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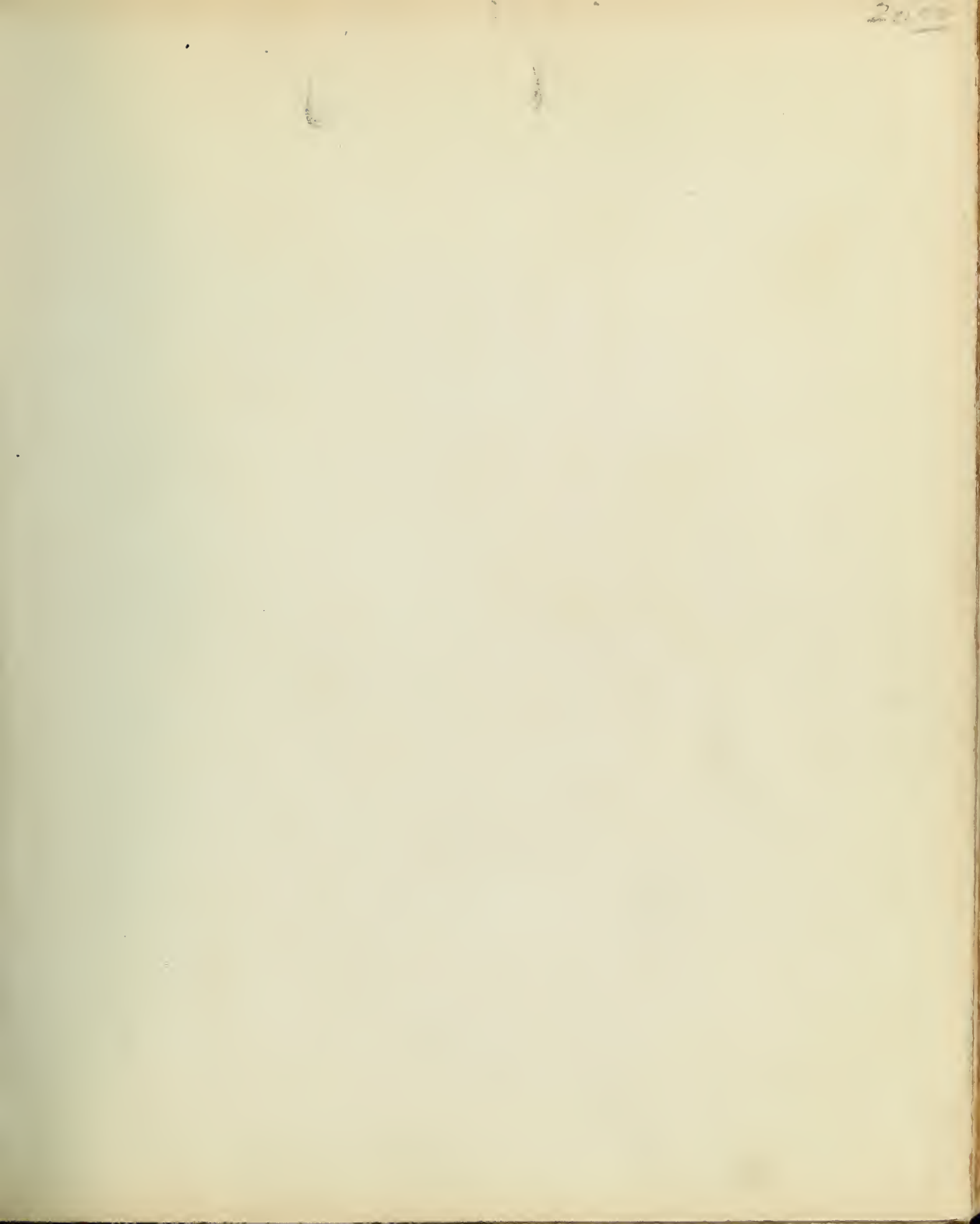
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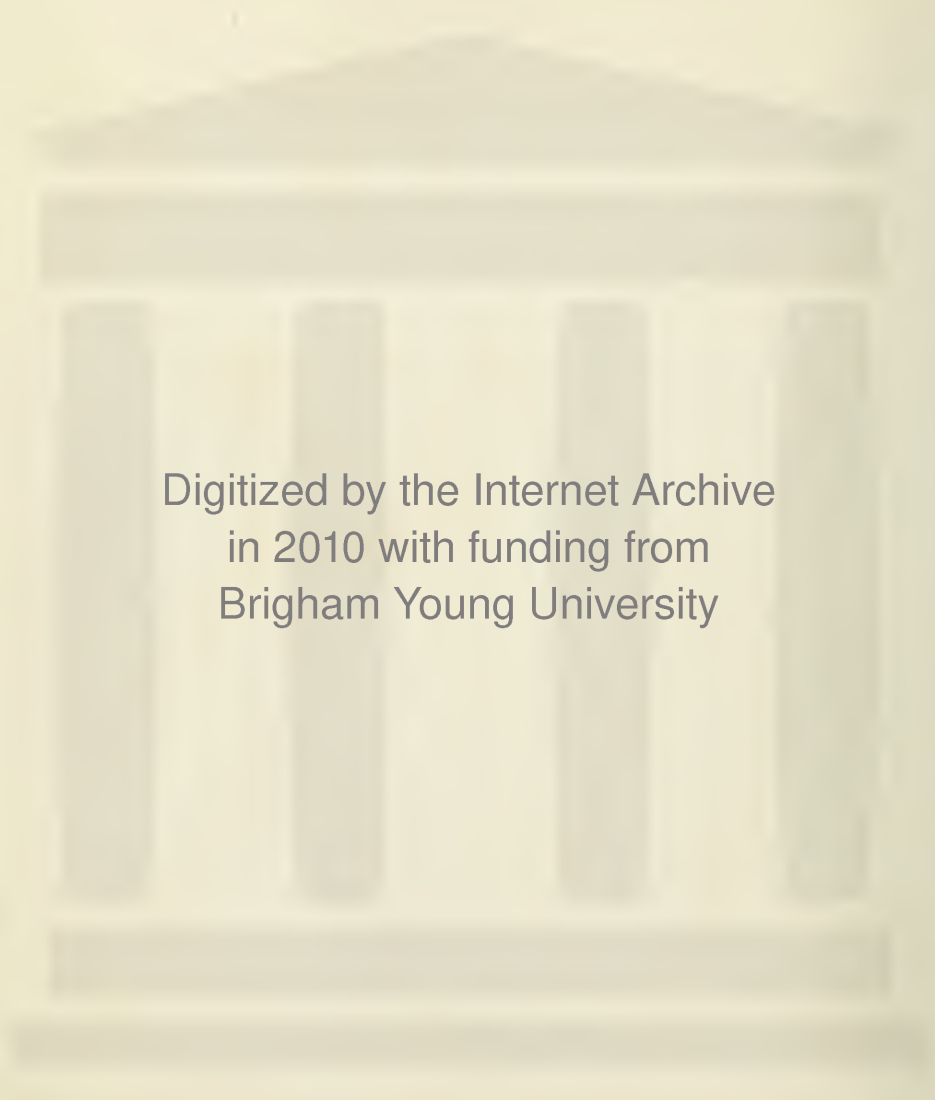


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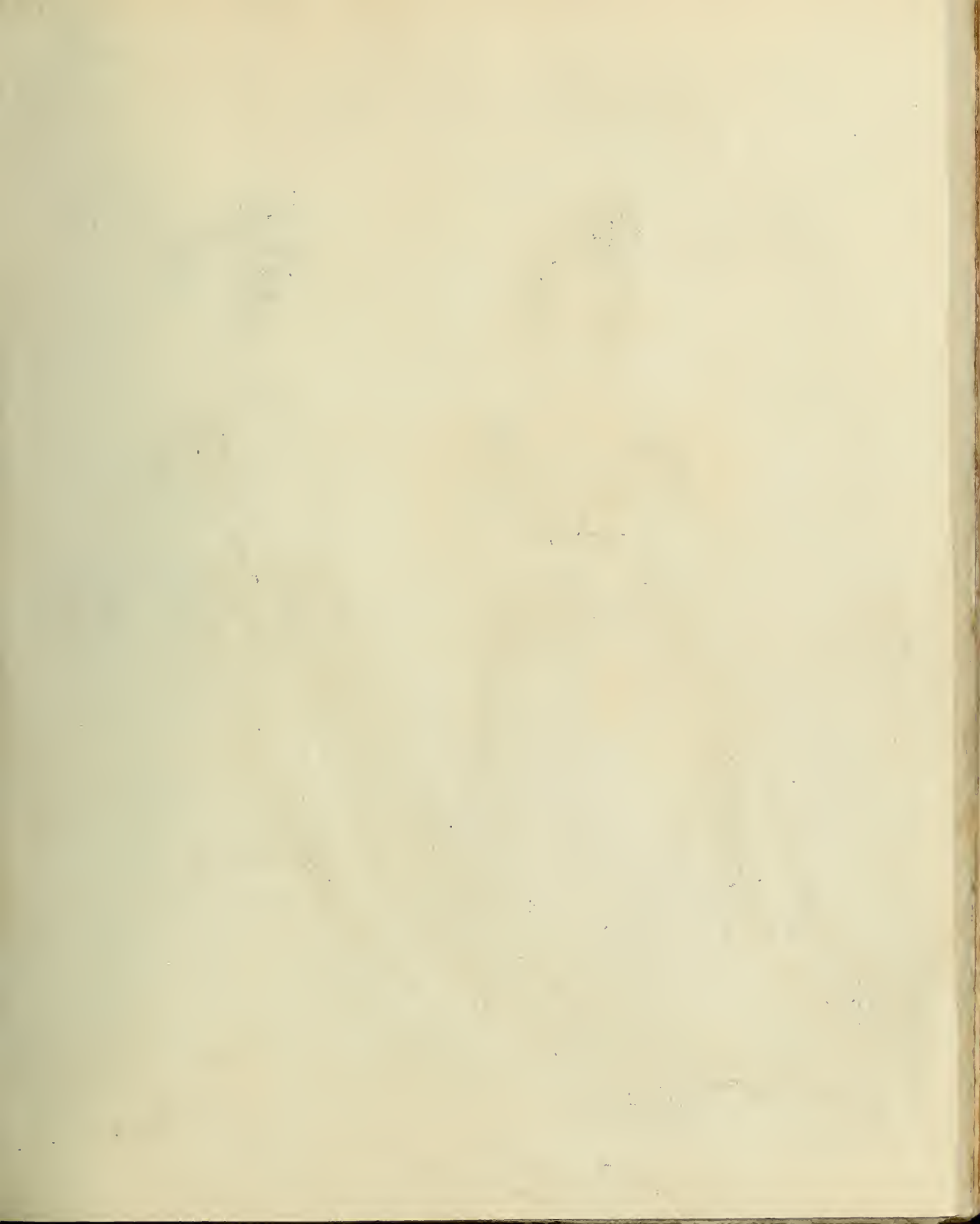
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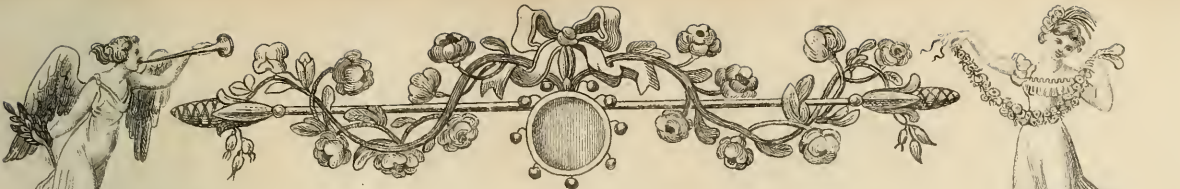








*Princesses in their Robes.  
To be worn at the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Victoria.*



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THE  
MORNING STAR  
AND  
Continental Feuilletons,  
A Monthly Publication.

Dedicated to  
*High Life, Fashionables, Fashions, Polite Literature, Fine Arts,  
The Operas, Theatrics, Embellished with London  
& Parisian Fashions and Costumes  
of all Nations, &c. &c. &c.*

*Vol. XV.*  
*(January to December)*  
1838.

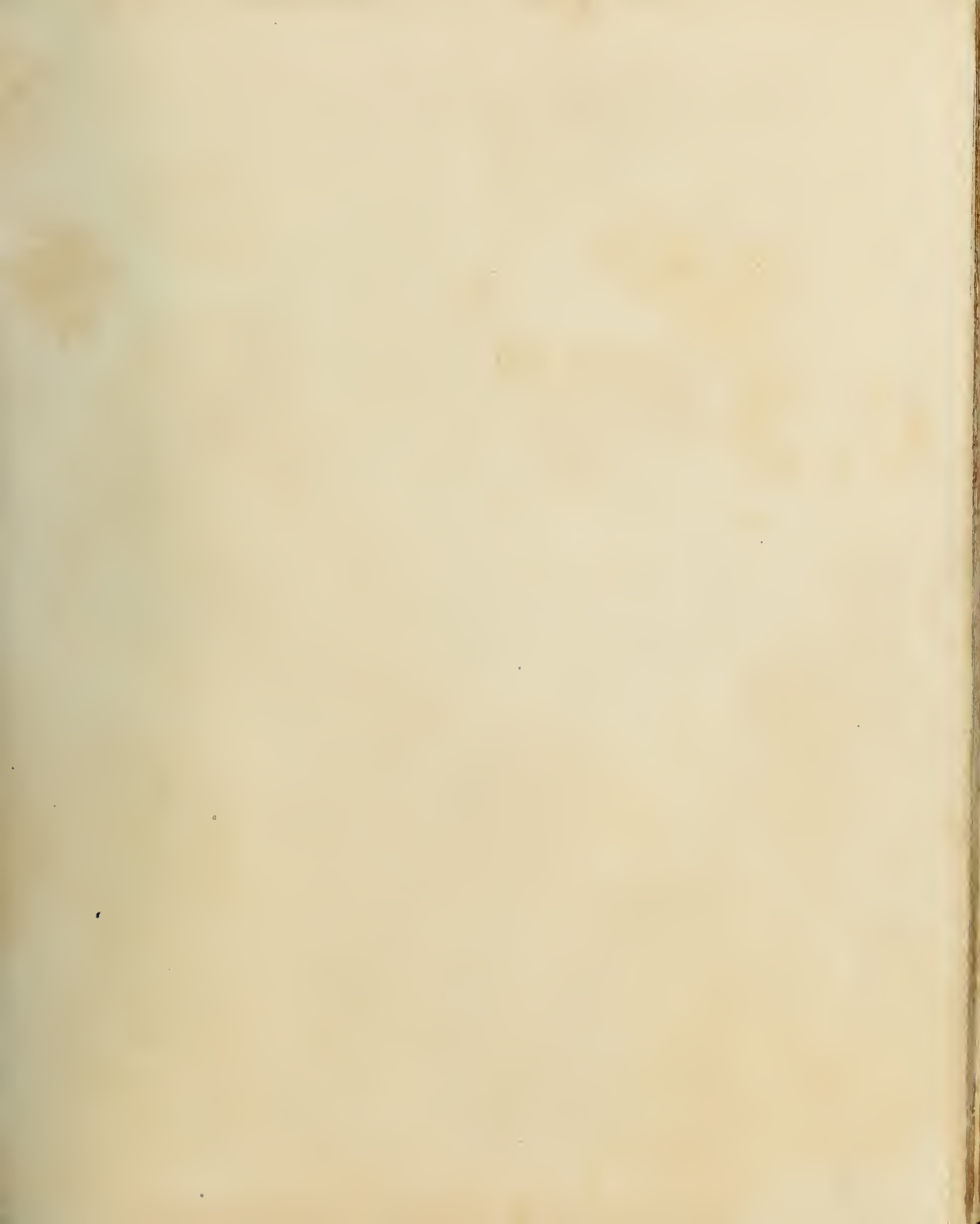


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The Queen's East Tour to Brighton

on the 4<sup>th</sup> of October 1837

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXVI.

LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—A FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESS, SIX HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

## OUR NEW VOLUME.

A happy new year to all our readers and subscribers—old friends and new friends—a happy new year to all!

With this simple, but sincere and earnest salutation, we meet the subscribers to "The World of Fashion," on the first day of the new year, with the first number of a New Volume, which, as we intend that it shall reflect the spirit and character of the year, will as much surpass its predecessors, as the year will surpass in brilliancy and happiness all that have gone before it. A NEW COURT is established: the Queen Victoria's reign promises to be more glorious than that of any sovereign who has ever filled the English throne: new energies, new pleasures, new enjoyments will be called forth. Fashion will again have her myriad votaries, and the circles of high life, pervaded by a new and lively spirit, will present a striking contrast to the dull scenes of former times. Determined as are the conductors of this publication to make it perfectly a MAGAZINE OF THE COURT; and being encouraged and supported by personages of the highest distinction, they cannot let the present opportunity pass without calling attention to the peculiar attractions of this work, while at the same time they would express their grateful acknowledgments of the favours conferred on them by the members of the British Aristocracy.

The Literary department of the volume of "The World of Fashion" for 1837, concluded with our last number, contains the contributions of several persons of rank and distinction, with others by universally-admired authors. Our anonymous contributors, whose effusions have graced the pages of "The World of Fashion" will be pleased to accept our thanks.

A happy new year to all! May pleasure and peace dwell at the family fireside in this "merry Christmas" time, and "parties and balls," in country and town, realize the highest expectations that may be formed of them. Christmas, though it brings frost and snow without doors, is always attended with joy and hilarity within. And we are happy to hear that the parties of distinction that have been made up in the mansions of the nobility, exceeding in number those of any former season. We hope that the state of the weather will be such as to enable

the holiday-makers to enjoy out-door recreations, for nothing is more exhilarating than a ride in a clear winter's day: and some of our female equestrians manage their steeds as ably as any "lord of the creation." Her Majesty is a very skilful horsewoman, though apparently timid: the Queen Dowager has more confidence, and "backs the bounding steed" with grace and spirit. But if the weather be such as to keep the beaux and belles within the house, there are, nevertheless, inexhaustible sources of amusement and gratification in the many pursuits of refined society, which can be enjoyed to the utmost in such parties as those to which we have alluded. Though tempests rage, there is peace and comfort round "the winter's hearth."

When Winter, 'mid the Arctic zone  
Erects his shining icy throne,  
And sends his stormy blasts to sweep  
The frozen field, and heaving deep;  
When days are short, and frost is strong,  
And nights are dismal, dark and long;  
When rivers make a mighty roar,  
And wreck bestrews a craggy shore;  
When snow invests the lofty hills,  
And shine bright rows of icicles;  
When birds their forest haunts forsake,  
And merry curlews seek the lake;  
When loudly sounds the dashing rain,  
And lone the grove and withered plain:  
When wearied wanderers homeward hie,  
Ere night shall gloom the starless sky,  
And cold and cheerless is the earth—  
How pleasant seems the winter's hearth!  
How pleasant, too, at evening drear,  
When loud the gusty storm we hear,  
By sparkling fire and taper bright,  
That cheer the gloom of sullen night,  
With friends to gossip, or peruse  
The many crowded page of news;  
When loud without the tempest roars,  
And wintry winds assail the doors;

When thick the whistling snow-drift flies,  
 And curling wreaths in valleys rise—  
 How sweet to sit, by evening's blaze,  
 With those we loved in early days,  
 And talk of many a happy year,  
 And scenes to recollection dear,  
 When life, undimmed by cloud or care,  
 In prospect seemed an Eden fair,  
 And when no rivalry could part  
 The friendly ties that bound the heart!  
 Oh! when released from fashion's thrall,  
 Our youthful feats we thus recall,  
 And look, with retrospective view,  
 To childhood's sports, we seem anew  
 To taste of boyish glee and mirth,  
 While seated by the winter's hearth!

### THE COURT.

#### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

No swords have clash'd, no orphan's tears are trembling,  
 No widow shuns the scene;  
 In peace, in joy, from far and near assembling,  
 The people hail their Queen:  
 God save the Queen! Nor be thou unregarded  
 Who set'st apart serene;  
 In one bright hour for anxious years rewarded—  
 The mother of our Queen.

The course in which Her MAJESTY has proceeded, since our last publication has been so quiet, even, and unostentatious, that little opportunity is afforded the biographer for commentary. Her MAJESTY has been compelled to remain in town longer than was intended, in consequence of the delay in Parliament with respect to the Civil List, and the provision for her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT, matters in which Her MAJESTY is deeply and personally interested, and respecting which she had frequently to be consulted. It is with much pleasure that we have testimonials of the excellence of the character of the mother of our young QUEEN from the lips of men of all parties in the Legislature, and that we are able to state that the delay to which we have alluded was not caused by any unwillingness to admit the virtues of the Duchess of KENT, and the claim which her Royal Highness has upon the gratitude of the country, by having brought her illustrious daughter from childhood to so glorious a maturity, but solely by political disagreements. Her Royal Highness receives an addition of £8,000 to her income, which is now fixed, therefore, at £30,000 per year.

The invitations to the royal table during the month have been more than usually numerous, and have included the leading members of the aristocracy then in town. Occasionally, when the weather has permitted, her MAJESTY has taken a ride in the parks in an open-carriage. We had the pleasure of meeting Her Majesty upon one of these occasions, and the dignity, gracefulness, and simple elegance of her manner, in acknowledging the mark of respect which her presence elicited, were such as we read of in stories of embodied grace, and never hope to find in actual life. The reign of VICTORIA cannot fail to be glorious;

for sure we are, that the sight of her pure sunny countenance must inspire the men of England universally to make it so. The pictures of the QUEEN convey but a very imperfect idea of her. As far as the outlines of the countenance go, they may be said to constitute a likeness; but they all want the *soul* that lightens up VICTORIA'S face. We could write an essay upon that face, and would willingly devote our time, even at this festive period, to the purpose; but the "copy" of our contributor in the various departments of this Courtly portion of our magazine is before us, and it is all so important and interesting, that we defer the gratification of our inclinations, and proceed to the narration of facts.

Her MAJESTY, then, has twice attended Covent-garden theatre, private. At the former theatre her MAJESTY has seen the new opera of *Amilie*, and the tragedy of *Macbeth* (which has been produced in a most exquisite manner by Mr. MACREADY); at the latter, *Joan of Arc*. Her MAJESTY has also twice honoured the performances of the Opera Buffo company with her presence. A very novel evidence of the presence of Christmas has been afforded through the skill and ability of a lady, in the shape of a bouquet of gay and beautiful flowers, which Mr. LAWRENCE had the honour of presenting to the QUEEN. The bouquet is acknowledged, for splendour and variety, never to have been equalled in this country; a circumstance which, considering the period of the year at which it was collected, is most remarkable. The Court will remain at Windsor until February.

#### GOSSIP AND GAIETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE DRAWING ROOMS.—Great expectations are formed in the fashionable circles of the first series of Drawing-rooms to be held by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the first of which, we have reason to believe, will take place early in February. Preparations are being made by several distinguished ladies who are anxious to appear in most brilliant and attractive costume upon so happy an occasion, and the jewellers at the West-end are actively engaged in consequence in the formation of the necessary ornaments. We have seen one of the most gorgeous head ornaments that human ingenuity can possibly devise (formed entirely of brilliants, disposed in a somewhat novel manner) which is already completed, and which has been exhibited to a few of the immediate personal friends of the noble owner, whose name we do not feel at liberty to mention. Several fashionable dress-makers have received intimations of the wishes of their patronesses; and with respect to trains, the embroidery thereon will be extremely grand; the *artistes* appearing determined to put forth all their talents to render embroidery permanently popular. Several *debutantes* will grace the first Drawing-room, among whom it is expected there will be the daughter of a gentleman of high distinction and extensive landed property in the north, whose charms are of the most spiritual and captivating description, and who, it is supposed, will be the beauty of the season. The Queen it is thought will remain in London during the whole season. Her Majesty's stay at Windsor will not extend beyond January, when she will again take up her residence at Buckingham Palace.

THE CORONATION.—The Coronation of our young and lovely Sovereign will not take place so early as was expected; the month of May has been mentioned, but it is not likely to take place until June or July, when it will be solemnized with surpassing magnificence. The late banquet in the City was



accompanied by the revival of several ancient customs, which show that the accession of a female to the throne has already awakened the chivalrous and ancestral recollections of the nation. The splendour of the late civic occasion is, however, but a faint foreshow of the "pomp and circumstance" that will be displayed when the nobility and commonalty of three ancient and illustrious kingdoms shall, for the first time in their common history, assemble to place

The high imperial type of Briton's glory on the youthful brow of a beauteous and beloved maiden Sovereign. A coronation, as is well known, is an epitome of the genius of the monarchy, in which every grade and rank of society is entitled to do suit and service in the place and state which appropriately belongs to it; and, upon this occasion, we, believe there will be no lack of loyalty on the part of any class of Her Majesty's faithful subjects. It is reported that there is a revival or modification of various old decorations and privileges which for some reigns have fallen into disuse. That her Majesty's sympathies and excellent taste accords with the wish that has long been felt for an improved Court dress may be inferred from her having fixed upon the stately trained robe of a former age for drawing-room occasions. We hope that the vile menial livery, steel buttons, frilled shirts, knee-breeches, pumps, and bags, in which our aristocracy have hitherto had to present themselves to the Sovereign, will forthwith be banished from levees, and that each degree will have allotted to it an appropriate uniform. We know that the taste of Queen Victoria is exquisitely refined, and we, therefore encourage the expectation that this horrid court dress will be reformed, Surely our young and beautiful Sovereign will not like to see herself attended and surrounded by a parcel of *petit-maitre* looking gentlemen, better fit for the stage of the playhouse than the Court.

THE CROWN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—Much speculation is afloat with regard to the crown that is to be worn by the Queen, and many curious reports are in circulation, but nothing has yet been decided. The crown that is worn by the Sovereign in the House of Lords is what is denominated the "Parliamentary Crown," and is not that with which the ceremony of the coronation is performed. It is the construction of this crown, and the mode of wearing it, which occupy some attention. The crown is of course to fit the head destined to wear it; and if the existing crown were used for the purpose, it would not sparkle brilliantly on her Majesty's fair and serene brow, but literally cover her head, and rest upon her shoulders; therefore, the Parliamentary crown is to be made smaller, but equally splendid in its adornments. One difference will be made in its formation: no coloured jewels will be used in its construction; the whole will present a dazzling mass of diamonds of the purest water, emblematic of the heart and mind of the illustrious wearer. Then how is it to be worn? All sorts of authorities, graphic and pictorial, have been consulted for the purpose of ascertaining what has been the custom. The pictures of English crowned Queens represent the crown as worn at the back of the head. We remember how Queen Adelaide wore the crown on the day of her coronation; and, moreover, how exceedingly becoming several of the Peeresses contrived to make their coronets. The notion that many people entertain is, that Queen Victoria proposes to wear the crown upon ordinary occasions, which we take to be erroneous. It would be exceedingly inconvenient, and has ceased to be the custom ever since Bishops took leave of their accustomed walks and rides in sandals and a mitre. Let the coronation come when it may,

all English hearts will, we feel persuaded, beat high with loyalty and affection for the fair cause of its celebration; and as to the fashion in which her Majesty may choose to wear the crown, it is to us a matter of indifference, so as she live to wear it long—long and happily; and in that sentiment we believe every reader—even the fair disputants, whether it should be worn over the forehead or at the back of the head—most cordially agree.

A BREAK-UP IN HIGH LIFE.—The breaking up of the establishment of a very dashing Earl is one of the events which is just now occupying the attention of the gossiping world. The nobleman alluded to, not many years ago, came into a clear rental of 40,000*l.* a-year, and 100,000*l.* in ready money. The principal cause of this smash has been an inordinate passion for horses, and a lofty ambition to be distinguished on the turf. To such a pitch was this infatuation carried, that at one time his Lordship was actually in possession of five hundred horses. It is hoped that a few years' rustication will convince the peer of the value of moderation.

THE EGREMONT FAMILY.—We are given to understand the late Earl of EGREMONT has, by his will, given to the present Earl the ancient family residence in Somersetshire, called Orchard Wyndham, and 16,000*l.* per annum; to his eldest son, General Wyndham, he has bequeathed the Cumberland estates, with Cockermouth Castle, amounting to 15,000*l.* a-year; to George Wyndham, Petworth House, the estate adjoining, and 60,000*l.* in cash; to his third son, the whole of his funded property, amounting to about 220,000*l.* Three per Cents; to each of his daughters, 45,000*l.*; legacies have been left to many friends and artists who have been patronized by his Lordship; and the estates have been charged with adequate annuities for the lives of his various domestics. The executors are Colonel Wyndham and Sir Charles Burrell.

MEN ABOUT TOWN.—We beg to warn certain young gentlemen who move in the first society, who are frequently to be seen lounging in St. James's of a morning, and who seem to be very vain of their black locks, and very extravagant in their expenses for oiling and curling the same, that they put us to some difficulty to decide whether they are not the apprentices or "helps" of some hair-dresser and perfumer. Their elaborately dressed locks serve on many occasions the same purpose that a "barber's pole" did in former times, and if gentlemen will hang out the sign, they must be content to endure the consequences. We may state, however, for the information of these *exquisites*, that their fashion is not more new than it is manly or cleanly. Chaucer gives us an account of a certain knight with whom "there was his son a young squire

"With locks crull as they were laide in presse."

But if our young gentlemen will imitate the foppery of the fourteenth century, they ought certainly to imitate its excellence as well; but, unfortunately, in modern times, we seldom meet with a puppy who is at once greasy and gracious.

A BRIGHT SIMILIE.—A fashionable jeweller, recommending his diamonds to Lady C—, observed that "they sparkled like the tears of a young widow."

A "MISS"-ING AFFAIR.—People are marvellously fond of making targets of themselves. Lord Edward Thynne has stood up to be shot at since our last publication. A duel has been fought in Battersea fields between his Lordship and a gentleman of the name of Passmore. It is reported that a young lady was the *fair* cause of quarrel, and that after exchanging three shots each, the parties separated without a reconciliation. Thus were six *Misses* employed to avenge the cause of *one*.

## PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

SIR—I do not doubt but that your subscribers will read with much interest of the manner in which the time of Louis Philippe, one of the greatest, and certainly the richest of European sovereigns, is passed in his domestic circle. Having been for some years connected with the Court of Paris, and possessing opportunity of observation which fall to the lot of very few, I am able to submit to you the following interesting particulars. His Majesty is an early riser: his attendants are frequently summoned by seven o'clock, although his customary hour is eight. His attention is first turned to public business: he does not break his fast, indeed, until he has read all the letters which are handed to him, and given directions to his secretary concerning those which require immediate attention. This done, the King proceeds to his dressing-room, when his family are admitted to offer their respects and duty. The whole family often remain in the room engaged in animated conversation while the King is engaged at his toilet, the duties of which occupy him for nearly an hour, a considerable part of which time is devoted to his teeth, which are very white and regular, and of which the King is not a little proud. At ten o'clock breakfast is announced. This meal is remarkable for its singularity. What do you suppose is generally the principal article on the table? Potatoes!—actually potatoes. Louis Philippe breakfasts upon potatoes, dressed with great simplicity.

Immediately after breakfast the King visits the works proceeding in the chateau. From these excursions His Majesty frequently returns with his *habiliments* covered with mortar and dust, for he takes great pleasure in creeping under the scaffolds and climbing to the roof, to assure himself that the works are executed in strict compliance with his orders. He chats with the workmen, who are seldom aware that the individual with whom they converse so familiarly is no other than the King of the French!

