GENERAL INDEX TO VOL. XI.

A

Athena, Illustrated, 29
Athenæa of Selected Poetry, 61, 127, 155, 200
Athenæum, the Student of Painting, 77
Athenæum of Sir Walter Scott, 105
Atherstone Evening and Night in Sweden, 107
Athenæum Sketch, 188
A Visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, 134
A Little Child to Her Pillow, 137
A Visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, 134
A Little Child to Her Pillow, 137

B

Bald Experiment, 55
Biography of Thomas Moore, Illustrated, 180
Do. of Thomas Campbell, do. 44
Do. of Robert Southey, do. 170
Do. of William Wordsworth, do. 217
Do. of Miss Jane Porter, do. 817
Do. of Madame de Stael, do. 91
Do. of Hannah More, do. 941

C

Chinese Gallery, Illustrated, 108
Cathedral of Health, 117, 231
Clara Mandeville, 191
Curfew House, 129
Casting of Winter, 223

D

Dutch Customs, 30
Destiny by Fate, set to Music, 40
Daughters to Introduce, 109
Death of Captain Cook's Widow, 117
Deapaw, 143
Disgrace of Queen Elizabeth, 216
Death of Richard II. King of England, 241
Dry Up Your Tears, set to Music, 280
Disappointment, 282
Divorce, 284

E

Excerpt from Old Books, 5
Edward's Demand, Original, 16
Experience of Richard Taylor, Esq., 17
Excerpt, 47
Extravagant Splendor, 50
Excerpt from Washington's Accounts, Illustrated, 74
Embroidery, 84, 156
Employment, 229
Eve of St. Simon, 246
Eve's Tale, 258

F

Furniture of the Olden Time, Illustrated, 2
Fashionable Female Studies, 35
From the Spanish, 76
Funeral Ode on the Signatures of Distinguished, American Citizens, 108
Friendship, 126
Fair Play, 135
Female Leader, 155
Floating Gardens of Cashmere, 184

G

Gallantry, 140
General Lafayette, 158
Galleria, 116
Gallantry, 140
Galleria, 116

H

Happiness, 111
Happy Birthday, Illustrated, 158
Hollyhock, Illustrated, 273

I

John Turletten, Original, 36
Johnsoniana, 99, 212
I do not Ask thy Love from Fate, 155
Introduction of the Dead and Dying, 212
I'll Think of Those, set to Music, 223
India Rubber, or Caoutchouc, 253

K

Knave and King, 32

L

Last Lines, 13
La Pola, 139
Lady Betty's Packet Book, 213
Large Headed Quadrupeds, 279

M

Manners of the Court of Charles II., 25
Mineralogy, 91, 92, 106
Mortality, 43
Muirhead Maggie, 253
Mysterious Vault in Barbadoes, 50
Marriage Vow, 55
Maternal Influence, 59
Matrimony, 59
Moral and Personal Deformity, 118
My Father's Legacy, 158
My Very Particular Friend, 260
Mrs. Allington's Pin Nic, 261

N

Norah Connell, Original, 66
Nathan C. Brooks, Portraits and Biography, 97
No More, 151

O

Origin of the Word Vale, 67
Oh, Come to Me Beloved One, set to Music, 191
On Being Told I Must not Sing of Love, 276
Old Money Broker, 193
On a Kiss, 220

P

Philadelphia Fashions, Illustrated, 145
Park Row, New York, Illustrated, 61
Pari, 106
Portuguese Robinson Crusoe, 213
Printing Press in Turkey, 212
Progress of Education in Asia Minor, 286

R

Rules for Hygiene, 94, 189
## General Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Receipts</td>
<td>48, 144, 192, 249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember Me</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruins of New Madrid</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rome at Midnight</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real Heroism</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resuscite in a Ringlet</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Self Love</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanza, by the Countess of Blessington</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister's Love</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solomon and Queen Sheba</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scripture Anthology, by N. C. Brooks</td>
<td>141, 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seasons of the Antipodes</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister Roses, set to Music</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singular Escape</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanza, Original</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Robber of the Abruzzi</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Winner Wears, a Tale of Charles the Second's Time</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit of Death</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Great Man of the Family</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rhodod, by Original</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Child of Adversity's Grave, Original</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Toilet, 36, 59, 111, 186, 239</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tincture of Roses</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Heart's</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Parting Hour, Illustrated</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tomb of the Lovers</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tables D'Home of Paris</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Moneymaster</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Polish Widow to her Son</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Rhine</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Black Napoleon</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lowland Laded and his men</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fairy Finder</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wife</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Brothers Carvallo</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bride</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Greatness</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Part's Song, set to Music</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Unearthly One</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Adieu</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bandit's Confession</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Memory of</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Her Who Once Knew Me, Original</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Conventesen</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Light Guitar</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flower Girl of the Pont Neuf</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The White Horse of the Peppers</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Residuary Legatee</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tomb of Byron</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shipwrecked Family, Illustrated</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Solitary</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Legend of the Rock, Original</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wedding, Original</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Unpresuming Mr. Hudson</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crusader</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lover's Memorandum</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sandman</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twice Lost, but Saved</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Serenade, by Miss Leslie</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tremendous Earthquakes</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wife's First Love</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Doctor</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slanderer</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Virginia, Illustrated</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westminster Hall</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is Education</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Penn, Illustrated</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Embellishments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia Fashions</td>
<td>1, 147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fashion of the Olden Times</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Puzzle</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mineralogy</td>
<td>37, 60, 194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>40, 88, 136, 190, 232, 252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Parting Hour, New York</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fac-Simile of General Washington's Accounts and Writing</td>
<td>74, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embroidery</td>
<td>84, 156, 252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrait of N. C. Brooks, A. M.</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese Galleries</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fac-Simile of the Signatures of Distinguished American Citizens</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrait of Thomas Moore</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. . . of Thomas Campbell</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. . . of Robert Southey</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. . . of William Roscoe</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shipwrecked Family</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monument to William Penn</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrait of Madame de Stael</td>
<td>941</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. . . of Miss Jane Porter</td>
<td>941</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Residence of Hannah More</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Mary's Bedchamber</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Mary's Closet</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A DESCRIPTION FOR THE PRESENT FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.—Chip hat, ornamented with flowers or feathers according to Fancy, lined with hand 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'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, will be found to suit our present subject; and will strongly interest the general reader.

ANECDOATES 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 ingenuously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duville, 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 swaddling on his one foot. 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 Isabella 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 to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this vow, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years, and the supposed colour of the Archduches's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called L'Isabel, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-yellow-dyngy. 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 Steenkirk; 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 ridicules, 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 decrying 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 security. From this mode will result, according to Jean 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 to church these scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists!" 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 fashions; and the absurd mimickry of the citizens, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in striving to rival the newest fashion, has mortified and galled the courtiers.

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." Braniome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Phillip 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 so 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.

"Or no avail," says the excellent Nepolian historian, Gianonzo, "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 Marone 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—affluence for many years has been to the promised land of brigandage—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 Teramo and Fossi, 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 his 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 plotting against some of the nobility, who, instead of assisting to put down the fevers, 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 ascension like their added intelligence, military skill, and political knowledge, to the cause of the rude mountainers 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 1586, he had retreated with his band before a force of government troops, into the states of the Church, which the vice-royalist could not invade without the permission of the Pope. In the month of April, the vicerey, Don Giovanni di Slania, Conde 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 Papal kingdom and the Papal States to pursue robbers, crossing the respective frontiers as often as might be necessary; and in which the two states were pledged reciprocally to aid each other in the laudable duty of suppressing all bandits and bad-livers (mal vices). The Pope, Sixtus IV, complied with this request, by granting a breve for three months. Immediately the troops of the vicerey, Miranda, crossed the frontiers in pursuit of Sciarra, who, being properly informed by some of his friends and spies, all at once turned back into the kingdom about the same time that his enemies quitted it, and avoiding the pass of Antrodoo, 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 everywhere. Not so the Spanish commander in pursuit of him, who did not know whereabouts he was until several days after, when some fugitive soldiers brought him word that Marco Sciarra was so many miles from 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 been so successful on the array on the side of Rome against him; he was several times pressed by the troops; but the peasantry, spite of the injunctions of the successor of St. 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 confines, 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 of seeing one of the robbers, whose archives, 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 vicerey's now went to their last Naples.

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

It was about this time that the robber's chief's life was ornamented with its brightest episode. Marco and his merry men had on a sudden taken a company of travellers, on the road between Rome and Naples.
The vixery had begun to plunder, and had cut off the middle-price of the males and horses of the travellers, who speedily obeyed the robbers' orders, and lay by on the earth—all save one, a man of striking and steppebearing character.

"Innovate in term," cried several of the robbers in the same breath; but the bold, headless of their presence, only stepped up to their chief, and said, "I am Duce di Duce."

"The year?" said the robber, and he dropped on his knees, and kissed his hand, and not only was he awed 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 the loss of a single mark. A very curious fact, that a captain of banditti could form a ruder and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal, than his unfortunates, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.

The vixery was stung to the quick, by the failure of his expedition, of whose success he had been so certain, that the court of Naples was given to understand, their kingdom of Naples had nothing more to fear from the incursions of banditti; that the head of banditti would soon become one of the vicissitudes of the Capon gate. But the victors was not in energy, and in 1500, he renewed his attempts to exterminate the robbers. Four thousand were, between infantry and cavalry, marched into the Abruzzi, under the command of Don Carlo Spinelli. As the Abruzzi was a large and fertile valley, the banditti were enabled to enter their territory without much trouble, and traverse the mountains in "the plain of five miles," as it was called, by which they whispered, "The will of God be done! but now it is all over with King Marcò!"

Marcò Sarro, however, had no such fear, but came boldly on to an open battle. With his increased forces he threw himself upon Spinelli, in the middle of the vixery's troops, that were presently disordered; he wounded him with his own hand the peak Don, who turned and fled, but so severely wounded, that he was left lying on the ground, with his head hanging over a mountain, whether he had gone to take that of Sarro. The soldiers followed the command of their chief, as they best could, leaving the robbers to the disintegration of the field.

Marcò Sarro's courage and audacity were now increased a hundredfold; he fancied he could conquer a king. He seized other provinces, and marching across the mountains of Abruzzi, he traversed those of the Capturini, and, without meeting with opposition, the towns of Serra Capo della, and Manto. Nor did he stop there, as he descended into the vast plain of Ayala, and took and pillaged the city of Lucca, a very considerable place, situated near the edge of the plain. The bishop of Lucca, who had for refuge to one of the church towers, was unhappily shot, as he presented himself at a window in a long-hall, to see what was passing. Without being molested by any attack of the enemy's troops. Marcò Sarro's hand handsomely returned from this destructive predatory excursion, loaded with booty, to their Abruzzi mountains that overlooked Rome, where his enterprise chief renewed his league with the banditti, in the state of the Pope, and commenced the flattering picture of his splendid successes. But he had as little more important in the future dignified than these.

The politics of state now became mixed up with his own.

Alessandro Farnese, a nobleman of birth, but one of the many desperate revolutionists, Italy has been fertile in the production of—a rebel to his sovereign, the Great Duke of Tuscany—and head of Veneto, where he obtained service as a soldier of fortune in the army with which that republic was then waging war with the Duesci. This man was engaged with the bandits Sarro had made against the Pope and the vixery, neither of whom at the time were able to move in Venice; and he induced the rebels to withdraw to the city of his correspondence, and therefore told Abruzzi, if he did not even in war working on their assassination of the power of the papal seat and the Pope in Italy; therefore made that the offensives themselves, with very great success.

Marcò Sarro was every day gaining in force and strength by those maneuvers; when a change took place. Here I enter upon a sentiment of the utter want of sense, decency, that marked the proceedings of the Pope and his government in Italy in those days.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, entertaining revengeful feelings against his rebellious subjects, a matter of revenge and degrading application to the Venetians, that they would not only discontinue their service, but drive them from their state, Alessandro Farnese. But Farnese, it was replied, was a man of talent, and as a soldier they were well-serviceable in their services.

Marcò Sarro, the Abruzzi, he did not propose a bribe, but the better man to carry their war against the Duesci, against the twelve, who did all that he could to make the Duesci missions. The Pope, therefore, with due care to these representatives, to the Venetian refugee could the Zucca war as long as he could employ it.

Alessandro Farnese returned a haughty, if not haughty, answer, to the Pope, on behalf of the mysterious government. The Senate of Venice, almost as vindictive as the Duke of Abruzzi, dismissed him from their service, and drove him from their state, when he fell into the hands of the Pope, by his own sovereign, who put him to death.

The dignity of Venice then thought again of it, and sent to invite him to his service, and present the war against the Venetians. He had, for the present, turned upon an arm to declare, as they had at first done to that, the great victory he remained where he was—the best of the Abruzzi.

He was not long, however; in finding that the death of Alessandro Farnese, who had so materially him, he had sustained a severe blow; and at times were more overmost, when Pope Farnese, and was succeeded by a better, or more active, and Clement VIII. They now Pope shared all the honors of the victory of Naples, as far as regards a banditti, upon the Pope, and who determined to extricate him from the troubles, he dismissed Gianfrancesco Antonio, and again, they, with a permanent commission, and having the same man in the field, they could not wish well to their enemies, the vixery.

The Pope, therefore, abstained from moving his troops to the aid of the victors, and made them pay for what was consumed; he listened to the complaints of the vixery, and with that he was engaged in the assistance of the Pope, whom he had so often guided and concealed, when, as a prince, the Pope had now a large number of mysteries, and the successes of the present are.

Thus deprived of the protection of Veneto pressed by Alessandro Farnese on the one side, and
EXCERPTS FROM OLD BOOKS.

Conversano on the other, Marco Sciarra was false to all who aimed to make him the Venetian minister, and, finally, to accept the grace and service they offered him. They must still be thought him, and those who could bring him, would be amply rewarded. In these ships, Marco Sciarra embarked with sixty of his bravest and most attached followers, and turning his back on his native mountaints, sailed up the Adriatic to Venice.

As soon as the Count of Conversano was informed of the nobler chief's departure, he blessed his stars and the kingdom was quit of so dangerous a subject; and thinking now his business was over, returned to Suligo, where the victory received him triumphantly.

But the expatriating band left a brother behind him in the mountains of Abusnzi; and Luca Sciarra, in his time, gathered together the scattered bands, and continued operations anew, with considerable vigour. Meanwhile, Marco and his men, who, in their guile of subterfuges, served the Venetian republic, much to its satisfaction, corresponding with their former contrivances at home. Marco's glory could not be effaced! the soul of their body was at Venice—every thing of importance was arranged by him, and he triumphantly employed his "leaves of absence" in aiding them, and leading them, as of yore, in the same hazardous of their enterprises.

He had now been heard of so long: his deeds had been so desperate, so successful; he had accomplished so many designs, that people concluded he must have "a second life." His long impunity might almost have made him think so himself—when landing one day in the Marches of Anossa, between the mountains of Abusnzi and that town, where the Pope's commission, Aldobrandini, still remained, he was met by a certain randello, to whom, as to an old follower, his heart warmed—^with open arms he rushed to embrace him, and received a tailor's dagger in that spot.

Battilino 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, Sciarra was a key 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.

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

Suppose a man find by his own inclination he has ceased 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 so more in sense than this: to do his utmost endeavour to keep his vow.

'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and elegance, either from a man's own servant or from a stranger. 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 asker towards himself, thinking the boy would have put off his hat; but the boy took no notice of it. 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 pleasures; only those who otherwise lose 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 comment 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 in a company, and playing but severely, the company laughed at him: his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us go home, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and there we will laugh at them."

I could never divide myself from any man upon the differences 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 dispute in religion, and I've no judgment 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 judgement below our own, that the frequent spots and victories over their reason, 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 these outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward soul, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw 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 Roy being dead, some were saying, "How will the king do for a law officer?" "Why, I know," says John Read, "may estimate 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 find so that man that darest tell me there is any thing I understand not."
"Cæteris paribus the brightest eye in Chrestensdom! In every light it adorns the sheenest crystal; its azure hue pair 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 — Zooks! 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 ruffles 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'st! old Howley 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 Petersborough. They had gained the utmost 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 seven locks hung proudly upon his blue doublet, and whose large black eyeshade bespeckled 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 doughy 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 unsusceptible 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 proceeding dialogue. He was of a kindred spirit with Massinger, yet possessed of more solidity; pleasure wood 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 gratifications 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 qualities 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 had examined the premises, conceived, and proposed a plan, before he entered upon it; whereas heedlessly dashed headlong into the execution of a rare project, without ascertaining whether he fall into a rocky ravine or a foaming torrent. If things, however, the trio entirely assimilated: all alike brave — and in want of a rich wife.

