an additional infusion of Scotch craft. A dealer in political gossip, who harangued upon corruption, and places, and state traffic, &c. in the days of Chancellor Hyde, though surprised to find that old Clarendon, in place of his usual prompt and decided tone, had contracted a strange spirit of dubiety, would in other respects find him the old man still. Suppose that the grave should, for once, give up its dead, for the purpose of allowing Mr. Pepys to hear a sermon, at his own parish church, if it be yet in rerum natura; he might make his usual memorandum of a "poor old sermon to-day," or "a lazy fat priest," or if at Whitehall, "a great flattering sermon I did not like;" and go to bed again, without observing any thing more remarkable than that perriwigs were gone out of fashion. For any sensible addition of liberality, or even of wisdom, in the sentiments of a majority of those classes, we should hardly be aware of the lapse of time, and the wide interval which separate the two periods.

Such as they are, these are the portions of society with whom alone History has ever deigned to be conversant; and her records, therefore, afford but few hints by which to discriminate properly the different periods which she embraces. Whilst the wisdom of our parliamentary ancestors—our Bishops, Kings, and Lords—is written down, as Dogberry would have had himself, in indelible black and white, the history of the Commons is a blank. Some of its busier members have, indeed, got themselves lampooned or satirized, or bepraised in party squibs, or fulsome dedications; and some, by their merits in science or literature, have led mankind to pry with curiosity into their domestic life. But little truth is to be extracted from works written avowedly either to lower their subjects in public estimation, or to raise the [illegible] in the estimation of the subjects. Men of science, also, and learning, may be said to be of no age: their manners and habits are determined by their pursuits; and their pursuits being similar, so also are their habits and manners. Imperfect, however, as these sources of information are, they are all that we have to look to for information concerning the great mass of mankind in every age. There are [illegible] works extant, whose especial purpose it is to describe the manners of particular periods; but the very efforts and ambition of

authorship are unfavourable to the attainment of their object. Their representations are involuntarily coloured by the temper and genius of the writer. It must also be remembered that the writer, having it in view to amuse, or astonish, or instruct, selects only such incidents as are directed to the particular end of his writing. The view he presents of society is necessarily partial. A much better source of information, sometimes, is a perusal of old letters, as discovered in the rubbish of libraries; and the publication of these diffuses a considerable light upon the period to which they belong. Not being written with any of the preceding views, but designed wholly for the information of correspondents, they are not subject to the imputations under which authorship must always lie. Every hint we collect is valuable. But after all, the information to be extracted from even a voluminous correspondence may be, and is, necessarily, very confined. If the parties be engaged in public affairs, new views of history will be acquired; and, as has often happened, information calculated to change men's opinions altogether, on certain points, which had been previously held to be settled, or even not so much as agitated. If in private life, they will be too exclusively confined to the domestic concerns of the persons in correspondence, and will only indirectly throw light upon more general subjects. What we want is intelligence of a more miscellaneous nature, embracing a great variety of subjects—domestic and public matters, amusements, fashions, frivolities—town and country gossip—all, in short, that falls within the hearing or observation of an active member of the community, and a man of pleasure as well as business. If we have his information in the shape of intelligence to some friend at a distance from the scene of affairs, we have it in a pretty authentic shape: still there exists, even in that case, a temptation to be witty or humorous, at the expense of truth; to misrepresent or miscolour; and, above all, to be fastidious in the selection of articles of news from a fear of being found guilty of tediousness. These are the evils of authorship in a minor degree. There is a yet more desirable form, in which the intelligence may be conveyed to us. Suppose a person in the habit of noting down, as briefly as possible, every thing that befel him during the day—as what he had seen, done, said, or heard in the course of business or amusement, solely for the sake of having a Journal, in which he might, at any subsequent period, be able to tell precisely what he was engaged with, and what were his habits and feelings at that particular epoch, and we should have the most perfect transcript of the times that could possibly be made. Here would not be the slightest inducement to embellish or suppress. The writer's object being his own information, he would not suppress any thing necessary to be known, for that would defeat its object. Neither, for the same reason, would he be fastidious; for those motives which would deter him from communicating any particulars of information to another, have no place here. A man is not ashamed of confessing his feelings to himself; and he is never wearied by the mention of any thing he has ever been concerned in, however frivolous. Every thing, the least as well as the greatest, that relates to a man's self, is of importance to him. Such a narrative comprises every advantage that can be looked for in a memoir of the age—an abstract or chronicle of the fleeting manners and customs of mankind;—fullness, minuteness, veracity; at least, no intentional misrepresentation, and no false colouring, superinduced by a desire of pleasing, of being wise or witty, or by any other motive. The narrative, to be perfectly trustworthy, must bear in itself the evidence of its design, as intended solely for the writer's own eye; for if there be visible an intention of publishing, or even of communicating it to one or more, its authority is impaired. A curiosity of this kind, perhaps, never existed in the world till the publication of the Diary of Mr. Pepys. By reason of the scarcity of such minute, as well as authentic intelligence as that with which it abounds, we have thought it worth our while to transfer some of his multifarious gossip to our own pages. We propose to dole out a few more particulars of information, which are in the most characteristic of the age to which they relate.

The portion of intelligence relative to the times which we communicated in our last, comprised an account of the progress of a courtship, in what, it may be supposed, was considered high life. The parties were a daughter of the then Lord Sandwich, and the eldest son of Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy. According to the good old practice of the fathers, which saved young people the trouble of making a choice for themselves, Mr. Pepys, and certain other common friends, had been employed to bring the match about. The gentleman having at length overcome his bashfulness or reluctance, and the lady having professed her willingness, as in duty bound, to obey her father, all she could or was expected to say, nothing remained but to obtain the church's sanction. Let us see, then, how they conducted a wedding in the merry times of Charles II. Mr. Pepys sets forth betimes, by six o'clock, in his new, coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round his hands, very rich and fine. He is accompanied by the father and mother of the bridegroom. Having to cross the ferry below Deptford, and being too late to catch the tide, they are fain to solace themselves in the Isle of Dogs, a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh. After two or three hours thus spent, they effect their purpose, but come too late to witness the ceremony;—a circumstance which troubled Mr. Pepys, and also troubled us, for otherwise we should have been admitted by his means to witness it too. "The young lady mighty sad," which grieves him; but yet it might only be, he thinks, her usual gravity, a little deepened by the recent solemnity. "All saluted her," and Mr. Pepys too, but not till Lady Sandwich had asked him whether he had done so or not. Dinner comes in course; after that, some to cards and some to talk. "At night to supper, and so to talk again; and which, methinks, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too; and so after prayers soberly to bed." Mr. Pepys expresses surprise on this occasion; yet his friend Lord Crewe was a presbyterian, and, we think, the family of Lord Sandwich also were of the same persuasion, before he turned Courtier.

A year or two before the last occurrence mentioned, he had been present at another wedding, celebrated "with very great state, cost, and company"—"but among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest." Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed." Our own customs and habits we are generally disposed to consider the best possible; indeed, they become our nature, and we never think of questioning their merits. A retrospective glance into the lives of our forefathers, wherever we have an opportunity of privacy, is of great service. For we have there a state of society with which to compare our own—to suggest improvements, or where there is no remedy for them, to enhance our comforts by the superiority of our methods of securing them over those of our ancestors. This picture of a courtship and a wedding cannot but console the younger and fairer portion of our readers, who might otherwise be inclined to murmur at the dispensation under which they themselves live.

But it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting. We invite the reader to accompany us to the funeral of an uncle of Mr. Pepys's at Brampton, whither the latter has set out on horseback.

[illegible] having been brought him of the event by a special messenger. "The corpse he found in its coffin, standing upon joint-stools, in the chimney of the hall; [illegible] it began to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by my aunt." That morning the first duty occurred by him and his father is the reading of the will; after that "we went about getting things, as ribands and gloves, ready for the burial." It happening to be a Sunday, people from far and near came to witness the ceremony. "In the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things." They then carried the deceased to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon. His "poor brother Tom," not many years after, followed their uncle to the grave. He chooses a place for him to lie in, under their mother's pew, and moralizes, like Hamlet in the grave-digging scene:—"To see how a man's bones are at the mercy of such a fellow, (the sexton,) that for sixpence would (as his own words were) 'justle them together, but he would make room for him;' speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie." "Knocked about on the mazzard with a sexton's spade! Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't." The company invited to be present, at one, or two o'clock, as is the custom, were late in making their appearance; "but at last one after another they came, many more than I bid; my reckoning was one hundred and twenty, but there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret." Those that [illegible] had white gloves given them. The men sat by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, "very close, but yet room enough." "Anon, to church-walking, and had very [illegible] company along with the corpse, and so I saw my [illegible] brother laid in the grave." The family of Mr. Pepys may be considered as having belonged to the middle rank of society. General mournings for great people seem to have been a fashion recently introduced. He commemorates buying a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones; "and I met with The. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in town."

The remnants of some Gothic practices, in regard to funerals, are even to this day observable. In the [illegible], and absence of all parade, never more out of place than on occasions like these, which distinguish their burials, our northern countrymen set us a good example. The crowd of friends and mourners assembled at Mr. Pepys's, partly allured by the slight refreshments to be dealt out, and partly stimulated by the interest which scenes of death and human suffering always excite, mark a state of manner intermediate between the present, and the age when the solemn rites of burial were oddly blended with carousing and drunkenness. "The Thracians," says Herodotus, "lamented when a child was born into the world, but sang and drank for joy at the death of a man." Was it from some principle of this sort, that our forefathers observed a funeral as one of the choicest occasions for extraordinary ebriety!

A similar rudeness of manners, as well as obtuseness of feelings, indicative of an age still deficient in refinement, may be traced in many particulars recorded by Mr. Pepys. For instance, he was himself a person of consideration; high in office, yet he scarcely ever seems to have missed an execution, if it lay at all within his reach. Without any vindictive feelings to prompt him, he duly witnessed the horrid butcheries at Charing-cross; and as duly entered a memorandum to that effect, with as much indifference, apparently, as he noted down a change of dress or the purchase of a pair of stockings. "I went out to Charing-cross to see Major General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shewn to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said, he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ, to judge them that now judged him, and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the king beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing-cross." He is even curious after their remains. "George Vines carried me to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall." But any thing, it scarcely mattered what, if unusual, was enough at any time to draw him out of his way to see it. That hardness of feeling which we speak of, is more satisfactorily indicated by the interest taken in those sights, by certain of that sex, whom education now teaches to shudder at the bare imagination. "To my Lady Batter's, (wife of Sir W. B. an official personage likewise,) where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged, and buried at Tyburn." It is possible that these fair ladies may have been transported thus far by the fervour of their loyalty, which we are aware can convert even tender hearts into stocks and stones. A case in point—Madame du Hausset tells us, that "great numbers, many of them women, had the curiosity to witness the execution of Damien, amongst others, Madame de P—— a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a farmer-general. She hired two places at a window, for twelve Louis, and played a game of cards in the room, whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the king, (Louis XV.) he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed—"Fie, la vilaine!" She thought to pay her court this way, and signalise her attachment to the sacred person.

It happens, however, unluckily for the fame of Mr. Pepys, that he appears to have taken an interest in spectacles of this kind, when the balm of loyalty could not be applied to healing the wound, which they must no doubt have inflicted on his gentle bosom. "Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wright's to get a place to see Turner hang'd, I to the 'Change." It must have been some weighty business that drew Mr. Pepys away from a scene so congenial to his feelings. He finds, however, on inquiry, that he may still get a sight; so away with the crowd down Leadenhall-street, to St. Mary Axe, where the culprit had lived, and where it seems, was the spot selected for his death. "And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in *great pain*, above an hour before the executioner was done; he delaying the time by long discourses, and prayers one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the last; I was sorry to see him." This gentleman was a Colonel Turner; "a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me;" one of those out-of-place military men, who ruffled about with sword and cloak, half gambler, half highwayman—a character very common at that period; in which disbanded officers, without even a half pay to famish upon, were left to absolute naked destitution. It requires but to mention Captain Colepepper, who figures in the "Fortunes of Nigel," or the yet more famous Colonel Blood, to make the reader aware of the sort of person we mean. Colonel Turner suffered for a robbery, not unlike the one perpetrated by the Captain in Whitefriars; but it was not aggravated by the guilt of murder. We think it a public misfortune that the Diary of Mr. Pepys was not given

to the world before Peveril of the Peak was written. What an ample fund of materials for the delineation both of public and domestic characters and scenes would it have afforded the author of that work! Into what a living narrative could he have wrought the miscellaneous particulars here recorded! Whereas, Peveril of the Peak, as is generally confessed, is somewhat cold, poor, and laboured—no vitality, little animation, and still less of that, which is most characteristic of the age. It is a picture no more resembling the original, than a landscape of Claude is like a range of Highland hills; imagination had the business entirely in its own hands, for North's Examen was but a scantily furnished depository of anecdote, compared with these teeming volumes.

The great number of Colonel Turners and Colonel Bloods who figure in the annals of Newgate at this period, it would be unfair perhaps, to attribute to a laxity and wildness common to the age, rather than to the immediate cause—the recent civil wars, which had trained up a great number of men in habits of licentiousness, whose irregular subsistence vanished with the wars that had procured it. One thing is, however, remarkable, that a division of labour, which has separated the various departments of villany, from that of him, who cheats you out of your money in a fair way, to him, who takes it from you by stealth, or force, was yet unknown. Another circumstance more strikingly evinces the better condition of the present state of society. This compound character—the gentleman-robber, is frequently found united in the person of a disbanded officer, or man of some family consequence. These two characters, the progress of civilization has placed still further asunder than the gambler and thief; and it is now considered a rare accident, when they are found united.

It were, however, unjust to found conclusions for or against a particular state of society, upon examples, which may be considered as extreme cases; but these are supported by instances of ferocity and lawlessness, pervading all ranks from the prince to the beggar. We read of occurrences at court, into the details of which it is impossible to enter, that excited only merriment; and not only show a very low state of morality, but a brutality, especially on the part of the king, of which we have no conception. But it is as unfair to draw inferences from the conduct of kings as from that of beggars—both, it is well known, being subject to similar disadvantages, the one being as much above the control of public opinion, as the other is below it. What we have noticed in regard to the pleasure taken by a gentleman and his lady, persons of the middle rank, but rising fast into distinction, in sights, which well-educated people turn from with just abhorrence, is much more conclusive. The general prevalence of a ferocious and lawless spirit is indicated in various ways, and among all classes of society. Their demeanour towards each other was evidently more violent and savage than at present. The occasion of this was, no doubt, the irregular and partial administration of justice. Men did not walk so much in fear of the law as they do now, and as they ought to do. The same spirit that now dares only reveal itself in rudeness, being not so well curbed formerly, gave rise to numerous and casual affrays, when some lives were lost and the persons of more mutilated. We present the following cases in illustration of the remark. The ambassadors of France and Spain disputed about precedency. "Up by moonshine to Whitehall, and then I hear that this day, being the day of the Swedish ambassador's entrance, they intend *to fight* for it. Our king, I heard, ordered that we Englishmen should not meddle in the business, *but let them do what they would.*" Great preparations were made on both sides—the French ranted and made most noise, but the Spaniards did all without any stir almost at all, "so that I was afraid the other would have too great a company for them." The Spaniard had, however, the best of the fray. They fought most desperately, and carried the point, which was to obtain in the procession, the place immediately after the king's coach. There were several men slain on the French side, together with one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman apparently by a chance bullet. This fact in itself is not sufficient to establish our inference. The ambassadors, too, of barbarous powers, might, it is obvious, even at this day, dispute about some point equally frivolous, and proceed to bloodshed; but what would the public think of an order from the Board of Green Cloth, to "let them do what they would!" Moreover, would any well-educated gentleman, not to say a man in authority, be found running after them, "through all the dirt, and the streets full of people," not with a view of assisting to prevent the fray, but of seeing and enjoying the spectacle! "At last at the Mews I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords to guard it, and *our soldiers shouting for joy.*" It was also "strange to see how the city did rejoice" at the result. "Indeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French." In the latter, "I observe, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit when they do well, and more abject when they miscarry. They all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads." There is no mention of any judicial proceeding subsequent to the outrage, that would have disgraced the metropolis of Turkey and a corps of Janizaries; no reparation either for the individual, whose life was sacrificed, or to justice, whose vital interests were endangered. The French, it appears, were nearly four to one, and had one hundred pistols among them; whilst the Spaniards had not a single gun; "which is for their honour, for ever, and the others' disgrace." Such was the reflection suggested by this strange occurrence in the mind of an enlightened contemporary. "So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and home, when I vexed my wife in telling her of this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French." The conduct of the king and constituted authorities, was most shameful; but it is not so conclusive against the spirit of the age, as this reflection and this narrative of an individual English gentleman.