These excursions generally terminate about one o'clock, when the Council of Ministers assembled. The King never fails to be present at their meetings; he sits down at the common table, takes immediate possession of a sheet of paper, and while attentively listening to the deliberation, he sketches with his pen a variety of figures, either grotesque or fanciful.

The Council having broken up, he takes leave of his Ministers and retires. The latter then dispute with one another the possession of the sketches that have escaped from the Royal pen. These sketches afterwards serve to enrich the albums of the ladies about the Court, while the artist himself, probably, little dreams of the value attached to his performances. I have in my possession three of these sketches, and beautiful little things they are. Lady G— has one or two of them.

After this, His Majesty proceeds through the Tuileries and Louvre. He is at present much occupied with the galleries preparing for the Spanish Museum, which is to be placed in the wing where the clock is, and in that opposite to the Pont des Arts. As an antechamber, there will be a room fitted up with a variety of articles belonging to the time of Henri IV., which have been found in the Tuileries, for Louis Philippe professes a great veneration for the *Béarnais*. The King often enters the work-rooms of the artists employed about the Louvre. He sits down with them, examines their designs with the eye of a connoisseur, pronounces his opinions, which are almost always dictated by sound criticism, and takes evident delight in seeing his

pictures terminated. When he leaves, he has been noticed to sigh, and cast a melancholy look on the Place de Louvre and the quays, recollecting, with regret, the time when, with his umbrella under his arm, he wandered unaccompanied through the streets of Paris, visiting the buildings in a state of progress, and almost invariably stopping before the shops of the dealers in prints and lithographs. About two years ago an officer of his household attempted to reprimand a captain of the National Guard, who came all bespattered with mud, to take his place at the Royal table. "Blame him not," said the King, "he is a happy fellow to have it in his power to make himself dirty. (*Il est bien heureux de pouvoir se crotter ainsi.*)"

At dinner the Queen sits down with her children, her sister-in-law, and the guests who have been invited, without waiting for the King, who seldom arrives till towards the end of the repast. He helps himself to a plate of soup, which he frequently sends away after tasting it, on finding that it has got cold. A fowl boiled with rice (*poulet au riz*) is then placed before him; this he cuts up with his own hand, and generally eats nearly the whole of it. He then takes up a bunch of grapes or a handful of dry fruit, rises from table, and with his dessert in his hand withdraws to an adjoining apartment, where all the newspapers published in France are laid out for his perusal.

The King very attentively peruses this mass of political dissertations, and seems to find much amusement in the irreverent jests at his expense, in which the *petits journaux* so unsparingly abound. At the time when the *Charivari* and the *Caricature* published nearly every day a grotesque representation of the Royal person, he was often seen to laugh heartily at their sketches, and in the evening talked of them in his family circle, at times even showing them about with his own hand. After he has read the papers, the King joins the Queen in her *salon*, and receives the persons admitted to the evening reception. If nothing has happened during the day to disturb his good humour, his Majesty's conversation is unreserved and highly instructive. He has seen much, is extremely well informed, tells a story remarkably well, and takes evident pleasure in doing so. If any foreigner of distinction happens to be admitted to the circle, the King, who speaks several languages with facility, usually addresses him in his native tongue. Louis Philippe, it must not be forgotten, is a man of the most strict morality. Never has he afforded an opportunity to the most audacious calumny to breathe even an indirect insinuation against his private life.

At ten, the King retires to his own apartment, undresses, puts on his dressing-gown, and often works till two or three in the morning. He never, by any chance, affixes his signature to any document, without having first ascertained the nature of its contents. He takes notes of everything, and classifies these notes according to a method of his own, intended to facilitate future reference. To every sentence of death the King devotes a most religious attention; every document connected with the trial must be submitted to him, he studies them in a most conscientious manner, and never signs them till he has acquired a perfect conviction of the guilt of the assassin.

If his work is finished at an early hour, the King repairs to the Queen's apartment; if not, a *lit de camp* is prepared for him, the hardness of which must remind the Royal sleeper of the couch of the professor of Reichenau. A V.

Why is her Majesty, Queen Victoria, like the superintendent of a railway?—Because she has just started the trains.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS OF THE NOBILITY.

SALTRAM.

Amateur theatricals have become, of late years, part of the amusements of fashionable society, and there are several persons of distinction at whose houses the petite dramas of the stage are given with admirable spirit and excellence. There is not, perhaps, a more agreeable pastime; unlike all others, the very preparations for this are productive of amusement and gratification. A ball is over in one night: a card party the same; and the arrangements for these are dull and formal: but for a play there is the formation of the theatre, the selecting of plays, the casting of characters, the disposal of parts, the study, the rehearsal, and many little incidents arising from them which keep the parties engaged in a continued state of pleasurable excitement. And then, when the night of the play comes, what tremors, palpitations, hopes and fears, embarrassments and apprehensions, all giving place to one overpowering feeling of delight, when the approving voices of the audience are heard, encouraging the amateur's exertions. Saltram, the seat of the Earl of MORLEY, has been the scene of a dramatic entertainment of the most pleasing character, and which has given the most unqualified delight to the gentry of the neighbourhood, who were honoured with invitations. The theatre was erected in the grand saloon, rich in pictured wealth. The performances commenced with a prologue written by Mr. WIGHTWICH, and spoken by Sir HENRY BLACKWOOD, in the character of a poor actor. We cannot compliment the author upon the merits of his composition, which was spoken, however, with much point, by Sir HENRY. The little drama of *Perfection* followed, the characters being thus sustained.

Sir Lawrence Paragon . . . . .	Mr. BULTEEL.
Charles Paragon . . . . .	Mr EDGCUMBE.
Sam . . . . .	Mr. HENRY BRAND.
Kate O'Brien . . . . .	Mrs. EDGCUMBE.
Susan . . . . .	Mrs. ELLICE.

Mr. BULTEEL sustained the character of the old baronet with infinite humour, and Mr. and Mrs. EDGCUMBE, in the amusing parts of *Charles* and *Kate*, were much and very deservedly applauded. Mrs. ELLICE and Mr. BRAND enacted *Sam* and *Susan* with irresistible humour.

The comedy of *Simpson & Co.* followed, and was performed in a manner that would have brought the stage manager of a London theatre to announce its repetition "every evening until further notice."

Mr. Simpson . . . . .	Sir GEORGE WHITMORE.
Mr. Bromley . . . . .	Sir HENRY BLACKWOOD.
Forster . . . . .	Major PALK.
Servant . . . . .	Mr. H. BRAND.
Mrs. Simpson . . . . .	Lady MORLEY.
Mrs. Bromley . . . . .	Mrs. ELLICE.
Mrs. Fitzallan . . . . .	Lady ELIZABETH BULTEEL
Madame La Trappe . . . . .	Mrs. EDGCUMBE.

Sir GEORGE WHITMORE contrived to look, move, and speak, the perfect *Peter Simpson*. His innocent perplexities—his occasional out-burstings of conscious integrity, and his sudden impulse to exhibit the shew of a little extra gallantry, were all hit off in the most effective manner. Lady MORLEY was the true *Mrs. Simpson*; by turns, unsettled in domestic content, indignant under the imagined Lotharioisms of her truly faithful

spouse, and prompt to admit the instantaneous return of all her fondness, when she ultimately discovers that he whom she had regarded as "every body's little Peter," is her "little Peter," only. We were not surprised at the finished perfection of the portrait, and have only to regret that such an admirable piece of art is not susceptible of the same perpetuation which preserves to the future her Ladyship's performances on canvass.

Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, as enacted by Sir HENRY BLACKWOOD and Mrs. ELLICE, formed an admirable contrast to the *Simpsons*. The confusion of the intriguer was represented with much nature by Sir HENRY, and we were especially struck with the gratuitous moralisings in which he so conscientiously indulged on the subject of his partner's little "peccadillos." Mrs. ELLICE read to all the wives of "Mincing-lane," a lesson of true grace and effeminate dignity; exhibiting with peculiar felicity the happy mean between the fluent and the emphatic in dialogue, and betwixt the gentle and the energetic in action; and, but that Mr. Bromley had certainly no reason to indulge in any notions of a faithless hue, we should say, in regard to his Harley-street perambulations, that the Mrs. Fitzallan of the evening would have been (supposing such an irregularity under any circumstances admissible) his best apology, for Lady ELIZABETH BULTEEL was her representative. In the part of *Madame La Trappe* Mrs. EDGCUMBE again appeared to win, with her pretty broken English and Parisian manner, the applause of the company.

At the conclusion of *Simpson & Co.* the Countess of MORLEY delivered an Epilogue, written by her ladyship, and spoken with distinguished point, humour, and grace. A copy of this piquant production will, doubtless, be gratifying to our readers.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the Countess of Morley.

The mimic scene is past, the curtain falls,  
 But plaudits still re-echo from the walls,  
 Sweeter than music to our grateful ears.  
 Your friendly bravos—your approving cheers,  
 Simpson's the rage! Old Drury sounds his fame—  
 Exulting Saltram echoes back his name,  
 And little Peter basks in royal favour.  
 Am I then bound to alter my behaviour?  
 Methinks I will—'Twere better policy—  
 If once he gets to court, why so may I!  
 And in those days when female power must rise,  
 The court's the sphere for female enterprise.  
 Creation's Lords—thank Heaven!—have had their day,  
 Creation's Ladies now shall hold the sway.  
 To right our wrongs the youthful Queen is bent,  
 O glorious days of female government!  
 Long may ye last! and be it soon our fate  
 To guide the secret councils of the state.  
 But who to rule the state would dare to boast,  
 Who had not learnt at home to rule the roast?  
 I've played that game, and find it vastly easy,  
 And now I'll teach it you, if so it please ye;  
 Some useful hints then, ladies, in your ear,  
 Which if you'll follow (husbands must not hear)  
 You're sure to rule them with despotic sway:—  
 Always in trifles let them have their way;  
 On soups and entrees bow to their opinion;  
 O'er dogs and horses grant them full dominion;  
 Insist you think their arguments so clever

On whist and billiards, you're convinced for ever ;  
 And that on Port and Claret you're content  
 To hold their judgment quite omnipotent ;  
 Your tyrant, thus deceived, becomes your tool :  
 Still, though you rule him, never show you rule.  
 Rivals in love they cordially hate,  
 Rivals in power they abominate !

(Order, Order !)

Who calls to order ?—How am I transgressing ?  
 Not you ; the ladies, sir, I was addressing.  
 I see you tremble, lest I go too far,  
 Encouraging revolt and civil war,  
 The fearful fruits of our emancipation :  
 Allow me then a word in explanation ;  
 I dread, like you, reforms and revolutions ;  
 'Tis to support established institutions,  
 As ancient as the siege of Troy, I seek :  
 The great Atrides was a Jerry Sneak,  
 Nay, I could cite, but that I dread to bore ye,  
 Examples without end from ancient story,  
 Occurrences as old as the creation,  
 Proving the rule of *man* the innovation.

(Aside.)—But am I wise and prudent ? on reflection,  
 Suing for public favour and protection,  
 One-half my audience thus by taunts provoking ?  
 Believe me, gentlemen, I'm only joking.  
 You know too well—how'er we scorn and flout ye—  
 We all had rather die than live without ye.  
 Your praise we covet, your applause we prize,  
 E'en as the light that visits our bright eyes.  
 Nay, I, with all my airs of domination,  
 Crave at your hands one clap of approbation.  
 Be generous then ! exceed the boon we ask,  
 And if you deem we well have done our task,  
 Again let plaudits echo from the walls,  
 To crown our triumph as the curtain falls.

The National Anthem followed ; when, in addition to the various ladies and gentlemen whom we have had the honour to notice as performers, "Our Gracious Queen" had the benefit of most efficient aid in the exertions of Lady WHITMORE, Miss ELLICE, Miss CALMADY, &c.

### THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE  
 OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give ;  
 And they who live to please must please to live."

The Opera Buffa company have been giving some very interesting performances at the Lyceum, during the past month, which have attracted a good deal of fashionable company, her Majesty, who is extremely fond of music and musical entertainments, having twice honoured the theatre with her presence. A great deal has been said as to the alleged impropriety of the Lord Chamberlain sanctioning the performances of a second Italian company in London ; the English performers contending that it is an act of injustice to them, as it prevents the public from patronizing them as it otherwise would, while the advocates of the Buffa Company contend, on the other hand, that the fre-

quenters of the performances at the Lyceum are not the persons who would visit the other theatres were there no Buffa Company in existence ; so that those persons are amused, while the English performers are uninjured. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. That the English theatres are languishing for want of patronage is beyond dispute ; but what is the cause of their unfortunate condition. It was quite as bad before the establishment of the Opera Buffa. And when there is anything worth seeing or hearing at the English theatres, it does not lack patrons.

The most amusing of the novelties produced by the Opera Buffa company have been that charming production of ROSSINI, *L'Inganno Felice*, which he gave to the world as his first performance, and in which the original purity and beauty of his style are brilliantly displayed ; and DONIZETTI'S pleasant burletta, *Il Campanello*. We do not think highly of RICCI'S *Il Nuovo Figaro*. It is of a feeble and common-place character. The company is respectable, but not great ; they who go to the Lyceum expecting to hear anything like the singing of GRISI or RUBINI will be disappointed, but those who will be contented with a pleasant evening's entertainment will be gratified.

THE HAYMARKET is filled every night with good company, for Mr. KNOWLES'S admirable comedy of *The Love Chase* is played there, excellently enacted in all its characters ; and Covent Garden, under the able management of Mr. MACREADY, is again becoming a place of fashionable resort. The English performers have themselves to blame for all the misfortunes that have occurred to them—or rather the English managers, although the performers have been willing accessories to the foolish and disgraceful proceedings of the managers.

COVENT-GARDEN. — MASSINGER'S play of *The City Madam*, compressed into three acts, and newly-christened *Riches*, has been revived at this theatre, Mr. MACREADY sustaining the character of *Luke*, and with great force and depth of feeling ; his performance was much admired and applauded, but the actor himself does not appear to have been satisfied with it, and the performance was not repeated. We noticed the weak parts of Mr. MACREADY'S acting, but still its merits were so great that the gifted actor needed not to have been under any apprehension of his well-earned reputation suffering by the repetition of this excellent and interesting drama. After the play on the same evening, a new spectacle was produced, entitled *Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans*, which surpasses every thing of the kind we ever witnessed upon our stage. It is a gorgeous spectacle, full of life and reality ; the actors all seem to be earnest in what they do, and a most excellently arranged stage-fight is carried on with a vigour almost terrific. The scenery is extremely beautiful ; one picture representing a ruined cathedral has an effect perfectly dioramic, and would not have been unworthy of the pencil of the Chevalier Bontou. The story of *Joan of Arc* must be familiar to our readers, and we need therefore only state that Miss HUDDART enters so fully into the spirit of the character of the young and bold enthusiast, that we can imagine the very being herself before us, rallying the dispirited Frenchmen and leading them on to conquest and glory. The whole of the characters, indeed, are well represented, and the spectacle has been very attractive.

MR. ROOKE'S new opera of *Amilie* ; or, *The Love Test*, has been produced at this theatre with decided and well-deserved success. We are told that this composition, one of the purest and most charming of English operas, was offered to the manager of Drury Lane, but that he refused it in consequence

of the author being unknown. It was then taken to Mr. MACREADY, who submitted it to the opinion of competent judges, upon whose recommendation it was produced. The result has proved the correctness of their opinion. The story is complicated, and not very interesting. The music, however, is a succession of exquisite melodies (some of them full of intense feeling) and finely wrought concerted pieces. There is a charming ballad in the first act, which Miss SHIREFF sings with adequate grace and pathos. The following are the words.

*Recitative.*

Love art thou true?—the echoes answers yes :  
They heard thy vows, but most my heart replies  
And memory brings the song who loved so well ;  
As tribute to my bosom's thrilling hopes.