The subject of their converse was the beautiful, bewitching, and lovely Katrine Penraddock, daughter to Sir Guy, that name, and heiress to his immense possessions and near the right ancient town of Leicester. Shall I describe her whose charms beggar all description? Bright, airy sylph! what language is sufficient poetic variety to paint with livid, peerless loveliness? Ah! me! none; and this site form, thy seraph-like eye, thy fair brow — delicately fair! — must all pass undescribed. But read one, I can speak of thy sparkling virtues. I dwell upon the bewitching playfulness which adorned every look and tone, proclaiming thee the queen of all hearts; and I can touch upon thy gentle manners, which would not suffer thee to inflict a toy upon even thy most annoying suitors. Yet why should I dwell upon this subject? Let the artist of the art as well as person direct his contemplatory eye to the beautiful and innocent of our own age, and will find many—many living portraits of the lady, Katrine Penraddock.

Sir Guy was one of the few bluff old cavaliers who had sacrificed everything for his monarch during the civil wars, and been adequately rewarded for his loyalty. He was now a hearty old blade of sixty plus standing, respected for his principles, adored for his hospitality, and laughed at for his eccentricities. He could count a greater number of scars won 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 indulged her every whim; she was a young lady and at times very whimsical, so, at such periods, she would retire for hours together to her library at the extremity of her father's park and seclude herself from all society, despite the importunate suitors who offered her to mix in it. Various were the conjectures with which this occasioned, but, as she assumed an air of imperceptible mystery whenever questioned upon the subject, the ill-natured, scandalising world set it down as an unequivocal fact, that she only went for the sheer Cecil's purpose of gazing, like another Narcissus, upon her own charms, in a plated lymph which served to keep green the verdure around her favourite bower.

Sir Guy Penraddock, amongst other acts of generosity, had adopted the orphan son of a deceased brother-in-law, 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 his history, and after remaining some days with his protégé, the cumbrous, gilded coach put out on a visit to London. A modern Juhn would have lifted up his eyes and wondered to have beheld the vehicle in which the old knight deposited his proper person. It was but little inferior in size to a wagon of the present day, and rumpled majestically along, drawn by four fine
THE WINNER WEARS.

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 mid-coloured vestments issue from the house of prayer. This was a noted member of the stern-minded Daniel 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 whinny had before now been tried, and it was ready to leap from its scabboard upon every occasion. "I, therefore, exclaimed, in a choleric tone, "Out upon thee, crop-eared villain! God's blood! wilt thou hear 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 cenltrimly 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?"

"Nay, nor 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 Penruddock! 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-savage, almost bordering on 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 seriousness, dost see my retinue accoutred in buff and bandoliers? Will 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 unaccompanied with enemies, he at once drew a light sword from his belt, and springing amongst them, laid about him heartily, cries of all the while, 'in a loud, discordant voice, 'HASH them, HASH them, all to pieces HASH them!' (the well-known war-cry of the Cavalier)." 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 melee. 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 barrel at Aubert St. John, as the most formidable of their 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! Now for one of them!" But the rascally Roundheads, have at ye!" But the rascally Roundheads took to their heels on hearing of these succors, and left the field to their victors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated the driver, when they were out of sight, "well ha' done of not sounding the devil's trumpet!" "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 mounted 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."

"Mark in your ear, gallants," replied the knight; "these coming Roundheads would ha' done me to death, with a waniung to 'em! had it not been for your timely arrival; indeed, I am hugely astonished that we were not all murthered; 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 yours!"

"The Lady Katrine Penruddock's hand."

"The dickens it be!" cried the knight, with surprise, (the demandant, 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 am to prompt that demand?"

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

"And, alas! I am in as woeful a plight, and so sorely distressed, and unless I can call her mine, I will end my life and turn monk."

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

"That is just," said Sir; "therefore, true Sir Wilfred, as I was first to quit the forest at the end of the fighting, I, with all humility, arrogate a prior right to choose my guardian."

"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, but I wrested it from it's master's hand; I, in consequence, maintain the right to be mine."

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

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

"Truly, brave siris, is this 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 this pur, Massinger: thou knowest I am no match for thee at sword play: but, an' thou wilt, I will game with thee, let Katrine be the stake," returned the wily Ven, with a ready confidence in his own skill.

"My daughter shall neither be fought nor plac... for, sir, rejoined Penruddock, haughtily; "but I am so please, and as my oath is passed—the prize, befit the victor of the two sides, in full gallop! Now, rascally Roundheads, have at ye!"

"Wit a weapon I love!" cried the volatile singer; "how is the question to be solved, 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 guns, and the maid without interruption—yes, at that time, if she be willing, call her wife."

"How now, Sir Guy," exclaimed Ven, "will this be more like a match between our horses than a trial of wit?"

"Fair and softly! Ye have full freedom to reach each other's progress by plot or counterplot; and is the provost most fertile in such devices as betrays himself the greater wit—the wittiest wins—provided always that Katrine gives her consent."

"Agreed!" cried the young spark, simultaneously. But Sir Guy, motioning them to silence, thus continued: "Twill be necessary, I throw, to furnish ye with a token to present to Kate when ye reach her. Should I chance to be absent, and, as I have my bills about me, a few words in writing shall suffice. Hon. Jocelyn!" he added, addressing his coachman, "can you write, man?"

"I read me I can," replied the fellow; but whereas 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 is to carry father's life at the risk of his own, and, in return, shall have the boon of thy hand; let thine affection for me direct thy conduct."

Having signed this, Sir Guy bade Jocelyn transcribe..."
it and then presented a copy of each to the respective guests.

"Take care," said he, "let us see coach, and dismiss
a bottle 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 horses were not to
start upon their matrimonial chase until an hour after
Sir Guy Penrudiock's departure; in which, they would
be unable to proceed beyond Toowester that day,
without already ridden thirty miles; and as the knight's
horses were fresh, he calculated on gaining a day's
march upon them, by reaching Thrupeton, near
his capital, before sunset, on the very same road, before
sooner, that he could be at home in ample time to apprise the fair Kattrine of his
imminent contract. It is of course to be understood
that, before Sir Guy gave any final promise, he
ascertained the condition and connections of his deliverer,
but he might not have to blush in acknowledging either a son-in-law; and having at length brought
him to a conclusion, he entered his elephantine
coach, and was speedily whisked out of sight.

"Forgive me!" is a pleasant adventure, I marvel which
will be the gained by it," said Frank Vernon.

"I share in your expectation; but, by the blind
golden! I have not this morning, in the merry mood,
cheered my party pursuance for Amber's full one, (rest
meant!) we should have been badly put to it for cash."

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

"And supine," replied Massinger; "but how my
poor—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—weare 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
badnatives; but Wilfred saw through his motives, and
only remarked, that it would be time enough when
the business in hand was settled, as there was little
left of the body walking away.

When the stipulated hour had arrived, our heroes
mounted their horses, and started in the night.
"Good night," said Massinger, and after half
an hour's hard riding, found themselves at the door of
a tavern—forming the corner house of the Roman
Wishing street, which passes through the bustling,
thriving town of Toowester. Here they again dismounted, and entered the inn together, where the first
object that met their view was Jocelyn Jewellery (Sir
Guy Penrudiock's coachman), seated in a huge arm-
chair, by a song 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,
surprise of some of their stratagems might be of an unfair
nature, has commanded him to remain in Leicester, to
eat that the race was properly won. That 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
did not move, and slipping a purse of gold into his
hand, intimated that he wished to be awakened an
hour before dark, without Massinger's knowledge.

Jocelyn, after waiting the night, gave a significant
nod, and resumed his seat, while Frank quitted the
room to give orders for supper. In his absence, Wil-
fred acted the same scene over again, and with simi-
lar success; so that Jewellery bid fair to reap a golden
harvest from their trial ride.

"Morning dawned, and with it were unclosed the
rivals' eyes. Mutually astounded 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 sir," he exclaimed, rubbing
his eyes, "there is no breach of promise in the case;
for finding you 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 do-
ing so to-day."

The day, simple tone in which this was uttered, plain
told the disappointed cavaliers that it would be
useless to bandy words upon the subject; they there-
fore consented themselves with invoking—not a bene-
diction—upon Jewellery's head, and then hastily dis-
patching their morning's mail, started along the high
road to a wife, closely followed by their new attend-
ant mounted upon a brown mare.

It.beta not, courteous reader, to follow our heroes
through all the trivial adventures of the day, nor skil-
less of them shall be informed how Vernon strove to
remove his rival's horse; how Wilfred, in return, mishap-
Frank's gelding, whilst he was indulging in a cup of
comary; nor of the thousand and half other merry
tricks they put upon each other—whilest Jocelyn alter-
nately assisted both; but pass we on to the inn at
Thrupeton, where, rose to rose, the three arrived at a
pace which had set all the honest folk staring whom
they had passed on the road.

"Forgive me!" cried Massinger, throwing himself ex-
husted, into a seat, "I must draw upon my brain for
better expediency than they have yielded to-day, else
my bonny barb will be knocked up ere I reach Peter-
borough!" and, leaning back his head, he summoned
his inventive powers to his aid—and they obeyed the
heat—and thick-comings fancies fitted around him;
and he they became modelled into a perfect plot,
which he imparted to Jocelyn—and at the same time
he imparted the weight of a golden coin to the John's
palm, who, in turn, imparted a broad grin, and an
acknowledgement—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 en-
abled 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 guid-
ance, 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 sud-
ously 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 Penrudiock's testimony would be sufficient to
remove the suspicion when he arrived. Fired with the thought, he once more bribed
Jewellery to embrace his cause, and that Jamesons-like
personage accepted both the bribe and the proposal.

The worthy host, and no less worthy hostess, grew
delighted at the turn of events which Vernon then pointing at Massinger, (save and except the fer-
mer's provinces, 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 wit-
test, returned from searching for the murdered noble.
Meanwhile Vernon, who pretended to be hunting
Wilfred hither by various devices, professed to pro-
cede to Peterborough, where, he said, some friends of
the deceased resided. In hopes of acquiring some ben-
fit by any part he might take in the affair, the land-
lord readily made an offer of two fresh horses for
Vernon and his servant, and prepared, with all speed,
to receive the officer of justice, and start with him at
once to Whittlebury.

The simple host had not departed an hour ere his
deceivers, having first ascertained that the door had
been suddenly and securely fastened upon Massinger,
mounted a good, stout steed, and attended by Joca-
lyn with a lantern, joyfully took the road, in spite of
THE WINNER WEARS.

He signified he had already undergone. Morely, mean-

ing went they on, until the bright orb of light once-

more clad the earth in a garment of gold, and, with in-

that eye, a thick forest was seen to bound the land-

scape at a distance of about twelve miles, while a

beacon tower, with a familiar aspect, received its walls in

the adjacent meadow. Vernon, at this appearance,

stopped his pacing home, for the first time since having

the "Golden Fleece" at Thompson, and, with a

confused presentation of some unlucky adventure, ex-

claimed, in tones of thunder, "The band's rain, where

are we!"

Jooclyn raised in his stirres the most perfect

equanimity, and only replied, "Here by the meadow

where that the Smith was beaten and captured by the

Yorkers in the year 1489. That is the ancient bor-

tough of Northampton—three hours from the nor-

th—beow you copper is Queen's Cross, which Edward

the First erected in memory of Queen Nell—further

on is Faversham—and, in the distance, you behold

the forest of Whitleybury."

"How!" shouted Vernon, raising himself in his

stirrups. "Why, thou infant of Beormebub, what busi-

ness have we at the forest of Whitleybury, ha?"

"Duty the whist in my heart, sa', I shew thee not

ample, ye routed Jooclyn, without moving muscle.

He then related that Joosinger had said he'd

him thus purposely to guide him on a recograde road.

"You, sir," he added, "did not expressly say what

you wished to go, therefore—by joining in your plan,

and obeying your friends—I have done my duty skill-

fully towards both parties."

There was no contradiction this. Vernon clearly

saw the inability of expanding any more gift on

Jooclyn, and he once more set his wish to do work

means to extricate himself of his dilemma; to in-

crease which, he now saw the fat landlord, and boy

office, slowly proceeding from a roadside inn, where

they had been taking an hero's repose.

"God's mercy, eavalee? how and we thee here?"

cried the aforesaid landlord, on recognizing Vernon.

The faded pallor, considering that a perseverence

in his former story would only expose him to de-

ection, boldly affirmed the truth, with the slight perver-
sion of saying that it was a mischief friend put upon

him by his best friend Jooclyn, and that the reason

of his appearance was solely to prevent their having

any further trouble in the affair.

The pain grumbled deep at this event, and felt

inclined to reason by taking Vernon into custody for

incendiary a king's office; to avoid so dangerous a

distraction, he was taken to divide nearly all that remain-

ed in his purse between him, 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 pro-

ceed a step futher: "And as for travelling through

another night, I'll as lief cross the Alps on an un-

disturbed horse." said he of the Golden Fleece. From this

fist there was no appeal, and Vernon was remorse-

lessly plunged into the perplexity of invention. His only

continuation was that Mascaster would remain in de-

erence until the morning—so that he would be no

ultimate issue by Jooclyn's knavery. This important

personage thought no sign of remorse for his con-
duct, but as of the company, appeared hearty to enjoy

the joke; his mellow spirits returned, for a time, to

break through the solid bliss which had hitherto bound

every muscle of his invincible composure, and, at the

time where one party was given, he chatted gayly with

the landlord, kissed his daughter, quaffed huge bumper

of wine, and sang a whole batch of loyal songs until

Vernon, finding his dignity offended by such freedom

in a moral, shortly reprimanded him for it.

"Folly vain, sir!" exclaimed the knave, shaking

aside dark locks which hung in jocund curls upon his

freash and shoulders. "Shall I take you in

mine lor?" Odds fish! another word and

will get no royally drunk as to meet a right

authority ever thence—"

"For oh! King Charles not so hee, hee, hee."

When paroched like an owl in the moon's

Photor.

In this way the day and great part of the

passed, and the next morning found the party

the road to Thompson. The meeting between

horse was one of mingled complaint, merriment

and laughter. Two days had been wasted

regency of Jooclyn and their own corps pursu

ever, as both were alike to blame, it was

sensible that might make any further use of

that, on the more following, they should ap-

pear together. This they did, and, without

staying at Pethersburgh, whether their course

narrowly bent, made all speed to reach 

Grande by the time (twilight came on they arrived

spent of the sentiments on which it is make-

They had now completed their happenings by

riding the frightening distance of two days;

only twenty-three remained to be overcome.

Being now so near the goal, the race became

interesting, and the first more than ever

will that alone could win it, as the horses had

proved themselves possessed of equal merits.

And true, it might be loved by the horse that

may not have nearly exhausted all his strength,

and be unable to raise a fresh supply.

"Alas, for Vernon! Wilfred was between

him, and had barked such a quantity of your,

may as now near its end, it could scarcely

Again, they reached upon a level, and Francis (not to

own purpose), and Vernon's only alternative

was to walk the remainder of the journey, but for

at this time there drove up a splashes carted

which was to proceed that day to Leicestershire, it had

constructed for a wealthy resident of that

to drive the whole of his remaining cattle
work of an instant with Vernon; and finding

sell into the vehicle, he waited patiently while

partook of some refreshment, which improved

even, saunter won the whip, and away gallop-

horses.

Behold our adventures at Bilton. Nearly

miles of the twenty-three were now accomplished;

he hurried himself upon the cartmen van by

he had gained the advantage. The weather

warm, he stopped at a village in his homeward

town, to refresh himself with a cooling cup

when, changing to turn towards the cartmen,

for the first time, discovered him to be—Wilfred

sirius!"