Another symptom of the unhappy state of things is the kind of duelling that prevailed. We say the kind, because we do not insist upon the prevalence of the practice, as that would compel us to prove that it was more general then than now, which we have not the means at hand of showing. Their duels were distinguished by these circumstances, which are now considered as great aggravations of the offence against justice. They were often sudden, and perpetrated in the height of passion, without witnesses or arrangements to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. They arose out of occasions the most frivolous; and, by involving the seconds in actual hostility, made the outrage yet greater, as well as precluded the possibility of an amicable arrangement of differences. Thus, without any remark or comment, he enters the following as an extraordinary item of news: "In our way to Kensington, we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield had killed another gentlemen about half an hour before, and was fled." In another rencontre, one of the combatants was suspected of having worn armour; for his antagonist's sword was shivered up to the hilt against it. The principals were Mr. Jermyn, (a well-known character in the Memoires de Grammont) and Captain Howard, Lord Carlisle's brother. The latter was the challenger, and, "what is most strange, he would not, to the last, tell Jermyn what the quarrel was, nor do any body know." Mr. Jermyn was supposed to be mortally wounded; his second, Colonel Rawlins, was killed outright. Their antagonists had horses ready

and are fled." The circumstances of the Duke of Buckingham's duel with Lord Shrewsbury are notorious, and for infamy altogether without precedent, even in that unscrupulous age. He was instantly pardoned by a special act under the great seal; an office worse than any to which the late Chancellor, observes Mr. Pepys, from which it had recently been taken, had ever put it. The suspicion under which he lay, of having suborned Blood to take Ormond's life, a design which failed in consequence of the Colonel's whim, to hang his Grace on Tyburn tree, are also well known. There are one or two incidents which the Diary has brought to light for the first time, that yet more satisfactorily establish this scoundrel nobleman's guilt, as well as show the lawless spirit of the times. "Harry Killigrew was wounded in nine places by footmen in the highway, between the Park and Hammersmith. They were supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, as she was herself close behind, in her coach and six horses. Her grudge against him was his having openly said that he had intrigued with her. In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell us that he was the most amazed at one thing just now that ever he was in his life; which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the king was, with much mixed company, and, among others, Tour Killegrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death; (and his man is *quite* dead) and there did say that he had spoke with one that was by, (which person all the world must know must be his mistress, my Lady Shrewsbury) who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword: so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her; which the Duke of York did seem pleased with, and said it might perhaps cost him his life, and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most *impudent* thing, as well as the most *foolish* that ever he knew man do in all his life." Of the atrocity of Buckingham's conduct, whatever its impudence or folly, there can be but one opinion. Of the Duke of York's comment upon it we think there can scarcely be any difference of opinion, either as respects his personal character or the principles of the age. Still more astonishing is the fact, that we hear of no inquiries instituted on the occasion, or that Buckingham, so far from losing his life, lost not even his place, which was then that of Prime Minister, or, at least, the principal adviser of the Crown.

Another affray *of honour* is recorded by Mr. Pepys, and especially quoted as "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom." Sir H. Bellarses, happening one evening, in conversation with Tom Porter, to whom he was giving some advice, to talk a little louder than ordinary, some of the company standing by, said, "what, are they quarrelling?"—"No," said Bellarses, "I would have you know, I never quarrel but I strike; take that as a rule of mine." "How," says Tom Porter, "strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow! With that Sir H. did give him a box on the ear, and so they were going to fight then, (they were at dinner at Sir R. Carr's,) but were hindered. By-and-by Tom Porter went out, and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellarses presently; for he knew, *if he did not, that they should be friends to-morrow*, and then the blow would rest upon him. To prevent this misfortune, he desires Dryden to let him have his boy, to bring him notice which way Sir H. went. By-and-by he hears that Sir H.'s coach is coming—stops it—and bids Sir H. get out. "Why," says Sir H., "you will not hurt me coming out—will you?" "No," says Tom Porter. So out he gets—both draw—Sir H. flinging away his scabbard. "Are you ready?" asks Porter.—The other replies, he is.—After this they fall to, some of their acquaintance standing by. They are both wounded, Sir H. mortally. The latter calls Tom, kisses him, and bids him shift for himself; "for," says he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done. But Tom was wounded too, and unable to fly. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellarses, a parliament man too, and both of them extraordinary friends." Thus for the first, and almost the only time, we have something in the shape of a reflection upon these wanton, and criminal transactions; and yet even here the wonder is not that two gentlemen should thus frivolously wound each other, even to death, but that one should be a parliament man, and person in office.

The existence of this ferocious temper is discovered, as might be expected, in the affrays that frequently occurred in the streets among the lower orders. "To Westminster Hall, and in King street, there being a great stop of coaches, there was a falling out between a drayman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and and one of his footmen killed." What, if every stoppage of the kind was to be productive of the like consequences now!—If draymen carried the law, like their whips, in hand, and footmen wore it at their sides, in the shape of a sword! "I heard to-day of a great fray between Sir H. Finch's coachman, who struck with a whip, a coachman of the king's, to the loss of his eyes." Savage enough, but whether an occurrence absolutely impossible now, we cannot decidedly pronounce. The accompanying facts, however, indicate a brutality, of which no one now would suspect, even in the "bulls and the bears." "The people of the Exchange seemed to laugh and make sport of it, with words of contempt to the unhappy coachman." This is monstrous—but what follows is more so:—"My Lord Chamberlain did come from the king to shut up the 'Change, and by the help of a *Justice*, did it, but upon a petition to the king, it was opened again." It is well said, curse not the king, nor aught appertaining unto him. Lord! to what a pass had loyalty, and ardent attachment, and ale and bon-fires brought our masters! We do remember an exertion of authority somewhat resembling this, even in our own times, but an infinite number of degrees below it in audacity. Carriages turned back in the open streets by the military, and coachmen manned with swords or bayonets—something like this; the exact particulars we do not recollect. At the time we allude to, complaints were very general of an insolent deportment on the part of the soldiery on their different stations. The heroes of Waterloo had not had time to subside into quiet, orderly regulars. The interference of a few spirited individuals, however, soon redressed those petty grievances. We hear of no such things now.—That was a military year. Scarlet was your injurer. Far too much vapouring and brandishing of bright steel, for a civic rule. We desire not a return of it. If liberty ever again, to use the Scotch vulgarism, "croups hae criels," it will be in some moment, when people are drunk, either with loyalty as in 1660, or with glory, as in 1815.

We are apt to exclaim against the brutality of the prize-fights at present in vogue; but we find, that disgraceful as they are to the country, they are nevertheless an improvement upon the prize-fights in which our fathers took delight. "With Sir J. Minnes in the Strand, and walked to the New Theatres, where the fencers play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life. It was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good

earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest, and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both, upon the stage, between every bout." Different trades often met and fought with great fury. Thus, in Moorfields, the butchers and weavers, between whom there had been, time immemorial, a competition for mastery, had a pitched battle, in which the former were soundly beaten, and some deeply wounded and sadly bruised. The weavers left the field in triumph, calling £100 for a butcher.

Frequently, among persons of the very highest rank, affrays took place, which for vulgarity were not to be exceeded even by the champions of Moorfields or Bartholomew Fair. At an entertainment given by Lord Orford, at which Lords Albemarle, Bellarses, and other persons of quality were present, a dispute arose, which from words quickly came to blows, and ended in a general melee to the great detriment of perriwigs, which were bandied about without scruple. At a conference between the two houses, the Duke of Buckingham leaning rudely over the Marquis of Dorchester, the latter removed his elbow: Buckingham inquired whether he were weary, to which the other replied, yes, and that he, the Duke, durst not do this were he any where else. To this Buckingham rejoined, yes, he would, and that he was a better man than him. Dorchester said, that he lied. Upon which Buckingham struck off his hat, took him by the perriwig, pulled it aside, and held him in this ludicrous position. The Lords interfered, and sent the two peers to the Tower. Well might Mr. Pepys exclaim, "To what a pass are the noblemen of this age come!" After this, Lord St John pulling Sir Andrew Henley by the nose, in Westminster Hall, in presence of the Bench was a mere trifle.

If the hostile rencontres of the age were ferocious and bloody, their amusements were no less rude and boisterous. The author gives the following account of a day's sport at Lord Sandwich's. Arriving at eleven o'clock, he found my lord and ladies at a sermon in the house. This ended, the company, among whom are enumerated several persons of distinction, went "mighty merry" to dinner. After that he walked in the park with Lord Sandwich alone, talking about politics. Then to the young ladies, who played on the guitar, and "mighty merry, and anon to supper." After which, "my lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sport, till twelve at night: and then, being sleepy, I and my wife, in a passage-room, to bed, and slept not very well, because of noise." But the most perfect example of Saturnalian license occur in the author's own private circle of acquaintance. With infinite glee he records, first, taking his *wife* and maid to the Bear-garden, where, among other instances of what he calls "good sport," one of the dogs was tossed by the bull into the very boxes. Then there were a great many Hectors in that same box with him, who drank his maid's health, which he pledged with his hat off. "After the bull-fight—home to supper—very merry. After supper, they amused themselves till twelve with serpents and rockets, burning one another and the people over the way. After that, into the house again, still "mighty merry," smutting each other with candle-grease and soot, till they were like devils. That sport being over, up stairs they went, and fell to dancing and dressing the men like women, and *vice versa*; some of the ladies putting on whole suits, and others, as his wife, contenting themselves in perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed." Another time we find him at a cock-fight in Shoe-lane, but "Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from parliament [illegible] poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, [illegible] and what not; and all these fellows, one with [illegible] cursing and betting." He seems to have [illegible] upon tasting every pleasure the metropolis [illegible] and seeing every thing that was to be seen. The cock-pit, however, was not to his liking. "I [illegible] enough of it." He was better pleased with the [illegible] show of Whittington, at Southwark fair, where [illegible] "pretty to see how that idle thing do work upon [illegible] that see it, and even myself too!" Then [illegible] Hale, the rope-dancer, "where I saw such [illegible] never saw before." Here he made acquaintance [illegible] a fellow, who carried him to a tavern, whither [illegible] himself shortly after repaired. He conversed [illegible] the latter on the subject of his misadventure [illegible] course of his professional career. "He seems a [illegible] strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of [illegible] I away!"

It is possible that this kind of rusticity was [illegible] to Mr. Pepys and his immediate acquaintance. [illegible] do not think so. He was, apparently, a man of [illegible] much breeding as any of his contemporaries, [illegible] constant intercourse with the highest [illegible] the kingdom. Every thing, in short, [illegible] bears at all upon the subject of manners, [illegible] the idea of a grossness among all classes [illegible] any conception that former documents would [illegible] to form. In questions of this kind, the slightest [illegible] of information often carries us further in [illegible] sions than narratives of length. He has [illegible] go to the coachmaker's, and "there I do find a [illegible] many ladies, sitting in the body of a coach [illegible] be ended by to-morrow, (they were the Lady [illegible] of Winchester, Bellarses, and other great [illegible] *of bread and butter, and drinking ale.*

Here we drop the curtain upon the [illegible] II. This exquisite piece of high life we [illegible] to transcend. We leave off whilst we are [illegible] we recommend to the gentlemen of [illegible] when they next get up a piece from the [illegible] of King Charles, to take their costume and [illegible] from the Diary of Mr. Pepys. The reality [illegible] found much more taking than fiction.

DUTCH CUSTOMS.

We cannot refrain from mentioning a few [illegible] but characteristic customs. The stranger will [illegible] walk far in a Dutch town without meeting [illegible] a long black gown and a low cocked hat, with [illegible] crape depending behind. This is a public [illegible] the *Claas-preacher*. His office is, on the death of [illegible] person, to inform all the friends and acquaintance [illegible] the melancholy event. The funeral of a Dutch[illegible] expensive according to the time of the day. [illegible] interment is after two o'clock, the charge is [illegible] after three, 100 florins; and if later, double [illegible] The cause of this singular custom we have [illegible] able to learn. Every person who could [illegible] slightest acquaintance with the deceased, follows [illegible] to the grave. The ceremony being over, the [illegible] pay their compliments to the widow or nearest [illegible] who provides liquor, and the glass circulates [illegible] four times; all then depart, except the next [illegible] and particular friends of the family, who are [illegible] invited to a feast. The nearest kin to the [illegible] takes the direction of it; bumpers are drunk [illegible] memory of their departed friend, and [illegible] those he has left behind him, until their grief [illegible] pletely drowned in wine or Scheidam. [illegible] succeed; the musicians are called in; the widow [illegible] off the first dance, and the festivities continue [illegible] daylight separates the merry mourners! These [illegible] festivities were carried to such excess that [illegible] expressly forbid in the province of Overyssel. [illegible]

Original.

JOHN TARLETON.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MISS CATHERINE GOOCH.

Once on a time, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil thinks. This, honest gossip says, is the right old fashioned way of beginning a story, so in due deference to such high authority I commence. Once on a time, some thirty years ago, on a clear spring evening, a wretchedly clothed old man was seen toiling up the rugged side of what was called the "Fox's Hill," in a town not thirty miles from Boston. It was as dreary a spot as you can well conceive; that part of the township was not thickly settled, yet scarcely a tree had been spared, and the few that remained, seemed to have been scathed by lightning; the place seemed to me to have a ban upon it. The grass never looks green, but is of a sickly yellow, and the barren hill with its ledges and precipices, and rocks of all sizes scattered over it, reminded me of that mountain in the eastern story, where all who looked behind in their ascent, were changed into black stones. Yet—for all things change—they say it was once a pleasant place; but while all the adjacent country has increased in beauty and cultivation, this has lost what few attractions it might formerly possess.

On the left of the farm houses, near the foot of the hill, stood a mansion whose exterior indicated that it was once of some pretension, but now its dingy appearance, with here and there the broken panes of glass supplied by shingles, told that the day of its prosperity had long gone by. That house was once the residence of the rich and influential Judge Tarleton.

The old man stood on the brow of the hill, and gazed mournfully on the scene below; for a moment it seemed as if he scarcely recognised it, but as he gazed, his countenance, which seemed furrowed as much by care as years, became convulsed with agony; his whole form quivered—he sat down on a fragment of rock and covered his face with his hands, and, when at last he arose to pursue his way, tears were on his withered cheek, and his step was faltering and feeble. It would seem that his sole object in ascending the hill was to view a spot evidently associated with former events; for he retraced his steps to the highway, and proceeded to the small neighbouring hamlet. He passed the first farm house with averted face, and as rapidly as his increasing weakness would allow; but at the last house he stopped, and in a hesitating manner, begged for food and a night's lodging.