*Air.*

Thou art gone, and no voice in the loved tone sings,  
But my heart needs no voice to wake memory's strings ;  
Thou art gone, but a lovely and pitying sprite  
Is whispering thy name—'tis the breath of the night.  
Oh, love ! thou art absent, yet thou art near,  
For the song you loved comes on my ear ;  
The notes of thy lute in the breezes play,  
All whispering thy name, tho' thou'rt far away.  
Mine eyes see the turf where thy feet have been,  
My cheek feels thy kiss which no eye hath seen.  
Thou art gone, but a lovely and pitying sprite  
Now whispers thy name—'tis the breath of the night.

A nice playful waltz, sung by Miss HORTON, " To the Vine Feast," is introduced with excellent effect in one of the scenes, and is immediately followed by a perfect musical gem, " My Boyhood's Home," sung by Mr. H. PHILLIPS, with exquisite feeling and expression. This one song alone would have gained for Mr. ROOKE the reputation of a great composer ; and it is due to Mr. PHILLIPS to state, that his singing is not inferior to the music. We subjoin the words of this noble song :—

*Recitative.*

My boyhood's home, oh welcome sight !  
Green spot of memory ever dear.  
In youth my subject prayer at night,  
In age a joy no time can sear ;  
The thunder of the battle ne'er  
Could drown thy yellow cornfields' song—  
My heart has often dream'd 'twas there,  
Tho' death came on the breeze along.

*Air.*

My boyhood's home I see thy hills,  
I see thy valley's changeful green,  
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills  
Tho' years have roll'd since thou wer't scen !  
I come to thee from war's dread school,  
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule,  
But while I gaze on each loved plain,  
I feel I am a boy again.  
To the war steed adieu, to the trumpet farewell,  
To the pomp of the palace, the proud gilded dome,  
For the sweet scenes of childhood I bid you farewell,  
The warrior returns to his boyhood's loved home.

PHILLIPS has another fine song, " Woman's Love," which he also does perfect justice to. WILSON has some sweet music to deliver, and he performs his task well. A light sparkling

melody in the opening concerted piece, is full of freshness and brilliancy ; and a solo immediately following, " The ice clad Alps," the music of which is vigorously and feelingly written, he also executed with great spirit. A very charming ballad by Miss SHERIFF, " When the morning first dawns," never fails to elicit loud and long-continued cheers. We know of nothing in modern composition, except the *Frieschutz*, equal to the exquisitely wrought chorusses : they are in the Weber style, but Mr. ROOKE is no imitator ; his compositions sparkle with the originality of a master mind. We have only space to advert to the gypsy song, by Mr. MANVERS, as another of the gems of this excellent opera, which cannot fail to become a favourite with the public, and will permanently occupy a place in the musical classical library, on the shelf with *Storace* and *Shield*.

The attraction of the new opera, and the new spectacle, has been such as to render the production of further novelty unnecessary before Christmas. The pantomime is called *Harlequin and Peeping Tom of Coventry*.

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. BALFE's new opera of *Joan of Arc* is not calculated to advance the composer's reputation. It is in many parts extremely dull, and the livelier passages remind us of the works of other musicians : then there is so much noise, so much drumming and trumpeting, such beating of gongs and rattling of cymbals, that we felt relieved and pleased when the performance was over. Miss ROMER exerted herself to the utmost in the character of the heroine, and Messrs. TEMPLETON, BALFE, SEGUIN, and GUIBELEA, sustained the other leading characters with their usual talent, but the effect was not at all satisfactory to us. As a spectacle, the piece was inferior to the *Covent-garden* drama.

HAYMARKET.—A vulgar piece, called *Wapping Old Stairs*, and a melancholy melodrama, called *Pierre Bertraud*, were the only novelties before Christmas. Both were unsuccessful, and have been withdrawn.

At the minor theatres there has been no novelties of the slightest importance.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. BURFORD is exhibiting a new panorama at his rooms in Leicester Square, the subject, the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, and the surrounding country. It is a very interesting scene, and is painted with all that masterly talent for which Mr. BURFORD is celebrated. The panorama has the appearance of reality.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE ;

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

“ ——— A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many gems  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there,  
To put forth blossoms in their fullest season ;  
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While one that fades, as summer's flush of bloom,  
Succeeds the gentle bidding of the spring.”

*The Star of Seville.*

Hymen has been idle throughout the month : we have scarcely a marriage to describe : the *belles* of Fashion's world must have been extremely *unkind*, or the *beaux* extremely *negligent*. CHARLES E. NUGENT, Esq., son of Sir GEORGE

NUGENT, Bart., and LOUISA DOUGLAS, daughter of Sir ROSE PRUCE, Bart., of Trangwaithan, Cornwall, head the list of the "happy pair" who are to be immortalized in the columns of "The World of Fashion."

Charles Nugent is a lucky swain  
To get a bride so nice;  
A pretty *Rose* he doth obtain,  
And one too of high *Price*.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the only surviving daughter, (ELLEN HAMILTON) of the late W. CONYNGHAM, Esq., of Upper Gower Street, has pronounced the nuptial vow which has made her the wife of the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, *Bachelor of Divinity*.

Now solve the riddle, if you can,  
That puzzles many brains;  
The bridegroom, though a married man,  
A *bachelor* remains.

Although the marriages are few, the deaths that have occurred in December have been many. LOUISA Viscountess STORMONT has paid the debt of nature, to the regret of a numerous circle of friends. Lady INGLIS, relict of the late Lieut.-Gen Sir W. INGLIS, has passed away from this sublunary sphere. We have also to record the decease of the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY. His Lordship was the son of Sir WILLIAM DOUGLAS, of Kelhead, Bart.; he was born in March, 1777; married, 13th of August, 1803, to Lady CAROLINE MONTAGUE SCOTT, third daughter of HENRY, third Duke of BUCCLEUGH (by whom he leaves a family of six daughters); and succeeded to the titles of Marquess and Earl of Queensberry, Viscount of Drumlanrig, and Baron Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers (Scottish titles), on the death of CHARLES, fourth Duke of QUEENSBERRY, on the 23d of December, 1810. His Lordship was a K.T., a Baronet of Nova Scotia, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Dumfries, Colonel of the Dumfriesshire Militia, and a Director of the Royal Academy of Scotland. In 1833 he was created a British Peer, as Baron Solway, of Kinnmont, and this title now becomes extinct. In his other hereditary honours his Lordship is succeeded by his brother, Lord JOHN DOUGLAS, now Marquess of QUEENSBERRY, who married on the 16th of July, 1817, Sarah, daughter of JAMES SHOLTO DOUGLAS, Esq., by whom he has a son, ARCHIBALD, born the 18th of April, 1818, and a daughter, GEORGIANA, born the 25th of July, 1819. Our list closes with the name of Viscount DUNGANNON, who died at his seat, at Baykennalt, North Wales, in his 75th year. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. ARTHUR TREVOR, M.P. for Durham.

#### THE WIZARD.

#### FAVOURABLE AND UNFAVOURABLE DAYS IN JANUARY, 1838.

- 1.—This is not a favourable day for pecuniary matters.
- 2.—Good for old and young.
- 3.—Solicit no favours to-day.
- 4.—Evil predominates. Beware of rogues.
- 5.—Highly propitious. Good actions will prosper.
- 6.—Expect no good from the aged.

- 7.—Unfavourable for marriage. Good for the literati.
- 8.—Unfavourable for money concerns.
- 9.—Propitious for courtship or marriage.
- 10.—Money affairs will prosper, but ought else.
- 11.—Favours from the aged: but beware of accidents and quarrels.
- 12.—Avoid lawsuits, and beware of pilferers.
- 13.—Blank.
- 14.—Unpropitious.
- 15.—Fortunate for money matters.
- 16 and 17.—Laudable undertakings will prosper.
- 18.—Blank.
- 19.—A truly unfortunate day.
- 20.—The stars are favourable to all good intentions.
- 21.—Slightly beneficial.
- 22.—Seek no favours.
- 23.—Blank.
- 24.—A favourable day.
- 25.—Seek for favours and friendship.
- 26.—Beware of accidents and avoid quarrels.
- 27.—Expect no favours.
- 28.—Evil predominates.
- 29.—Slightly good, but not for courtship or marriage.
- 30.—Propitious.
- 31.—Slightly evil.

#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

Contributions for the next number of "The World of Fashion" should reach us by the 8th of January.

We cannot clearly understand the communication from Kensington. Does Lady —— wish only *one* of the articles to be inserted?

The lines headed "To my Infant" do credit to the paternal feelings of the gallant Colonel by whom they have been forwarded, but the versification is faulty.

We are most happy to hear again from "Amyntor," whose delightful little sketches have given so much satisfaction to our subscribers. "The Fairy's Home" came too late for our present publication, but it shall certainly have a place in our next.

We trust that the slight alterations we have made in a correspondent's article will meet with the approbation of the writer.

The "Adventures of Captain Foxy" are amusing enough, but, nevertheless, not fit for insertion in "The World of Fashion." We are the more surprised at the inelegant character of the article, knowing the hand whence it proceeds.

"The Home of the Loved One" is under consideration.

There is considerable merit in "The Bridal and the Betrothed;" but the *denouement* is too horrible. It is melo-drama run mad. A double parricide, three murders, two suicides, a ghost and a conflagration, are far beyond our powers of digestion.

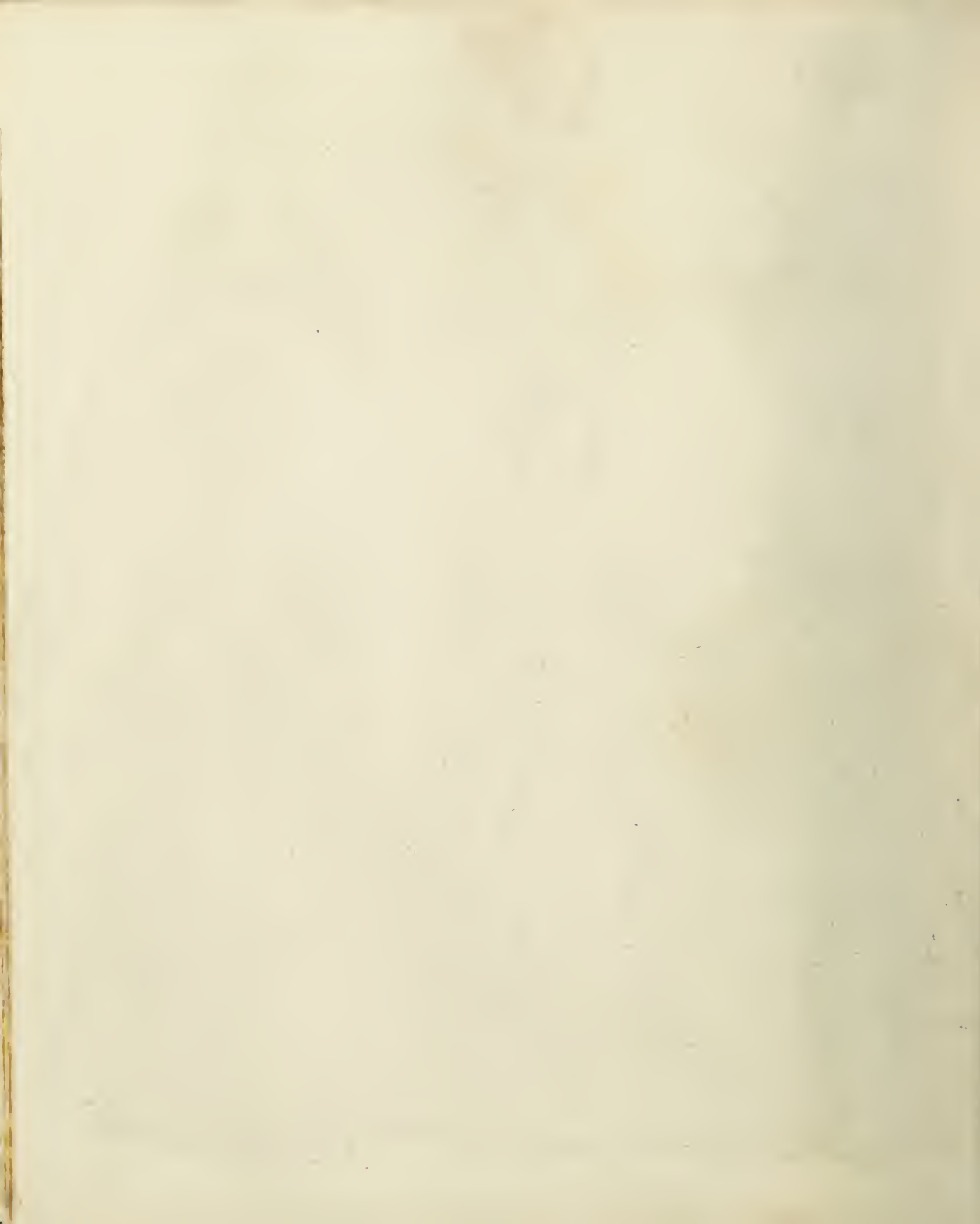
We should be glad to hear further from the talented friend of "A SUBSCRIBER," whose interesting little poem we have inserted.

"The Necklace of Pearls" in our next.

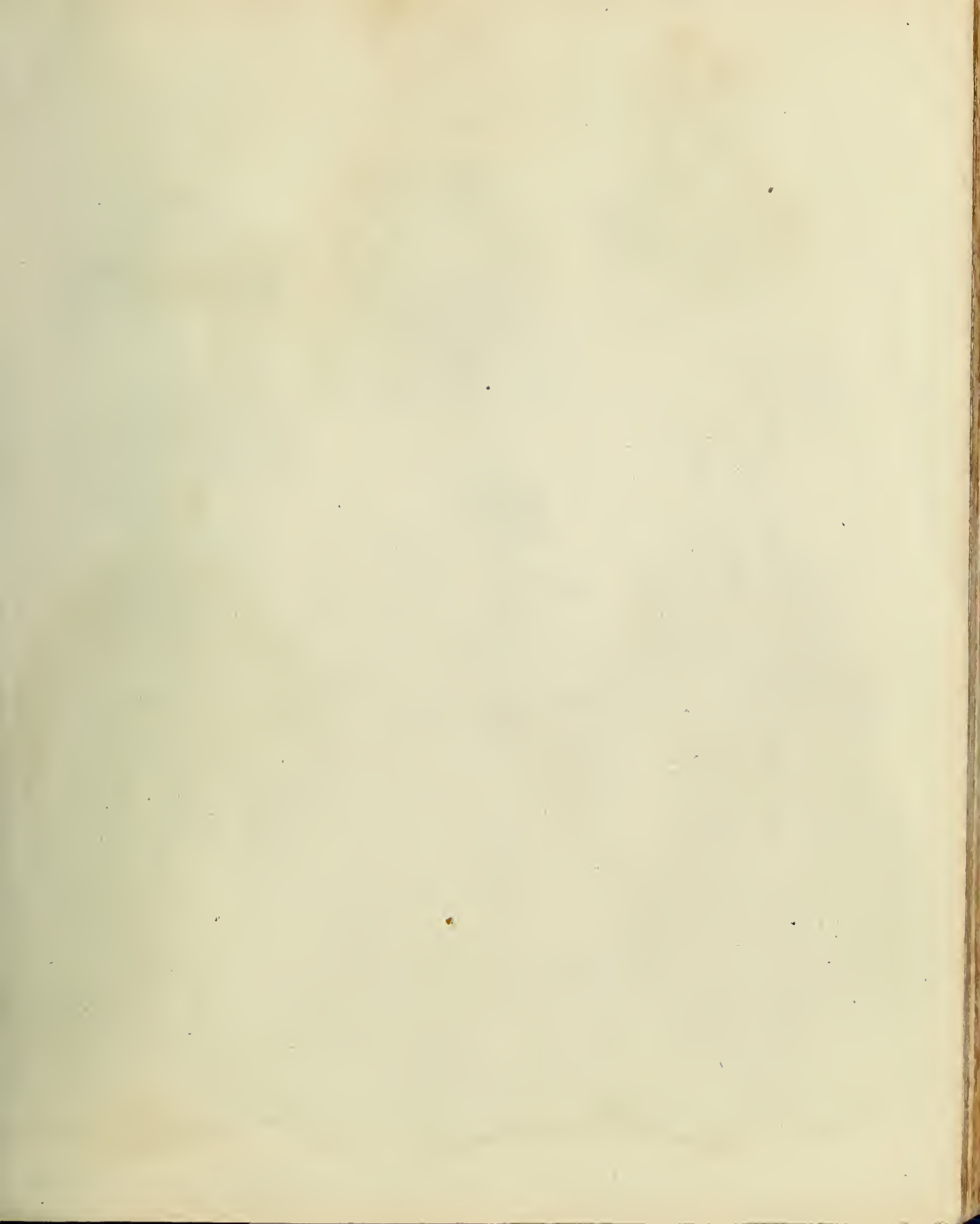
Declined: — "Charolois," "L. E. R." "My Debut," "Thoughts on High Life," and all the "works" of "Junius Claudio."