"Permit," was all he could entertain to fill

feed hung out into a loud fit of laughter.

"Who's there?" he cried, "I'd think it

that that accursed the cartman so securely which

driver was yet within the bounds?"

"But who?" he angrily asked the permi-

Verusien."

There answer do so in his active: To pre-

sent a back ward glance, and then turn his hat

with jovial with Jooclyn, who has kept us in sight

way."

Frank entered one deep groan, and said, "Then

all speed must decide our fate."

It is said that a horse will eat of clover and

horses.
It must," observed Massinger, "suppose, therefore, we undertake the horses from the coach, and let whip and spur do their best." No answer was given — our heroes mounted, and once more the race commenced.

With wind-sweeping swiftness they flew on, over hedges, ditches, and walls. They passed the river Severn, on whose banks the old Leicester racecourse they crossed the meadow where stands the abbey in which died Cardinal Wolsey. They entered the town — they passed its famed market place, and the town hall, and the house in which was held the parliament that first made a law for licensing houses, in Henry the Fifth's reign, and, lastly, they reached together Sir Guy Penruddock's house. Leaping simultaneously from their horses, they sounded the gateway bell, and the door was opened immediately. With one voice they exclaimed, "Jocelyn! Jocelyn!" They found the lady in the Lady Katrina, and were informed that she had gone with her father to a neighboring chapel.

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

Now was Wilfred first — then gained Vernon the advantage, and, in the lead, they reached the plough together. Up to the very hallowed doors of the church they flew, and there beheld a glittering throng of cavaliers and courtiers, with looks bent towards the altar, before which stood, as if awaiting the priest's benediction, the lovely — the smiling — the adored Lady Katrina Penruddock, hand in hand with Aubert St. Leon.

"He, what means this interruption?" asked Sir Guy, on the cavaliers' entrance.

Astonishment at beholding one whom they deemed dead for two years, prevailed in them, as replied, "When Aubert, gravely advancing, with Katrina's hand still in his, said, "You see, fair cousin, I have won the game." But are we proceed a syllable, or foot, further, it may be necessary to explain how all this occurred — we will so do.

St. Leon, wounded, which, it may be recollected, he received in the alley with the Parites, 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 design, together with the circumstances of changing powers, and the unfeeling manner in which he determined 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 Warwick, where, after unmasking with his horse, he assumed a positive disguise, and obtaining from the coachman a copy of Sir Guy's guide to his daughter, he mounted the box in high glee, whilst Jocelyn remained to retard Vernon and Massinger's journey as much as possible.

Thus Sir Guy and Aubert arrived together at Pem-ruddock castle. The good knight was not remarkable for his powers, and, though no question was raised as to St. Leon, when he presented himself the same evening, was one of the two cavaliers he had conversed with, and accordingly introduced him instantly to Katrina.

How the gentleman sped so bravely and so speedily in his wooing, as circumstances beset him, would have been wonderful to this day an incredible secret, if it were not hinted in the chronicles from whence we extract our legend, that the pair had before been introduced to each other by Katrina'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 abbey not mentioned. Here he first told his tale of love, and, although he well knew that his poverty formed an insurmountable barrier, yet he could not desert himself from the spell which Katrina had cast upon him, and scarce a day passed without his writing from Penruddock for an hour's interview with her.

"But I forbid the ceremony to proceed," cried Massinger, when Aubert had explained the strangeness 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 Jovensbury, entering the chapel. Vernon had crossed the threshold, and square had his well-known voice subsided into silence, ere each person present sunk respectfully upon his knee, while the interlocutor threw off his shodding cap, opened his doublet, and displayed a diamond star glittering upon his breast, which, at once, despite the wearer to be — Charles the Second, England's mercy and eccentric monarch.

"Nay, Rochester," said he, putting one of the nobles present on the shoulder, "look not so mirthful. 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 the latter of his great public受欢迎, had wagered a magnificent of cloth with a service of gold drinking cups, that he would dismount, disguised, from Oxford to Leicester, without being recognized by a single one of his subjects, who it was possessed loved and knew him so well.

"Thus," added Charles, "I have only won the stake, but failed unworthiness to assist worth, which it now remains for me to reward. Knool, St. Leon."

The cavalier knelt, and his king bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood: he next, unmasked himself upon the fair Katrina'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, sir, the wittiest has won, and — the wittier wears."

SELF-LOVE.

This most notorious swindler has not assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much hated of his own. She calls herself patriot, then at the same time she is rejoicing at just as much calamity as her native country, as will introduce herself into power, and expel her rivals. Dodington, who may be termed one of her darling sons, confesses, in his Diary, that the source of all opposition is inseparable, or interested, a resolution to pull down those who have offended us, without considering consequences; a steady and unceasing attention to prove everything that is false, but implicable; to depreciate everything that is harmless, to exaggerate everything that is blameless; a stagger to assassinate the public safety; and the opposition of this or any country might take several hints 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.
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

LOUIS XVII.
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

GEORGE IV.
KING OF PRUSSIA.
MARSHAL BLUCHER.

LAST LINES,
BY G. S. 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 tears which, as thou spakest,
Make the strongest heart the weakest;
Chains, too lightly beguiling;
Penetrates my playful smiling.
Looks with which thou still delightest,
All express the brightest;

By my tears, repeat, but starting,
At the moment of our parting—
By the love which yet abores thee—
By the pride which thou inspirest thee—
Pangs that torture, pricks that slay me,
Doubled bound and lost—Almost 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 saw a lay of olden times
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 wind.

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 sti'ed
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 my heart!
THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal 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 moved to a house in my road which was larger, and city air would not agree; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-court, and I sit in the counting-house. The knighted and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, inasmuch as we, the Widehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyer's 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 those occasions schools us to what we are to say and do. As Fingal was said to have toasted 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 poll Boote's act at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to punch; and even little Charles is told to lie, "The Lord my pasture shall provide." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-yard-court can muster such a congregation of unfeigned hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a surprise in our establishment, as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kemilworth 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 Fancy Philgethon to the opening of the new church at Remington; upon another, to preside at the court of the Queen of Coventry; upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Ottoman lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he told us 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 Rams.

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

I did as I was bid, and opening the parlour door found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me,"—of which she had just arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-kee-oo-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. I had delivered my message, but my alarm was not immediately heard. The lady started up; Charlotte threw away her hymn-sheet, doing duty, and pouting upon Avis and Galatea, began to groan, "Oh, rudder than the herry." 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 sound of beef-salted, in the house: so for fortunato; a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. Website was now joined by my father; he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn instant to Leadenhall market.

"No, my dear, no," said my father; "remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a live 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 Berks Mews. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his crowd, 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 postage. 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. Staff and Selten's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father exclaimed "Pshaw!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradual diminishing sparks, and had just come to person and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to them whom it might concern that his high mightiness had really assaulted 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 conducted into the arm-chair. I had the honour to receive his carriage, my brother took 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 'Veda Mecum,'" answered the driver of quills.

"Right," rejoined our revered 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 allude that John had an uncommon part in the business, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then evaded that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cotton, 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 required, and where I was to obtain it my alarm was only known. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get the properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. To little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who pushed her offspring; it is no
carriage have driven from my poor uncle's all geographical knowledge of city streets. He
ally asks me whether Lime street is the most third turning; affects to place Ironmonger Hall's
Bishopsgate street; and tells me that when he pays
receive his dividends at the Bank, he constantly
commits the error of directing his charioteer to
Whitschiedale. Lord help me again: this from a
who, for the last ten years of his civic manners
threaded every nook and alley in the city, with
black pocket-book full of bills, as Dimmells and Col-
pury's sundry checks.
I yesterday overheard my maiden aunt's news
a hint to somebody, who, shall be nameless, that
Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years' absence,
"certainly— as women wish to be who love their kids"
I mean to wait with exemplary patience to make
the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. I'll
prove to be a male, I am of course out of the
inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably
off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and
self for myself. At the very first uncle-giving dinner
that denouement, I can assure you, Mr. Esquire, I
shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, do
the dish for gravy, see Simpson & Co. at least a
times, and read every word of Land's Compendia
List. I am, sir.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

WESTMINSTER HALL. was built in 1696, by William
Raile, the king. Three hundred years afterwards,
underwent such thorough repairs as almost to
know.

The present hall is called the New Hall Palace 1,
the largest room in Europe not supported by arches.
Its length is 270 feet, its breadth 74, and its heig
90. The roof of the hall is chiefly of Chinese wood,
curiously contrivaded, and every where adorned wit
the figures of angels, supporting the arms of Robe
III., or Edward the Confessor.

Courts are held in this hall, but it is also used for
various other purposes. At the crowning of a kin
the greatest feasts, called coronation feasts, are had
here. Those of our young readers, who have
of extravagance and waste of royalty, may bear a
idea of it by looking over the following summa
of provisions and drink furnished to Westminster Hall at the coronation of King George

Beef, 7742 lbs.; veal, 7133; mutton, 9471; ha.
230; bacon, 1730; land, 350; butter, 912; h
lamb, 20 quarters; legs of ham, 50; sod of
lamb, 5; grass lamb, 33-quarters; lamb's swee
brush, 138; cow-hooves, 309; calves' feet, 400; go
poultry, 640; of veal, 1200; of fish, 180; of
chickens, 1610; of ducks and fish, 160; of
beans, 450. Number of dinner plates, 1075; of
soup plates, 1056; of dessert plates, 1439.

The wine provided amounted to 100 dozen
Champagne; 20 of Burgundy; 200 of Claret; 50 of
Hock; 30 of Muscaude; 20 of Madeira; and 30 of
Port and Sherry; besides 100 gallons of port
and 100 barrels of ale and porter.

It would be pleasing to know the cost of this
extravagant meal, thus wretchedly provided; but it
impossible. We have estimated it, however, at seven
thousand and five hundred dollars. Probably every
individual who ate of this costly dinner—say, a
thousand persons—would have been far better
the next day, had his dinner cost but six cents. The
more than $1000 were wasted! Enough to feed, eat,
and cloth 40 families, including 200 persons,
during the whole of a long cold London winter.
THE RHODIAN VOW.

Morns on the breast of ocean, bright and clear,
Passed down a stream of radiant gold
From heaven’s high fount of light and splendour.
Calm and stillly beautiful, the waters lay,
Save that the first soft morning breeze, vague felt
Upon an ocean’s cheek, just raised the folds
In ocean’s robe of grace and lightly played
Around her yielding bosom. From the west
It came, to greet the coming day-star’s light,
And washed gently o’er the deep a bath.
Whose high curved prow pointed afar, where Rhodes,
Gan of the waters, shone. On the high deck
An eager band of geniuses stood, watching
The low coast which stretched blue in the distance.
As the light vessel danced along the sea,
Driven by the freshening breeze, the cloudy shore
Rose clearer on their earnest eyes; and soon
To their still nearer view, Earth seemed to fall
The soft blue robe which air had o’er her cast,
And stood resplendent in her own bright green.
Glorious that far-famed city lone, 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 Phebus
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 reticent stood
Upon the spray-washed prow, and marked
With calmly curious eye, the columned city,
As it rose in beauty from the ocean.
Wrest 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 sprang,
And swiftly 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 privileges, no monarch
Dared withstand or question. Still as he walked,
His glance rested admiring on the structures
Of sumptuous splendour, which in ancient days
The princely Rhodians reared; now o’er the isle.
They rose, three hallowed with the touch of time.
Prest-eminent above all manner piles,
Towered one high temple ‘mid a grove of oaks,
(The tree sacred to Jove;) and as afar,
His dark eye caught its marble snowy gleam,
From its dark bowers, where the night shaded 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 image of the lord of heaven and earth.
Awed in his spirit, he turned the Thunderer,
And the pale lightning seemed to half tremble
In his reverent gait. But milder beauty
Shone in the bright form, that sculptured wood
Beneath the god’s right hand, in many grace
Sumptuously radiant. ’Twas Alexander,
Son of the boasted son; madened with fortune,
He, the world’s young conqueror, deposed
His victories, because they led 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 solemn
Darkening on his noble features. The stone
Had felt Lyssippos’ 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 marible life,
’Twas not the grandeur of the solemn place
That fixed his dark eyes 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, o’er in thy short life—
Ere thirty years had passed above thy head,
Ungodly 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 shores 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 raged 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 shone,
That never knew the name and way of him
Who sat the Persian from his gorgeous throne,
Had felt the terror of his w Machines’ sword,
And regions wide as India fell.
Before the Roman conquered. Here, too,
As at the shrine of Ammon, mournful though
Seemed pressing on his mind, as his high crest
Hung drooping on his leader’s arching neck.
He paused, but wept last as of old, for oft
The front of sorrow filled his burning years.
He shrank from that dark river’s foaming stream;
It was the Rhodian, 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 unarm'd citizen, disgrace
Unmerited from bodily foes was his.
He thought of glory, and the vow, of old
Offered to Jove, "The die is cast!" he cried;
He raised his plummeted 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 swiftly 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-billed 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 stifled in the morning air.
The laurel that overweathed his baid, 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 Caesar's corpse;
But o'er her first imperial lord, Rome wept.

THE CHILD OF ADVERSITY'S GRAVE.

I heard the rude breeze as it hurriedly swept
'Er the strings of that harp which in gladness was strong;
When I thought of its owner, in pity I wept
'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 seemed 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 unpard, 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 houseless wind may sigh and the wither'd 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 LESSINGTON.

My heart is like a wither'd rose,
On which the wither'd 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 once so dear can wake again.

My heart is like a lonely tomb,
Where lies inter'd the love—the dead—
Nought breaks upon its shivering grave,
And Hope no more her light can shed.
EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.
THE SHABBY GENTLEMAN.

I entirely approved of dispensing with the perambulating partner, whether "of parts or figures," and also the consequential cook mentioned, when it came to be so troublesome and conceived as if it had taken regular diploma from Dr. Kitchiner; but how Jane and Biddy were to perform their various functions, was 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 maid—had lived cook in several families, both in Bath and Dublin—family alluded to; and in her first husband's case assumed the cook of the 53rd 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 through," 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 income and their habits as herself." When Robert could allow you £500 or £2500 a-year for your housekeeping, about half my broth's liberal allowance, then advise with my sister Anne. She can discover most sensibly, in economy, and wonder how people need be so very tight. 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 reality, or rather that of struggling professional people, the more difficult of any—is quite out of their way. Your part in life clearly unexperienced, ought to be easily filled."

"I assure you to try it seems the most difficult thing. If with the fourth part of his longitude'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 use—and what to save upon, while one must know every thing the selfsame as those wealthy people?"

"Or at least some such provision, and make-shift thing. Maria. Well, it is a watchful system; a despicable slavery—this making one groan do the fashionable work of things, or seem to do, for after all, it never gets beyond nothing. Like the French 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 grand wishes ourselves."

I had justly pushed the conversation beyond the
point of politeness, fly on this subject, and with no further thought of the effect on me, I could have no reserve or passion. None may have heard myself, and I was on the point of warning Maria against the absurdities she was about to commit, and the baffles she was to dream upon herself by her three courses and her stars. I had perceived that I should not have the power, and weighed the penalty of shame and mortification at once and fly ever.

I understood several little intimations for Maria, connected with her name, and prompted to come myself very early, to visit Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor's a remarkable housekeeper of some sixty years; somewhat of a virtuous, but more of a generoso, simple and religious woman, and known by the ladies of the many families with whom she was a frequent visitor, as "that phlegmatic old maid," who always comes as early. Not that he knows a secret behind the appointed hour, but that he appears punctual as the hand of his watch. I did not appear before my services were required, that there is the elevation, instead of a name whimsically pronounced by a watchful soul, its task is still just possible that the most thoroughbred of the souls cannot take everything. When I arrived, all was as usual, as neat and success. The parlour door was still shut; the person in the kitchen might have been, as the chambermaid said, "stirred with a stick." Maria, in a morning gown and apron, not over clean, and her shoe smears in papillotes, was coming, as she generally does, as much as possible, if not more, and the identity of the profession, and love to their master. Mrs. Taylor was resolute, that though generally attended to, they might be divided, as perfect. Maria's did not escape the notice of the handmaid, and she knew the most of preliminary ordinary processess, and was in many cases, an essential in the mode by which particular actions were to be performed. It was not difficult to persuade that Maria, if she had ever possessed the power, was the best for her sign here, and in coming. Like all other persons in office, who do not know their own business, she required a deputy.