"I am sorry to refuse you, old man," said the mistress of the house, "but what with our own folks and visitors, the house is full, still I would not turn you away, tired as you seem; but Mrs. Jennings has plenty of house-room, and will readily take you in—do you see that large building? Just go there." So saying, she shut the door, and most unwillingly he proceeded to the mansion she had pointed out, where, however, as she predicted, he met with a kind reception; for hospitality to a weary traveller is seldom refused by even the poorest New England farmer. He was plentifully supplied with wholesome food, and shewn into a comfortable garret to sleep. During the night, the boys who occupied the adjacent garret heard several deep groans, and in the morning when one of them was sent to call the wayfarer to his breakfast, he returned in terror, exclaiming, "I cannot wake him—the old man must be dead!"

I was then a young man, and on a visit partly of business, partly of pleasure, at the house of Doctor Davis, who resided at a short distance from the place I have just described. We were taking breakfast when a boy ran in crying,

"Oh, Doctor, there is a man dead at our house, and father wants you to come over as fast as you can, sir."

"It would have been more to the purpose to have sent for me before he died," said the Doctor, "but tell your father I will be there directly." I offered my company, which was accepted, and we walked to the house of Mr. Jennings.

On our arrival we found the usual crowd that any object of wonder or curiosity will so soon draw together even in the most thinly inhabited places. I had seen the dead before; but it was when clad in the clean corpse clothes, in the quiet room whence the garish light of day was excluded, and the feeling inspired was a solemn one. But this was a different scene, and I felt a revolting sensation, as the crowd made way, and we entered the low ceiled attic, where the bright sun streamed through the uncurtained window full upon the body of the dead. It disgusted me to see the buzzing flies, as they bathed in the flood of light, break off in their airy circles to alight on him who could no longer brush them away. Oh, death! how mysterious is thy power! Thou comest—and he who was, is not; cold and still as he lies on his death-bed, so shall he be laid in the ground, and the earth thrown over him. "Even as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave cometh up no more." But a moment—a struggle—a gasp, and the living, breathing, speaking, human being is no longer among us—the *frame* indeed remains—but thou hast been there, *Death!* and the soul hath fled! How—why—whither—we know not. How strange it is too, that we *fear* that lifeless mass, for what but fear, disguise it as we may, is that indefinable awe which the boldest among us feel on approaching, at the solemn hour of midnight, the corpse even of him who in life was our nearest and dearest. We went to the bed—the old man had lain down without taking off his miserable garments—the doctor took his hand and felt for the pulse for form's sake, for it was perfectly apparent that no life remained; but as he glanced at it, his eye became riveted, and he examined it with the utmost attention. "Good God, is it possible!" cried he. "Yes, I would take my oath to the hand, it is the very man!" "Who!—What man!" was the eager cry; for all could now see that the hand was deeply scarred, and two of the [illegible] wanting; he solemnly replied, looking [illegible] on the body; "It is the mark of Cain; *I dressed that wound* myself—it is the wretch John Tarleton!"

The man seemed well known to all but myself, and a murmur of horror ran round the room as all pressed forward to look again on the miserable corpse. I requested an explanation of the doctor; but as I spoke, a man tapped him on the shoulder, and requested him to speak with Mr. Jennings relative to the burial; for the doctor added to his other avocations that of overseer of the poor. I waited his return with some impatience, for the [illegible] which I heard whispered around me, did but w[illegible] my curiosity. But the doctor returned with his w[illegible] in his hand, and in answer

to my eager inquiries, said; "I am now engaged on other business; but if you can suspend your curiosity till to-morrow morning, I will go with you to Mr. Jesse Harley's—he can tell you more about it than any body." "If it will not give you too much trouble," said I. "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "I have intended taking you to see his queer farm; and old Jesse ought to know of this beside, so we will go early in the morning; meantime you had better ride over to the harbour and settle your business with Allen, that to-morrow we may be disengaged." The worthy little man bustled off, and I, seeing nothing better before me, followed his advice. The business was more troublesome than I expected, and detained me till a late hour in the evening.

"Come, my lad," cried the jovial doctor, as he shook me awake in the morning, "the *sun* has got up and pulled off his night cap, and so must you; for the horses are ready, and if you don't make haste you will lose your breakfast; old Jesse Hawley don't breakfast so late as you city folks." In a few minutes I was up and dressed, and in another, "we were *on*, we were *off*, over brake, bush, and scaur," on our way to Mr. Hawley's.

A quarter of an hour's brisk riding brought us to a dreary place, where vegetation seemed to cease, and the rough road wound among,

> "Rocks, stones, and mounds confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

At last I exclaimed, "In the name of the seven sleepers, doctor, where are we? And where are we going?" "Have patience," said he, "have patience, you will soon see." And even while he spoke he drew his rein, directly in front of a huge crag. I almost expected to hear him cry "open sesame" and introduce me amongst the forty thieves, forgetting that they were all scalded to death, by the intrepid Morgiana; but he merely asked me to alight, and we led our horses round a precipitous path that skirted the corner of the crag, till we stopped upon a ledge of rock, below which was a perpendicular descent of at least twenty feet. I looked down in utter astonishment, and almost suspected my companion of having cast a spell over my eyes, and that the scene below me, in its fairy beauty, was but an illusion. Indeed, I scarcely believed in its reality, until by a winding path, following the course of a brook which brawled among the rocks, my friend led me down into the apparently inaccessible valley, and my foot pressed the short, smooth, green sward with which it was carpeted. "There! what do you think of this?" said the doctor triumphantly. Had Scott's charming poem been in existence I would have answered—

> "Lost to the world by doom severe,
> Oh, what a gem lies buried here!"

As it was, I could not find words to express my admiration.

Surrounded on all sides by lofty ledges, whose rocky interstices were filled with sun-baked earth and turf, the lone quiet dell lay in its verdant loveliness, like one sunny hour in a life of sorrow. As we advanced, oh how pleasantly from among the branches of the apple orchard, came the sweet matins of the robin red breast, and as we came nearer to the house, a goodly row of bee-hives and the humming of their busy tenants in a garden stocked with all the flowers that bees best love, gave token of sweet store for winter.

The house itself was an old-fashioned dwelling, with but little pretension to the beauties of architecture; but it looked spacious and comfortable withal, and the mellowing tints of age cast over it a venerable and almost romantic appearance.

In front of the house a young, and by the way, very pretty girl, was calling the poultry around her, and supplying them with food out of that primitive and useful part of a woman's dress, the apron. Another was standing in the porch, employed at the churn, and singing some old words, that I well remembered hearing in my boyhood as a charm to make the butter come: "Come, butter come, Johnny stands at the gate waiting for his butter cake, come, butter come." How often does the fragment of an old song, the turn of an old tune, or some sweet scent, the memory of which has lurked quietly in some nook of that vast storehouse, the brain, until called into half recollection by something corresponding—how often does one or all these make our hearts yearn for those, long since mouldering in the silent grave-yard; while with a strangely blended feeling of pain and pleasure, our eyes fill with the warm gushing tears. I was falling into that sort of reverie, when we resign ourselves to the indefinite and indistinct ideas that float through the mind; without any effort to bring them in a connected train, when the doctor aroused me by a slap on my shoulder. "What, drowsy?" cried he, "early rising does not seem to agree with you, I should have thought that the fresh breeze of morning would have made the blood bound through your veins like a child at play."

As my friend uttered these words Mr. Hawley came out to welcome us. He was a fine looking old man, one of those combinations of the gentleman and farmer, that are the pride and strength of our country. I never beheld a more venerable man; his white hair, so white that it might well be called snowy, was combed smoothly on each side of his head, and just reached his collar; his countenance expressed sagacity and shrewdness, and spite of his advanced age, his eye had that merry twinkle that promised a pleasant and entertaining companion. Expressing some surprise at our early visit, but more pleasure at receiving it, he invited us to partake of his morning meal, which he said was smoking on the table. We entered, and I was introduced to the family, whom, having nothing to do with my story, I shall not describe; neither shall I enumerate the savoury viands of which the breakfast was composed, suffice it to say, it was a New England breakfast, which means a *good* one, and I did it most ample justice. Rumour had been beforehand in announcing the news of which we thought to be the bearers. Mr. Hawley and the doctor were soon deep in old thoughts and reminiscences, connected with the unhappy being, whose sudden appearance and death seemed to excite so much interest. "Ah, doctor," said Mr. Hawley, "how little did his father think, when he used to boast of the talents and expectations of his son, 'the pride of his family,' as he used to call him, that he would one day lie dying in the home of his childhood, without one friend—no, not one friend to close his eyelids, destitute, unknown—an object of public charity! and only recognised to be gazed at with horror." "True," said the doctor, "when I looked at his squalid corpse, I thought of the time when in all his proud superiority, he won the heart of poor Mary Ann Ellis—won it? ay, and *broke* it too, for she has lived the life of a widow, for his sake, these forty years." Without detailing more of the conversation, I will at once give you, in a connected form, the facts, which I learned during our ride to the funeral, whither Mr. Hawley accompanied us.

Judge Tarleton was one of the richest, and of course most influential men, in the township. Money! money! Thou subtle magician! not like her of old, transforming heroes into swine, but turning knaves, fools, and hypocrites, into honest, intelligent, and pious men. None of this, however, applied to Judge Tarleton, who was, as the world goes, a very worthy man. He was an aristocrat (before the revolution it was no crime to be an aristocrat,) and prided himself much on his

ated, connexions, and the irreproachable respectability of his family. Judge Tarleton's good temper was proverbial; but what had he to make him otherwise? Rich, respected, uniformly successful in his undertakings, married to a woman sincerely attached to him, whose beauty and amiable disposition had never been faded or soured by poverty or misfortune—he was happy, was his good temper then a virtue?

Do you see that intelligent looking man, in shabby, threadbare garments, yet arranged with care and neatness, and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, about him, that immediately tells you, that he has not always been what he is—in fact, one of those unfortunates, whose childhood and youth having been passed in prosperity, are then some unforeseen accident, thrown suddenly on their resources, without profession, without any thing but those talents, which their previous education had so little taught them to make an advantageous use of. See this man struggling in the selfish and callous crowd for some way of obtaining the means of existence for himself and his family; if this man—after enduring the insolence of the rich—who would be witty scoff of the fool—if he can quell his irritated and almost maddened feelings, and smooth his brow, to render life more bearable to his wife and children, by his kind words and affectionate smile—his good temper is a virtue!

Judge Tarleton had but one child, a son, who was another source of pride. He had just returned from college, where his talents were thought highly of—handsome and accomplished, he was the hope of his parents and the admiration of the whole parish. He was apparently of the most amiable disposition, and possessed singularly fascinating manners, but he was like the leopard, dangerous as beautiful. Not that he was of that malignant disposition, that delights to do evil for evil's sake; on the contrary, he was well pleased to see others happy, for, it made them more agreeable companions to him. He was proud and vain, and wished to be on every man's tongue in accents of praise, and for this it was, that he seemed amiable, forgiving, and generous. And generous he was, for money was not to him the end but the means—but stand in his way, thwart his plans, raise his wrath, and he was a demon.' Unrelenting and systematic selfishness, was his ruling principle.

Near Judge Tarleton resided Deacon Stanly, a common place character, remarkable only for a love of revenge, under the rose, very inconsistent with his loudly professed Christian principles. This man was the only enemy to Judge Tarleton, in the hamlet in which they lived—they had once been friends—were now enemies, contenting themselves, however, in a silent and inactive dislike, which became stronger every day, as there was a sort of rivalry between them, the Deacon being also rich and influential.

Our business at present lies—not with the deacon, but with his slave, Phyllis. She was a bright mulatto girl, who, spite of her colour, was extremely pretty. Her features were European, and her form perfectly symmetrical, she was alternately the pet and object of censure to all the neighbourhood. Her liveliness and a kind of natural wit, made her very amusing. She was at the period our narrative commences about sixteen years old; was much sought after by the young men of her own colour, all of whom she seemed to disdain;—a feeling of pride which was fostered by the notice and presents of many young men who were amused by her flighty conversation and coquettish manners. Among others who were occasionally seen complimenting Phyllis, was John Tarleton, and at one time it was whispered that he had been seen walking with her in the pastures, but the report soon died away, especially as shortly after he became passionately attached to a young lady of one of the principal families in an adjoining town. His love was reciprocated, and as there was no objection on either side, the marriage was to take place within a year.

Shortly after this engagement became publicly known, there was a change in the manners of John Tarleton, that gave his parents much uneasiness. He became melancholy without cause, and irritable without provocation. To his father's remonstrances, his mother's entreaties, he was silent—or obstinately, even sternly, denied that any thing troubled him, and, for a time, would overcome his feelings and look and speak as he formerly did—but the drama was drawing to a close.

I can give you the doctor's account, nearly in his own words. "'One night,'" said he, "I was writing in my small study, or office, where I generally received visitors on business, and whose principal door opened on the road; it was quite late, I should suppose twelve o'clock, when some one knocked at my door; I opened it, and John Tarleton stood before me, wrapped in a cloak, although it was in the midst of summer. As I raised the lamp, I observed that his usually florid countenance was pale as death, and there was a wildness—a dilatation of the eye, that was really frightful. In much surprise, I asked him in, and handed him a chair; he addressed me, with evidently an attempt at calmness; 'Doctor,' said he, 'I have met with an accident,' and unfolding his cloak he held out his hand, the handkerchief in which it was enveloped, was saturated with blood! I made hasty preparations to dress a wound, then unbinding the handkerchief, I saw that one finger was gone, and another so nearly severed, that instant amputation was necessary. He had turned away his head, as I uncovered his hand, with a shudder of sickness, but when I exclaimed 'This is an ugly piece of business! One finger is gone! How could you do this?' he sprang wildly from his seat, and after an eager glance at his hand, exclaimed, 'Gone! d—n—n!' He looked hurriedly around, his eye fell on the bloody handkerchief which I had thrown on a chair, he seized and examined it carefully, then with forced calmness said, 'Come, doctor, this is no time for joking, where is the finger?' Though he spoke mildly, I saw, by the compressed lip and flashing eye, that his anger was rising, and hastened to assure him that I had not seen it, that he had probably dropped it at the moment of receiving the wound, though the sudden shock had prevented his noticing the loss; I finally entreated him to sit down, and allow his hand to be dressed, instead of searching for a finger, that could now do him no good.' 'It may harm, though,' muttered he between his set teeth, with an expression which I could not then understand, but seating himself, he permitted me to dress the wound. He appeared callous to the pain, nor once shrank or moved a muscle, only begging me to be quick; when I repeated the question of how it happened, he answered with an affectation of carelessness, that, 'he did it, in attempting to split a cocoa-nut.'

"I could not believe this, as it was the right hand that was hurt, and I saw that it could not be the blow of a hatchet, it was evidently a clumsy story, made on the spur of the moment, but I thought that it was best not to press it; I was young then myself, so I said nothing, but I suppose he saw my incredulity, as he appeared uneasy in my presence, and avoided meeting my eye. When I had finished he prepared to depart, and I offered to walk home with him, as the loss of so much blood might render my assistance necessary, but he decidedly, and almost fiercely, declined my well meant offer, and pressing into my hand an unusually large fee, requesting me not to mention his being hurt, as it would only distress his mother, he departed.