The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.







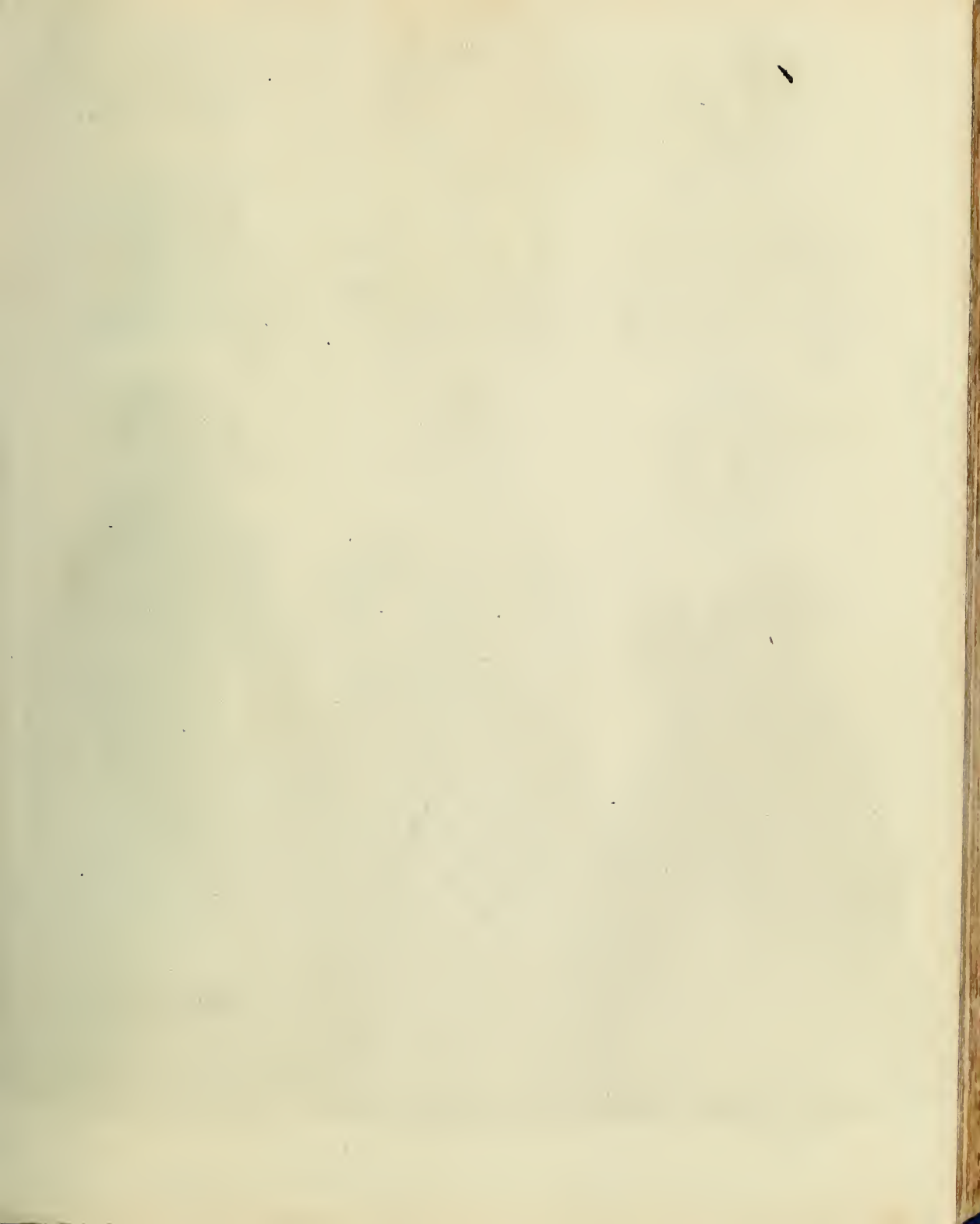


*The Past & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Evening Dresses.*







*The Last & Newest Fashions 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.*



The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Head Dresses





## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Fawn-coloured silk robe; mantle of blue-figured satin, lined and faced with *peluche* of a darker shade; the lining turning over in the shawl style, forms a pelerine and robings. Hanging sleeves of a very large size, also lined and turned up with *peluche*, and ornamented with it, and fancy silk trimming on the shoulder. A superb blue silk *cordelière* confines the cloak round the waist. White *rep* velvet hat, a long brim, the interior trimmed with a *bouillon* of *tulle*; white satin ribbons, and three long ostrich feathers adorn the crown.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Open robe of white *tulle* over a white satin petticoat; the latter is trimmed with a blond lace flounce, which is headed by a wreath of flowers. The robe is looped high at each side by a *gerbe* of flowers, and trimmed by a wreath which extends to the waist. A low *corsage*, and short sleeves, both decorated with flowers. The hair disposed in ringlets at the sides, and a full knot behind, is adorned *en suite*.

## YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 3.—India muslin frock and pantaloons; the *corsage* is trimmed with a *fichu* drapery, and the sleeves with knots of ribbon. *Ceinture*, neck knot, and hair knots *en suite*.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 4.—*Pou de Soie* robe; the colour is between violet and lilac; the *corsage* wraps across; it is half high, and draped on the bosom; sleeves *demi* large. Embroidered muslin pelerine. Rose-coloured satin bonnet, a round and moderate sized brim, trimmed in the interior with flowers, a *bouquet* of which, with figured satin ribbons, adorn the crown.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

- 1.—A back view of the ball dress, with a head-dress of hair differently arranged, and adorned with flowers.
- 2.—EVENING DRESS of white satin, trimmed with roses, and *coiffure à la Sevigné*, also ornamented with them.
- 3.—CARRIAGE BONNET AND SHAWL.—The first is composed of pink satin, ornamented with ribbons to correspond, and a white *esprit*. The shawl is black velvet, trimmed with black silk fringe.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of dark lavender *pou de Soie*; the border trimmed with a deep flounce. Blue *rep* velvet *mantelet*, bordered into a *rouleau* of sable. Sable muff. Lemon-coloured satin hat, an oval brim, and crown disposed in drapery. The trimming consists of ostrich feathers, and ribbons to correspond. The interior of the brim is trimmed with white flowers, and a *bandeau* of ribbons.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Grey lilac satin robe; the border is trimmed with a double flounce, edged with Mechlin lace; low *corsage*, trimmed

with a *pelerine* lappet, and profusely ornamented, as are also the sleeves, with Mechlin lace. Head-dress, a German *toque*, composed of green velvet and gold lace, and trimmed with a single long white ostrich feather.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of maize-coloured *gros de Naples*. Polish mantle, bordered with a *rouleau* of sable. The shawl *pelerine*, and Venetian sleeves, give this cloak the appearance of a *pelisse*. Green velvet hat, a round brim; the interior is trimmed with an intermixture of blond and ribbon; the crown is adorned with a bird of paradise, dyed to correspond with the hat.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

- 1.—MORNING DRESS.—Striped straw-coloured *gros de Naples* robe. Black satin *fichu à la paysanne*, trimmed with antique black lace. The cap, composed of *tulle*, is a *demi cornette*, and trimmed with straw-coloured ribbon.
- 2.—A back view of Fig. 1.
- 3.—A back view of the *fichu* of Fig. 1, and a blue satin wadded bonnet.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—White satin royal robe; the skirt is trimmed with a double flounce, edged with pink satin at the bottom; it is surrounded by a row of gold stars, and above them a flounce *en suite*. A low *corsage*, and short tight sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The hair disposed in soft braids at the sides, and an open bow on the summit of the head is profusely adorned with *coques*, and ends of cherry-coloured velvet ribbon.

## OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of the new material *Semiramide*, trimmed with antique black lace. The mantle is black velvet, lined with cherry-coloured quadrilled satin; it is of the Venetian form. The sleeves and fronts are edged with swans'-down. The hair disposed in soft braids at the sides, and a knot at the back of the head is ornamented with silver *epis*, and a long, curled, white ostrich feather.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—India muslin robe; the border is trimmed in the drapery stile, with a double flounce of lace. Black velvet *mantelet*, trimmed with black lace, fastened at the bosom by a cameo, and at the wrist by a knot of blue ribbon. *Coiffure à la Fontanges*, ornamented with gold pins and blue ribbons.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, &amp;c.

- 1.—HALF DRESS CAP of black velvet, trimmed with black lace, and black satin ribbon.
- 2.—EVENING DRESS.—Pea-green satin robe, a low square *corsage*, and *berêt* sleeves of a small size, both trimmed with lace. Black lace cap, ornamented with flowers and ribbons.
- 3.—EVENING COIFFURE.—The hair is partially covered with a net composed of *grosille* velvet ribbons, and terminated by a full knot, with floating ends on one side.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Gros de Naples* robe, straw colour, figured with black. Black velvet mantle, trimmed with rich broad black fringe. Hat of blue *peluches*; the interior of the brim is decorated, *en bonnet*, with *tulle* and ribbon; the crown is adorned with white ostrich feathers.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Green *rep* velvet robe, over a white satin under-dress; the front is ornamented in a novel style with green ribbon. Sleeves à la *Pompadours*. *Bonnet à la Babet* of *tulle*, trimmed with flowers and *viseau* ribbons.

## OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Lavender satin robe, trimmed with black lace. Black velvet *mantelet* and *capuchon*, lined with cherry-coloured satin.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—Pale blue satin robe, and straw-coloured wadded bonnet, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and *marabout* feathers. The interior of the brim is decorated with *tulle* and roses.

2.—MORNING DRESS.—Fawn-coloured *gros de Naples* robe. Embroidered muslin *pelerine*, and pink satin bonnet, trimmed with flowers and ribbons.

3.—A back view of a wadded morning bonnet.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## EVENING DRESS—CENTRE FIGURE.

FIG. 1.—Grey lilac *pou de Soie* robe, trimmed in a very novel style with flowers. *Corsage à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. Head-dress a *bonnet Napolitaine* of *tulle*, trimmed with roses.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—A back view of the head-dress of Fig. 5.

2.—EVENING CAP.—A *bonnet bouillonnée* of *tulle*, trimmed with roses, and short white ostrich feathers.

3.—MORNING CAP OF *tulle*, decorated with *viseau* ribbons.

4.—EVENING DRESS.—Pink *velours epinglé* robe; the *corsage* is trimmed, *en revers*, with blond. *Coiffure à la Princesse Marie*, ornamented with white feathers and fancy jewellery.

5.—EVENING DRESS.—Green satin robe; the *corsage* is trimmed with white satin. Head-dress of hair, decorated with flowers.

6.—OPERA DRESS.—The *mantelet* is blue satin, wadded and trimmed with swans'-down. White satin hat, decorated with flowers.

7.—A back view of the costume just described.

8.—EVENING DRESS.—White satin robe; it is trimmed, *en fiché* with *tulle*, edged with blond. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a *geste* of flowers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY,  
1838.

We greet our fair subscribers at the commencement of another year, with sincere good wishes for their health and welfare, and grateful thanks for the encouragement bestowed upon our labours during the past year, and many preceding ones. Proud of their approbation, it has hitherto been our study to merit it, and we beg to assure them that the zeal and diligence with which

we have hitherto laboured in our vocation, shall never be relaxed while we continue it. We hasten to present them with intelligence which will prove the sincerity of our declaration.

VICTORIA BONNET.—We may say with truth of this elegant head-dress, that it unites the simplicity of the English cottage bonnet, with the grace and tastefulness of the French *bibi*. It is composed of satin, the crown is set in without stiffening, the brim rather close, but not unbecomingly so, and of moderate size, is cut long enough to quite envelope the chin; openings are cut at the sides from distance to distance, through which the *brides* pass, and tie under the chin. The curtain at the back of the crown made long, and very full, is rendered much more becoming than any we have ever seen, by the manner in which it is separated from the crown, by a row of small puffs of ribbon. A knot of ribbon, intermingled with narrow Gothic blond lace, placed on one side of the crown, is its only ornament. The ribbons are always satin, in which material only we must observe the bonnet is made. We have seen it of different hues, but pink *glacé de blanc* is preferred.

VELVET BONNETS.—The most novel, and the most remarkable for their elegant simplicity, are either of black or full colours; the brim is round, and trimmed in the interior with a *bouillon* of *tulle*, small and light over the forehead, but large and round at the sides, and trimmed in the centre with some small *coques* of ribbon of a light colour; the crown is decorated with satin ribbon to correspond, which goes twice round the head, and, crossing, forms the *brides*. Each side of the crown is trimmed near the ears with a cockade of ribbon, the ends of which fall very low. A wide and moderately deep curtain completes the trimming.

HATS are both of velvet and satin; a good many are made with the brim turned up behind. A favourite style of trimming for those composed of velvet, is a bird of paradise dyed of the colour of the hat.

CARRIAGE PELISSES.—We have seen some both of satin and velvet, made without a *ceinture*; they are terminated at the waist by three pipings, and fastened by a clasp of either gold or fancy jewellery. Several satin pelisses have the border of the *pelerine*, and also the fronts, quilted. We have seen some of rich plain silk made to wrap entirely to one side, and fastened down by fancy silk buttons to correspond.

MANTLES AND MANTELETS.—We refer to our first and second plates for some of the most distinguished novelties of both kinds, and also to our Paris article for a variety of details respecting the others that have appeared.

HALF-DRESS ROBES.—Some of the most elegant are composed of Indian *foulard*, a chestnut-brown ground, spotted in striking colours. *Foulard de Lyon* on a black ground strewed with spots of brilliant colours, but shaded. Merinos-cachmere embroidered in colours on a white ground, or a jonquil ground, figured in small green flowers. Half-dress robes in general have the sleeves *demi-large*, and a great many are made with *corsages en garbe*. This style has an admirable effect on the shape, which it shews to very great advantage. In that respect also the extraordinary fullness of the skirt may be said to be advantageous to the shape, as the profusion of plaits in which it is disposed at the bottom of the *corsage*, makes the waist appear very small.

FULL DRESS ROBES.—We have given some of the most elegant in our prints. We may also recommend as highly worthy of the attention of our fair readers, a robe and tunic, both of white *pou de Soie*; the tunic was encircled with a wreath of roses, embroidered in very delicate colours; the ground was

also strewed with roses, but placed very much apart. We may likewise cite as remarkable for their beauty, some white satin robes, strewed with *bouquets* embroidered in coloured silks, and velvet in relief; the intermixture of these two styles has a beautiful effect, particularly where the *bouquets* were of brown velvet flowers, and the foliage embroidered in different shades of green silk. Velvet robes trimmed with *dentille d'or* have a splendid effect; one that has been universally admired for its elegance is of violet velvet, the *corsage* is cut low and forms a *gerbe*, the folds of which are marked by gold cord; the front of the *corsage* has no trimming round the top, but the back and shoulders are decorated with a superb mantilla of gold blond. Short full sleeves, confined at the bottom by a narrow band edged with gold cord, the skirt is trimmed in the drapery style, with a most superb flounce of gold blond.