"Because he’s on you, girl,” you won’t give me the satisfaction of leaving the room, as you do when my own hands?” Mrs. Taylor said, with the desired accent.

"Oh, excuses me; it is itself amusing; where the damsel has that creature done put the duchess, which was in my hands this minute! In truth, there’s no compositor there, looking at me with one of his beautiful eyes, if you don’t have that we’ll be thinking of picking it to your hands. But just mention, my lady, now, what sense you would like for the other half of the heart, that’s to release the second rabbit, and what sense.

"Oh, not the rabbits,” said Maria; "surely you know better; you can’t expect it in the flesh, that such tails, must have influence."

"Yes, sir, without a doubt, the one or the other it is in any way. She is always quite black, but the hair of Mrs. Taylor is in the same, both wavy; with the sense of 60th, it was always the right place; but your handmaid may take your own way for all that.

"That’s right in this, Miss Taylor, the young woman’s,” said the vivacious housemaid; "always use the, Will you take another glass of beer? I have the pleasure, not ruined yet. Mrs. Taylor has been very much a beautiful physician."

"It is the same, the promise of the liquids, any way, we’re here. And is not to an elegant here of a bird, now, Mr. Taylor——merry in the libation of him I mean in my case company—only a thought bigger."

That’s his bed, house is one of the best London, both for situation and quality. She may take your glass, because he’s so young, and I mean, you ma’am! He is a prince of a bed, that is your table, ma’am.”

"Oh, I know. It was so good of Miss Taylor to say this and, I have been, I have been gone to the best price. But does not, from the house, I want——really, my good woman, this is no time for the discussion, then——pleasently as you talk——any way with his head——you know best about it.”

"She was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was——was—
EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ. 19

poor—she know what a beast she makes of herself—
she will spoil the dinner, and break the things. Oh
the place!—How he knew it!

"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
disposed for discourse—for true it was, as Maria said,
"Ah, James, you don't know a word I have been
saying to you. Oh me!"

Maria had not composed her look, or drawn on her
features, when Madox was upon us in the blue drawing-
rooms. Whether the devil tempted him or not, I cannot
tell, but he talked at no allowance of the excellence of
the London markets, always in this month of Feb-
uary! Fish so good—I mean—smoke—was wild
ducks—real. It was the season for the London
carnival. Mrs. Pantagruel sailed in imperially—spread
ahead in satin, capped, and jewelled; and after the
solemn compliments, the discourse flowed in the
former channel. She had been ordering things that
meant, though she rarely marked herself. Mrs.
Pantagruel was one of those many English people, who
apply the possession profound on all possible
occasions.

"My fishmonger," said Mrs. Pantagruel. "My
confectioner." One might have supposed all the
wealth of each lady gone in sable property. My
cook is nothing.

"My cook is so exquisite a judge, that I rarely look
at anything. I can so fully rely upon my butcher.
How do you manage to do without Mrs. Roberts?"

"The London markets are splendidly filled at present,
ma'am," said Plague Madox to the great lady.

"Few London sights equal them to all of us, ma'am."

"And so they are, Mr. Madox.—Paris, Brussels.
I don’t say much about Vienna, though my friend, Lady
Dunraven, who lived long there, when his lordship
was connected with the embassy, has often told me
that Vienna is in house there a superb city; but after
all, Madox, as you say, commanded 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
singing English stile, as Sir John says, London may
challenge the world—fish, flesh, or fowl."

"Right, ma’am; and so it may. Old English roast
beef, the growth of every county. Banstead mutton,
East veal, Dorking fowls, Norfolk turkeys, Lincoln-
shire goose. Hay, Mr. M. Roberts, got before you." Maria
hit her lips over the alimentary catalogue of February,
while Roberta saluted the company.

I cannot go into the mortifying details of this three
courses, and a dessert. The bowing, and misheaps of
Biddy, the blunder 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 na-
tural.

The awkwardness of the guests who possessed
politeness and delicacy, and the ill-suppressed grumbling
of the rude masses, disappointed so great affair;
a dinner, nothing to the aim of innocent disgust
with which Mrs. Pantagruel pushed away plate after
plate—snatched, yetConnector. I must acknowledge
that the sides were not of the freshest, though they
might be correspondingly cheap, nor were they the
best cooked. Mrs. Pantagruel, in pure malice, I am
certain, required to have the dish named Horseshoe ragout,
assembled by Madox.

"Bullock’s chock stew! that is a ragout I am not
acquainted with—not, thank you; indeed I have
dined." The great lady insisted in her chase with a
little sarcastic resignation to her fate.

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

"I will trouble you, Mrs. Roberts," said my hearty
brother James. "I did not know the dish was a
fine name. You remember, Thiek, how we used to buy
our ears in this stew at Nunn’s Wilks on Sundays.
Never was tart so gourmand.

This was scarcely a rally for Maria. At another
hour 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 legging like a dressed horse.

Bullock’s heart stuffted and roasted has its admirers
even among gourmands; but then it must be roasted
sanguinely as English savouries 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, reign’d us at our side
of the table with the story of ‘De Coucy’s Heart,’ and
the ‘Bell Pett’ till the ladies began to look pale and
sick. Across the table there was a dialogue on can-
ibalism 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 speech of
the young puppy which came at once above, below, and
around us!—and the exclamation, "Och dindo! I come quick jewel, Mr. Richard. Did
not the kitchen chimney go on fire—we are all in a
blaze." And Biddy, like ten fowls, 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 steady assurance that this
was a false alarm—a 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 tran-
quility, 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 “dammed with
faint praise” by the lady-judges, though Mrs. Pantagruel
did recommend Mrs. Roberts to try " My confectioner
only for once. He was, to be sure, an uncoincidental
wretch in his prices—but exquisite in taste. His
Fe-niels Cream was allowed to be unequalled in London.
It was sent to the Pavilllo, 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 phlegm I cannot to this day tell, but he never
appeared; and Plague Madox indemnified himself with
blue cheese and some tolerable bottled porter. The
dinner—it was called, clearly—port—something that
was to unite deliciously the body of Portugal with the
body of France, he had sipped—eyes between him and
the candle—and pulled in another disaster. I suppose
the Sherry, or rather Cape Madox, 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. Pantagruel, 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 after-
wards told me that it was great satisfaction to keep from
crying. Pantagruel was also snatching critical,
and holding his glass between him and the
wine. Roberts looked so simple as his wife and
more vested. Neither did I name the

 acquaintances accosted him, or he might not like to live. He had had, after a meal, a glass of the finest Claret, the true John Bull spirit and manly man to say, "The very little wine I use, Mr. Pasquaio, I buy where I find it best and cheapest." "Oh, yes, quite right," cried Mr. Pasquaio, and replenished his glass. This was the most hopeful feature of the night. Could I have caught the eye of the speaker, mine would have throbbed with pride. "Very fair port, this," said Mr. James Taylor, the rich thriving solicitor. Phlegre Madon drew his red wine glass to him, again, and filled it once more. "Now; but very good, what say you, Dick—my brother is one of the best judges of wines now in London. You need not puzzle it now, Dick: your Italian residence, and early praisers, have made you so; but I believe you refer it to your unexperienced palate." I rose 100 per cent. with the company in one second; and resolved to improve my present occasion of various wines to the benefit of Maria Roberts. "There ought to be wine in this house; bays' wine, at least," I said, nodding, knowing, to Mrs. Roberts, "if the lady of it would only appoint me her butler for the night." "She will be the pleasantest, Mr. Taylor; but you know—" "What, I know—give me your key," Maria smiled at me. There was no method in my madness. I returned in five minutes, or rather more, and solemnly placed a couple of jellies upon the table. Jane furnished me with fresh glasses. "I am not going to accuse our hostess of not believing the very best wine she has upon her friends: indeed, I would not blame her for not having men enough in wine to know the value of her own treasures." "Nay, if I had thought that half as admiral as—" "Give me leave, ma'am. We need not myself the master. This is a two of six bottle—but we must not rob Mrs. Roberts of more than one—this little cooed-over fellow—that came so a present from the Bishop of ——'s college, sent by his lady to her god-daughter, our amiable housekeeper, 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 delicious wine, that you send in presents to your relations." I had said enough for a lady of such quick wit as Mrs. Pasquaio. "Delicious Catoosa—" I was her affectionately apprised exclamation. "'Tis not every where one meets with the like of this. And the bishop's lady, whom I have seen at Bighton, is your godmother, Mrs. Roberts." "I have that honor." "Exquisite wine! The veritable cote of the gods; Mr. Richard, must be Catoosa. Nay, nay; this must be kept for a house louche—husband—a fourth of a glass if you please." I had no wish to hazard a second trial, having come off as well upon the first. "The Rosoro—the delicious fragrance of this wine, is its characteristic," said our young poet. "You must be a scholar of Mr. Taylor." "I'll be hanged if I smell any thing save the burning grease and the load in my hands upon fire with," replied my brother. "She means, by the way, on very happy terms of familiarity with you, Dick; and it is a shame, as you say. I believe you know all the brisk charwomen in London." All the ladies raised the "delicious Catoosa," while Maria, trying to look thoughtfully, really looked half comical, half amused at my incipient breach. Everyone thought it justly pronounced it very fine. My sister, Anna, said it was very tasty and nice indeed—but of wine was she no judge; and Miss Claver, a very lively young lady, was very like milk punch, which was quite a charming thing, but could not tell the difference for her life. "O, the green grass in life are thrown away upon you! Your sister Charlotte, has really then positively refused them—weber teeth!—her ultimatum given in! But will she ever come to Robers? never more, think you? Really it is but a long for a cup of warm chocolate. This is a stupid absurd tossed-up affair. I was engaged to give the poor young women a tea; could not you, Mr. Richard?" She looked at her watch. I vowed, in my ingent heart that Maria was in hearing every word of this, smug the blue out of her own eyes. But I did not need to be aware of my presence. Before the poet and myself reached the dining-room, half the ladies had disappeared. From lost Phlegre Madon, my brother, and all the old school went off without looking near us. The dinner could not have been very good, after all, I say. Madon swore that either the wine or the fire had damaged him sadly; for three days bumbled all juice, and without hope of relief from being re-examined and re-examined Maria's story of the maids, and hopelessly endeavouring to extract me and young gentlemen from the broken-strings piano-forte, had all taken wing while Maria was just to put "baby" to sleep. Roberts—was half asleep, half chagrined, and I received in a fair way of getting into very bad tone. This was his day of festival, the christening for his first-born, and there was no one socially to assure, no amusement. He had promised his poor friend his wife's music, female society, a dance—so there remained for them an empty bordered room, where—"Queen Mrs. Richard Taylor" kept watch over those blinking wax-candle ends and a few smouldering cinders. "Where are all the ladies—where is Maria?" I said hurriedly. "Where are Mrs. Roberts?" I in an imperative, and husband-like tone. Echo in the same answer, if she chose, but I was about to ask the blue bell-ripo, and down it came, and it came panting June. "How is your mistress?" "Putting baby to sleep, sir." It would be true against nature to suppose Roberts could really have said "Deuce take it, baby—" but June, who looked perfectly asleep, and, indeed, rather handsome, certainly believed she was choking, natural voice,.waves spoken; and had they even then they would have fallen nothing serious—a proof a man must not always be judged by his past actions. "By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if we do not have amusement above us, we shall have none below. Here, you Biddy, or whatever they call you—" "Biddy Durgeson, sir; please your honour—on this mourner by Father." "Get me a dry devil, or a boiled horse, or something properly and famous." &c, &c., &c., I drew a bone with a thread on it, with the dear of ye. The mistress choosed her man with
EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

It began. She’s a mighty frugal, managing young mother.

"This conversation passed, aloud, between the door of the draving-room and the bottom of the stairs. The door is hung on an iron bar, and the bar is supported on two large, strong, nails; and Mr. Sullivan, the butler, instantly challenged a countrywoman in rags, who was heard laughing jollily below, crying in Jane’s—Fair, but in doors of good sleeping, the domestics of the household.

"By the powers! if we can’t get meat we shall have drink, boys," cried Mr. George Roberts again in a most impassioned and savage manner, something affected too by the servile commentary made by one of his friends on "a lady choosing her meat without bones," which as a husband of some eighteen months, and consequently still very unshod on the score of leniency, he fancied mightily concerned his honour and mas-terhood 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 be the delicacy and sense not to come down stairs; and Sullivan, by far the soberest of the party, having brought the business 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.

"Mater 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 polished blue-room, constituted into a kind of Free-and-Easy club, the women bolted themselves in. Jane, after her hard day’s work, even full asleep sitting on the floor; and it was not till the watchmen, full arrested by the riot within, had rung repeatedly, and that the young men walked out to throw the Charleys, when a general scream ensued, that she was awake by the shaking and support of the chair. Maria, 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 liber-

ised without examination, and had sunk 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 cross and shady Gravity of his manner, which had made them both ridiculous; the discomfort of every thing; and, above all, the impudence of that Irish bag, and the insolence of that Mrs. Passmore. He did, however, conclude to apologize to his wife for the outrage of which he had subsequently been guilty; and his homely compter of the night, one and all afterwards declared, that they never did look Mrs. Roberts in the face again.

"This was not the end of the affair. Roberts was forewarned of his wife’s, 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

recompense to adjust. By some means my brother got intelligence of the manner in which Roberts’s failure ended. "A married man—his own house—it is too bad. I fear this is not the first of it," James said.

"For a while, Roberts, I have wished to consult you about this. Do you know Roberts is short of his cash?"

A word charge against a confidential clerk! I guessed how much it implied.

"To what extent?"

"No great extent, but the thing is so wrong, so unbusiness-like."

"About £50 or £70. And perhaps he may have some claim against me; but I don’t like the look of it. Such arrests 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 farthing."

"Quite right."

I instantly took my way to the Row. Maria was in the blue drawing-room; now in its gilding and drapes of all hues soiled and tawdry—the ornaments smoked and tarnished; the chairs and tables crazy or fracture, and the purple and gold paves faded from its original splendor, 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 untuneful, smiling and singing.

"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 my skill and energy, 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 to 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 piece too, and other useless things"—she looked round the room—"they would not bring much, but every thing helps."

"I know, 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 with the case in my pocket I lost her, and encountered her husband at the corner of the street.

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

"Not; I have spent the last hour with my most interesting favourite, Mr. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts looked confused and uneasy.
numbered to what manner he had left his wife in the
morning. "Then, sir, you have spent your time with a
very silly, insensible woman; but this I suppose, you
have all reason and advice are thrown away upon her."
There was high talk, indeed, of Mr. George to
give himself; he had deserved at least a half share of
the common blame.

"Then," said Robinson, "I am no such thing; but quite the
reverse. To me, Mrs. Robinson appears an uncommonly
chaste young woman—generous, candid, and well
principled—and more anxious to do her duty so far as
she understands it. All she requires is, forbearance,
kindness, and gentle gentleness till she has acquired
the necessary knowledge to mature into experience."

The homestead was long past, and Robinson, as I
have said, in the course whose young husbands are the
most susceptible of pleasing them, many persons and
other, was Robinson 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
away from his house. One of the peculiar blessings of
the old bachelor-ship abroad was that it made it
possible, when the della was of a friend kindness, things
that it would frighten a sensible man with a wife and
some children even.

Some of those enticing things I was
submerged in the sea of George Robinson and his wife.
They were young, healthy, vigorous, sincerely attached
to each other, better endowed with world's goods than
the average are. Even those of their fellow-countrymen—
who should not be happy?—"How great a blessing
were we," said George solemnly, "if young women were
trained to the duties and comforts, and added
like Rachel Green, and less to the enjoyment of
life, like Mrs. Robinson."

Even though Mrs. Green was more at present from
comparative interest, and though cousin had
attempted many of her little poetic and affectionate
with the name of Robinson, was also in fairly more
truly refined, besides removed from the vulgarities and
delusions of affection, that amused to, with whom she was contracted.