"I began to put away my instruments, but after a moment, an indefinable impulse of curiosity impelled me to go to the door, and look out after him. It was moonlight, and I watched his retiring figure for some

moments, and was just about to close my door, when to my surprise he left the road to his father's house, and took a path that led only to Fox's Hill. After proceeding in that course for a few minutes he paused, and then turning round, ran, absolutely ran, toward his home. As soon as he was out of sight, I retired, and went to bed, but my sleep was no rest to me; for it was filled with strange and terrifying dreams, in the horrid phantasms of which, John Tarleton, with his bloody hand, was ever conspicuous.

"The next morning, after breakfast, I prepared to visit my few patients; the first I called upon was the deacon, who was suffering under a bad cold, which he magnified into a fever; I found him, and indeed all the family in great agitation; the girl Phyllis was missing; she had slipt out the evening before, to visit, as was supposed, some of her acquaintance; at bed-time she had not returned, but as she was apt to play truant, the door was left unfastened, and the family retired, resolving to lecture her in the morning for night walking, and missing prayers.

"Morning came, but not Phyllis; the other servant, with whom she slept, said that she had not been in bed all night. The family was now in commotion; some said she had ran away, others that she had fallen into the pond, while her fellow servant declared her belief that she was 'safe enough, but had got somewhere, and was afeared to come home alone.' The men of the family, except the deacon, had gone to look for her, but none of them had as yet returned.

"While they were relating these particulars, a boy rushed in breathless with running; as soon as he could speak, he exclaimed, 'They have found Phyllis—she is on Fox's Hill—they sent me for *you*, doctor, to see if there's any life in her, she is all over blood; do come as fast as you can.'

"Accompanied by the deacon, who entirely forgot his sickness, and by all the household, I hastened to the spot designated, where all the inhabitants of the hamlet, with the usual appetite for the horrible were now flocking. There, in a hollow, in a pool of blood, lay the body of poor Phyllis.

"I saw instantly that medical assistance was of no avail; life was totally extinct; she had probably been dead for hours, but it was necessary to examine her wounds, as I should be called on to give my evidence before the coroner's inquest. She had several, apparently inflicted by a very sharp instrument, but one of them, however, touched a mortal part. She had evidently struggled desperately for her life; her handkerchief was torn off, and her gown literally in strips. She was lying just as she had been found, no one had cared to touch her. She lay partly upon her face, drawn together in a sort of heap, with her right hand under her, while round her throat were the marks of bloody fingers.

"You may imagine the horror of the spectators, and their various conjectures, and wild surmises. Suspicion seemed at a fault, and many were disposed to think, that in spite of appearances, it must have been her own act. But what could induce the gay, light-hearted Phyllis to such a deed? Alas! her form, gave some solution of the mystery, yet it scarcely seemed probable that the fear of disgrace would have weighed so strongly on the mind of a girl like her, as to produce such a dreadful result. All were in the dark, but a horrible conviction came over *me*, that *John Tarleton* was the murderer! Yet it seemed so strange, and wild, and the enmity I should surely incur for even uttering such a suspicion, and it *might* be *mere* suspicion, withheld me from speaking my thoughts. There, too, stood the father of the murderer by the side of his victim, how *could* I cover that gray head with shame, and break the heart of one who had always to me been kind and friendly? I spoke not a word, but stood almost as motionless as the corpse itself, until roused from my silent horror by a sudden exclamation, and a man pressing through the crowd, put into my hand, a finger—a bloody finger. I felt faint, and let it drop at my feet. Judge Tarleton, who was standing by me, stooped and picked it up. 'Ha,' said he, 'this is proof that it is a murder—search must be instantly made for the atrocious villain!'

"He turned to the people assembled, and began offering rewards for the detection or apprehension of the assassin! It all came upon me—the *father*—the *son*—it seemed unnatural—his total unconsciousness of the blow that hung over him, was frightful! In the excitement of the moment, scarce knowing what I did, I seized his arm, crying, 'not you, for God's sake forbear!' My excessive agitation had before attracted his attention, and but for my unmaimed hands, most likely I should have been regarded with suspicion; as it was, he shook off my hand, and with some sternness in his tone, said, 'Sir, I must say, that your conduct, in my opinion, indicates that you know more about this dreadful business than any present, and let me tell you, that when such an awful crime as this has been committed, friendship for the criminal should be lost in horror at the deed.' As he spoke, he glanced at the deacon, whose son was my particular friend.

"*I* did not, so confused were my thoughts, perceive he implied suspicion, but feeling unable myself to communicate the fact to him, and wishing if possible to spare him the public shock, I seized in my agony the arm of the deacon, and dragged him aside. The deacon *had* seen the glance; his son was not present, and on my pulling him away he became horror-struck, and gasped like one suffocating; 'Good God! doctor, what *do* you mean; *what* do you know?' I replied by stating my fears that it was young Tarleton, and by a hurried relation of my reasons for suspecting him. As the deacon turned from me, he met the proud glance of Judge Tarleton, who stood watching the result of our conference, evidently convinced that his suspicions were correct, his countenance wore an expression, not of gratification, but of calm superiority, infinitely more galling to the deacon; who could not resist the temptation of immediate triumph, and exclaimed aloud, 'As the judge has rightly said, in such a case as this we must not allow our feelings to influence us, but must remember that we are answerable to God and man, for our actions, it goes to my heart to speak it—but it must be told, John Tarleton is the suspected murderer!'

"This totally unexpected announcement produced on all present an astounding effect; Judge Tarleton was for a moment stunned, but so impossible did it seem to him, as he had never dreamed of any correspondence between his son and Phyllis, that he recovered himself, and exclaimed—'It is false, where are your proofs? My son—where is my son? where are your proofs? Doctor—how dare you assert such a thing?' The deacon, with an affectation of sorrow that sat but ill upon him, now told the story. Judge Tarleton listened in amazement, then turning to me, earnestly demanded, 'Do you say that this is the truth?' I assented, and amid the pitying murmurs of the crowd, he turned from the dreadful scene, and strode rapidly homeward. I followed him, beckoning his old servant, who I saw in the crowd, to accompany me, for I saw that though apparently calm and disbelieving, the veins in his forehead were swollen, almost to bursting, and his step was that of one who walks in a horrid dream.

"On entering the house, he went directly to his son's chamber, followed by us, though apparently unnoticed; the door was locked—'John'—he called, 'John!' but there was no answer—and with his whole strength he sprang against the door, and burst it open; he entered—all was silent for two or three minutes, then a deep groan and a heavy fall! We rushed in

his chamber; extended on the floor lay the wretched father, amid the dreadful evidences of his son's guilt; the window was open, beneath it was a porch from the roof of which one could easily jump to the ground; the drawers and trunks were open, and various articles of apparel were strewed about the room, but *all bore the marks of blood*. We raised the old man, and I instantly opened a vein, while old Cato called loudly for assistance. Some of the servants had returned from the hill, with the dreadful tidings, and soon, whispers of something terrible reached the ear of Mrs. Tarleton, who was the first to hear our calls. She hastened to her husband, who she supposed had been taken suddenly sick—and demanded 'What is the matter with him, doctor? How came all this?' I made a rapid motion of silence to the servants, and replied that he had been seized with a sudden fainting fit, but he was now recovering, and had better be put to bed. Mr. Tarleton was now sensible, and, as I assisted in placing him in bed, he pushed me away with all his strength, murmuring 'Don't touch me!' seemingly with a feeling of aversion to one who might perhaps be the means of bringing his adored son to an ignominious death. I almost felt remorse for having done what was indeed my duty to do, and in a manner forced on me by himself. To shorten my story, for we are near the house, I returned to the scene of blood; a coroner's inquest was instantly summoned; on raising the unfortunate girl, a Spanish knife, the well known property of John Tarleton, was found beneath her. I was obliged to give my evidence, and it is sufficient to say, that [illegible] verdict was, 'Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.' In spite of the exertions of the vindictive deacon, John Tarleton was *not* discovered; how he escaped was never known; his name ceased to be mentioned, and in the lapse of years he has been nearly forgotten, whether or not his parents heard from him, cannot be guessed at. If any tidings did reach them, it was kept a profound secret, but from time to time the judge sold portions of his estate, and it was surmised that he found means of conveying assistance to John. He and his wife were proofs that 'The heart may break, and brokenly live on!' for they lingered along in solitary wretchedness, totally estranged from the world, for a few years, and then in the short space of two months were laid side by side in the tomb. It was found at the judge's death, that but little of all his wealth remained, that little was left by will to the poor of the township."

"Still, doctor," said I, "it is strange, that moving in the sphere of life he did, he should think it necessary deliberately to murder a girl like her." "I never supposed it was done deliberately," said the doctor. "I presume he was irritated by her reproaches and absurd jealousy, and conscious that a knowledge of their connexion would cause a total rupture between him and Miss Ellis, in the heat of passion he stabbed her, but the first blow proving ineffectual, the poor girl in the struggle, in wrenching the knife from his hand, inflicted the severe wound, and dissevernment of the finger, that eventually destroyed his hope of escape from suspicion.

"As it fell out, his guilt was universally believed, with one exception. Mary Ann Ellis, who resolutely protested his innocence in defiance of every proof: she would not believe—she would not *hear* any thing to his disadvantage, in the devoted fondness of her heart; she seemed to think that every body had entered into a conspiracy against her idol. Her father died a short time after the judge, when it was found that with all his boasted property, he was nearly insolvent, but a small pittance was left for his widow and Mary Ann, which the latter has been obliged to eke out by the use of the needle, for she was too proud to be dependent on relations, who were angry at what they called her obstinate folly in rejecting several good offers for the simple reason that she did not love those who made them. I believe she remains as firmly convinced of his innocence as ever. I wonder if she has heard of his return."

As the doctor finished his tale, we had arrived at the door of the old mansion, where something of a crowd had assembled.

A funeral is far more impressive in the country than in a city. In a city the hearse rumbles along, amidst all the noise and bustle of business, without any mark of respect from the passengers, or any notice except it may be of some gossip, who counts the carriages from her window. In the country—I mean in some of those out of the way of the world places, where "good old customs," are still observed, a funeral is an event—there is more importance attached to its being well attended, and if the individual was respected, the house of mourning is generally filled to overflowing; many travel miles, merely to show the last mark of respect to the dead.

As there are many who never witnessed a country funeral, I will endeavour to describe the ceremonial generally observed. The coffin is placed, as is usual, in the largest and best room, and a chamber set apart for the mourners. At the appointed time the officiating clergyman, taking his station, so as to be heard by those assembled outside of the door, as well as by those within, makes a solemn and appropriate exhortation, rather than prayer; then there is a pause, the crowd divides to make way for such of the mourners as wish it, to take a last look at the face of the dead. This is always a solemn, often a deeply affecting ceremony, to see, as *I* have seen, the mother, or the wife, the son, or the brother, taking one more look, one long last gaze, of the face they are never to see again! Then, the sexton closes the coffin lid, and oh, the horrible certainty that comes with the dull creaking of the screws!

Hearses and carriages are things unthought of; a large table is placed at a little distance from the house, and two poles, connected by ropes, are laid over it, the coffin is then brought out by "the bearers," placed between the poles, and the pall thrown over it. The six bearers, whose office it is to walk by the side of the coffin, lower it into the grave, and throw the first earth upon it, are always chosen from the dearest friends of the deceased, as nearly of their age as is convenient, and from the appearance and respectability of the bearers you can usually form a pretty accurate guess at the standing of the dead. The sexton calls over the names of the mourners, who, two [illegible], take their stations behind the coffin, and th[illegible] wish to do honour to the dead, fall into the [illegible], the women first, and then the men. The [illegible] the coffin by turns, four at once stepping out, noiselessly and rapidly, pass the train of mourners, and place their shoulders beneath the poles, while those whom they relieve, stepping a pace or two back, with hat in hand and bending heads, allow the funeral to pass between them and fall in behind. Even every passenger who may chance to meet them, steps aside, and with uncovered head and serious air, pauses till all have passed, thus paying a mark of respect to the dead, and of sympathy for the mourners.

Quite a large crowd had assembled round the old mansion of the Tarleton's; not in this instance from regard, but from motives of curiosity, to see the long lost murderer. When we entered, we were struck by the noise, the eager, busy look of all assembled; there was not one sad face among them, not one who seemed to think it be[illegible] to *look* sad. Immediately on our entrance, the clergyman commenced his prayer, not for the [illegible] of the deceased, that his protestant profession for[illegible], for, "as the tree falls, so must it lie," but fervently, and with much eloquence, begged that his hearers might be enabled to guard

against the unbridled passions, which had rendered John Tarleton not only wretched himself, but a source of misery to every one connected with him. I will not attempt to give extracts from one of the most pathetic and touching appeals that I ever heard; it made a strong impression on all present, and when he ended his discourse a becoming gravity prevailed; room was made for old Hawley to approach the coffin, and look on the playmate of his childhood; he gazed long and earnestly, but at length turned away and shook his head, "Yes," said he, "it must be him, though he is fearfully changed; I can trace his features, but I should not have known him, had I been told whom to look for.

Every thing went on in the usual routine; the bearers were of the meanest class; but when the sexton should have called out the mourners, there was a pause; none wished to do *him* honour, and it seemed likely that the bearers would be nearly alone in this melancholy task. They raised the poles upon their shoulders—was *this* the burial of the last of the proud family of the Tarletons! At that moment a woman walked from the house, attired in deep mourning; there was something very affecting in her solitary appearance, and in the irresolute and faltering manner in which she moved forward and took her place as chief mourner.

"It is Miss Ellis," cried the doctor; "she must not walk alone!" and hastening forward, he offered her his arm; she accepted it, with a silent bow of gratitude. She appeared, however, so much overcome by her feelings, that he advised her not to think of walking to the grave-yard, which was more than a mile distant. "No, doctor," replied she, "I will go; it is right that you and I should attend him to his last home, you for the remorse that you should *now* feel, though I do you the justice of believing that your conduct was actuated by sincerity—*I*, because I am the only living being who cared whether he was living or dead; I have waited long for his return, and that *now*, it should be *thus*. Oh, John! John! why did you not return to me, that I might have closed your eyes, and have heard your last words!"

Her voice became choked in the sobs, which convulsed her whole frame, but she still persisted in her determination, and Mr. Hawley, myself, and many others, (urged by sympathy with *her*, and reflecting that if he had sinned much, he had also suffered much,) joined in the procession.

We saw him laid by his parents, and a few months afterward, I received a letter from Doctor Davis, (for I returned to Boston a few days after the funeral,) informing me, that the long suffering Mary Ann was at length at rest—and never to this day, have I heard the idle scoff at woman's love and sincerity, without calling to mind that desolate and heart-broken woman, who had kept her devoted love, pure and fresh, through disgrace, neglect, the trials of poverty, and the world's scorn, through years of absence, without one token, to say that he remembered her. *She loved him, and she did not forsake him.*

THE TOILET.—No. 10.

THE HANDS AND EYES.

A FINE hand in male or female is always pleasing; and next to the charms of a beautiful face, a woman has an undoubted right to be proud of a fine delicately tapered hand, and a symmetrical and elegant rounded arm. A handsome head may be appended to a very ordinary body, and a head without harmony may detract from the elegance of a well-shapen body; but a fine hand and arm scarcely ever accompany any other than a perfect figure.

The care requisite to preserve the complexion of the hands and arms is to be deduced from the principles we have laid down, under the head of cosmetics, &c., in treating of the skin. Too great cold, or too great heat, produces roughness and wrinkles; consequently water too hot or too cold must produce these effects; and for the same reason exposure to the air will subject them to the same inconveniences, especially just after having been washed.