**BALL DRESS.**—We have reason to believe that it will be this year exceedingly magnificent. We have seen some dresses now in preparation of grenadine gauze, embroidered round the border in a wreath of silver berries, with a foliage of different shades of green; and others, the border of which was wrought in a Grecian pattern, in gold. Pearls will also be in great vogue; and beads, which for some seasons past have been laid aside, are expected to be very much employed, both for *cordelières* to attach draperies, and to ornament the centre of knots of ribbon. We have heard, but cannot vouch for the truth of the intelligence, that trimmings of *marabouts* will be adopted for ball dresses; the effect would certainly be at once pretty and tasteful, their extreme lightness would render them, in our opinion, exceedingly proper to be employed either to loop the flounces at the bottom of a robe, or to be disposed *en guirlande* round it. We repeat, however, that we can say nothing positive on the subject now, but shall most probably be able to do so next month.

**HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.**—This month has been uncommonly fertile in millinery, all of an elegant kind, and as varied as elegant. We should be puzzled to say which form of *coiffure* is most in request; we shall, therefore, describe those that are most novel and elegant, leaving our fair readers to make a choice among them, with a certainty that they cannot fail to make a good one. We will begin with the

**CAPUCHE.**—The model which we have given in our print of this elegant head-dress leaves us little to observe respecting it; it is always composed of velvet or *rep* velvet, when the latter is used, it is generally of light hues, and *chefs d'argent* are substituted for those of gold. We must observe, however, that velvet and gold appear to be preferred to *rep* velvet and silver.

**VICTORIA TURBAN.**—Such is the name given to one of the most elegant turbans that we have ever seen; it is composed of cherry-coloured velvet, that is to say, the front, for the foundation is of gold net, through which the hair, disposed in a low round knot is visible; the folds of the front, gracefully arranged and moderately high, are also enveloped in gold net; the effect of it upon the hair and the velvet, is exceedingly novel and tasteful.

**VICTORIA HAT** of black or coloured velvet is decidedly the prettiest of the numerous family of *petits bords* to which it belongs; the brim is raised on one side by a loop of either gold, pearls, or fancy jewellery, and the crown is ornamented with white ostrich feathers, disposed with a great deal of taste and originality; one of the feathers, placed very backwards, droops quite upon the shoulder.

**BONNET A LA JANE GREY.**—A very elegant cap of *tulle diamantin*, trimmed with blond lace of a new and excessively

light pattern, the trimming forms a point in front, and a *coquille* at the sides, from whence it descends in short, but rather wide, lappets. A wreath of *volubilis*, of velvet, and of striking and different colours decorates this singularly pretty cap.

**MANTIL DE PAGE.**—This elegant evening wrap is at once the most novel and the most commodious that has appeared for some seasons; it is a demi-mantle, or rather an excessively large pelerine, cut bias, made extremely wide, falling in full folds and descending a little below the waist; the collar is flat and of moderate size. Some of these elegant envelopes are of blue velvet, lined with ermine, and ornamented with a blue silk *cordelière*. We have seen them also in black satin, lined with rose-colour; but one, that exceeded all the others in elegance, was composed of white satin, ornamented with an embroidery in gold, and edged with a knotted fringe of white feathers. We should not omit to say that the inside was wadded, quilted, and lined with white silk; the *cordelière* was of gold. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month, but some new and beautiful shades of grey bordering upon lilac, have appeared, and are likely to be in vogue.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

All the Parisians are at this moment giving and receiving New Year's Gifts. We, the devoted Minister of *la mode*, must not be out of the fashion, so we hasten to present our gifts to our fair readers, trusting that they will be graciously accepted, for what offering can be more welcome to a pretty woman than the knowledge (which we are about to communicate) of enhancing her charms, by decking them in the most novel and becoming fashions. Let us see then what are the latest modes for

**PELISSES.**—Velvet ones are beginning to be very much in favour for the public promenades; and as the weather has for the last few days been very cold, several are trimmed with fur. Sable, grey squirrel, and Syberian fox, are the most in estimation, particularly the latter. Among those that are not trimmed with fur, we notice several of black satin, lined with plain or quadrilled *gros de Naples*. These latter are made with a shawl pelerine turning over in such a manner that the outside of the pelerine is composed of the lining. This fashion is more shewy than elegant.

**MANTLES** are also in great request. The materials, besides those splendid ones that we have already described, are satin and velvet. There is more variety in the forms of mantles than we had expected. Some are cut in such a manner as to offer the double advantage of a cloak and a pelisse. Many have the collar cut so as to form a *manetelet*; others have it more in the pelerine shape, so that it forms a point in the centre of the back. Several have the pelerine descending in long ends *à la revers*, the whole length of the front. The trimmings of mantles offer little variety; they are either embroidered or bordered with fur, but the latter mode is most general; indeed, there seems to be quite a mania for furs.

**MUFFS** are universally adopted, the majority are composed of fur, but there is a very respectable minority of velvet, particularly in promenade dress. The muffs composed of fur are either *maître*, *petit gris*, or *renard de Sibirie*. As they are in general intended for carriage dress, they are made large, in order to keep the bust and the knees warm; they are made with two

sacs in the lining, and have the ends trimmed with glands and torsades. Promenade muffs, on the contrary, are destined only to keep the hands warm, and for that reason, velvet is most in request for them; the ends are trimmed with swans'-down.

**CAPOTES.**—We may cite, among the most novel, those of black satin, either wadded, or with the material disposed in longitudinal folds. Wadded bonnets are lined with coloured satin, either rose, blue, or straw. The *capotes plissées* are lined with *peluche*, which must be either rose, blue, or white; the latter is not very general; indeed, white *peluche* next the face has a very unbecoming effect. We no longer see *capotes* trimmed with feathers; flowers or ribbons only are employed, the former must be velvet; they are usually placed to droop upon the brim, or, if employed for the crown, they are placed low on one side. A pretty and simple style of trimming, which is elegant without pretension, consists of a sprig of velvet foliage, always corresponding in colour with the bonnet, and inserted in a knot of ribbon on one side of the crown, so that it droops upon the brim. *Capotes* in *negligé* are frequently trimmed in the interior of the brim with blond lace, or *tulle*, disposed in a light style; but those for half-dress are always decorated with flowers only.

**CHAPEAUX.**—Those of beaver continue to be worn for the morning promenade; several are decorated with a *plume ronde*, placed quite far back close to the ear; some others have a cord and tassels, which goes twice round the crown, and ties at the side. Velvet is in great request for hats for the public promenades, particularly black velvet. Several of these hats have the brims lightly turned up, and are trimmed with ostrich feathers. *Velours épinglé* is also very much in vogue, but it is worn in colours only, and generally in light hues, as white, straw colour, *gris d'Égypte*, *écru*, rose, and azure blue.

**ROBES EN DEMI TOILETTE.**—In order to see what is most decidedly elegant in half-dress and evening wraps, we must repair to the *Theatre des Italiens*. We shall recite from the most elegant toilettes that have recently appeared there, those that struck us as the most worthy of attention. A robe of pea-green velvet, trimmed round the front and down the border with two *rouleaux* of swans'-down; the *corsage* disposed in folds, which formed a *gerbe* in front, was made half-high, plain at the back, and trimmed round the top only with swans'-down. *Manche à la Polonoise*, but of a moderate and very graceful size. This robe was very much admired. Another, distinguished for its simple elegance, is composed of pearl grey satin, trimmed round the border with a flounce of English point lace, except the front breadth, on each side of which the flounce was looped by a *choux* of ribbon. This style of trimming, which is quite novel, had a very good effect. The *corsage* was *à l'antique*, and the sleeves short and moderately full; both were trimmed with lace to correspond.

**PELERINES.**—We may cite as one of the prettiest *fantasies* of that kind, that have recently appeared at the *Italiens*, those of rose-coloured, white, or blue satin; they are embroidered with silk, and encircled by a very narrow plaiting of satin ribbon, they are made with short scarf ends, and lightly wadded, so that they are at once comfortable and elegant.

**PROMENADE ROBES** are now composed of winter materials only, all those of autumn being quite laid aside. A very great number are of black satin or silk—not the grey or blue blacks lately adopted, but that decided raven black which was formerly used for mourning; it is now quite fashionable for ladies who are not in mourning, both for the promenades and the theatres. It has a particularly good effect by candle-light. These dresses are made with the *corsages* full behind, and tight in front.

Several are trimmed with velvet lappels, and are made a little open, in the heart-style, on the bosom; this is necessary, in order to allow the collar to be properly placed. The sleeves are of that form that we described some time ago under the name of *à la Jardinière*. The skirts remain as unbecomingly long and wide as ever.

**BALL DRESS.**—Balls have commenced this season earlier than usual, and they have already afforded us some very brilliant toilettes to cite; but before we enter upon them, we must make a few general observations. We see that one-half at least of dancing dresses are white, the others are pale pink, or bright blue. The materials of robes are *tulle*, *blond*, gauzes of different kinds, and, in particular, that beautiful material called *gaze brillante*. Whatever be the material of the robe, it must be worn over a satin slip of the richest texture, which being made very wide, sustains the fulness of the robe. We shall now proceed to cite the most remarkable.

**ENSEMBLES OF BALL DRESSES.**—Rohe of white *tulle* over white satin, the *corsage* made tight to the shape, is ornamented in a very novel style with a drapery of the same material, edged round the back part with blond lace; it forms a point behind; is looped in the centre of the back and on each shoulder by flowers; the ends, which terminate in points, are crossed upon the bosom; a bouquet of flowers is placed in the centre of the drapery, and the ends fall low on each side. Short full sleeve, terminated by a round ruffle of blond lace. The skirt is looped down in the tablier style on each side of the front by bouquets of flowers, placed at regular distances. Another robe also of *tulle* was embroidered in spots with white silk, the skirt trimmed entirely round by *ruche* of blonde illusion, was looped high on the left side by a bouquet of roses, composed of very pale pink velvet, and attached by a knot of white satin ribbon with long floating ends. The *corsage* which opened, *en cœur*, on the low, square, satin one worn underneath, was trimmed with a *ruche*, as was also the short tight sleeves. A light sprig of roses, which was inserted in the *ruche* on each shoulder, drooped over the sleeve. A third robe, composed of blond lace, had a *corsage à la antique*, the draperies retained by cameos; the short tight sleeve was nearly covered by blond lace *rolans*. A single and very deep one encircled the border of the skirt; it was put on in the drapery style, being raised considerably at the left knee, where it was looped by a bouquet composed of short white *marabouts*, and a single damask rose, encircled by its buds. The bouquet is attached by a knot of pale rose satin ribbon, *glacé de blanc*; the knot forms two *coques* of the *papillon* kind, with long floating ends; a cameo is placed in the centre of the knot.

**COIFFURES DE BAL** are principally of hair, and we observe that ringlets, or, as they are termed, *Angliases*, are more numerous than *bandeaux* or *Berthes*. The latter are at present made in open plaits, a mode that is much more becoming to the features, than the heavy and compact plaits that have been worn up to the present time. We cannot, however, announce this as a settled fashion; all, indeed, that appears to be actually decided is, that the hair must be dressed low behind. The usual mode is a twisted knot, the top of which is detached from the head, which has a great deal of grace and lightness in the appearance, and, with the addition of some rows of pearls, forms an excessively pretty *coiffure*. Flowers are also in request. Some new wreaths of velvet flowers that have recently appeared are of uncommon beauty; perhaps it would be more proper to call them half wreaths, as they do not quite encircle the head; a long tight *gerbe* of flowers, issuing from one end, crowns the *coiffure* in a most graceful style.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THEBIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL GRANVILLE.

Behold in him what virtue prizes best,  
Divine contentment and the peaceful breast;  
The calm cool joy by heav'n-born wisdom sought,  
Th' eternal prospect and high reach of thought;  
Th' expanding heart, enlarg'd for all mankind,  
The mild affection, and the wish refined;  
The generous love which all the bosom fills,  
And vivid spirit unsubdued by ills;  
The open aspect, the truth beaming eye,  
Not scorning earth, yet darting to the sky;  
Fame's fairest wreaths, in honest triumph worn,  
And palms gained nobly, or refused with scorn.

ANON.

The Earl of GRANVILLE has for some years filled one of the highest and most honourable offices which can be conferred by sovereign upon subject—that of Ambassador to the next great nation to our own, France; the duties of which his Lordship has performed with credit to himself, personally, and to the satisfaction of the country at large. The office is a difficult and responsible one; the task of representing the Sovereign in a foreign Court is by no means easy, for it is not merely the state and dignity of the British Crown that is to be maintained, but the interests of the nation are also to be regarded, and in times like the present, when England is viewed with so much jealousy by every foreign power, our allies included, the greatest care and watchfulness, the clearest intellect, and the finest business talent are required in our ambassadors; and, considering the way in which the Earl of GRANVILLE has fulfilled his important duties at the French Court, we have no hesitation in ranking him first among the British diplomatists; and we have every reason to believe that he is so considered in the highest quarter.

The Earl of GRANVILLE is a member of the SUTHERLAND family, who trace their lineage through a long and illustrious line of ancestors, to an Anglo-Saxon origin; some saying that the founder of the family was Sir ALLAN GOWER, of Sittenham, in Yorkshire, and High Sheriff of that county at the period of the Conquest; whilst others represent that WILLIAM FITZ-GUYER, of Sittenham, who was charged with a mark for his lands in the Sheriffs' accounts of 1167, was their ancestor. Be this as it may, we pass onward to the close of the thirteenth century, when the pedigree emerges from its obscurity. We then find that among the Knights and persons of note summoned to be at Carlisle with horse and arms on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, to march against the Scots, was Sir JOHN GOWER. And in the following year we find the same Sir JOHN summoned for a similar purpose to Berwick.

From this Sir JOHN the lineage proceeds in the manner stated by us in our genealogical account of the SUTHERLAND family (then STAFFORD) to GRANVILLE, second Earl GOWER, who married first, in 1774, ELIZABETH, daughter of NICHOLAS FAZAKERLEY, Esq., of Prescott, in the county of Lancashire, by whom he had no surviving issue. Secondly, his Lordship married (1748) the Lady LOUISA EGERTON, daughter of SCROOPE, first Duke of BRIDGEWATER, by whom he had, besides other children, the late Marquis of STAFFORD, whose eldest son is the present Duke of SUTHERLAND. Thirdly, his Lordship married, in the year 1768, the Lady SUSANNAH STEWART, daughter of JOHN, sixth Earl of GALLOWAY, by whom he had the following family:—

1. GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER, the present Earl GRANVILLE.
2. GEORGIANA AUGUSTA, married in November, 1797, to the Hon. W. ELIOT, now Earl of St. GERMAIN's, and died March 24, 1806.
3. CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, married in November, 1797, to the late Duke of BEAUFORT.
4. SUSAN, married July 31, 1794, to DUDLEY, first Earl of HARROWBY.

Earl GOWER filled several high offices in the State; namely, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord President of the Council. He was also a Knight of the Garter, and for his services was rewarded with a Marquisite, having been created Marquis of STAFFORD, on the 26th of February, 1786. His Lordship died on the 26th of October, 1803.

GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER, the present Earl GRANVILLE, was born on the 12th of October, 1793. The official duties of his noble parent caught his attention at an early age, and he displayed great aptitude for business, and a desire to emulate the Marquis. As he advanced in life, his abilities were more clearly manifested, and his services were required by the Ministers of the Crown. His hours of leisure were devoted to the cultivation of the domestic duties, and having beheld with enamoured eyes, the charms and virtues of HENRIETTA ELIZABETH, daughter of WILLIAM, fifth Duke of DEVONSHIRE, he offered his heart and fortune at her feet, proud and pleased to be allowed to kneel at so bright a shrine.