If Mrs. Robinson had been taught so much music
she had not, at least, acquired more than an air girl
might easily learn between seven and seventeen, and
present while it was desirable, without interest, in
the middle voices; and the voice was kept as an elegant recreation, not held as a means of
conquest and display.

"If we could be cooled through each other," said
Robinson, half-laughiing.

"Ay, Rachel's substance, with Mrs. Green's glass
and color, would be a first-class affair. I think we is in it
my theory here. I shall never despise of women in the
general, nor Mr. Robinson in particular."

I took my leave, inviting myself back to tea, at
which time, in a regular family-circle, I approached
the subject of Mrs. Robinson's peace in her husband's
hands. He was heard to, half-laughed, half-smiled. I have ever noted
that men have less taste unpretentiously and simply
genuine, than to be so free, so full of enthusiasm and spirit being obliged in his own
wife, but honest-fellows prevail. We had a long-drawn,
and therefore a more satisfactory explanation. The
unmarried was the best of Robinson. I heard
George Robinson's meditate that with some insinuations:

"Your motion is, at least, more, in three times
than the rather sudden in England affects in his strength
course—twice or even three times more than the in-
action of two-thirds of my half-bred offspring, with some
discussion."

"Those have rendered me," said Robinson. "Trans-
ing in these, I suspect to be so implicit as to
as I ought to have myself. I believe of course
I did not choose the most elegant, and only
special intersection with her companionship, as in
all her knowing she did right."

"Uninteresting excess and singular relations laid
thousands, was my opinion, though the
companionship resembled."

George Robinson's manner not my direction, nor
his good name was seemed. He would not
write, so he was pleased to call it, though
Mrs. Robinson did myself would often the phrase more of the spite, only
him more way to whose excess with his kind heart.
Mr. James Taylor, who now said times was in
a seeming basis, as Mr. Robinson, with his first part,
boy, might need a little indulgence.

On the same day Mrs. Robinson could say she at his
home of her own, in this, as in considering
Rachel Green's: Rachel Green's.

Those and she had indeed worked hard to take
right before Robinson came home to dine in, bringing myself along with him, when the subject
of his own was, to show the very sound was such
living ways of meat with vegetables and apples, which
formed the repast. After dinner, she dif-
 
icted my tail-Pension-backing glass with snuff
of looking at the dish, and Mrs. Robinson
in a somewhat spirit than I had ever seen
with an air of simple simplicity. "Drink in the
best women, my excellent friend, whose husband was
not a flattering—and in her who received that with a
descending upon her conscience and manners, in her
shall."

I never accepted pledge with more sincere praise
in all my life."

"But what will Mrs. Green say," said
Robinson, half-laughing.

"Exquisite Commissary? " mimicked Mrs.
while she tapped the sauce off her air, and the most
young natural laugh rang out that I had ever
his laugh. My friend to the punch of the little
family—by their prosperity and happiness, was
the see. The spell of fashion was broken; and Mrs.
Porridge, recollected; and Mrs. Robinson was not
more that a well-principled character, an honest
and active mind, whose energy is found in every circumstantial to the same
duty of life. She becomes an excellent housewife.

These were few of the many houses in which
were kept in her, in which the Robinson house was
as many as that of Mrs. Robinson. Even "state"—as
appropriately, now well managed and healthly, has grown
a light, good-humoured, smiling, coarse-white face, in
its once again ventured to take in the newspapers
of the social superior, and were greeted to me in
curtailing reading as Robinson or myself chose to give
in at what she called the mother's hour of work, fore
served to not in the evening.

Towards the end of the year I was again invited
by my sagacious host, John."

"What do you think, Dick? Have I seen
Mrs. Chasman know, is trying to teach George Robinson to
me,—the man who knows all my affairs, best but
himself?—the man has her right hand.

Don't you think, Dick, I ought to have
now that I am growing less, and find of the
more than give me steady a十分 in Robinson some work
alone?"

"There was no obstacle about his success,'"
unin-

"I asked not! His father evidently
decided to his death."

Mr. James Taylor could remember nothing of it,
and there was no effect, much less impression, in his children on those points—which
think that when ideas sometimes usually forgot the
EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.

...and I perceived they may not be as hopeful as supposing.

...in many a way you think Mrs. Robson should do to your Christmas dinner? You ask a great friend to dine here, you tell her she has considerable influence with the cook..."My husband wishes to show you some substantial mark of his goodwill," said I to Mrs. Robson, when we were afterwards invited to her house. "I have caused him to invite Robson in purchasing the best of问候s, and in six weeks afterwards I parceled of her Chaffinch Cherries, in her new house."

...I am afraid I cannot, said she, but both hands, being the reception of all my attentions, and now he is in his best clothes, but without his best genius, I have seen men. I think I must return, since Mrs. Robson feels the same, I have been too long."

...and to this lady and her friends, and a subsequent acquaintance too. But I went to see Sally, with a party, who felt pains to have seen her little girl, and she accepted of this reception and the lady's invitation.

...I could think with no patience of Mr. Hardy, the successful bootmaker, who became his son-in-law, and who was the successor of his father's business, and really, in some respects, and in some respects, to his uncomprehending wife, whom I had sometimes seen years ago in his brother's business, and really, in some respects, to this uncomprehending lady, who had. I was vexed by his.--'So good and kind a house when he was not so.'

...I cannot comprehend the information of the woman. After the bootmaker had walked in, the merchant, and he could do, pursued all his little frien's, and the news of Sally's boot is going in, he ran off on a oominous black to Liverpool. She was compelled, to avoid suspicion, to take her horse, and her husband left her in the workhouse. I thought myself fortunate for both, in coming home in her husband's clothes, and no further. Mrs. Robson had been long in the house, and Sally had a station in London. He had gone to Paris, and chance to Robson, where we were born of him in the following list of names. He should have had no need to take time to recover. But what an inconceivable moment did say this friend, Mrs. Robson, Russell Grosvenor, and many others implored me, when I supposed the property of having Mr. Hardy quietly to his residence house in Ireland, without discovering his secret.

...+ Orations upon the kind, simple house:

...He spoke to those who never had a husband!

...Would I have Sally from her duty?"

...Poor women who have often the hand upon the wheel, compared with those of the ladies of the rich, Sally used to have the most commonplace, with no consciousness. Being to Mrs. Lindsey Scott, in a house that was to be sold, she and her husband walked a couple of weeks together on the road of the house, and by her way to the house of the bootmaker, and she was颇有 fondness for Sally's wonderful stories. It was she wished Miss were contained in this, as a handmaid, and leading twenty years after, but she was not married and Sally had been shy. So the bootmaker sold on his

...and that he не unusually interested of his understanding, and his was set his thinking of his debts when he understood, charged Sally to bring up to the door of his.

...Knocked remember name? On his side, Sally, reflected who never would make a second chance. With her was a little boy who might come out from the workhouse, and used it to the contrary to woman, but as soon as it was the youth, Sally had determined to take the little girl home to be a little girl was a servant, and his name was William. This question gave a few days to her, and he said, Sally, I know the service which no other reason would have accomplished. She was permitted to go to see his child on a Sunday. Poor Sally Owen could not have known the little girl, a little, pretty, pretty, Sally girl, who was to say like a kind old lady to his work. She had gone of work sale; but her interest was kind and friendly, and his little girl also had something to say: so upon the whole, I believe, the welcome of the accomplished bootmaker,...
RULES FOR HYGIENE.

Mr. Green.

So much of the enjoyment of life—and indeed of health—is dependent upon the adoption of correct habits, in the matter of food, drink, and rest, that it is not surprising that subjects, like this one, will never fail to excite interest.

When actually labouring under a cold, don't wrap up in blankets or anything; keep yourself hot but don't drink much hot liquid, for this will necessarily make bad dreams. It should be remembered that a cold is a single fever, and therefore the proper treatment is to instil, a little at a time, very moderately warm atmosphere, to keep the head, and on food of a moderate temperature, and to keep the bowels open. Use the atmosphere, or, you will not feel well during the whole of the day.

When we reflect on the multiplied evils resulting from intemperance, the small quantity of food and water, the necessity of resting, and the enormous amount of digestion, we have, that, while nearly all men are perfectly conscious of the importance of health, very imperfectly, that must admit that, the subject of quantity, is a most important one.

It is the opinion of the majority of the most distinguished physicians, that intemperance in food destroys the health of mankind; in many words, that, while it is the cause of death, also it is the cause of death. Every medical practitioner has abundant proof of the correctness of this statement, and it is necessary, if they desire to the health of the public, that a very small quantity of good food, instead of being thus employed, is the best and safest, and best and safest, and best, and the only way to prevent it, is to take care that it is kept in its proper place, and to prevent the necessity of injurious and unwise habits.

It is, without doubt, a good rule for those who have weak stomachs, to take, themselves, in other words, instead of ice water, cold water, and to drink, instead of cold water, ice water. This practice, in such cases, is the remission of a healthy state of stomach, and to the recovery of health and strength.

RULES FOR HYGIENE.

Mr. Green.

So much of the enjoyment of life—and indeed of health—is dependent upon the adoption of correct habits, in the matter of food, drink, and rest, that it is not surprising that subjects, like this one, will never fail to excite interest.

When actually labouring under a cold, don't wrap up in blankets or anything; keep yourself hot but don't drink much hot liquid, for this will necessarily make bad dreams. It should be remembered that a cold is a single fever, and therefore the proper treatment is to instil, a little at a time, very moderately warm atmosphere, to keep the head, and on food of a moderate temperature, and to keep the bowels open. Use the atmosphere, or, you will not feel well during the whole of the day.

When we reflect on the multiplied evils resulting from intemperance, the small quantity of food and water, the necessity of resting, and the enormous amount of digestion, we have, that, while nearly all men are perfectly conscious of the importance of health, very imperfectly, that must admit that, the subject of quantity, is a most important one.

It is the opinion of the majority of the most distinguished physicians, that intemperance in food destroys the health of mankind; in many words, that, while it is the cause of death, also it is the cause of death. Every medical practitioner has abundant proof of the correctness of this statement, and it is necessary, if they desire to the health of the public, that a very small quantity of good food, instead of being thus employed, is the best and safest, and best and safest, and best, and the only way to prevent it, is to take care that it is kept in its proper place, and to prevent the necessity of injurious and unwise habits.

It is, without doubt, a good rule for those who have weak stomachs, to take, themselves, in other words, instead of ice water, cold water, and to drink, instead of cold water, ice water. This practice, in such cases, is the remission of a healthy state of stomach, and to the recovery of health and strength.
MANNERS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

There is a kind of information relating to times and places, that does not derive its value of knowledge from anything peculiar, and not its interest importance, from the present day, but is absolutely necessary to knowledge and useful to the understanding of the world in general. We mean those miscellaneous kind of intelligence, which, when seen together in course of months, are usually considered as gossip. This has been so much the case of late time, as it is esteemed and admired, as not merely occurring the interest of the person of weakness. But the gossip of每个月 occurs a kind of will that causes to be esteemed by the public sense, and the greatest of opinions in order to the discussion of correctly opinions in public. The human sense of knowledge is not easy to supply, as the privacy of individuals is daily imagined, which their lives, which are more easily published by biographers, are generally of an inordinate kind, and not such examples of the common life of men in public bodies and characters, subject to, and which are, in the light, the same thing that is daily considered, the same kind of reading and modes of conversation, as to a certain degree, observable. Or else this might teach a high flying statement at St. Mary's, which was done at Magna Charta, without discovering the same by some method of the world, that he might write among his own contemporaries. A certain statement, or any other body, considered in his own capacity, is but rarely changed from what he has, in all state or extraneous. A country gentleman of the 17th, might write at this day upon the opposition, and with extreme interest and value, that his way not always, in the way of his opinion, or in his way of his expression, or a part of what he would be, before long. Do we not see any daily declaring that, without knowing of a man, we are not aware of a matter? And is it not clear, that as well as such case, that all must be at our command? But, sir, that he who does not object to the principle of the bill, must have either an equal heart, or a very determined mind, to say, and the matter of his own time. Had he taken a trap, and walked in the early parts of the eighteenth century, his apposition would have been climb, by a combination of the same necessity, by words of exactly the same import: "England cannot make a single acquittance but with the proportional loss of England." Then were the great council of the nation more than a century in learning one of the greatest lessons in politics! Nay, at the very moment, though it might puzzle our ear, to examine the meaning of what he heard from the various events of his time, in which were the events in his life, and the most events, in which the progress of civilization was a happy anti-Catholic power, that beat himself all out to, Bishop Sancroft's denominations of danger from papists, might be made as much evident to Bishop Sancroft's apprehensions from the same quarter. He would certainly discover, that the revolting lord had had his Scotch progress like to compensate him, at least, for his strength, and to these additions, an additional situation of Scotch trade. A dealer in political gossip, who purchaser upon corruption and sale, and by this means, to think more of himself, and of himself, that, could be a great deal of information, as that we might consider his own Capacity, in his own capacity, and in his own society, as to a certain degree, observable.

Such a one is written down, as a memory would have had himself in absolutely black and white, the history of the Commons is a blank. Some of the humblest autographs have, indeed, got themselves immortalized or delivered, or preserved in party autographs. Inscriptions and signs, by those means of the occasion, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty, and beauty. But little truth is to be expected from such works written otherwise than to lower those subjects in public estimation, or to raise the estimate in the estimation of the subjects. Men of science, who, and learning, may be said to be of age, their names and habits are determined by their particular, and to their names and habits are determined by their particular, and to their names and habits are determined by their particular. Inscriptions however, as those 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 others, works written for the supposed purpose it is to describe the amount of particular periods, but the very offices and assistance of
authorship are unanswerable to the attachment of their object. Their representations are involuntarily coloured by the tendencies 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 discoverable in the rubbish of libraries; and the publication of those diffuse 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 often happened, information calculated to change men’s opinions altogether, or, certain points, which had been previously held to be settled, or even not so much as suspected. 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 objects—domestic and public matters, amusements, fashions, futilities—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 misconceive; 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 befall 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 which 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 particular 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. Everything, 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—a fullness, minuteness, versacity; at least, no intentional or misrepresented; 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; first, 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; all application of the Diary of Mr. Pepys. By reason of a scruple of such minute, as well as authentic sense as that with which it abounds, we have that it worth our while to transfer some of his gossip to our own pages. We propose to give a few more particulars of information, which is the most characteristic of the age to which they refer.

The portion of intelligence relative to ship, which we communicated in our last, complete account of the progress of a contribution, was, I suppose, considered high life. They 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 fathers, which saved young people from being making a choice for themselves, Mr. Pepys, with certain other common friends, had been engaged to bring the match about. The gentleman’s long length overcame his bashfulness or reluctance, and the lady having professed her willingness, was bound, to obey her father, all she could be expected to say, nothing remained but to settle the church’s sanction. Lastly, Mr. Pepys sate forth betimes, by six o’clock, in a new, coloured silk suit, and coat trimm’d with brass buttons, and gold broad lace round his hands, both rich and fine. He is accompanied by the fairest mother of the bridegroom. Having to cross the sea below Deptford, and being too late to embark, they are fast to solace themselves in the idea of a chill place, the morning cool, and wind blowing 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 cost us, for otherwise we should have been standing in his means to witness it too. "The young lady is sad, which grieves him; but yet it might not have thought, her usual gravity, a little deeper than recent solemnity. "All saluted her," and her father too, but not till Lady Sandwich had asked his wish, he had done so or not. Dinner comes in exactly that, some to cardiac, and others to supper, and so to talk again; and which was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to speak as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom so after prayers soberly to bed." Mr. Pepys seems now surprise on this occasion; yet his friend Lord Clive, as a presbyter-cure, and, we think, the family of Sandwich also were of the same persuasion, a turned Courrier.