A variety of soaps are composed to give whiteness and suppleness to the skin. Every perfumer makes them his own particular way. Among these are soaps of various names, as seraglio wash balls, musk soaps, and soaps scented with every perfume of the East. These are more easily procured than made for private use.

TO IMPROVE THE SKIN.

Take two ounces of Venice soap, and dissolve it in two ounces of lemon juice. Add one ounce of the oil of bitter almonds, and a like quantity of the oil of tartar. Mix the whole and stir it well till it has acquired the consistence of soap; and use it as such for the hands.

The paste of sweet almonds, which contains an oil fit for keeping the skin soft and elastic, and removing indurations, may be beneficially applied to the hands and arms.

Some ladies assert that oil turns the hands brown; so much at least is certain, that oily applications do not produce the same good effects upon all females.

An excellent paste for the hands is made of horse-chestnuts; and this is not attended with any inconvenience. It is prepared as follows:—

Dry some horse-chestnuts and peel them—pound them in a covered mortar, and sift the powder through a fine sieve. Put a suitable quantity of this powder into water, and it will become white, saponaceous, and as soft as milk. Frequent use of this is highly salutary, and contributes greatly to the lustre and whiteness of the skin.

The Italian women use the flower of maize, or Turkey corn, and every one who has seen them, knows what fair skins they have; and Scotch ladies use oatmeal or cold porridge, which is little if at all inferior.

Various pomatums and ointments are used for the hands, not only to relieve their colour, but to prevent them from chapping, and curing them when thus afflicted, of these we shall now speak.

The most common accidents which are liable to interrupt the health, harmony, and appearance of the hands are chaps, chilblains, and warts. The perspiration of the hands is also at times very troublesome, especially to such as are employed in works which require great cleanliness.

THE WEALTH OF SIBERIA.

AFTER telling us that blocks of native gold, of ten to twenty pounds weight, have been found in the gold mines, Mr. Dobell says, "Siberia produces a great variety of precious stones. The principal ones are the yellow and white topaz, amethysts, crystals of various sorts, aquamarines of different colours, hyacinths, sapphires, emeralds, a species of the ruby, garnets, &c. also onyx, jasper, agate, porphyry, and marble, in great abundance. There are also silver mines in Perm. The adamant or loadstone, of strong attractive power, is common there. Asbestos also is found in such quantities, that gloves are made of it at Ecatherinburg, as curiosities to sell to travellers. When soiled they are cleaned by putting them into a red-hot fire, the intense heat only serving to whiten, without in any degree consuming this extraordinary fossil. We may say with truth, there is scarcely a mineral or a fossil in nature that is not found in Siberia.

MINERALOGY.

Is it not singular, that the ores should sometimes be so totally unlike the Metals? Many earthy minerals we see frequently almost in their natural state; but few persons are acquainted with the ores of the Metals most commonly in use, or reflect on the many processes which are necessary to produce from them, such articles as we call, from habit, the most simple conveniences. What can be less like Copper than those beautiful green specimens, exhibiting concentric shells of a delicate radiate structure? (Fig. 28) or that fine light blue one, surpassing the richest velvet, in its soft and silky appearance? The latter is hydrate of Copper;—that is, Copper combined with water; the green ones, less rare, are carbonate, and called Malachite. There is also a carbonate of Copper of a deep purple colour, which is usually crystallized, though not always very distinctly. (Fig. 29.) These species are scarcely known in the English Copper-mines; which, however, afford fine specimens of the native Copper, Copper pyrites, the pure grey sulphuret in hexagonal crystals, and the different varieties of arseniate of Copper. The arseniates of Copper are of a blackish green colour, with the exception of the lenticular species, which occurs in greenish blue crystals of a flat octahedral form, heaped together in confused groupes. (Fig. 30.) The word arseniate may require some explanation:—Arsenic, which is itself a Metal, as well as Chrome, and a few others, when oxydized (or burnt,) becomes an acid; and in this state unites with other Metals, Earths, and Alkalis—forming arseniates; Chrome forms chromates, &c.

28

29

30

The Cornish mines have been celebrated for many centuries. It is supposed, that the Phœnicians, who were famed for their skill as armourers and braziers, procured Tin ore from Great Britain. At that period, Brass (Copper and Zinc) was much less used than at present, and the principal mixed Metal was an alloy of Copper and Tin: a natural combination of those two Metals has been found in Cornwall in very small quantity; but the oxyde of Tin is abundant, of a blackish brown colour, and usually crystallized. It is a singular fact, that though Tin is the lightest of the Metals, its ore is considerably heavier than that of Copper or Iron. The ores of the latter are numerous, but few of them possess any beauty. Native Iron is so unlike every other native Metal and ore, both in its appearance and situation, that it is supposed to be a meteoric Stone. There is a mass of it on an elevated spot at the Cape of Good Hope, of which the surface is cellular, and much corroded by the atmosphere; and other masses have been found in Siberia, the desert of Sahra, and North and South America. There is another reason in favour of the supposition that these masses of Iron are not terrestrial productions;—they all contain, in a hundred parts, from one to four parts of Nickel—a rare metal, which is remarkable for its capability of becoming magnetic. Nickel has been found, likewise, in a small quantity, in all other meteoric stones, of which many have been seen to fall through the atmosphere. A large one, many years ago, fell in Yorkshire, and was observed by a labourer, near the spot, who procured assistance, and dug it out of the earth, into which it had penetrated some feet. Since this, a shower of stones fell in the south of France; an account of which may be in the recollection of some of our readers.—Iron pyrites (Fig. 31) is not worked as an Iron ore, but for the Sulphur it contains. Its crystallizations are the cube, octahedron, pentagonal dodecahedron, and various combinations and modifications of these: it is so hard as to give sparks when struck against Steel, and will receive a good polish. In Peru it is called Piedra de los Incas, and the early inhabitants of the country made mirrors of it.—Natural magnetic Iron is an oxyde, and occurs very abundantly in Sweden and Saxony, both granular and compact. The Iron Glance, another variety of the black oxyde, which is sometimes magnetic, is the most brilliant of its ores; the lustre of the crystals is, indeed, splendent, and they often exhibit a blue or green tarnish. Another oxyde is the red ore, so common in Lancashire: the radiated variety, of a blackish red, is called Hæmatite; and when earthy, it is called Ruddle, or Red Chalk. The phosphate of Iron, or Iron mineralized by the phosphoric acid, forms transparent crystals, (Fig. 32,) which are of an Indigo colour and prismatic: the arseniate is always crystallized in cubes, which become electric when heated. (Fig. 33.) All the minerals which are known to have this property, are characterized by a peculiarity in their crystallization—their opposite terminations are different. This is the case with the Tourmaline, with some few Topazes, and with Analcime; but that such a circumstance should be apparent in the cube, which is a perfectly symmetrical figure, is, perhaps, still more remarkable. The alternate angles are modified by the addition, sometimes of one, and sometimes of four planes.

31

32

33

KNAVE AND KING.

Intrigues of state, like games of whist, require a partner, and in both, success is the joint effect of chance, and of skill; but the former differ from the latter in one particular—the knaves rule the kings. Count Stackelberg was sent on a particular embassy by Catherine of Russia, into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was despatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the presence-chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired, much mortified and ashamed. In the evening, it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs!" "A mistake!" said the monarch, "it is the knave!" "Pardon me, Sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, "This is the second time to-day, I have mistaken a knave for a king!!!" Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.—*Lacon.*

FASHIONABLE FEMALE STUDIES.

GEMS.

Thanks to chivalry, and to the liberal and free spirit which it has diffused through Christendom, the restraint and seclusion imposed upon our fair domestic companions have, in modern times, been in a great measure removed; and even philosophy has been partly stripped of her repulsive gravity, and has condescended to become the occasional visitant of the toilette, the drawing-room, and the tea-table. We like this order of things; we like to share our more attractive studies with our female relations and friends: though, perhaps, after all, our likings may take their rise from a sort of latent, but surely an excusable vanity, in seeing ourselves the object of attention, and feeling the influence of lovely looks, bright with intelligence and inquiry, when we are solicited to descant on the metamorphoses of a butterfly, the beauties of a flower, the characteristics of a gem, or the formation of a dew-drop.

But we may give our vanity to the winds; the subject is more important than the cherishment it affords to any little passion of ours; for one of the most sovereign cosmetics for the improvement of beauty, which we know, is intelligence—a secret long understood and acted upon by most ladies who have had—we will not say the misfortune, but the good fortune, to be plain, or who have, by accident, been deprived of traits of countenance that would otherwise have rendered them handsome. Intelligence goes far to make up for all deficiencies of form or feature, while it gives a finish and an enchantment to the highest order of beauty, that can by no other means be imparted. It adds lustre to the eyes, expression to the countenance, elegance to the speech, and meaning to every movement. Milton has given to the picture we wish to draw, the richest colours of his fancy,

> "Heaven was in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

Intelligence, likewise, confers happiness and pleasure on many a long hour, which would, by the ignorant and listless, be spent in yawning vacuity, and all the fashionable horrors of ennui. It is by this very means, indeed, that it improves beauty; for, according to the unalterable laws of habit, the face that always wears the wrinkle of weariness and dissatisfaction, will not be readily smoothed into good humour, nor into the calm, tender mien of pensive feeling. Ennui should be repelled in all its approaches; for it will always leave behind its repulsive expression; the eye will be deadened with the sickliness of discontentment, and the often-repeated yawn will mark the young cheek with the dimples (if we may profane the expression) of old age. We aver, then, and pledge our honour on the [illegible] that the lady who shall discard ennui, and court the friendship of knowledge, will shine forth in more bright and permanent beauty, than

> "When fayre Cynthia in darksome night
> Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
> Where she may find the substance thin and light,
> Breakes forth her silver beames; and her bright head
> Discovers to the world."

All the injuries now enumerated, and hundreds more, can most easily be prevented by the simple expedient of keeping the mind amused and active, and not suffering it to slumber till the eyes become vacant, and the countenance as motionless as marble. We think, therefore, that it is one of the richest gifts we can confer on our fair readers, to display our [illegible] for improving beauty in its most attractive form. The ways in which it may be varied, indeed, are innumerable; for it may be prepared so as to suit every complexion and every shape. The choice of the [illegible] we leave to be made at the toilette, as we must take care to avoid the imputation of empiricism, by recommending the same form of our cosmetic to all ages and temperaments.

We shall not be so unpolite, then, in recommending gems as a female study, to require a [illegible] with the ruder materials of mineralogy;—let that be an after-consideration, growing out of the [illegible] inquisitiveness into the secrets of nature and art. Our space is too limited, and we could expect no thanks for going into all the minutiae of ores of gold and [illegible] or the no less useful minerals, marble, [illegible] coal. We must, for the present, be contented with gems, and probably at some future time we may [illegible] to talk of

> "Antres vast, and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills."

And if we at any time be in a critical [illegible] we may possibly show a little of our learning, in tracing the lines of Gray—"Full many a *gem*," &c. to the Odes of Celio Magno, who has

> Ma (qual in parte ignota
> Ben ricca Gemma altrui cela il suo pregio,)
> O fior, ch' alta virtu ha in se riposta)
> Visse in sen di castita nascosta
> In sua virtute e 'n Dio contento visse
> Lunge dal visco mondan, chel'alme intrica."

Or to come nearer home, we may probably find some resemblance in Thompson:

> "The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
> In dark retirement forms the lucid stone."

But we must arrest our sacrilegious hand from the despoiling a poet of his beauties; and the task [illegible] before us is more delightful than the crabbed and ungainly labour of hunting for plagiarism. We will [illegible] lead our fair readers to the beauties of nature, and direct

> "Their liberal heart, their judging eye,
> The flower, unheeded, to descry,
> And bid it round heaven's altar shed
> The fragrance of its blushing head;
> And raise from earth the latent *gem*,
> To glitter on the diadem."

The word *gem*, though sometimes confined to the diamond, is commonly applied to all the precious stones, and particularly to those which are engraved. It is derived—(a word is nothing at present without a derivation)—it is derived from the Latin *gemma*, which signifies a bud; because, perhaps, the Romans had their jewels cut in form of flower-buds. This may be a fancy, and we do not affirm it—Those who wish for a higher derivation, we refer to the Greek verb [illegible] (begging pardon for our pedantry) which means, *I* [illegible] *full*, and gemma, a bud, may be said *to fill*, or [illegible] this, also, may be a fancy.

The high refractive power of the diamond throws back the light that falls on it, instead of allowing the rays to pass through it as glass does. This gives the gem a sparkling brilliance, which no art can fully imitate. It is this, and not any phosphorescent property that causes it even to sparkle in the dark—of which so many fables are related in the Arabian Tales. In the deepest darkness, there are always some wandering rays—some stray pencils of light to render the "darkness visible," and these, how few or small soever, the diamond collects to a point and flashes them back into the gloom. The property of *sparkling*, therefore, is one test by which a genuine diamond may be known from spurious imitations, or from the more splendent sorts of rock-crystal and other gems, which are sometimes passed off for diamonds.

A more obvious and practicable test, is the extreme hardness of the diamond, so much superior to all other substances, that it will penetrate and cut, not only glass and flint, but also the topaz and other precious gems. Paste, and all imitations, even the admirable ones of Fontainiers, may, on this principle, be at once detected; for the suspected gem has only to be tried with glass or rock-crystal, or with the glazier's diamond. If it scratch glass, it may either be paste of uncommon hardness, or some inferior stone; if rock-crystal or a file make any impression on it, there can be no doubt that it is artificial. The striking fire with steel, though sometimes used as a test, is not to be trusted; as in this way flint and quartz would appear superior to the diamond in hardness; for it is the little chip of the steel which catches fire by being struck, and the sharp edge of a flint is best adapted to detach it.

In the instance of small gems, suspected to be spurious, Mr. Mawe recommends squeezing them between two pieces of money; when, if spurious, they will easily be broken or crushed; but as it is not pleasant to perform the work of destruction, even on what is spurious, all that is required is a bit of flint or quartz to scratch the gems with, and those who do so can never be deceived with the finest paste; while rock-crystal and other stones of inferior value can always be detected by their lustre and their inferior weight.

The *nova minas*, or Brazilian diamonds, which are only a variety of the topaz, are the least easy to detect; but the property of refracting light, will, when well understood, be the best test. The real diamond is never set on a foil; yet, when looked at perpendicularly, a small black point appears in the centre, as if it had been marked with ink, while the rest appears brilliant and sparkling. This, which is overlooked by the common observer, is taken advantage of by the jeweller, who sets his *nova minas* on a *foil*, with a black point in the centre, in order to deceive even those who pretend to connoisseurship. The reason of the diamond's showing a black point is, that the ray of light which falls on the centre passes through and is lost, while all the other rays are refracted and reflected to the eye.