A Goddess! but a Goddess who descends  
To make her human mate immortal with her love!  
Oh! fair in that bright hour, when Fortune smiles,  
And the fond world is kind, and all is gay;  
And she the gayest, fondest of the throng;  
Playful and wild, happy and delicate!  
In the world's sunny garden of all joyance—  
A dazzling butterfly, an airy fawn!  
A thing to be indulged, and lightly chased;  
Caught, but not captured; ransomed with a kiss!  
Her word, her glance, a law; and her caprice  
Reason complete; but fairer, fairer still,  
When the dark clouds spread o'er our shining life,  
In sickness, in sorrow, and in toil.  
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,  
With step that yields no sound, and eye that claims no sleep;  
Deeming devotion duty.

The marriage of these eminent personages took place on the 24th of December, 1809, and they have now the happiness to be surrounded with a numerous and amiable family.

1. GRANVILLE GEORGE, born May 11, 1815.
2. GRANVILLE WILLIAM, born September 28, 1816.
3. EDWARD FREDERICK, born May 3, 1819.
4. SUSAN GEORGIANA.
5. GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE.

His Lordship was created Viscount GRANVILLE, of Stone Park, in the county of Stafford, in July, 1823; and in 1830 he was elevated to an Earldom by the title of Earl GRANVILLE, since which time his Lordship has continued to be the representative of the British Crown at the Court of France.

His Lordship's arms are quarterly; first and fourth, Barry of eight, *ar.* and *gu.*, over all a cross flory, *sa.* for GOWER; second and third, *az.*, three laurel leaves erect *or.* for LEVESON. Crest: a wolf passant *ar.*, collared and lined *or.* Supporters: Two wolves *ar.*, collared and lined *or.*, pendant from the collar an esccheon *ar.*, charged with a clarion or organ rest, *sa.* Motto: "*Frangas non flectas.*" His Lordship's seat is Stone Park, Staffordshire.

The entertainments given by Lady GRANVILLE in Paris are highly spoken of for their magnificence and the truly British spirit which pervades them. Her Ladyship has secured the good opinion of the *déité* of French society by her gracious yet dignified manner. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the character of the British Court to be better maintained in France than it is by the heads of the noble family to which this article is devoted.

THE FUSCHIA.

By Mrs. E. H. Foster.

The beauty of the summer rose is past,  
 Like hope's first dream, too beautiful to last,  
 The glory of the lily has departed  
 And, drooping like young beauty broken-hearted,  
 Has sunk into the dust; the blue bell's deep  
 Dark azure eye has languish'd into sleep,  
 And e'en the later beauties, one by one,  
 Like rainbow colours, have decayed and gone,  
 And nature, reft of all her queenly state,  
 Sits like a widow, lone and desolate.

But thou, sweet flower, with pendant coral bells,  
 Where fancy deems some hidden treasure dwells,  
 With leaf so small that scarce the wild bee's wing  
 Would halt its course on thee its form to fling.  
 Though its bright emerald hue might well invite  
 A fairy's footsteps on thee to alight;  
 Thy graceful stalk, so delicately fine,  
 Seems form'd methinks for some more glowing clime,  
 And yet unshelter'd thy fair gentle form  
 Braves the rude blast, and smiles upon the storm.

I gaze on thee with pleasure, for thou art  
 To me the emblem of the faithful heart.  
 What tho' thou shinest not in costly bowers  
 Or claimest rivalry with fairer flowers?  
 Yet thou, when all are gone, shin'st brightly still,  
 Dauntless as virtue in the hour of ill;  
 Nor doth the stately oak more loud proclaim  
 Thy maker's honour, than thy fragile frame.

Brighton, Nov. 27, 1837.

FIRST LOVE.

For him  
 This young heart beat with its first wild passion,  
 That pure feeling life only once may know."  
 L. E. L.

"Why are you so sad, Madelon?"  
 "Sad! No, I am not sad. What cause have I for sadness?"  
 "You left the dance suddenly, and the company are inquiring for you."  
 "I will return with you. I did not feel well—the heat of the room caused me to retire, but I will return with you to the company."

The speakers were two young girls, one of whom was just upon the verge of womanhood, a fair and graceful being, with a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions. That heart had on that night been first awakened to love. In the gay companions of the dance Madelon had looked with admiration upon the son of a banker, and he, enchanted by the spells which her beauty threw around, whispered sweet words in her fascinated ear, till overpowered by the new delight, she had retired to reflect upon it, and to endeavour to regain composure.

She left the yet glad dance,  
 O'er those gentle thoughts to brood,  
 That haunt a girl's first hour  
 Of love-touched solitude:  
 Music's sweet and distant sound  
 Came floating on the air,  
 From the banquet-room it told  
 Of the joyful dancers there,  
 But she—the loveliest one—  
 Had left the festal scene,  
 To dream on what might be,  
 To muse on what had been:  
 To think on love's soft words,  
 Her ear had drunk that night,  
 While her heart beat echo-like,  
 And her cheek burnt ruby bright.

She had remained apart from the dancers, and alone for nearly an hour, when her absence was noticed, and her sister Genevieve was sent in quest of her, when the enrapt one was found seated at the easement of her chamber, looking out upon the starry sky, so clearly, deeply, beautifully blue, in entranced delight, when the conversation occurred as above described.

Madelon returned with her sister to the saloon, and again was Ferdinand St. Mare at her side, and again was the incense of the heart's affection offered at her beauty's shrine. The lover proffered, in his rapture, heart, fortune, soul; and the ingenuous girl, pleased with the devotion of her lover, accepted his overtures, and with a look told him that he was beloved.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the first awakening of love in a generous heart: the feeling by which that heart is pervaded partakes of the celestial character, it is for the time elevated above humanity, it reposes in a heaven of its own creation, and all its thoughts are pure and virtuous and holy; there is no selfishness in first love, it cares not for itself, its regard is for the object beloved, it believes that it will be gifted with superior happiness to what is found in the world, it sets for itself tasks the most generous and good, it looks forward to bliss—pure, celestial bliss—assured of its power to make the world a paradise, and itself and the object beloved the presiding spirits therein. Such is first love—beautiful first

love!—when the heart is warm and young, all truth, and innocence, and virtue. O! that we could keep the heart in this purity and innocence, to make this world the very heaven it is pictured there. But we are heirs to the infirmities of humanity, and our sorrows tread upon the heels of our joys. We make virtuous resolutions, and find how vain is human resolution; we see the way and know the road to happiness, but our passions, fearful ministers, draw us away, and with every wish and desire to progress in virtue and peace and bliss, we turn away and fall to wretchedness and despair.

And Madelon, on the first awakening of love's delightful dream, was happy—none so blest as she. Generous and good as was her own nature, she did not entertain a thought of the unworthiness of others, and she gave up her whole good and innocent heart to one to whom female conquests were familiar, and who courted her only for the sake of adding to his triumphs.

Ferdinand St. Marc became a frequent visitor at the house of Madelon's parents, and as each day seemed to bring out fresh traits of merit in his character, so each day did the affection of Madelon increase. And she at length loved him with a woman's wild idolatry, with that deep deathless passion, "life only once may know." For the time Madelon lived in a world of bliss; she beheld him whom she adored, him whom of all others in the world she most regarded, him whose presence gave peace and joy and happiness to her young heart, and in whose absence her life was a blank, constantly near her; and while passion glanced from his large black eyes, the words of eternal love came, like sweet music, from his lips, to the ears of the gentle maid.

But as the bright summer time passed away, so passed the love of Ferdinand St. Marc; the leaves and the flowers decayed, and with them perished the affections of him who had ensnared the heart of Madelon. The young and fragile thing was left alone to sorrow, and her tears. "A woman can but weep." Ferdinand was a gay thoughtless fellow, a spendthrift and gambler; his disposition was good, but his passions mastered him; he constantly made virtuous resolutions, and as frequently broke them. When he first beheld Madelon, he thought it possible that he could love her, and remain attached to her alone, for ever. But the novelty of the attachment being gone, the heart of the lover took wing; and at length the discovery was made by Madelon that he was offering his addresses to another.

The discovery came like a thunderbolt upon the heart of Madelon; in the full tide of her happiness she was dashed down to utter misery; from the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, she fell to the wretchedness and despair of desertion by the one beloved. Who can paint the bitter, wasting agony the young heart feels, when having been thus lured to the highest pinnacle of bliss, it is rudely cast into dust? We talk of breaking hearts, but hearts does not suddenly break; ages of pain, of withering pain, roll o'er the victim's head, ere the heart-strings yield: years of misery are experienced in a day; the day thoughts are troubled, and the dreams of the night are fraught with horrid fancies. There are no words to tell this misery of the heart,—of the heart of poor, weak, fragile woman;—woman, tenderest of earth's creatures, created for the gentlest offices of life,—for joy, and peace, and happiness. Woman endures this wretchedness, and the world passes her by, careless and heedless of her sufferings, which she hides while the power of concealment lasts; torturing herself to avoid the sneers of the uncaring, until the last hour of suffering

comes, and the heart breaks, and the gentle victim lies at peace, under the green turf, with the myriad dead.

And poor Madelon was deserted. They tried to comfort her. But what consolation could the kind voices of others afford? There was one who could have restored her to herself again, but he was far away, and all other voices failed to bring a smile upon her white cheek. Days, weeks, passed on, and Madelon grew weaker and paler every day; friends gathered round her, and every artifice was tried to recover her, but in vain; the bolt had struck deep into her heart, and it seemed that she would awaken to happiness again only where "the hearts of all are known, and faithful love is blest."

And they said that Madelon was dying. The spring time had come again, and the birds sang sweet melodies in the jessamine boughs under her chamber window, and the incense of sweet flowers was breeze-wafted into the room, and the sunlight conspired to make all glad, save Madelon. Nor birds, nor flowers, nor sunlight revived her drooping heart. And many tears were shed for Madelon, but she was composed and resigned; she felt that there was one living being in the world who could save her from an early grave, but she knew that him she would never see again; one word might restore her,—but she knew that that word could not be spoken, and she was resigned to her fate.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,  
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this;  
One moment round about us their "angel lightnings" play,  
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath passed away.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when Madelon sat in the midst of her family, calmly awaiting the hour of dissolution; when she was observed to start wildly, and her father rushed in alarm towards her; but she made a sign for him to be silent, and bent her head forward, as if eagerly listening. But nothing was heard save the sighing of the breeze through the tendrils of the jessamine, which overhung the chamber window, and Madelon passed her hand in disappointment over her brow, and resumed her previous attitude. "It was a wild and silly fancy, father," she exclaimed, "I was foolish to entertain the thought for a moment."

A pause ensued. It was broken by a voice, heard by all present, enquiring for Madelon's father. The dying girl screamed with delight, and rushing towards the window, fell fainting before she could reach it.

It was Ferdinand's voice! The father proceeded to meet him. He had awakened to a sense of his errors, and, his heart reverting to the gentle Madelon, he had come to supplicate forgiveness, and to ask her to become his bride. The father of Madelon joyfully welcomed the penitent, and instantly accompanied him to Madelon's chamber. But, alas! there she lay upon the ground, pale, and to all appearance, lifeless; while every exertion was being made to effect her recovery. Those exertions were not made in vain. The maiden opened her clear blue eyes, and glanced inquiringly at all those who stood around her. Ferdinand had been purposely kept back. "'Twas but a dream, then!" she murmured, "Too happy for reality."

"Say it was *not* a dream, dear Madelon?" enquired her sister, tenderly.

"Do not—do not deceive me," cried the girl, catching eagerly at her sister's words, "do not deceive me—is it he?—is he here?—keep me no longer in suspense?—am I to live or die?"

"Madelon!"

"Ah!" shrieked the maiden, "'tis no delusion: it is his voice!—he is here!"

"Madelon, dearest Madelon!" exclaimed the lover.

The next moment Madelon was locked in Ferdinand's arms.

And ere the bright summer ended, a gay marriage procession was beheld approaching the little village church, and Madelon, restored to health and happiness, became the bride of her heart's first and only love.

Laura Percy.

### THE MISER.

'Old Skinfint's dead! Reader, don't laugh,  
But gravely scan his epitaph!  
He's left the things of time and sense—  
His bonds, and mortgages, and rents;  
And (without discount, too) has paid  
The debt of nature, long delay'd.

Doubt as you will, I'm bold to say—  
He always *walk'd* in wisdom's way,  
(When chancing in that path aside),  
Because he was too mean *to ride*.

His constant faith is clearly shown  
By this—he let good works alone.  
Daily he rose, resolving fresh,  
To wound and mortify the flesh;  
And oft for breakfast would he take  
A mouldy crust, or heavy cake.  
And as for drinking, never flip  
Brought liquor for his thirsty lip!

Whether he broke, from day to day,  
The ten commandments, I cannot say;  
But as he kept all else, 'tis true  
That he most likely *kept* them too.

LOVES OF THE ROCK-DOVES.—A love-scene among the rocks is really an interesting sight. Concealed in a crevice or behind a projecting cliff, you see a pigeon alight beside you, and stand quietly for some time, when the whistling of pinions is heard, and the male-bird shoots past like an arrow, and is already beside his mate. Scarcely has he made a rapid survey of the place, when directing her attention to the only beautiful object which he sees, he approaches her, erecting his head, swelling out his breast by inflating his crop, and spreading his tail, at the same time uttering the well-known *coo-roo-coo*, the soft and somewhat mournful sounds of which echo among the cliffs. The female, shy and timorous, sits close to the rock, shifting her position a little as the male advances, and sometimes stretching out her neck as if to repel him by blows. The male continues his strutting and cooing, until the female, inadvertently coming upon the edge of the shelf, flies off to the dark recesses of the neighbouring cave, where she has scarcely alighted when her lover is again by her side.

CURE FOR A DISCONTENTED SON-IN-LAW.—A noble Lord being continually complaining to his wife's father of her violent and improper conduct, "Never mind," replied the old gentleman, "bear it patiently, and I'll alter my will and cut her off." After this no more complaints were heard.

### ROSE CLARENDON;

OR, BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

"When tranced in beauty's witching smile,  
That sweetly soothes but to betray,  
Does not the soft enchantment wile

'Thy heart away?'"—J. MALCOLM.

"Accomplishment," says a talented writer, "is a foolish custom, and tends to mislead the superficial." It raises an idea of completeness and perfection, which is as ludicrously false in the particular assumption as it is too apt to be in the effect. It is like confounding the body of the wine with the colour of it. By accomplishments, we lead people to suppose that they are finished: and so they may be in a manufacturing sense, but not in the sculptor's or the philosopher's. By accomplishment we properly mean embellishment. The embellishment may be small or great, a profit or a deterioration; for superficial accomplishment over-valued by the possessor is unpleasant to all parties, but a genuine nature, capable of the finest accomplishments, or when incapable of some, carries with it the privilege of being its own embellishment, of being at once the substance and the ornament. When we read of a delightful woman we do not inquire whether she drew or played: we are content with her being delightful. It is fine to hear a cordial voice speaking to us by means of the other fineness of melody. It is fine to imagine beauty painting beauty, reflecting and doubling itself, living in a world worthy of it, and putting down for other people's eyes the lasting images of lights and shadows, the charm of which we find it difficult to express. But accomplishments themselves, delightful as they are, are but occupied in impressing us with a sense of something more delightful—the hidden soul, and mystery of the heart. There are some who think accomplishments constitute everything needful in the character of a woman, unconscious of the grace beyond the reach of art, and to this class of beings did Percy Atherley, a young denizen of fashion's world, belong. The whole of his life had been passed in the scenes of the Metropolis, and the most artificial of them. One of his ancestors, not very remote, had amassed great wealth by speculations in merchandize, for he belonged to the plebeian class, and his successors strove to make up for what their ancestor was deficient in, by his extreme exclusiveness of opinion and habits. Percy, as a boy, was treated with all the formality of a little monarch: the slightest breach of etiquette on the part of those around him was sure to awaken the profoundest paternal indignation. He had tutors in every branch of polite education, was instructed in many languages, living and dead, and learned also to treat with contempt every living being who happened not to be quite as *wise* as himself.