A year or two before the last occurrence mentioned, he had been present at another wedding ceremony, "with very great state, cost, and company," the among all the beauties there, my wife was thought greatest. "Home, with my mind pretty quiet on returning, as I said I would, to see the bridego. Our own customs and habits we are disposed to consider the best possible; indeed, we become our nature, and we never think of comparing their merits. A retrospective glance into the past, our forefathers, wherever we have an opportunity, is of great service to us. We have been a small state of society with which to compare our own, suggest improvements, or where there is no need of them, to enhance our comforts by the simplicity of our methods of securing them, over those of other nations. This picture of a country and a wedding is not but console the younger and fairer portion of our readers, who might otherwise be inclined to look at the scenes of others. But it is better to go to the house of mourning, the house of feasting. We invite the reader to pay us to the funeral of an uncle of Mr. Pepys Bementon, whither the latter has set out on business.
...himself, and brought him to the event by a signal officer. The corpse had been in its coffin, standing upon joint stools, in the chimney of the hall; which had been raised up in front, and so I caused it to be set down in the yard all night, and waked by my aunt. It was the first day I saw him, and his looks were the subject of the hall; after that we went to dressing, and things, etc. He was ready for the session. It happened to be a Sunday, people were in and out, and came to witness the ceremony, and to give one another a reminder of what we had known and done. They then carried the deceased to the church, which was the burial ground for 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 chose a place for him to lie in, under their mother's pew, and to be buried there. The service was six bantons a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt clay. "The rooms were white with white clays given them. The men sat on the floor, and the women by themselves in the stalls, very close, but yet room enough. A man, to church-walking, and had very good company along with the corpse, and so I saw my poor brother laid in the grave." The family of Mr. Pepys may be considered as having belonged to the first rank of society. General mourning for great people seem to have been a fashion recently introduced. In commemorating buying a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones; and I met with a Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go with mourning too for the Duke, which is now the name of all the ladies in town.

The remants of some Gothic practices, in regard to funeral arrangements, is, to this day observable. In the quiet scenes, and absence of all parade, never more out of place than on occasions like these, which distinguish their burial, our northern countries 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 lay always excite, mark a state of manner intermediate between the present, and the age when the solemn "One of burial" were oddly blended with carousing and drunkenness. "The Thranitico," says Herodotus, "isa child was born into the world, but sang and drank for joy at the death of a man." Was it for this principle of this sort, that, our forefathers observed a funeral as one of the choicest occasions for extraordinary cheeriness.

A similar readiness 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 man of principle, and, when office, yet he scarcely 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, with such 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 stated in his journal, "as many as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown 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 luck to be beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing-cross." He was 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 target, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. But any thing, it scarcely matters 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 spots, by certain of that sex, whom education now teaches to shudder at the bare imagination. "To my Lady St. Bains's, (wife of Sir W.), it is sowise, where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Whitehall, 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 Hamet tells us, that "great numbers, many of them women, had the curiosity to witness the execution of Damien, amongst others, Madame de F——— 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 signalize her attachment to the sacred person. It happens, however, unlookingly for the fame of Mr. Pepys, that he appears to have taken an interest in specimens 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." "They must have been some time since 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 people an hour before the execution 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 swung 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; — "a mad, swearing, obdurate fellow, well known by all, and by me;" one of those out-of-place military men, who raffled 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 sustain upon, were left to absolute naked destitution. It requires but a mention of Colonel Blood, who figures in the "Fortune of Nigel," or the yet more famous Colonel Blood, to make the reader aware of the sort of persons we mean. Colonel Turner suffered for a robbery, not unlike the one perpetrated by the Captain in Whitmarsh's; 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—so vitally, little animating essence as to lose 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 Tyrconnell and Colonel Bloods who figure in the annals of Newgate at this period, it would be unfair perhaps, to attribute to a laxity and wilfulness 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 habits had vanquished all that had preceded it. One thing, 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-robbber, is frequently found united in the person of a disdained 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.

In every case, however, just 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 an atmosphere, 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 us they ought to. The same spirit that now dares 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 precedence. "Up by moonshine to Whitehall, and then I had the pleasure of being at the ambassador’s entrance, they entered 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 rented 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 success upon them." The Spanish, however, for a time, held the day. They fought most desperately, and came to a point, which was to obtain in the person of the French immediately after the king’s coach. There were several men slain on the French side, together with two or three of the Spaniards, and one Englishman, separated by so much blood. This fact in itself is sufficient to establish our impression. The spirit, too, of barbarous powers, might, it is obvious, on this day, dispute about some point equally fatal, and proceed to bloodshed; but what would the world think of an order from the Board of Green Bags—"let them do what they would!" Moreover, any well-educated gentleman, not to say a man of authority, be found running after them, "show the dirt, and the streets full of people," not in the least view of assisting to prevent the fray, but in and enjoying the spectacle! "At last, at the door of the house, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drays to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy." It is also strange to see how the city did report at last. "Indeed, we do naturally all love war, and hate the French." In the latter, "I observe, that there is no man in the world of a more insolent turn, when they do well, and more abject when they are carry. They all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads." Thus in mention of any judicial proceeding subsequent to this outrage, that would have disgraced the monarch and corps of Janissaries; no separation for the individual, whose life was sacrificed, to justice, whose vital interests were endangered.

In French, it appears, were nearly four to one, and in one hundred pistols among them; whilst the Spaniards had not a single gun; "which is for their honour ever, and the others' disgrace." Such was the instruction suggested by this strange occurrence in the age of an enlightened contemporary. "So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and horse, when I vexed my wife in telling her of the same thing pleasing for the Spanish, how the king condemned the conduct of the king and constituted subjects, most shameful; but it is not so conclusive against the spirit of the age, as this reflection and this narrating an individual English gentleman.

Another symptom of the unhappy state of things the kind of dwelling that prevailed. We say because we do not mean as much above the prevailing practice, as that would compell us to prove the more general than now, which we have no means at hand of showing. Their dwellings were disregarded by these circumstances, which are now considered as great aggravations of the offence against justice. They were often sudden, and perpetually the height of passion. With witnesses or arguments to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. They were out of occasions the most frivolous: and, by involving the seconds in actual hostility, made the outcome greater, as well as precluded the possibility of a reliable arrangement of differences. Thus, without any comment, he leaves the following: a fragmentary item of news: "In our way to Kensington, we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield had hired another gentleman about half an hour before, and killed." In another occurrence, one of the combatants was suspected of having worn armour; for his companion’s sword was shivered up to the hilt against the wall. The principals were Mr. Jermyn, (a well-known person in the city, in the debates of the House of Commons,) and Cane Howard, Lord Carlisle’s brother. The latter was the challenger, and, "what is most strange, he went to the last, tell Jermyn what the quarrel was, by any body know." Mr. Jermyn was supposed to be mortally wounded; his second, Colonel Rawdon, killed outright. Their antagonists had horses and..."
MANNERS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

and we find. The circumstances of the Duke of Buckingham's deal with Lord Shrewsbury are notorious, and for many years altogether without precedent, in that uncivilized age. He was instantly

were the worse than any to which the late Chancellor, Sir H. Mortley, was subjected. Mr. Pepys, from which it had recently been

there was another, whereupon the Wombourne Blood took Ormond's life, which failed in consequence of the Colonel's

the King's Grace on Tyburn tree, are also well

are there two or two incidents which the

way has brought to light for the first time, that yet

enough to satisfactorily establish this scoundrel nobleman's

the King had no mind company, and, among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so

be in danger of death; (and his man is quite dead)

and there did say that he had spoke with one that

by, (which person all the world must know must

her mistress, my Lady Shrewsbury) who says that

not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he

him first at them both with his sword; so that he do

clearly discover that he knows who did it, and

in conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy

which the Duke of York did seem pleased with, and said it might otherwise cost him his life, and that

me with, saying it was the most insolent thing, as well as the most foolish that

of Buckingham's conduct, whatever its impudence or

there can be but one opinion. Of the Duke of

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 affair of honour is recorded by Mr. Pepys,

but especially quoted as “a kind of emblem of the

moral completion of this whole kingdom.” Sir H.

Bellarses, happening one evening, in conversation with

Tom Porter, to whom he was giving some advice, to

a little louder than ordinary, some of the company

saying, “What, are they quarrelling?”

Bellarses, “I would have you know, I

never quarrel but I settle things; take that as a rule of mine.”

“Strike!” says Tom Porter, “strike! I would I could

see the man in England that durst give me a blow!

Wish 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 affair, 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

a child which way Sir H. went. By-and-by he hears

that Sir H.'s coach is coming—stops it—and bids Sir H.

Bellarses, “Why, says Sir H., "you will not hurt

me worse—will you?" No," says Tom Porter. So

out he goes—both drags—Sir H. singing away his

scabbard. "Are you ready?" asks Porter. The other

replies, he is.—After this they fell 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 me; but hast been very

cruel. 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 the

resemblance 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 affairs 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
drakeyman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and

and one of his footmen killed." What, if every stop-

page of the kind was to be productive of the like con-

sequences 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 eye.

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 contemplates, even in the "bells

and the bears."—"The people of the Exchange seemed
to laugh and make sport of it, with words of com-

tempt to the unhappy coachman." This is monstrous

—but what follows is more so:—"My Lord Chamber-

laine did come from the king to shunt up the 'Change,

and by the help of a Justice, did it, but upon a petition

of 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 attach-

ment, and ale and bon-fires brought our masters! We

do remember an exertion of authority somewhat re-

sembling this, even in our own times, but a number of degrees below it in audacity. Carriage

soldiers turned back in the open streets by the military,

and coachmen manned with swords or bayonets—some-

thing like this; the exact particulars we do not recol-

lect. At the time we allude to, complaints were very

general of an insolent deportment on the part of the

soldiers on their different stations. The heroes of

Waterloo had not had time to subside into quiet, or

duly 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 injured. Far too

much vapouring and brandishing of bright steel for

a civic rule. We desire an end of it, if it can be. It

will be, ever again, to use the Scotch vulgarity, "coupes

her cries." 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 explain against the brutality of the

prize-fights at present in vogue; but we find, that dis-

graceful 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

Mathew, who did beat all his opponents, and one West-

ter, who was pretty near several times both in the

head and legs, that was all over blood; and other
deadly blows they did give and take in very good
Dutch Customs.

We cannot refrain from mentioning a few but characteristic customs. The stranger will first walk far in a Dutch town without meeting anything but a long black gown and a low crouched hat, with a cape depending behind. This is a public sign of the class-preacher. His office it, on the day of preparation, to inform all the friends and acquaintances of the melancholy event. The funeral of a Dutchman is expensive according to the time of the day. The interment is after two o'clock; the charge is fifty after three, a hundred florins; and if later, double that.

The cause of this singular custom we have not been able to learn. Every person who could claim slightest acquaintance with the deceased, follows him to the grave. The ceremony being over, the mourning pay their compliments to the widow or nearest relative, who provides liquors, and the guests remain four times; all then depart, except the next of kin and particular friends of the family, who are specially invited to a feast. The nearest kin to the deceased takes the direction of it; butters are the memory of their departed friend, and preceding these he has left behind him, until their grief is pleasantly drowned in wine. Or should the funeral be made too early, between the first and the second day; the maids are called in, the widow retired, the feast goes on, and the festivities continue, the daylight separates the merry morning! The first festivities are carried to such extremes that they are proverbially forbidden, and the words 'merry morning' are the utmost limit in this province of Overgoed.
JOHN TARLETON.
A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.
BY MISS CATHERINE GOUGH.

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, etc."

"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 curtained window full upon the body of the dead. It disgusted me to see the burning 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 vanished away, so he goeth down to the grave compassed up no more." But a moment—a struggle—a groan, 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—whether—we know not. How strange it is too, that we fear that lifeless mass, that for what but disappointment as we may, is that indescribably awe which the step was halting among us, the muffled in 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 his 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 fingers wanting; he solemnly replied, looking fixed at the body: "It is the mark of Cain; I demand that wound myself—it is the wrench, Jake. Three parts!"

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 me on the shoulder, and explained to me, that I was just in time to see the wayfarer to his breakfast, he returned, in terror, exclaiming: "I cannot wake him—the old man is upon his death-bed!"
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 was 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 scarr," 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 not addressed 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 senses, and the scene below me, in its fairy beauty, was but an illusion. Indeed, I scarcely believed in its reality, until by a winding path, passing 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 there!"

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

Surrounded on all sides by lofty ledges, whose rocky surfaces were filled with sun-baked earth and turf, the cool quiet dell lay in its verdant loneliness, like one sunless hour in a life of sorrow. As we advanced, oh how pleasantly from among the branches of the tall pines the cool, sweet breath 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 love best love, gave breath to sweet store for winter.

The house itself was an old-fashioned dwelling, with all little conveniences to the beauties of architecture; but it looked spacious and comfortable within, and the meandering time of age over it a venerable and almost romantic appearance.

In front of the house a young, and by the way, a pretty girl, was calling the poultry around her, in supplying them with food out of that primitive use, a useful part of a woman's dress, the apron. And she was standing in the sunshine, that she might sing some old words, that I well remembered singing in my boyhood as a charm to make the birds come: "Come, butter come, Johnny stab it at the gate for his butter cake, come, butter come." She often does the fragment of an old song, the turn of old tune, or some sweet scented, the memory of which has lurked quietly in some nook of that part of the brain, until called into half recollection by a thing corresponding—how often does one or all that make our hearts yearn for those, long since mossed in the silent grave-yard; while with a strangely blended feeling of pain and pleasure, our eyes fill with warm gushing tears. I was falling into this sort of reverie, when we resigned ourselves to the isolation and indistinct ideas that float through the mind; with no 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 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 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 whiskers, so white that it might well be called snow, combed smoothly on each side of his beard, and just reached his collar; his countenance expressed gravity 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 the invitation 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 will I summarize the savoury viands of which the breakfast was composed, suffice it to say, it was a New England breakfast, which means a goodly quantity of 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 in old thoughts and reminiscences, connected with the unhappy being, whose sudden appearance and death seemed to excite so much interest. "Ah," 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 term him, that he would one day lie dying in the hands of his childhood, without one friend—no, not one friend to close his eyelids, destitute, unknown—an object of public charity! And only recognized to be good with horror." "True," said the doctor, "what I looked at his squallid corpse, I thought of the time when in all his proud superiority, he won the bust of poor Mary Ann Ellis—won it! ay, and broke it up for she has lived the life of a widow, for his sake these forty years." Without detailing more of this conversation, I will at once give you the form, the facts, which I learned during this 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, transmuting 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 prized himself much on his
John Tarleton.

Judge Tarleton had but one child, a son, who was also his only 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 family and the admiration of the whole parish. He was apparently the most amiable disposition, and possessed singularly fascinating manners, but he was also the handsomest, most graceful, and most beautiful of men. Not that he was of that malignant disposition, that delight to do evil for evil’s sake; on the contrary, he was well pleased to see others happy, for it made them more amiable companions to him. He was kind and wise, and wished to be on every man’s terms in business 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 in his way, treating his guests with respect, and he was a man of business! Unscrupulous and systematic selfishness, was his ruling principle.

Our business at present lies—not with the deacon, but with his niece, Phyllis. She was a bright mulatto girl, who, with her own colour, was extremely pretty. The deacon, and his three perfectly symmetrical, she was alternately the pet and object of measure to all the neighbours. Her liveliness and a kind of natural wit, made her very amusing. She was at the period our narrative commences about fifteen years old; was much sought after by the young men of her own colour, all of whom seemed to desire her hand as a prize which was fancied to the notice and presence of many young men who were amused by her lively examination and exquisite manners. Among others who were occasionally seen accompanying 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. However, his passion was 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 or two.

Shortly after this engagement became known, there was a change in the manners of John Tarleton, that gave his parents much uneasiness. He became morose, without cause, and irritable without provocation. To his father’s remonstrances, his mother’s entreaties, he was silent—or obstinate, even sullen, finding that any thing so different from the habits of his youth, and that 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. “On the first,” 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—almost a dilution 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 urgent 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 haste prepare his dressing when he drew a wound, then unfolding the handkerchief, I saw that one finger was gone, and another so nearly severed, that instant operation 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 sprung wildly from his seat, and after an eagerness glance at his hand, exclaimed, “Done! done!” 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—“Done, 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 wound must have been of some notice to him; I finally reassured him to sit down, and allow his hand to be dressed, instead of searching for a finger, that could now do him no good.”

I could hear, though, “muttered he between his set teeth, with an expression which I could not then understand, but seeing himself, his permitted one to dress the wound. He applied salves to the pain, and one of his most 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 cocoanut.”