When we consider that Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, were contemporaries, that they were, at the same time, enclosed within the walls of the same city, which might well be termed "*Roma virum genetrix*;" and when we further reflect, that this bright constellation was attended also by another subordinate to it, made up of stars, indeed of lesser magnitude, but which would have shone with no small lustre in any other horizon, we no longer wonder that a capital that could breed and educate such men, should aspire to the proud title of the mistress of the world, and vaunt herself secure from all mortal wounds, save only those that might be inflicted in an evil hour by parricidal hands. But the close observer of human nature, who takes nothing on trust, who, undazzled by the lustre, calmly inquires into the use, will not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce so marvellous an union of talent, but will further ask how it happened, that men, whose examples have been so fertile of instruction to future ages, were so barren of improvement, and utility to their own. For it must be admitted, that Rome was "divided against herself," split into faction, and torn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud possession of all this profusion of talent, by which she was consumed, rather than comforted, and scorched rather than enlightened. Perhaps the conclusion that is forced upon us by a review of this particular period of Roman History, is neither consolatory, nor honourable to our nature: it would seem, I fear, to be this, namely, that a state of civil freedom is absolutely necessary for the training up, educating, and finishing of great and noble minds; but that society has no guarantee that minds so formed and finished, shall not aspire to govern, rather than to obey; no security that they shall not affect a greatness, greater than the laws, and in affecting it, that they shall not ultimately destroy that very freedom to which alone they were indebted for their superiority. For such men too often begin by subjecting all things to their country, and finish by subjecting their country unto themselves. If we examine the individual characters of those great names I have cited above, we may perhaps affirm, that Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Varro, and Livy, were more occupied in writing what deserved to be read, than in doing any thing that deserved to be written. Atticus was a practical disciple of Epicurus, and too much concerned about the safety and health of his own person, to endanger it by attacking that of another; as to Cicero, although he was formed both for action and deliberation, yet none of the blood that was spilt in his day, can fairly be charged to him; in fact, he had so much of the pliability of his friend Atticus about him, that he might have flourished even in the court of Augustus, a rival of Mæcenas, had he himself been less eloquent, Octavius more grateful, or Antony less vindictive. Four men remain, formed indeed in "all the prodigality of nature," but composed of elements so opposite to each other, that their conjunction, like the clash of adverse comets, could not but convulse the world; Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and Cato. Cæsar could not brook a superior, nor Pompey an equal; and Brutus, although he did not aspire himself to rule, was determined that no one else should do so. Cato, who might have done more to save his country, *had he attempted less*, disgusted his friends, and exasperated his foes, by a vain effort to realize the splendid fictions of Plato's republic, in the dregs of Romulus. Proud without ambition, he was less beloved as the stern defender of liberty, than Cæsar as the destroyer of it, who was ambitious without pride; a mistaken martyr in a noble cause; Cato was condemned to live in an era when the times could not bear his integrity—nor his integrity the times.—*Lacon*.

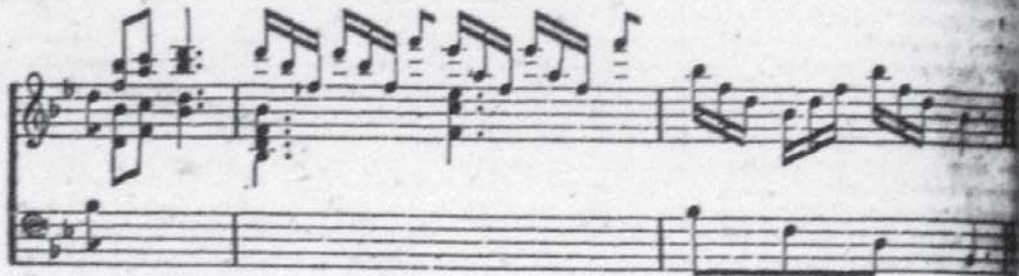
TINCTURE OF ROSES.

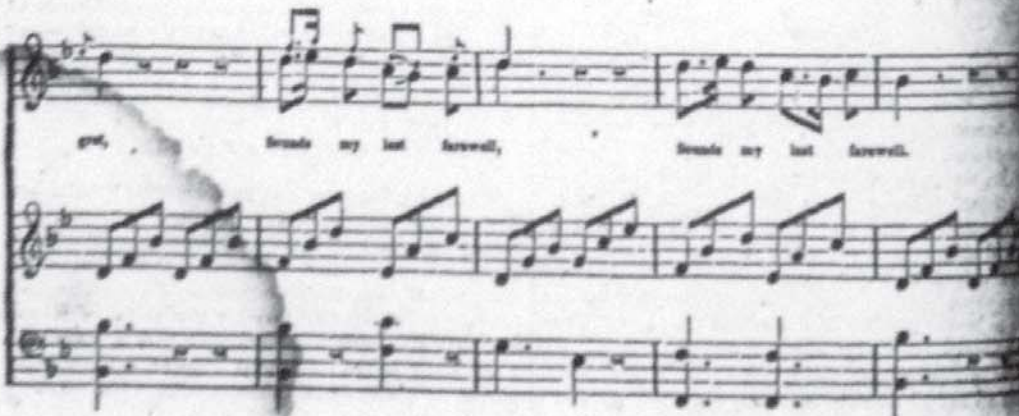
TAKE the leaves of the common rose (centifolia,) place them, without pressing them, in a bottle, pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to the otto of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odour. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

DESTIN'D BY FATE.

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM—COMPOSED BY MICHAEL KELLY.





Wide seas must part me from my love so true, Yet will my heart be still sincere to you, Still sincere- to you.

cad. ad lib.

II.

Still must I languish from thy charms apart,
Rack'd with the anguish of a fearful heart;
Yet I will cherish hope for thy dear sake,
For if hope should perish, my poor heart will break.

THE HEART.

The heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight!
What eloquence impart
The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might.
It is the seat of bliss—
The blessed home of all affections sweet;
It smiles where friendship is—
It glows where social feelings meet.
'Tis Virtue's hallowed fane—
'Tis Freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield!
A strength that will remain,
When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield!
It is Religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
Where joys, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring!
The fount of tenderness—
Where every purer passion has its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.
Oh, heart!—till life be o'er,
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame,
And I will ask no more
Of earthly happiness, or earthly fame!

MUTABILITY.

BY DR. BOWRING.

I wish I were a river
That flows, and flows for ever
From the fountain in the mountain to the ever-rolling sea:
No time that mountain weareth,
No waste that stream impaireth,
It floweth as it hath flowed, and shall flow eternally.

But man's more shifting races
The flight of time displaces,
From his birth-bed to his earth-bed, he glances and is gone:
His fame is for a season,
His deeds oblivion preys on,
And others fill his place to be vacated anon.

Not so! the river floweth,
As the tide of mortals goeth,
Ever drifting, ever shifting of its drops the multitude,
Which nature keeps supplying;
So the race of men is dying,
But the race, the race of man is eternally renewed.

MUIRSIDE MAGGIE.

A LEGEND OF LAMMERMUIR.*

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE "ODD VOLUME."

On the estate of the Earl of Lauderdale are situated three farms, the centre one of which, called Tullishill, was, in days of yore, rented by an old farmer and his comely young wife. Some years previous to the commencement of our story, the gudeman of Tullishill, after mourning a proper time for the death of his first wife, had wedded a young orphan, named Margaret Lylestone, who brought nothing to her husband but a frank, blithe temper, a kindly heart, and a comely face; and pretty Menie, Tullishill's only child by his first wife, blessed her stars for having given her such a step-mother.

When Tullishill brought home his Maggie, his affairs were in a prosperous state, and it was his pride to see that his heartsome wife was the admiration of the whole parish, as she rode to church or market on her sleek pony, and every fair-day was sure to bring Maggie some piece of finery; but as this good wife cared not to attract the gaze of her neighbours, the gay ribands and strings of amber beads, given her as fairings by Tullishill, generally found their way into the possession of her pretty step-daughter. During a long period, Tullishill and his Maggie enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; for, although his years nearly doubled hers, the gratitude she felt for being taken from a state of dependence to be the wife of Tullishill, well supplied the place of more ardent feelings; and when, in consequence of failing crops and sheep smothered in the snow, poverty and distress unexpectedly invaded their once cheerful dwelling, her heart clung but the more kindly to the old man, and she strained every nerve to save him from the ruin which seemed fast approaching. But all would not do; and, with an aching heart, Maggie found the dreaded term-day was now close at hand, and no rent prepared for their landlord.

"Maggie," said the old man, as he sat at the ingle cheek, "Maggie, I'm daized with thinking what's to come ower us; and my poor auld head can devise no way but ane to get us out o' thae sair straits; so you'll just speed your ways to Thirlstane, and see what ye can make o' the Earl. Ye'll just tell him that fient a bawbee hae I to pay my rent, and if he'll no gie us time, I kenna what's to become o' us."

"Keep up your heart, gudeman," replied Maggie, "and I'll do your errand with right good will; for, though I ne'er had speech o' a Earl a' my days, and folks say he's but a roughspun burly chiel, I'll no boggle to face him to tell a true tale; and wha kens, Tullishill, but that he may gie us a lift out o' this Slough o' Despond yet?"

"Maybe, Maggie, maybe; but certes your great folk, wha ne'er hae had their taes trampled on by the black dog, canna be expected to ken what poor bodies hae to warsle wi'; and little do they think how sair it is to bide the cauld blasts o' poortith, and the snash o' them that hae mair o' this warld's gear than their neighbours. There's Willie o' the Hillside, wham I mind a bare-legged herd-laddie at Kirtlebraes, had the impudence to say, I surely didna guide my sheep right, or I wouldna hae lost sae mony o' them. It sets him, I trow, to gab to me, that was a grown man afore he kent a hogg frae a gimmer! but, bide a wee, it 'll maybe be his turn next to lose his sheep, an' gin a hundred or twa were smoored i' the snaw, troth, I wadna greet my een out."

"Deed, gudeman," answered Maggie, "it's a wonder to me that ye fash yoursel about him. What's auld Willie and his sheep to you? It's no right, Tullishill, to wish evil to ony ane, and ye take an ill time for't, when you are obliged to ask mercy yoursel frae a fellow creature. Let Willie just maunder on about his sheep, and never let on ye ken or care what he's havering about: as for me, I just hear the sough o' his tongue; his clatter gangs in at ae lug and out at the ither; and that's muckle better than to let his clavers fash us."

"But, Maggie, d'ye no think it wad put up the birse o' ony man to be telled he didna ken the trade he was born and bred to? You're no a man, woman, or you wouldna speak that gait. Haith! gin I hear ony mair o' his gab about my sheep, I'll sheep him."

"Tullishill," said Maggie, composedly, "it's mair than time for you to be in your nest; mind, gudeman, what I hae afore me the morn, and let me hae an hour's quiet to settle in my mind what I'm to say to the Earl."

"Be sure, Maggie," said the old man, as he rose to prepare for bed, "be sure to tell him that the maist feck o' the sheep were smoored i' the snaw, and that the rot made an unco hishmahosh o' the rest."

"I wish," said Maggie, as she kindly drew a comfortable red night-cap on the head of her better half, "I wish the Earl may ken what *hishmahosh* means; I'm feared he might think it some daft-like word."

"You're grown unco perjink," retorted her spouse, "but, to make a lang tale short, tell him they're a' *dead*; he'll surely ken what that means."

"Dinna put yoursel into a carfuffle, gudeman, but just trust to me. It's no the first time that a woman's tongue has worked wonders, and I dare say mine will no be fause to me when I hae sae muckle need o't. The Earl is but a *man* after a', and I reckon, Tullishill, I'm no that ill at turning *them* round my finger."

"Ye were aye a fleeching sorra', Maggie," said Tullishill, as he stepped into bed; "but if ye can fleech the Earl to forgie us the rent, that will be a good deed done by a woman's tongue; and take ye this sack o' care off my heart, and I'll ne'er say ye nay to ony thing ye may ask as lang as there's breath left in this auld rickle o' banes. But, hap my back, woman; I'm cauld without, and I'm cauld within. Heigh! but this is a dreigh weary world; and, what wi' ae thing and another, a feckless auld body like me is amaist driven doited. It was an unfriendly thing, Maggie, in Willie o' the Hillside to cast the sheep in my teeth."

"Are ye aye maundering about the sheep yet, gudeman?" said Maggie, as she stuffed in the bed-clothes at the old man's back,—"fie, fie, Tullishill, this is no like you; gang your ways—take a bit sleep, and maybe you'll waken in a mair Christian-like spirit; and, now mind, gudeman, if I speed in my errand I'll keep ye to your bargain."

"Ye're unco ready," said the old man, as he put his head above the clothes; "ye're unco ready to take a man at his word—hech, sirs,—folks should take gude care what they say before ye, my woman, when

---

*Of the tradition on which this little rustic tale is founded, a particular account may be seen in Chambers's "Picture of Scotland."—*Vide* vol. 1, p. 79.

ye are sae gleg to click them up. I see what ye're after, but I tell you aince for a', Maggie, that my pet lamb shall ne'er gang into one of Willie's pens. His lang-legged son, Jamie, needna come a-courting here; sae gude night to ye, wife," he added, as he [illegible] down under the clothes, "and let's hear nae mair about that job."

"Gude night, Tullishill," answered Maggie, quietly; and leaving the old man to his repose, she quickly repaired to the apartment of her pretty step-daughter, whom she found weeping bitterly.

"Menie, my bairn," said the kind-hearted Maggie, "this is no right—dry your een, Menie, and comfort your heart. There's nae fear but that your father will be brought out o' this strait. There's Ane abune a' that watches our ways, and orders a' our steps—He has never failed them that put their trust in him—nor will he now. We shouldna let ourselves be sae cast down with thae bit rubs o' fortune. Take my word for it, Menie, this mirk hour will soon gang by—let us do what is right, that's a' we hae to mind. He that kens the heart has, maybe, sent this to try what our's are made o', and to see if we will trust in him in the black days o' poortith, as weel as in the sunny blinks o' prosperity. Your father has aye been a righteous and an honest man, and he has *Him* on his side that nane can withstand; but we maun try to deserve his help by submitting with patience to the troubles that he has seen fit to send to us."

"But, mother, if my father canna pay the rent, what will become o' us? Robert o' the Lea says the Earl is a hard man, and *rouped* out auld Willie Johnstone last Martinmas, 'cause he wanted five pund o' his rent, and if he does the same to us, it will break my very heart. Wae me! if I maun leave bonny Tullishill, where I have lived sae long and been sae happy!"

"I hope, my bairn," said Maggie, kindly, "that that is no likely to happen; but, if it should be sae ordered, I trust you'll no shame the godly example o' your gude father and your forebears, by gieing yoursel up to sinfu' despair at the first gloom o' fortune. Kae, my bairn! and let us ask a blessing on my errand the morn, and that He will put it in the heart of the Earl to help your father in this his hour o' need."

This duty being performed, Maggie proceeded to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye maun be up betimes the morn, and I trust you'll no forget to do as I sall bid ye. There are three bows o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beastrigs, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye needna fash your father wi' telling him wha is to take them to the laird, for ye ken he's no that weel pleased with Willie o' the Hillside, and that makes him look sae dour at Jamie, poor chiel, wha has nae faut that I ken o' but that o' being Willie's son, and I doubt that's just [illegible]—however, we'll get your father to look owre that. I wish ye could gar him lie in his bed the morn, he wad be weel out o' your road; but I doubt ye'll find that a kittle job. And, Menie, there's three pund o' butter, and twa dozen o' eggs, and a pint o' cream to be sent by breakfast-time to the Laird o' Rigsilles; and he'll no be pleased gin the cream is no sae thick as that a spoon may stand its lane in't—see ye had best take it aff Crookie's milk. And Sir John Paddie has taken a notion o' the tappit cock and hen, and though I ken ye will be wae to part with them, we maunna say him nay, for he has muckle in his power to help your father."

"I got them frae Jamie," said Menie, as she wiped away a tear, "and he'll maybe think it no that kind in me to gie them away."

"I'll take Jamie in my ain hand; surely when he hears the reason, he'll hae mair sense than to take the dorts for that. And now, Menie, it's time we were baith in our beds: gang awa' and tak' a fine sound sleep, for something in my heart tells me I'll speed on my errand."

Early the following morning, Maggie was seen wending her way to Thirlstane, there to lay her grief before the Earl. On reaching the castle, she entreated an audience of the Earl, and the request was quickly granted.