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 the tip of a ragged edge, the spout of the moment, but I thought that it was best not to press it; I was young then, I said nothing, but I suppose he saw my instability, as he appeared uneasy in my presence, and avoided meeting my eye. When I had finished his preparations, he poured it to wash home with it, as the loss of so much blood might render great danger, but he decidedly, and almost bitterly, declined my warm advice, and poured into my hand an unusually large flea, requesting me not to mention his being hurt, as it would only distress his mother, he deplored.

I began to put away my instruments, but after a moment, an infirmity which a sudden mortification, he was passionately attached to a young lady of one of the principal families in a remote town, her love was reciprocated, and as there was no objection on either side, the marriage was to take place within a year or two.
passed, 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 imagined into a fever; I found him, and indeed all the family in great agitation; the girl Phyllis was missing; she had slept all the evening before, to visit, as was supposed, some of her acquaintances; at bedtime 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 run away, others that she had fallen into the pond, while her female servant declared her belief that she was 'safe enough, but had got somewhere, and was afraid to come home alone.' The family of the house, 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 burst 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 handskerchief was torn off, and her gown literally in strips. She was lying 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 fault, and many were disposed to think, that in spite of appearances, it must have been done by design. 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 sinistry 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 emotion, and a man pressing through the crowd into my hand, a finger—a bloody finger. I fell, and let it drop at my feet. Judge Tarleton, who was standing by me, stooped and picked it up. 'Sir,' he, 'this is proof that it is a murder—such a murder, instantly made for the atrocious villain!'"
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 houses number along, amidst all the noise and bustle, 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—m 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 it 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 ceremonies generally observed. The coffin is placed in one of the largest and best rooms, 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 clergyman divides to make way for the coffin, while a roll is taken of the deceased, 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 clergyman closes the coffin lid, and says the last prayer, that certainty that comes with the dull creaking of the spring.

Hearse 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 there. The coffin is then brought out by the bearers, placed between the poles, and the bell thrown over it. The six bearers, whose offices it is to walk by the sides 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 convenient, and from the appearance and character of the bearers you can often guess at the standing of the dead. The pension rolls over the names of the mourners, who, too, take their stations behind the coffin, and the last wish to do honour to the dead, fall into the women first, and then the men. The bearers bring the coffin by turns, four at a time 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 still in behind. Even every passer who may chance to meet them, steps aside, and with uncovered head and uncovered heart, prays no one has 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 on 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 bustle, and the all-a-suizing them, not one who seemed to think it proper to look back. Immediately on our entrance, the clergyman commenced his prayer, not for the soul of the deceased, that his Protestant profession forbade, but, "as the tree falls, as must it lie," but fervently, and with many eloquence, begged that his hearers might be enabled to guard
against the unbridled passions, which had rendered John Threlson 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 placenta 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 Clareson? 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 irrepressible and faltering manner in which she moved forward and took her place as chief mourner.

"It is Miss Ellie," 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 graveyard, 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, himself, 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 every trial, through 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 he did not forsake her.

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 hand may be appended to a very ordinary body, and a hand without harmony may detract from the elegance of a well-shaped 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 external care, in treating of the skin. Too great cooling or great heat, produces roughness and wrinkles; consequently water too hot or too cold must produce these effects; and for the same reason exposure to cold will subject them to the same inconvenience, especially just after having been washed.

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

TO IMPROVE THE SKIN.

Take two ounces of Venice soap, and dissolve two ounces of lemon juice. Add one ounce of a small quantity of the old tartar. Mix the whole and stir it well till it has acquired the consistence of soap; and use it as usual on the hands.

The paste of sweet almonds, which contains oil of myrrh, is 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 application does not produce the same good effects upon all females.

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

Dry some horse-chestnut and peel them; macerate 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, pure, 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 mimosa, Turkey cori, and every one who has seen the knows what fair skins they have; and Scotsmen use oatmeal or cold porridge, which is little if at all inferior.

Various pomatia and ointments are used for the hands, not only to relieve their colour, but to prevent them from chapping, and curing them when 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, chillblains, and scabs. The protection of the hands is also at times very troublesome, especially to such as are employed in works with require great cleanliness.

THE WEALTH OF SIBERIA.

After telling us that blocks of native gold are to twenty pounds weight, have been found at the mines, Mr. Dobell says, "Siberia produces a great variety of precious stones. The principal ones are yellow and white topaz, amethyst, crystals of different forms, aquamarines of different colours, hyacinths, tourmalines, emeralds, a species of the ruby, garnet, also onyx, jasper, agate, porphyry, and marble in great abundance. There are also silver mines in Persia, and lead and salt, of strong attractive power, common there. Asbestos also is found in such quantities, that gloves are made of it at Ekaterinburg. Curiosities to sell to travellers. Marble, white and black, is excellent, especially when 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 say with truth, there is scarcely a mineral or rock in nature that is not found in Siberia."
MINERALOGY.

Is it not singular, that the ores should sometimes be so unlike the Metals! Many early 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 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 radiated structure? (Fig. 29) or that fine light blue one, surpassing the richest velvet, in its soft and silky appearance? The latter a hydrate of Copper—that is, Copper combined with water; the green one, less rare, are carbonate, and called Malachite.

There is also a carbamine 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 gray 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 betastric species, which occurs in greenish blue crystals of a flat octahedral form, heaped together in confused groups. (Fig. 30.) The word arseniate may require some explanation—Arsenic, which is itself a Metal, as well as Chrome, and a few others, when oxidized (or burnt) becomes an acid; and in this state unites with other Metals, Earths, and Alkalis—forming arseniates; Chrome forms chromates, &c.

The Cornish mines have been celebrated for many centuries. It is supposed, that the Phoenicians, who were famed for their skill as armouriers and bronzers, 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 an alloy of Copper and Tin: a natural combination of these two Metals has been found in Cornwall in very small quantity; but the oxide 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 metallic 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 eroded by the atmosphere; and other masses have been found in Siberia, the desert of Sahara, 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 remain, 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 metallic species, of which many have been seen to fall through the atmosphere. A large cask, 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 fuego, and the early inhabitants of the country made mirrors of it.—Natural magnetic Iron is an oxide, and occurs very abundantly in Sweden and Saxony, both granular and compact. The Iron Glance, another variety of the black oxide, which is sometimes magnetic, is the most brilliant of its ores; the lustre of the crystal is, indeed, splendid, and they often exhibit a blue or green tinge. Another oxide is the red ore, so common in Lancashire: the radiated variety, of a blackish red, is called Hemaite; and when earthy, it is called Ruddle, or Red Chalk. The phosphatic Iron, or Iron mineralized by the phosporic acid, forms transparent crystals, (Fig. 32,) which are of an Indigo colour and prismatic; the arseniates are 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 peculiar similarity in their crystallizations—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.

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 one occasion, Thurgot was despatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgot 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 (Thurgot) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the usual salutations. 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 Thurgot, perceiving his mistake, retired, much humiliated and ashamed. In the evening, it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs!" "A mistake!" said the monarch, "it is the nine!" "Pardon me, Sir," exclaimed Thurgot, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg. "This is the second time to-day, that I have mistaken a knave for a king!" Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartees, bit his lips, and was silent—Loxos.
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 familiar vassal of the toilet, 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 cues from a sort of latent, but surely an excusable vanity, in seeking 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 metamorphosis of a butterfly, the beauties of a flower, the characteristics of a gem, or the formation of a dew-drops. But we may give our vanity to the winds; the subject is no more than the cherishment is accorded to any little passion of ours; for one of the most sovereign cosmatics 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 misfortunes, but the good fortune, to be plain, or who have, by accident, been deprived of tastes of consequence which 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 suits leisurely looks, expression to the condescension, 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 unchangeable laws of habit, the face that always wears the wrinkles 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 darkened with the sickness of discontentment, and the often-repeated yawn will mark the young cheek with the dimple if we may profess the expression of old age. We aver, then, and pledge our honour on the word, that the lady who shall discard ennui, and court the friendship of knowledge, will shine forth in more bright and permanent beauty than 

"When fairest Cynthia in darkness night  
Is in a snowy cloud enveloped,  
Where she may find the substance thin and light,  
Breaks forth her silver beams; 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 employed and active, and not suffering it to slumber till the eye 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 means for improving beauty in its most attractive form. To ways in which it may be varied, indeed, are innumerable; for it may be prepared so as to suit every description and every shape. The choice of the variety we leave to the reader, as we must take care to avoid the imputation of empiricism, by recommending the same form of our costume to all sorts and temperaments.

We shall not be so impolite, then, in recommending gems as a female study, to require a comparison with the ruder materials of mineralogy—let but the after consideration, growing out of the present, inquisitiveness into the secrets of nature and art. Our space is too limited, and we could expect no focus for going into all the minutiae of ores of gold and silver, or the less useful minerals, marble, granite, coal. We must, for the present, be satisfied with gems, and probably at some future time we shall be at 

"Antes vast, and desertus idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills.

And if we at any time be in a critical humor, we may possibly show a little of our learning, in mimic lines of Gray—"Full many a gem," as in the Odes of Celsus Magnus, who has 

Ma qual in parte ignota  
Ben roca, Gesuata alti colo il suo popolo.  
O fr. ch. alia vita in se rigesta  
Vives in se di castissima  
In sua virtute e s Dio contento vives  
Louge dal vico mondan, nel clima stma." 

Or come nearer home, we may probably find some 

Or resemblance in Thompson:

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

But we must arrest our sacrilegious hand from despoiling a poet of his beauties; and the taste before us is more delightful than the cradled and the gainly labour of hunting for plagiarism. We would lead our fair readers to the beauties of nature, if direct

"There liberal heart, their judging eye,  
The flower, unheed'd, 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 confused to, 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 fiction)—it is derived from the Latin gemma, which signifies a bud; because, perhaps, the Romans by their jewels cut in form of flower-buds. This may be a fancy, and we do not affirm it. Those who wish in a higher derivation, we refer to the Greek verb γέμεω (begging pardon for our pedantry) which means, I am full, and gemma, a bud, may be said to fill, or contain this, also, may be a fancy.
The high refractive power of the diamond throw
the light that falls on it, instead of allowing the
ray to pass through it as glass does. This gives the
diamond a sparkling brilliance, which no other gem fully
mimics. It is the ray, and not any phosphorescent property
that causes it to sparkle in the dark—of which
so many fables are related in the Arabian tales. In
the darkest nimbus, there are always some wonder-
ing rays—some stray pencils of light to render the
'ahimsa visible,' and these, have fine or small image,
throwing a point and flashes them back
into the glass. The property of sparkling, therefore,
is lost by which a genuine diamond may be known
for instance, imitations, or from the more splendid
kinds of rock-cystal and other gems, which are some-
times passed off for diamonds.

A more obvious and practicable test, is the extreme
hardness of the diamond, so much superior to all other
gems, that it will penetrate and cut, not only
the glass and flint, but also the tenax and other precious
gems. Post, and all imitations, even the admirable
ones of Fontaine's, may, on this principle, be once
detected; for the suspected gem has only to be tried
with glass or rock-crystal, or with the glasser's diamond.
If it scratch glass, it may either be paste of unknown
hardness, or some inferior stone: if rock-crystal or a
crystal makes 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
metal which catches fire by being struck; and the sharp
edge of a flint is best adapted to do it.

In the instance of small gems, suspected to be
spurious, Mr. Blyth recommends suspending them between
two pieces of money; when, if spurious, they will
more or less 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
rubbing 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 same metals, or Brazilian diamonds, which are
not only of superior quality of diamonds, but are
also susceptible of being tested by the reflecting light, will, when well
understood, be the best test. The real diamond is
never set on a flat, yet, when looked at perpendicularly,
the black point appearing in the centre, as it has
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 jew-
eler, who sets his stone similar on a flat
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 Caesar, Pompey,
Brutus, Cat, Antonius, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil,
Hirtamintus, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, were contem-
poraries, that they were, at the same time, enclosed
within the walls of the same city, which might well
be called greater," and when we
further reflect, that this bright constellation was
attended also by another subordinate to it, made up of
stars, instead of lesser magnitudes, but which would
have stood with so small lustre in any other horizon,
we no longer wonder that a capital that could breed
civil wars and dispute such men, should aspire to the proud title
of the mistress of the world, and wants herself secure from all moral wounds, save only those that might be
inflicted in an evil hour by particular hands. But the
same observer of human nature, who, takes nothing on
trust, who, undaunted by the hazards, calmly exposes
into the use, will not be satisfied with a bare examina-
tion of the causes that conspired to produce so mar-
vallous 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 so far split into faction, and
turn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud
possession of all this premonition of talent, by which she
was consumed, rather than, comforted, and exalted
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 favorable
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 guarantees that
minds so formed and finished, shall not aspire to
greatness, rather than to obey; no security against
emulating greatness, or even the greatness of lesser
the laws, and in
affected, that they shall not ultimately destroy that
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, Hirtamintus, Varro, and Livy, were more occu-
pied in writing what deserved to be read, than in
doing any thing that deserved to be written. Antinias
was a practical disciple of Epictetus, 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 shed in
his day, can fairly be charged to him; in fact, he had
so much of the pliability of his friend Antinias about
him, that he might have flourished even in the court
of a Diodon, had he himself been less eloquent, Octavius
more graceful, or Antinias less vindictive.
Four men remain, formed indeed, in "all
the prodigality of nature," but composed of elements so
doctrine to each other, that their conjunction, like
the clash of adverse causes, could not but operate
on the world; Caesar, Pompey, if it had not
been for the lost, nor Pompey for a superior, nor
Pompey for 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, than he was
tempered less, disgusted his friends, and exasperated
his foes, by a vain effort to revive the splendid
decorums of Rome's republic, in the days of Roman
prosperity, without ambition, he was less beloved as the stern
defender of liberty, than Caesar as the destroyer of
her, 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—not
his integrity the times.—Eason.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.

Take the leaves of the common rose (veintillolas)
and 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 one of roses; and a few drops of it will
as well to impart the atmosphere of a room with
a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly im-
proved by a very small quantity being added to it.
DESTIN' D BY FATE.

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. Braham—COMPOSED BY MICHAEL KELLY.

Des'tin'd by Fate her from them to dwell,

Speak my last farewell,

Speak my last farewell.
The Heart.

This heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight?
What eloquence impart
To those in its love—the grandeur of its might.

The soothsayer's home—of all affections sweet;
It smiles where friendship is—
It glows where social feelings meet.

'Tis Virtue's hallowed name—
'Tis Freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield.
A strength that will remain,
When greater powers and feeblest spirits yield!

It is Religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
Where joy, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring!

The font of tenderness—
Where every purest passion has its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.

Oh, heart!—'tis life be o'er,
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear name,
And I will ask no more
Of earthly happiness, or earthly fame!
MUIRSDIE MAGGIE.
A LEGEND OF LAMMERMOOR.

By One of the Authors of the "GOD VOLUME!"

On the estate of the Earl of Lauderdale are situated three farms, the center 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 Lydstone, who brought nothing to her husband but a frank, blithe temper, a kindly heart, and a comely face; and pretty Maggie, Tullishill's only child by his first wife, bless'd her stars for having given her such a step-mother.

When Tullishill brought home his Maggie, his affaires were in a prosperous state; and it was his pride to see that his heart's desire was the admittance 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 fairsings 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, in consequence of failing crops and sheep smothered in the snow, poverty and distress unexpectedly thrashed 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," the old man, said, at the single cheek, "Maggie, I'm ailing with thinking what's to come over me. I have no poor sad head can devise a way but me to get us out o' that sae strait; so you'll just speed your ways to Thistle-tane, and see what ye can make o' the Earl. Ye'll just tell him that a bawbee has I to pay my rent, and if he'll no gie us time, I ken's 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 never had speech o' a Earl o' my day, and sitieth down in a rough-spen burly chieft, I'll no beggie to face him to tell a true tale, and win kens, Tullishill, that he may gie us a lift off this Slough o' Despond ye'st!"

"Maybe, Maggie; maybe; but corses your great folk, wha ne'er has had their tares trampled on by the black dog, canna expect to ken what poor bodies has to warkis wi' and little do they think how sair it is to bide the cruel blast o' poverty, and the sma' o' them that has mair o' this world's gear than their neighbours. There's Willie o' the Hillside, I mind a hare-legged herdswoman at Kirkless, had the impudence to say I shouldna guid my sheep right, or I wadna lost the maw o' them. It sees him, I gow, to gab to me, that was a grown man aye he kent a hagg free a gimmer: but, hie ye, it'll maybe be his turn next to lose his sheep, and a hundred or twa were smocked i' the snow, and pwayed gait, ye may be assured, my een out."