"I hae come, my lord," said Maggie, with honest frankness, as she made a rustic courtesy, "a' the way frae Tullishill, to tell you a' our distresses, and to ask you to forgie us the rent till better times come round. The season has been mair than commonly hard, and the sheep are amaist a' smoored in the snaw, and scant pasturage was there for the poor things, for the April snaw ne'er melts on the lands o' Tullishill.—See, to make a long tale short, my Lord Earl, we're no able to pay our rent, and if ye dinna help us, I kenna wha will."

"Are you the wife of old Tullishill, my good dame?" said the Earl, as he looked with admiration on her frank and blithe countenance.

"That I am, your worship," answered Maggie; "and though I say it that shouldna say it, a better husband never lived—and hadna he been driven doited wi' the dunts o' misfortune, he wad hae been here himsel' to tell your lordship's honour his ain tale; but he has a stane on his heart that dings him to the ground, and unless your earlship lifts it off him, I doubt he'll soon be beneath a caulder stane than that."

"Tullishill, my pretty dame," replied the Earl with a smile, "consulted his interest fully as well in sending you to tell me the story of your mishaps. Why, a man must have a heart as cold as the unmelted snow in the Lammermuir Hills, to be able to resist such a pleader. But, if I agree to your request, what am I to get in return?"

"Our thanks, our prayers, and our blessings," answered Maggie, with fervour, "and may be our help in your hour o' need, for the King may come in the cadger's road, and there are nane sae high but that they may hae a fa'. But take my gudeman out o' the pit o' despair, and I'll bring him here the morn to thank you on his bended knees."

"No, no," said the Earl, with a good-humoured smile, "let Tullishill keep among the hills of Lammermuir, and come yourself to see me."

"And will your Lordship really help us out o' our distress?"

"I have half a mind not to promise that now just to bring you back again."

"I canna think that," replied Maggie, with a dignity that astonished the Earl: "ye hae mair kindness than ye'll let on, and mair humanity than to keep an auld man atween life and death, when ae word o' your mouth can send joy to his heart. I see by your een that ye canna gainsay this, and that there's a yea or a nay coming. I told Tullishill that I would speed on my errand, and surely, surely, my Lord Earl, you'll no let me be a fause prophet."

"I see, Maggie," said the Earl, smiling, "that you want to have it all your own way; but if I agree to your request, you must let me name the terms."

"I will be blithe to do that," answered Maggie, with a look of honest confidence, "for weel do I ken that your Lordship will ne'er ask mair than I and mine may fairly and freely grant."

"Well, then, Maggie," replied the Earl, "I freely forgive you the rent that is due; and if you will bring me a snow-ball in June, and a kiss as often as Martinmas comes round, you shall sit rent-free as long as you will. And I may as well take my kiss just now, in token that the bargain is concluded—and here," he continued, putting a purse of gold in her hand, "is a luck-penny to take home with you."

Overpowered by the generosity of the Earl, Maggie poured out her gratitude in thanks and fervent benedictions. She then, with a joyful heart and light step, turned her back on Thirlstane Castle, and took her way homewards.

During Maggie's absence, Tullishill wandered from place to place, to the great discomfort of his daughter, who encountered him at every turn, and to whose repeated entreaties that he would settle himsell in bed till Maggie's return, he lent a deaf ear. At length, provoked by her insisting on sending him to bed sooner, he exclaimed—

"I think the lassie has gaen gyte: what wad I gang to my bed for? Do ye think that I could bow an ee when wae and distress are sae near my doorstane?—Na, na; I'll just daunder about till Maggie come hame."

"But, father," replied Menie, who was anxious to get the old man out of the way before the arrival of her lover and his cart, "I'm sure your daundering about the house this gate, will no bring my mother back a minute sooner. You look real demented, sae I'll just gang and bring your cowl."

"Cowl me nane o' your cowls here," replied Tullishill, waxing warm, and striding to the window; "it passes my skill to ken what for ye are sae keen to put me to my bed at this time o' day. But wha the mischief is that coming up the loan? Sorra tak' me if it's no Jamie o' the Hillside! My certie he's no that blate. I see now what way ye were sae keen to cocker me up with my cowl; but I tell you, Menie, as I told your mother last night, that ne'er a bird out o' the Hillside nest shall big in my tree. I wadna wonder that his father has sent him up to see if there are ony mair o' the sheep dead. But gang and see what he's wanting. By my conscience, he drives his cart up as briskly as if the lands of Tullishill were a' his ain!"

Menie was just about to obey this order, when Jamie entered, and, greeting the old man with a frank, kindly manner, said that he was on his way to Scantrigs, and as he had heard Maggie say that she was going to send potatoes to the Laird, he had called to offer to gie them a cast in his cart.

"I'm meikle obliged to ye," said the old man, in a dry tone; "but there are nae potatoes going to Scantrigs the now; we hae other things to think o' than potatoes in thae times."

"But, Tullishill," continued Jamie, "the gudewife hersel told me that the Laird wanted them this very day; so you may just as well let me take them up now that I have come out o' my road for them."

"And wha the sorra bid ye come out o' your road?" said the old man in a rage; "no me, I trow."

"Nae offence, Tullishill," replied Jamie; "I only meant to do a neighbourlike action; and as the gudewife said that they were to go up the day, I thought I would just ca' and take them up with me."

"If the gudewife," said Tullishill, in a sour tone, "tell't you that there were potatoes to be sent to Scantrigs, the gudeman tells ye that there are nane gaun that gate, so there's an end o' it, and dinna fash me with ony mair o' your gab about the matter."

Menie, fearing that her lover's well-meant kindness would only serve to increase her father's irritation, made a sign to him to drop the subject; and Jamie, finding that there was no hope of a private interview with his pretty Menie, soon after quitted the cottage.

When Maggie once more made her appearance at Tullishill, her first action was to throw her scarlet mantle to the other end of the room, and to send her straw bonnet spinning after it; her next was to take her husband round the neck, and give him a hearty kiss.

"The deil's i' the wife," said Tullishill, considerably discomposed by the vivacity of Maggie's movements, "is this a time for daffing?"

"None better, Tullishill," replied Maggie, "[illegible] are brought out o' a' our straits this day! Ah, [illegible] but my heart's just running owre with joy, and I [illegible] say my een too," continued Maggie, as she wiped away a tear.

"And is it sae?" replied the old man; "His name be praised! But, Maggie, woman, tell us a' about it; tell us a' about it."

"Fient a bit o' me will tell you a word o' the matter," said Maggie, with a heartsome smile, "[illegible] that ye are to pay nae rent this term, and may be a little the next."

"Maggie! Maggie! you're surely maundering."

"Maundering, or no maundering," answered Maggie, "it's as true as I tell you: but you're no to ask me any questions, for I'll no answer them; but this I will say, Tullishill, that I'll ne'er put meikle faith in the character that the world gives to ony body. The Earl is called a burley chiel, but a mair fair spoken civil gentleman I ne'er saw atween the een. He has nae mair pride than our cully there, an' spak to me in the same hamely way that I'm doing to you, gudeman; to hae heard him, ye'd hae thought I was his marrow. But I'm dead wearied: so we will just return thanks for the mercies o' this day, and then [illegible] away to our beds, for my feet are blistered, and my een are gathering straes."

From this time forth every thing throve with Tullishill; and as even his sheep prospered and grew fat, his displeasure against Willie o' the Hillside was considerably mollified. Enough, however, still remained to occasion the youthful lovers many anxious hours; but, cheered with the hope of vanquishing his enmity, they continued to love on, and left the event to time and fortune.

"What's that you're doing, Maggie?" said Tullishill to his wife, one fine morning in April, while she was busily employed in scraping together a large quantity of snow.

"I'm gathering our rent, hinney," replied Maggie, with a merry laugh.

"That's an ill joke, wife."

"But I'm no joking, gudeman," replied Maggie, as she gayly shovelled the snow into a deep cleft of the rock, and strewed a quantity of oat-meal over it.

"Are ye gaen clean gyte, Maggie, that you're wasting the good meal that way?"

"It will no be wasted," said Maggie; "I tell ye, Tullishill, that that snaw will be worth mony good guineas to us afore a' is done, for as little as ye think o' it."

"Weel, Maggie," responded her husband, "if it's your pleasure to divert yoursel wi' gathering snaw-ba's, I'm sure I'll no be the man to hinder ye."

"That's right, Tullishill; and take my word for't, that my snaw-ba's are no to be sneezed at, for they'll bring us profit and pleasure baith, or I'm mista'en."

Many a time and oft did Maggie visit her concealed treasure, where it remained undisturbed till the month of June, when one fine morning she sped to the bosky dell, where even the rays of the summer sun could not penetrate, and, assisted by Malcolm, one of Tullishill's young shepherds, rolled the snow into a ball of about three feet in diameter. She then desired him to bring round the cart which stood prepared for her expedition, and into which Malcolm lifted the gigantic snow-ball, and Maggie had just seated herself beside it when Tullishill appeared at her elbow.

"Gude guide us!" exclaimed the old man in utter amazement; "my wife's daleerit! she's gotten a bee in her bonnet!"

"If I hae a bee in my bonnet," replied Maggie, "it is ane that will make a store o' hinney for us. Noo, gang awa hame, gudeman, and dinna be feared about

yet, for I hae a friend beside me," she continued, as she patted the snow-ball, "that will bring us good luck; farewell for a wee; Malcolm, gie the horse his head;" and with these words away went Maggie.

On reaching Thirlestane, Maggie was told that she could not possibly see the Earl, as he was then at dinner with a party of friends.

"But I maun see him," replied Maggie; "I maun see him, though the king himsel were taking his dinner wi' him. I am come here by the Earl's ain commands; sae you'll just gang and tell him that Muirside Maggie has keepit tryst, and is here waiting his pleasure."

"I cannot believe, good woman," said the servant, "that the Earl desired you to come here to-day, and yet, if it should be the case, I would not like to turn you away."

"Ye had as guide no," answered Maggie; "but, if ye dinna believe me, gang and ask the Earl himsel, and no stand glowring there as if ye had seen a warlock."

Thus admonished, the servant disappeared; and soon returned to usher Maggie into the presence of the Earl.

"Ye'll believe me another time, my man," said Maggie, with a good-humoured smile; "but ye maun now help me to row this snaw-ba' to the Earl: I canna gang before him wanting that."

"Is the woman out of her senses?" answered the domestic; "what the mischief is the Earl to do with that mountain of snow?"

"That's between him and me," said Maggie, with great composure; "but, sin' ye winna lend a helping-hand, I maun e'en take the herd lad wi' me;" and as the domestic did not think proper to object to this, he quickly ushered Maggie and her treasure-bearer into the presence of the Earl.

"I hae come, my Lord Earl," said Maggie, with a curtsey down to the ground, "according to my tryst; and I hae brought you a sample o' the April snaw frae the lands o' Tullishill. And now, that I hae keepit my word, I wad fain hope that your Lordship will no gang back o' yours." And so saying, Maggie rolled the snow-ball to the feet of the Earl, much to the amusement of his guests, who seemed to enjoy the singularity of the scene, the cause of which the Earl quickly explained.

"Well, Maggie," said the Earl, "I must allow that you have fairly earned your reward; and here I declare, in the presence of this company, that the gudeman of Tullishill shall sit rent free all the days he has to live. And now, my blithe dame," he added, filling a bumper of claret, and presenting it to Maggie, "pledge my toast, that should any of us e'er be placed in difficulty or distress, we may find a Muirside Maggie to plead our cause, and help us to our ain again."

"With right good will I shall do that," answered Maggie, as she took the offered glass from the Earl; "and may ye find as kind a heart, and as willing a hand, as ye hae shown to us when we were up to the neck in the cauld pit o' poortith."

"Bravo, Maggie!" said the Earl, as he rose to drink the toast; and, amidst the shouts and hurras of the party, Maggie quitted the apartment, and gayly sped her way to Tullishill.

On seeing the joy of her husband at the intelligence which she brought to him, Maggie felt herself richly rewarded for her exertions; but the pale cheek of her pretty step-daughter reminded her that there was yet one thing wanting to complete her happiness, and this was the consent of the old man to receive Jamie for his son-in-law, a point which Maggie, "fleeching sorra," as her husband called her, had hitherto failed to accomplish.

Time passed on; but while it restored peace and plenty to the board of Tullishill, he was preparing a very different fate for his benefactor, who having, in the ensuing civil wars, adopted the cause of royalty, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and committed to the Tower. This news spread grief amongst his friends and retainers; but none took it so grievously to heart as Muirside Maggie, who directly set her wits to work to devise some mode of assisting the Earl; and she fell upon a plan, which, to a mind less ardently bent on the success of the enterprise, would have appeared full of romance and folly.

"Gudeman," said she, one evening as they sat lamenting over the misfortunes of their benefactor, "it will no do for us to be sitting here wi' our hands afore us, when he who has gien us bread to eat is clapped up between four stane wa's. Clavering about his mishaps winna mend them: we maun be up and doing, and no be daidling here, when we dinna ken what straits he may be in. That Tower o' London maun be an awfu' place: folks say there are wild beast there; but beasts, or no beasts, we maun try to get at the Earl."

"But, Maggie," answered her husband, "how can we help him when he's sae straitly shut up and watched?"

"A gowden key will open ony lock, and we canna better ware our siller than in giving a pickle o' it to him that has a right to a' that we hae."

"I dinna begrudge the siller, and I would soon let you see that, if I kent how to get it till him."

"I ken a way to get it to him; but I'm no gaun to tell you what it is, for ye wad be saying, this'll no do, and that'll no do; but just gie me ane o' your bit bags o' gould, and ask nae questions about it."

"Weel, gudewife," said Tullishill, "I'll let you tak' your ain way this time; but, for the future, I tell ye plainly, I'll hae mair to say in my ain house; nae man likes to see his wife aye roosed up, and himsel' cast aside like an auld bail runt."

"Fie, gudeman," said Maggie, with a coaxing smile, "how can ye speak that gate, when a body kens ye hae half o' the haill sense i' the parish! I doubtna that you would guide this matter far better than me; but I hae just taken a notion to try, and you're no to say me nay."

"Weel, Maggie, a wilful wife will hae her way; sae there's the key o' my kist, and ye may make a kirk and a mill o' the money bags in't. But I'll awa' to my bed, for this ill news has made me heavy."

"Ye canna do better," said Maggie, who, as soon as the old man was out of hearing, cried, "Run, Menie, run ower the brae, and tell Jamie to come down to the back o' the faill dyke, for I want to speak anent a matter o' life and death."

As soon as she had seen Menie set out on this mission, Maggie placed her good Culross girdle on the fire, and with eager haste baked a large bannock, which she seasoned with a costly ingredient, some of which she also mixed up with her long hair. These operations were scarcely performed, when Menie returned to tell her that Jamie was waiting at the dyke. Away went Maggie, and after a short conference she returned to the house, and bidding Menie bring her a sheet of paper and the bottle of ink, she sat down to the difficult task of inditing a letter. This important affair completed, she kissed Menie and sent her off to bed. Maggie's next exploit was to array herself in the Sunday clothes of Malcolm, the young shepherd. She then knelt down, and fervently asked a blessing on her undertaking; then resigning herself to the protection of Heaven, she softly opened the door, and was quickly joined by Jamie, who was to be her companion on this mission of gratitude and mercy.

The amazement of Tullishill at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, may be more easily conceived than described; and he was becoming seriously alarmed, when Menie suddenly recollected that Maggie had

written a letter the preceding evening. It was search[ed] for, and found; it ran thus:—

"I ken, Tulliehill, there will be a bonnie bobble-show when I am missed the morn; but, gudeman, I am going on an errand o' mercy, and I hae *Him* for my guide that nane can withstand; so keep up your heart, for I am in safe hands, and dinna be short and dorty with *Menie*, for with a' her wee faut's, (and wha's without them?) she's a gude bairn, and likes ye better than she whiles lets on. And tell her I hae taken her faithfu' doo with me to help me to find out the road; so she needna be feared when she misses it. I hae nae muckle mair to say: I doubtna ye'll no forget to ask a blessing on me night and morning, and that ye may be heard is the prayer of your loving wife till death,

MAGGIE."

During her long and fatiguing journey, Maggie had abundant leisure to arrange her future plans, and after much consideration, she resolved to assume the dress and deportment of a beggar, and to affect a silliness of manner, which would prevent the jailer of the Earl from suspecting that any sinister design lurked beneath her desire to see the prisoner. As soon, therefore, as she reached London, she changed her shepherd's garb for some tattered female habiliments, over which she flung a hodden gray cloak. She then stained her face and throat, so as to give her skin a brown and weather-beaten appearance; and hiding her long hair under a close coif, she slung two or three meal-pocks around her neck. Then, wrapping her bannock up in her apron, she forthwith proceeded to the Tower—being guided by Jamie, who had previously reconnoitred the premises, but who took care not to appear to have any connexion with the silly beggar. Some of old Noll's grim-visaged soldiers were lounging about when Maggie reached the Tower. She, however, affected not to see them, and looked round her with a vacant air; then suddenly approaching the soldiers, she dropped a low courtesy and said, "Mony happy days to your honours; will I sing you a sang?" and without waiting for an answer, she immediately began to sing, "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."

"Away with ye, you old Scotch witch, and let us hear no more of your profane ballads," said one of the soldiers.

"Let her alone, Tom," said another soldier, who spoke with a Scottish accent; "the woman is doing no harm, and if she were ten times uglier than she is, you cannot deny that she has a pipe as clear as a lark."

"Oh! you think so because she sings the songs of your cold country."

"Will this please you better?" said Maggie, as she struck into "Where hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?" "That's you ye ken," said Maggie, stopping in her song: then taking it up again, she resumed:—

"Where hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?—
I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green and mountain gray,
Courting o' a young thing just come frae her mammy."

"And that's me," said Maggie, with a courtesy to the soldier, whose companions, being of a less saturnine disposition, seemed to enjoy the jest, and encouraged Maggie to continue.

"There's a bonny sang that begins this way," said Maggie:—

"The king rade round the Mareclengh head,
Booted and spurred, as we a' did see;
Syne dined wi' a lass at Mossfennan yett,
A little below the Logan Lee."

"I'll sing you the rest some other time [illegible] maun now take me to my jo, for I've [illegible] to see *him*."

"And who may your *jo* be, my pretty dear?" [illegible] one of the soldiers.

"Wha should he be, but the grand Earl [illegible] hae caged up here for nothing that I ken o'? [illegible] my bonnie lad," she continued, turning to her [illegible]pion, "just gang and let him out, and him and [illegible] step cannily awa' back to Lammermuir. [illegible] company for me on the road, for, oh! I [illegible] coming siccan a lang gate without a living [illegible] 'Maggie, how are ye?' odd, I was whiles [illegible] speak to my very meal-pocks for want o' better."

"And so you have really come all the way from Lammermuir to see the Earl?" asked the soldier.

"Ye may say that," replied Maggie; "I [illegible] little else worth seeing in this wilderness [illegible] lime: but I'll tell ye a' about it; ye maun [illegible] I heard that the Earl was locked up here, says I to mysel, 'Maggie,' says I, 'it's mair nor likely that the daft Englishers hae na the sense to bake a bannock for the Earl; so, says I, by my faith, Maggie, ye'll just bake ane yoursel; and nae doubt the Earl will be weel pleased to see ony thing that puts him in mind o' the bonnie Lammermuir hills.' So ye see, sirs, that [illegible] and baked my bannock, and [illegible] mair nor that, I hae carried my bannock up to London town; and now, let ane o' ye, like a gude bairn, [illegible] me till the Earl; he has been kind to me [illegible] bears, and I ken it will warm his heart [illegible] thing frae Lammermuir; so just let me [illegible]"

"It is impossible, good woman," said her [illegible] countryman; "no one is permitted to see the Earl."

"Oh! dinna say that, dinna say that," [illegible] Maggie, while the tears started into her eyes, [illegible] laid her hand on the soldier's arm, and looked [illegible]ingly in his face.

"I cannot help you," said her friend; "[illegible] comes the Warden of the Tower; perhaps he may allow you to have admittance."

"What is the matter?" asked the Warden.

"This poor creature, sir," replied Maggie's friend, "has walked all the way from Scotland to see the Earl of Lauderdale. She talks in a rambling [illegible] way; but from what I can gather, it would appear that the Earl has been very kind to her in former days, when probably she was a retainer in the family, and she has taken this way of shewing her gratitude."

"And what for no?" said Maggie; "may the [illegible] hawks pick out my een when I forget what he has done for me and mine. As you would wish to [illegible] grace in your hour o' need," continued Maggie, [illegible] on her knees before the Warden, "let me see the Earl; I'll just gie him this bannock that was baked in auld Scotland, and then I'll daunder awa' down to the Lammermuir hills, and tell them a' that I hae seen the Earl; and the daisies and the blooming heather will haud their heads up at the grand news, but I'll haud mine higher!"

Struck with the fidelity and gratitude of Maggie, the Warden consented that she should be allowed to see the Earl.

"But mind," said Maggie, "there are nane o' ye to gang in with me. I couldna thole that; for young lassies like me are unco shame-faced; so me and the Earl will just hae a crack to oursel[ve]s."

"Let her be humoured," said the benevolent Warden; "fidelity to the unfortunate entitles even a beggar to respect;" and cutting short Maggie's benedictions, he committed her to the care of her good-natured advocate, whom he ordered to conduct her to the apartment of the Earl.

"Oh, man," said Maggie to her guide, as he led her on, "I wish I could let ye in to hae a crack with the Earl: it would do your heart gude to hear me [illegible]

him o' about our bonnie country and in his house and [illegible]; nae fear but he minds the auld rhyme o'—the Leader and the Blitterick; the Fender and the [illegible]; the Falla and the Galla; the Ayle and the Eyle; the Yod and the Jed; the Blackater the Whitater, the Teviot and the Tweed. But I doubt it winna answer to take ye in wi' me; the Earl mightna like to be fashed with fremit folks."

"I dare say not," replied the soldier, good-naturedly; "but this is the door of the Earl's room; I must lock you in, but I'll not be long of coming for you."

No sooner did Maggie find herself in the presence of the Earl, than hurrying up to him, she dropped on her knees, and amidst sobs and tears, cried out—

"Waes me, waes me, that I should ever see this day!"

"Who are you, my good woman? and what has brought you here?" asked the Earl.

"Wha would I be but Muirside Maggie, that ye took out o' the mirk pit o' grief; and I maun hae had a heart like a whinstane, if I would hae forgotten a' ye hae done for us. But I maun haste to tell my errand. This is what brought me here," she continued, snatching off her cap, and unplaiting her long hair, from which fell a goodly number of gold pieces.

"Why, Maggie! this is like a fairy tale," said the Earl.

"I've mair yet! I've mair yet!" cried Maggie, as she broke the bannock, and showed it to the Earl, stuffed full of gold. "I hae na time to pike the gold out o' the bannock, so ye maun e'en just let me put it in your pouch;" and Maggie hastily crammed the bannock into the Earl's pocket.

"Well, Maggie," said the Earl, considerably affected by this proof of her gratitude, "I accept of the assistance you have brought me, in the same spirit with which it is offered. It may perhaps be the means of helping me to my own again; and should that day ever arrive, Muirside Maggie will not be forgotten."

"Dinna speak that gate; it's only your ain that I've brought you; if we served ye by night and by day on our bended knees, it would be a' ower little for your mercy to us in the days o' our great distress. But, Gude's sake, there is the sodger! I maun awa'; oh, get out o' this place as fast as ye can, and come hame again to gladden our hearts."

The soldier now appeared, and conducted Maggie to the Tower gate, where she found Jamie waiting for her.

"It's a' right," said Maggie; "but dinna speak to me yet; I'll tell you a' about it when we get into the [illegible]."

We shall not stop to describe Maggie's journey home, nor the joy with which she was received there. Suffice it that Tullishill's heart was so much softened by happiness at her safe return, which the good dame insisted was in consequence of Jamie's great care of her, that he consented to the immediate marriage of the lovers.

To complete Maggie's delight, she soon after heard that her golden key had unlocked the prison of the Earl, who made his escape to Holland. The Restoration soon afterwards relieved him from his troubles, and advanced him to higher worldly prosperity than he or his friends had ever previously enjoyed; and he had gratitude and good feeling enough (whatever was his general character as a private man, or as a party politician,) to reward the generous devotedness of Maggie and her husband, by giving them a free lease of Tullishill for the term of their own lives, and that of their daughter Mamie.

This boon of honour and gratitude was conferred by the hand of the Earl himself; who, at the same time, threw around his preserver's neck a rich silver chain for the adornment of her handsome person,—a gift still carefully preserved by the descendants of the family, respectable farmers in Berwickshire, as a memorial of the singular and fortunate enterprise of "Muirside Maggie."

EXCERPTS.

Though the whole world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect upon the vulgar heaps of slaughter, but follow the hero with our whole attention, without a thought of the thousands that are falling around him.—*Dr. Johnson.*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

Pope.

The virtues are all parts of a circle. Whatever is humane, is wise; whatever is wise, is just; whatever is just and humane, will be found to be the true interests of States, whether criminal or foreign enemies be the objects of legislation.—*Dr. Franklin.*

MUSIC.

Music!—Oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

Moore.

The great slight the men of sense, who have nothing but sense; the men of sense despise the great, who have nothing but greatness; the honest man pities them both, if, having greatness or sense only, they have not virtue.—*La Bruyere.*

HAPPINESS.

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain;
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hopes with certain ill;
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

Prior.

The ascent to greatness, however steep and dangerous, may entertain an active spirit with the occupiedness and exercise of its own powers; but the possession of a throne could never yet afford a lasting satisfaction to an ambitious mind.

Every mode of religion, to make a deep and lasting impression on the human mind, must exercise our obedience, by enjoining practices of devotion, for which we can assign no reason, and must require our esteem, by inculcating moral duties analogous to the dictates of our own hearts.

Suspicious princes often promote the last of mankind, from a vain persuasion that those who have no dependence, except on their favour, will have no attachment, except to the person of their benefactor.

RECEIPTS.

PICKLING.

This branch of domestic economy comprises a great variety of articles, which are essentially necessary to the convenience of families. It is at the same time too prevalent a practice to make use of brass utensils to give pickle a fine colour. This pernicious custom is easily avoided by heating the liquor, and keeping it in a proper degree of warmth before it is poured upon the pickle. Stone jars are the best adapted for sound keeping. Pickles should never be handled with the fingers, but by a spoon kept for the purpose.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.

Put a sufficient quantity into salt and water for nine days, observing to change the water every day; next put them into jars and pour fresh boiling salt and water over them, cover them close up till they are cold, then make a second decoction of salt and water, and pour it on boiling. When it is cold, drain the onions on a hair sieve, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles; fill them up with distilled vinegar; put into every bottle a slice or two of ginger, a blade of mace, and a tea-spoonful of sweet oil; which will keep the onions white. Cork them well up in a dry place.

TO MAKE SAUR KRAUT.

Take a large strong wooden vessel, or cask, resembling a salt-beef cask, and capable of containing as much as is sufficient for the winter's consumption of a family. Gradually break down or chop the cabbages (deprived of outside green leaves,) into very small pieces; begin with one or two cabbages at the bottom of the cask, and add others at intervals, pressing them by means of a wooden spade against the side of the cask, until it is full. Then place a heavy weight upon the top of it, and allow it to stand near to a warm place, for four or five days. By this time it will have undergone fermentation, and be ready for use. Whilst the cabbages are passing through the process of fermentation, a very disagreeable, fetid, and acid smell is exhaled from them; now remove the cask to a cool situation, and keep it always covered up. Strew aniseeds among the layers of the cabbages during its preparation, which communicates a peculiar flavour to the saur kraut at an after period.

In boiling it for the table, two hours are the period for it to be on the fire. It forms an excellent nutritious and antiscorbutic food for winter use.

PICCALILLI—INDIAN METHOD.

This consists of all kinds of pickles mixed and put into one large jar—girkins, sliced cucumbers, button onions, cauliflowers, broken in pieces. Salt them, or put them in a large hair sieve in the sun to dry for three days, then scald them in vinegar a few minutes; when cold put them together. Cut a large white cabbage in quarters, with the outside leaves taken off and cut fine, salt it, and put it in the sun to dry for three or four days, then scald it in vinegar, the same as cauliflower, carrots, three parts, boiled in vinegar and a little bay salt. French beans, rock samphire, reddish pods, and nasturchions, all go through the same process as girkins, capsicums, &c. To one gallon of vinegar put four ounces of ginger, bruised, two ounces of whole white pepper, two ounces of allspice, half an ounce of chillies, bruised, four ounces of turmeric, one pound of the best mustard, half a pound of shallots, one ounce of garlic, and half a pound of bay salt. The vinegar, spice, and other ingredients, except the mustard, must boil half an hour; then strain it into a pan, put the mustard into a large basin, with a little vinegar; mix it quite fine and free from lumps, then add more; when well mixed put it to the vinegar you strained off, and when quite cold put the pickles into a large pan, and the liquor over them; stir them repeatedly, so as to mix them all; finally, put them into a jar, and tie them over first with a bladder, and afterwards with leather. The capsicums want no preparation.

WALNUTS WHITE.

Pare green walnuts very thin till the white appears, then throw them into spring water with a handful of salt, keep them under water six hours, then put them into a stew-pan to simmer five minutes, but do not let them boil; take them out and put them in cold water and salt; they must be kept quite under the water with a board, otherwise they will not pickle white; then lay them on a cloth and cover them with another to dry; carefully rub them with a soft cloth, and put them into the jar, with some blades of mace and nutmeg sliced thin. Mix the spice between the nuts and pour distilled vinegar over them; when the jar is full of nuts pour mutton fat over them, and tie them close down with a bladder and leather to keep out the air.

ARTIFICIAL ANCHOVIES.

To a peck of sprats put two pounds of salt, three ounces of bay salt, one pound of salt-petre, two ounces of prunella, and a few grains of cochineal; pound all in a mortar, put into a stone pan first a layer of sprats and then one of the compound, and so on alternately to the top. Press them down hard; cover them close for six months, and they will be fit for use, and will really produce a most excellent flavoured sauce.

SALMON.

Boil the fish gently till done, and then take it up, strain the liquor, add bay leaves, pepper corns, and salt, give these a boil, and when cold add the best vinegar to them; then put the whole sufficiently over the fish to cover it, and let it remain a month at least.

REMEMBER ME.

There are not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship, than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say *Remember me.* Have you an ancient album, the repository of Mementos of early affection! Turn over its leaves stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them—each speaks, each says Remember me.—Go into the crowded church-yard among the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they too have a voice that speaks to the heart of the living, and says Remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles; the well known paths of the winding streams, the overspread trees, the green and gently sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions, they too bear the treasured injunction, Remember me. And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our rank by the changes of circumstances or of character—in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were.