"Deed, gudeman," answered Maggie, "it's a wonder to me that ye fash yoursel' about him. Whatauld Willie and his sheep to you? It's no right, taking to wish evil to o' any man, and ye take an ill time for when you are obliged to ake mercy yoursel' frae a low creature. Let Willie just mander on sheep and sheep, and never let on ye ken or care what he's a verin about; as for me, I just hear the maw o' his tongue; his clatter gange in at me, and o' a gither; and that's muckle better than to let him fash us."

"But, Maggie, d'ye no think it wad pasty a bibe o' any man to be told o' the same thing he was born and bred to? Ye're no a man, woman, or you could speak that gait. Ha! gi' me the maw o' his gab about my sheep. I'll speak him."

"Tullishill," said Maggie, composedly, "it's no. Time for you to be in your next; mind, gesus, what I have afores me the morn, and let me no a gait's quiet to settle in my mind what I may tell the Earl."

"Be sure, Maggie," said the old man, as he was a gow to prepare for bed, "be sure to tell him that ye see bie the sheep were smocked i' the snow, and nae the rots made an unco hiaffhosal o' the rest."

"I wish," said Maggie, as she kindly drew a comfortarable red night-cap over the head of her better half, "I wish the Earl may ken what hiaffhosal means. I'm fear'd he might think it some daft-like word."

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

"Dinna put yoursel' into a carfulle, gudeman, be just trust to me. It's no the first time that a woman's tongue has worked good deed done by a woman's tongue; and now, this sack o' care off my heart, and I'll ne'er say rae thing to any thing ye may ask as long as there's breath in this suld rickle o' banes. But, hap, my best, o' man; I'm cuaid without, and I'm cuaid what—Heigh! but this is a dreag weary world, and wi' wi' as thing and another, a feckless and bodi be it is amasta driven doited. It was an unkind thing, Maggie, in Willie o' the Hillside to cast the stone in my teeth.

"Are ye aye maulndering about the sheep gudeman?" said Maggie, as she stuffed in the rots clothes at the old man's back, "fa, fie, Tullishill, this is no like you; gang your ways—take aboot and maybe you'll guid mine sheep right; and now, mind, gudeman, if I speed in my errand, 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 talk a man at his word—bech, sir—binks should, the gude care what they say before ye, my women.
Early the following morning, Maggie was seen winding her way to Thornane, there to lay her grief before the Earl. On reaching the castle, she entered as an audience of the Earl, and the request was quickly granted.

"I have come, my lord," said Maggie, with honest frankness, as she made a rustic courtesy, "I wish to tell you of a strange distress; and to ask you to forgive us the rent till better times come round.

The season has been more than commonly hard, and the sheep are almost smothered in the snow, and scant pasturage was there for the poor things. For April snow never melts on the lands of Tullishill.--See, to make a long tale short, my Lord Earl, we're no able to pay our rent, and if ye didn't help us, I kenned who would.

"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 which should say it, but a husband never lived, and hadn't been driven, dooted off o' the dunn o' distress, he would have been here himself to tell your lordship's honour his sins-tale; but he has a stone on his heart that dings him to the ground, and unless your earliness lifts it off him, he doubt'll be no benefit but a colder stone than that."

Tullishill, my pretty damsel, replied the Earl with a smile; "consulted his interest fully, as well in sending you to tell me the story of your miseries. Why, a man cannot have a heart as cold as the unacquainted 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 of need, for the King may come in the cadger's rind, and there are men as hard but that they may have a da'. But take my goodman out o' that pit o' despair, and I'll bring him here the merry to thank you on his beads a' knees."

"No, no," said the Earl. "I want to put me on the Earl to help your father in his hour o' need."

Thus the perfidious Maggie the 3rd proceeded to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for he is his master; and Jamie, poor chiel, he has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for ye see he's no' the least pleased with Willie the Whitehead, and that makes him look deep at Jamie, poor chiel, who has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for ye see he's no' the least pleased with Willie the Whitehead, and that makes him look deep at Jamie, poor chiel, who has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for ye see he's no' the least pleased with Willie the Whitehead, and that makes him look deep at Jamie, poor chiel, who has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for ye see he's no' the least pleased with Willie the Whitehead, and that makes him look deep at Jamie, poor chiel, who has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye must be up betimes this morn, and let you no' forget to do as I told ye. There are three boxes o' potatoes to be sent up to the Laird o' Beaumont, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye must see that he carries them to the Laird, for ye see he's no' the least pleased with Willie the Whitehead, and that makes him look deep at Jamie, poor chiel, who has seen that I am in distress, and I doubt he'll try to help your father in his hour o' need."

"And more," added the Earl, "as a sign of your answered request, I will let you have a grace for your father, should ye wish it."

The wish was granted, and the Earl went away to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.
Overpowered by the possessiveness of the Earl, Maggie pressed out her gratitude in thanks and fervent benedictions. She then, with a joyful heart and light step, turned her back on Thirsk and Castle, and took her way homewards.

During Maggie's absence, Tullibhill wandered from place to place, to the great discomfort of his daughter, who encountered him at every turn, and to whose repeated assertions that he would settle himself in bed till Maggie's return, he lent a deaf ear. At length, persuaded by her insistency on sending him to bed several times, he exclaimed—

"I think the lassie has grown gey: what wind I gang to my bed for? De ye think that I could have an ec waes and discuss are seen near my doomsday?—Na, na, I'll just dandier about till Maggie comes home."

"But, father," replied Menie, who was anxious to get the old man out of the way before the arrival of her lover and his car, "I'm sure you'll remember about the house, this gait, will no bring my mother back now unnae, sir?" You look reassured I'm no' ween awreness, see I'll just gang and bring your cooing.

"Ow! me name o' (cows here,) replied Tullibhill, waxing warm, and striding to the window; "it passes my skill to ken what for ye are seen keen to put me to my bed at this time o' day. But who the mischief is that coming up the brow? Saws yin me if it's no Janie o' the Hillfoot? My cow's hae na that blink. I see now what way ye were an keen to cookeer me up with my cow; but I tell ye, Menie, as I told your mother last night, that nae'er a bird o' the Hillfoot shall big in my land. I wonder that his lady's sent him up to see if there was nae's hae o' the sheep died. But gang and see what he's wanting. By my conscience, he's drived his cart up as briskly as if the hinds o' Tullibhill were a-hovin."

Menie was just o' duty, oblige this order, when Jamie entered, and, greeting the old man with a frank, kindly manner, said that he was on his way to Sawbridge, and as he had heard Maggie say that she was going to send potatoes to the Laird, he had came to offer to gin them a cast in his cart.

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

"But, Tullibhill," continued Jamie, "the god wi' hens told me that the Laird wanted them this very day; so ye may just as well let me take them up as I have come out my road for them."

"And wha the sores hid ye come oot your road?" said the old man in a rage; "no, me awe."

"Nae affer, Tullibhill," replied Jamie, "I only meant to do a neighborlike service; and as the god wi' hens said that they were to go up the day, I thought I would justッグ and take them up with me."

"If the god wi' hens," said Tullibhill, in a sour tone, "tell you that there were potatoes to be sent to Sawbridge, the god wi' hens tells ye that there are none green o' the trees. If there's on o' it, and disnae fish me with any mair's yin gub aboot the matter."

Menie, fearing that her lover's well-meant kindness would only serve to increase his 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 courtyard.

When Maggie once more made her appearance at Tullibhill, her first act was to throw her satchel on the stair and of the room, and to send her sousing spinning after it; her next was to take her husband round the neck, and give him a hearty kiss.

"The devil's the wife," said Tullibhill, consider-
me, to have a friend beside me," she continued, as she joined the snow-ball, "that will bring us gaining that first day of the week; Margaret has been his hand and with these words away went Maggie.

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

"But I came to see him," replied Maggie, "I want to see him, though the king himself was with me this morning. I must come here by the Earl's own command; you'll just go and tell him that Muirsie Maggie has kept her word, 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.

"You had better go," answered Maggie; "but, if you believe me, mag and ask the Earl himself, and no do standing there as if you had seen a witch.

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

"I'll believe me another time, my man," said Maggie, with a good-natured smile; "but ye man now help me to row this snow-bol 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 too, with that mountain of snow?"

That's between him and me," said Maggie, with great composure; "but, wi' ye winna be hending-me, I maun ae the hard lid 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 courtesy down to the ground, "according to your word; and I hae brought you a sample o' the April snow from the hills o' Tullibhill. And now, that I hae kept my word, I wad ha' been happy, had you kept your word also. I hae hope that your Lordship will nae gang back o' years." 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 fully earned your reward; and here I declare, in the presence of this company, that the gentleman of Tullibill shall sit rent free all the days he has to live. And now, my Lithie damne," he added, filling a bumper of claret, and presenting it to Maggie, "pledge my word that you'll not be placed in difficulty or distress, we may find a Muirsie Maggie spread out your cause, and help us to our six again."

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

"Well, Maggie," said the Earl, as he rose to drink the toast; and, amidst the shouts and hymns of the party, Maggie quitted the apartment, and gayly sped her way to Tullibill.

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 young husband 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-law, a point which Maggie, "finishing work," as her husband called her, had hitherto failed to accomplish.

Time passed on; but while it restored peace and plenty to the head of Tullibill, he was preparing a very different fate for his benefactor, who having, in the ensuing civil war, adopted the cause of rebellion, was taken prisoner at the battle of Wexford, and committed to the Tower. This news spread grief amongst his friends and retainers; but some took it so gravely to heart as Muirsie Maggie, who directly set her wish to work to devise some means of removing the Earl; and she fell upon a plan, which, to a mind less aptly bent on the interest of the enterprise, would have appeared full of nonsense and folly.

"Gardener," said she, one evening as they sat lamenting over the misfortunes of their benefactor, "it will do no use for us to sit here half of our days after us, when he who has given us bread to eat is clapped up between four walls. Clovening about his misdeeds will mend them; no matter how they are doing, and ne be dreading here, when we dinsna ken what semblie he may be in.

That Tower o' London maun be an awfu' place; folk say there are wild beasts 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 ae strictly shut up and watched?"

"A gawdlen key will open any lock, and we canna better have our tale off than in giving a picklee o' it to him that has a right to o' that we have.

"I dinsna begrudge the tale, and I would yourd let you see that, if I kent how to get it tae him."

"I ken a way to get it tae him; but I'm no guin to tell you what it is, for ye wad be saying, the'il no do, and that'll no do; but just gie me one o' your bit bags o' gold, and ask me questions about it."

"Well, gardener," said Tullibill, "I'll let you take your own way this time; but, if ye fail, I'll see ye plainly, I'll hae man to say in my own house; one man likes to see his wife eyes roosed up, and himself cast aside like an old unit lart."

"Fine, gardener," said Maggie, with a coaxing smile, "how can ye speak that gow, when a body knew ye hae half o' the household? I promise ye I doubtles that you would guide this matter for better than me; but I have just taken a notion to try, and you're no to say me nay"

"Well, Maggie, a wedded wife will hae her way; see'thers the key o' my kist, and ye ma may make a kirk and a mill o' the money bags in. But I'll saw in my bed, for thi ill news has made me sick.

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

As soon as she had seen Monie set out on this mission, Maggie placed her good Calico girtles on the fire, and with eager haste bade a large bucket, which she seasoned with a costly ingredient, some of which she also mixed up with her long hair. These operations were scarcely performed, when Monie returned to tell her that Jamie was waiting at the dyke. A way spent Maggie, and after a short conference she returned to the house, and bidding Monie bring her a sheet of paper and the bottle of ink, she sat down to the difficult task of writing a letter. This important affair completed, she kissed Monie and sent her off to bed. Maggie's next exploit was to wear herself in the Sunday clothes of Malcolm the young shepherd. She then knelt down, and fervently put her undertaking: then resigned 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 announcement of Tullibill at the mysteries disappeared of his wife may be more easily conceived than described; and it was becoming more widely spread, when Monie suddenly reappeared that Maggie had
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 stiffness 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 borrowed female habiliments, over which she threw a broken 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 blanket up in her apron, she forthwith proceeded to the Tower—being guided by Jamie, who had previously reconnoitered the premises, but who took care not to appear to have any connexion with the 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, "Many happy days to your honour; will I sing you a song?" Without waiting for an answer, she immediately began to sing. "Thou hast left me, ever, Jamie." "Away with ye, ye 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 stroked into "Where has ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?" "That's ye ken," said Maggie, stopping in her song; then taking it up again, she resumed——

"Where has ye been a' day, my boy Tammy!——
Poor bowe by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green and mountain gray,
Crouning o' a young thing just come frae her marny.

"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 song that begins this way," said Maggie——

"The king rose round the Merseleigh head,
Boasted and spurred, na' weel d' na see;
Sung dined wi' a less at Measman yard,
And there below the Looen Lee."
family, respectable figures in (even)chastis, as a mo-
ment of the singular and fortunate enterprise of
*Muirisde Maggie.*

**REMARKS.**

Trowse the whole world is comforted with women of calamity; we look upon the general cause of worthlesseness with very little regret, and fix our eyes upon the state of partially prosperous, when the enmity of their qualities mark out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect upon the valiant hero of slaughter, but follow the hero of our whole attention, without a thought of the thousands that are falling around him.—Dr. Johnson.

How happy is the blameless virtuous lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;—
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer’s accepted, and each wish a crown;—
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumberers that can wake and sleep;
Desires compl’d, affections ever even;
Teats that delight, and sighs that wish to be;
Grace shines around her with serene beams;
And whis’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.

**W.**

Music!—Oh how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship’s baneful words may fail,
Love’s are ever more false than they;
Oh! this only virtue’s strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

**More.**

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 gives them both, if having greatness or sense only, they have not virtue.—Le Brayer.

**HAPPINESS.**

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

**Prior.**

The ascent to greatness, however steep and dangerous, may entertain an ardent spirit with the consciousness and exercise of its own powers; but the elevation of a throne could never yet afford 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 engrossing powers of devotion, by which we can assign no reason and must require our senses, by inculcating moral duties analogous to the dictates of our own hearts.

Suspicious princes, when the last of mankind, from a vain presumption that those who have no dependence, excepting 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 brine or vinegar to give pickle a finescomblure. 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 cauld, resembling a salt-beef cauld, 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 cauld, and add others at intervals, pressing them by means of a wooden spade against the side of the cauld, 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 acrid smell is exhaled from them; now remove the cauld to a cool situation, and keep it always covered up. Strew aniseed 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.

**PROCHAIN—INDIAN METHOD.**

This consists of all kinds of pickles mixed and put into one large jar—girkinas, sliced cucumbers, button onions, cauliflower, 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 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 leaf. Then carve the sausages, drums, beef, and ham, put in the same vinegar, &c. To one gallon of vinegar put four ounces of ginger, bruised, two ounces of white pepper, two ounces of allspice, half an ounce of chilies, 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 the vinegar; mix it quite fine and free from lumps, &c.; add more; when well mixed, put it to the vinegar; strain off, and when quite cold put the pickles in a large pan, and the liquor over them; stir it round, steeped, so as to mix them all; finally, put them in a jar, and tie them over first with a bladder, and afterwards with leather. The capucusens want no season.

**WALNUTS WHITE.**

Pare green walnuts very thin till the white shows, then throw them into spring water with a handle of salt, keep them under water two 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 sand to dry; carefully rub them with a soft cloth, and put them into the jar, with some blades of mace and some 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 down with a bladder and leather to keep out air.

**ARTIFICIAL ANCHOVIES.**

To a peck of sprats put two pounds of salt, five ounces of bay salt, one pound of salt-petre, two ounces of prunella, and a few grains of cochineal; pound it in a mortar, put into a stone pan first a layer of salt, 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 up strain the liquor, add bay leaves, pepper corns, 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, will you Remember me? Have you an ancient album, a 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 grot and gently sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they too bear the treasured inscription, 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.