Percy Atherley, at the age of one-and-twenty, came into the possession of his estates: he was then a cold, formal, living machine: the early part of his day was spent in his study, and the evening at his club, or at some one of the few exclusive circles to which his visits were restricted. There were two sisters, whose family frequented the same houses—Rose and Emily Clarendon. Their father, Sir Roger Clarendon, was a country baronet, who having been elected a member for a borough in Gloucestershire, to which he had been a great benefactor, took up his residence in London during the session, and being fond of his children, he delighted in taking them into society. Emily, the eldest, was the father's pet; no pains had



been spared to make her an attractive girl. She was finely formed, but her face, though it had a rather pleasing expression at times, could not be accounted handsome, and very frequently it was pervaded by such a self-satisfied air as to be disagreeable to many. Emily Clarendon was naturally of an open and ingenuous disposition, but education had spoiled her. Poor Sir Roger, in his endeavour to make his idol "the observed of all observers," the delight of all into whose society she might be thrown, so overloaded her with accomplishments that the natural good sense of the girl broke down under them, and instead of exciting admiration always, Emily not unfrequently awakened unpleasant feelings by her pride and self-conceit.

Rose Clarendon, on the other hand, had been quite neglected. She had been allowed to grow up in all her natural wildness. She was not so finely formed as her elder sister: her figure was considerably shorter, yet well proportioned: but beauty had set its seal upon her countenance. In her girlhood she had been a wild unthinking romp, heedless of the remonstrances of her wiser and more staid sister, she delighted in the most noisy and spirited pastimes. Books she detested, and although by dint of hard lecturing a trifling progress was made in the way of accomplishment, and a slight approach to graceful manner, yet, nevertheless, when the sisters came out, there was a striking contrast in their demeanour and conversation. Emily was staid and formal; Rose was lovely, laughing, and, if not absolutely rude, yet went so close to the boundary line of propriety that another step would have made her liable to censure.

Atherley was struck by the graceful and elegant Emily, who, perceiving his attentions, did not discourage them, but rather tempted him by the display of her accomplishments to offer his addresses. Atherley was, however, a timid man: he beheld Emily Clarendon a highly talented and agreeable woman, surrounded by men of wealth and pretensions, all of whom were eager to catch her smile; and understanding none of the little arts which men use in the pursuit of love, felt doubtful of his being able to win her regard. "Society" as it is, is purely artificial, and Percy Atherley had been brought up only in this "society." Struggles and strifes, says a modern novelist with much truth, are created by our artificial modes of life, and most men, and all women, hold one another in fetters. It is the boast of Englishmen that there are no privileged orders, and that the career of ambition is open to all. Such is our theoretical constitution; but look at our practice, and all is contradicted. Never was such a tyranny as that exercised by all classes over one another. The very equality of their legal rights makes them eager to surround themselves with a wall of ceremonies and interdictions which cause our philosophers to laugh in their closets, but which, nevertheless, even they obey the moment they come into the world. It is the fashion to attribute this to the aristocracy alone. That is not so. There is fashion every where, and as many shades of it as divisions in the social ranks. Sir Roger Clarendon descended from a noble family who carried their pedigree up to the Conquest, disliked the attentions paid by the successor of a trader to his daughter, and frequently as the subject was brought under consideration in the family circle, Rose Clarendon, would, with her wonted artlessness and good humour, combat her father's scruples, while Emily, whose notions were as exclusive as Sir Roger's, and who would, had Percy Atherley been Rosa's lover instead of her own, been his stern opponent, sat speechless, and awaited patiently the result of the family deliberations.

At length Percy Atherley was received as the lover of Emily,

and for some weeks he was the most happy and delighted of men. For three months, indeed, Emily Clarendon continued to charm him by the display of her varied accomplishments. He remained spell-bound, and thought that there existed not a woman upon the earth half so amiable and interesting. He believed himself to be the happiest of men.

At the expiration of the London season, Atherley went into Gloucestershire with the Clarendons, not only with the prospect of deriving pleasure from the baronet's shooting excursions, but also to assist him in a coming election, the representation of the borough being about to be contested. Atherley, who had never seen more of the country than a short stay at Brighton during the sojourn of the Court there permitted, was much pleased when, for the first time in his life, he looked upon the beautiful face of nature, although he shrunk back, with a feeling approaching to fear, from the peasantry, whose voices ever most rudely shouted praises as Sir Roger passed them. The baronet, who was much amused by the trepidation of his young friend on the first day of their walking out among the peasantry, recounted their adventures over the dinner table. Emily blamed her father for taking her lover among the "*canaille*;" but Rose, her bright sunny countenance beaming with good nature, entered at once into the history of the villagers, and gave such graphic sketches of them, their habits, and respectful manners to their superiors, that Atherley expressed himself sorry that he had formed so bad an opinion of them, and laughed at his idle fears.

The first week in their rustic retirement passed agreeably enough. Although Emily had brought no music with her, the old pieces sufficed for a week, but then they became wearisome. Then Emily had brought no drawings, for she had been desirous of copying from nature; but the weather was wet, and so thickly did the rain patter upon the windows that it was idle to think even of copying the larches, chesnuts, or oaks which the eye could command from the rooms, to say nothing of the smaller trees and shrubs. In short, before the expiration of a fortnight Atherley began to feel uncommonly dull, for Emily could not converse: she was simply an accomplished woman. She had been plentifully gifted with foreign aid, but her natural gifts had been uncultivated, and in mind she was but a child.

Atherley had been about a month in the country when he was compelled one day to go out shooting alone, Sir Roger being engaged with his election business. In endeavouring to leap over a slight hedge to obtain some birds he had shot, Atherley fell, and so heavily as to fracture one of his legs. He remained upon the ground for a considerable time before assistance came, and he was quite unable to move. Some labourers passing to their occupation, at length heard his cries, and speedily they conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, where they went for the surgeon of the village. The first being whom he saw in the cottage was Rose Clarendon, and much pleased was he to recognise a friend in his state of suffering. Rose was alarmed by his appearance, and immediately desiring that every attention should be paid to him, bade him remain composed while she went for her father.

Atherley was surprised at the discovery of Rose in the peasant's cottage, and his curiosity being excited to know the cause of her being there, he inquired of the old woman (whom only he saw there) if she knew whom the lady was who had just left them?—"Know her!" exclaimed the woman: "bless her dear heart, that I do. Have I not cause to know her? Has she not brought health and happiness into this abode of misery? and heaven will bless her for it. The prayers of the

fatherless children are breathed night and morning for her prosperity here and hereafter."

"Explain yourself, my good woman," said Atherley.

"O, sir, my heart is very full, and I may not be able to state things so clearly as I might else. I had a son, sir, with three children. His wife died six months ago, and last week, sir, the Almighty took my dear boy to its mercy! I had the three children, whom he had laboured to obtain food for, left, with no other friend in the world but me, to care for them; and I am eighty-three years old, sir, and long since past work. We should have died, we should have perished of starvation, we should have been turned out of our little home (for we have a cruel landlord, sir,) to die in the highway; but this angel in the form of woman came to us—heaven directed, surely!—gave us meat, and drink, and clothing; has found employment for the orphans, and has comforted my old heart; for she says that while the boys are virtuous she will not forsake them; and I know what my son was, and I know that his children will never stray from the paths of righteousness!"

The old woman, overpowered by her emotion, turned her head away to hide her tears, and appeared to be busying herself with domestic matters. At this moment the surgeon arrived, who immediately repaired the broken limb, and then assisted in placing Atherley upon a low vehicle, when he was immediately taken to Clarendon Hall.

On the following day it was found that symptoms of fever had appeared, which towards night increased, and further advice was sought. Atherley was then pronounced to be in a highly dangerous state, and requiring the greatest possible attention. Emily was alarmed by the situation of her lover, whose chamber she visited but once; and then she was so frightened by his pale looks that she could not summon sufficient courage to venture there again; and besides, she was apprehensive of the fever being infectious, and although she fancied that she loved him, she did not think it prudent to place her own health in danger. She desired the servants to pay all possible attention to him, but kept out of the way herself.

"My dear Emily," said Rose to her sister, "you have not been near your poor lover these two days. Don't you know what people who have been in real earnest love say, that the sight of an object beloved is of more service in any disorder, than the doctor's medicine?"

"He receives every attention," was the reply of Emily.

"Every attention!" responded Rose, "Now, my dear sister, I know that you are much wiser than I am, but I do really believe that Mr. Atherley would recover sooner if he was not left entirely to the care of strangers.

"What a ridiculous idea," exclaimed Emily, and turning away from her sister, she sat down to write to London, about a necklace which had not been sent at the appointed time, and an order for the music of the new opera which had been produced.

"Well, sister," said Rose, after endeavouring to amuse herself by counting the trees that skirted the lawn, "it's no use talking; I am sure Mr. Atherley must be very unhappy in that great desolate chamber, with nobody but old Mrs. Nicely, the nurse, to keep him company; and so, if you do not choose to go and sit with him, I will."

"Ah, do, that's a dear," said Emily, "if you are not afraid of the infection. There, take this book; we were reading it together on the evening before his accident, when he said he should like to hear the end of it. You can read it to him, and— and tell him I sincerely hope that he is better."

Rose took the book, and straightway proceeded to the sick chamber. She entered cautiously, lest he might be sleeping, which was the case; and motioning to the nurse not to speak, she proceeded to the bedside where Atherley lay, pale as death, and his breathing scarcely audible. The fever had entirely left him, and he remained weak as an infant, with bloodless cheeks, and pale white lips compressed. Rose started back the moment her eyes fell upon his countenance, so death-like, but the shock passing, she felt ashamed of her childish fear, and remained gazing upon Atherley's face, contemplating an object so closely verging upon death, but which might hereafter be the pride and delight of many; spreading joy and pleasure around him.

Thus was Rose Clarendon occupied when the sleeper awoke. He murmured—"This is kind, very kind. But where is Emily?"

The generous sister readily formed an excuse for her absence, and said that she had been sent with Emily's kindest wishes, to sit by, and to read to him, while she herself was occupied by pressing domestic matters. Atherley expressed his gratitude to both sisters, the one who had thought of him tenderly in his illness, and the other who had so readily complied with her desire; and Rose remained in the sick chamber till the hour of dinner. And the next day she came again, and read and conversed with Atherley. The third day Emily ventured into the room, and after remaining a short time, excused herself on the ground of Sir Roger being desirous that she would ride out with him. Atherley's eyes rested upon her until she was gone, and Rose beheld tears trembling in those once bright, but now lawless orbs, and she immediately said—"You know, Mr. Atherley, what a favourite Emily is; and how delighted our father is when she accompanies him in his morning rides."

"Yes, yes," murmured Atherley, and reclined his head again upon his pillow, as if he would avoid further conversation.

For six weeks was Atherley confined to his chamber, and so long was Rose Clarendon in attendance upon him, assisting the old nurse in administering his medicines, and enlivening the dull hours either by reading or cheerful conversation. Emily came but seldom, and then remained but a short time.

"I am afraid," said Atherley, one day, when Emily had left him, "that your sister's inclination does not lead her hither."

"My dear Mr. Atherley," was the immediate reply of Rose, "your fear is quite groundless, I assure you. Emily, you know, is so universal a favourite, that she cannot call one half-hour in the day her own, and she knows that while I am near you, you receive all the attention which her own good heart could suggest."

"You are very good—very," said Atherley, looking up into the sunny face of Rose.

Soon after the perfect recovery of the invalid, the family returned to town. But Atherley's manner was changed; he was by no means so frequent a visitor at the house of Sir Roger as he had been; this drew upon him the frowns of Emily; she complained of his neglect; he retaliated by charging her with unkindness; she replied in warmer terms; he was silent. In a few days the newspapers announced that the intended marriage between a wealthy gentleman of retired habits, and the eldest daughter of a Gloucestershire baronet, was off, by mutual consent.

Emily was unhappy for a week; after that she was herself again, and more delighted by the sweet words of the many who crowded around her than by the praise of the one who had loved

her with the deep and full sincerity of an open and ingenuous heart. Rose alone remained unhappy. She had felt all a sister's affection for Percy Atherley, and, as she had thought, nothing more than sisterly affection; but now she found that her young wild heart had been given up entirely to love.

The name of Atherley was not mentioned in the family for some time; but afterwards Emily would laugh at what she called her foolish attachment to a bookworm. Rose delighted in hearing his name mentioned, though she knew too well that the feelings associated with that adored name could not be gratified; the hopes never fulfilled.

It happened that Rose Clarendon accompanied some friends to a ball one night, where Atherley had also gone, and here the secrets of their hearts were made known to each other. The colouring at the unexpected entrance of a favoured object, we are told, nay, at the mere sound of his name, has disclosed a secret in a moment, which has long been kept. How the secret was disclosed in this particular instance, we are not able to tell; it must remain a mystery. But on the following morning Percy Atherley was seen in the street at a much earlier hour than ever he had been seen before, and his horse was urged to much more than ordinary swiftness. His destination was Sir Roger Clarendon's house.

"I am come, my dear Sir Roger," said Mr. Atherley, "to break to you an affair of extreme delicacy; and, to meet any objection on the score of my own fickleness, if you please to accept my offer we will instantly proceed to our solicitors, and arrange matters before dinner. What do you say?"

"Really, Mr. Atherley, I shall be better able to give an opinion when you inform me what the subject is," was the amazed Sir Roger's reply.

"O, I beg ten thousand pardons—I forgot—you see—Sir Roger—my impatience—my enthusiasm—the fact is, I would marry Rose Clarendon."

"Rose Clarendon!" exclaimed Sir Roger.

"Rose Clarendon," re-echoed Mr. Atherley.

An explanation was demanded, and given. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Atherley and the Baronet left the house together for the lawyer's, and in the evening Percy Atherley was seated again at the dinner table of Sir Roger, and Rose Clarendon was happier than ever she had been in her life before. Even Emily was not displeased, and this little comedy she called "a mistake of love."

**A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.**—A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance sorrowful, his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home—if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared will end in his asking for money. He is avoided, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is awkward—landlords believe that he lives upon air—and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

**FRENCH WOMEN'S DRESS.**—French women are by many supposed to dress better than any other women in the world; and, if such really were the case it would be no wonder, for their whole souls are in the cause, and the best part of every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising—a cap, a bonnet, or a gown.

## MRS. SAMUEL BAGGS AT MARGATE.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.—By M. A. S.

## CHAP. I.

Mrs. Samuel Baggs was a lady citizen, a very good-hearted soul in her way, which more often than not, happened to be the direct contrary one to that of every body else; she was corpulent, not fair, and more than forty; as fiery, when she was put out, as a day in the West Indies. She was married to—at least there was married to her—a little man whose element was the counting-house, and his most becoming occupation looking over his debt books! He was fond of wine, but could not get it; liked company, but dared not go into any; and he very much disliked lectures, but was indulged with one every evening, until he dropped off to sleep, and then he dreamed it over again, so had it in the first and second editions, corrected by the author. To account for these strange foregoing things, Mrs. Samuel Baggs was wont to say, "if he were allowed the run of the wine cellar, he would very expeditiously run it out, being addicted to make anything but a gentleman of himself." He was so abominably greedy, that he was never satisfied with a glass or two with a friend, but while her back was turned he would empty the decanter. The lectures, she never gave any reason for them, but I suppose it was to keep her tongue in right order, so that it might not get rusty by the next day, by being still so many hours.

They had a very good business, very good customers, and tolerably good payers, or as she said, "they were pretty well to do in the world, considering the bad state of the times." She had in family (for poor little Mr. Samuel Baggs seemed as if he did not belong to, or claimed anything in the world) two daughters and one son; the elder young lady was six-and-twenty, the younger one-and-twenty, and the *boy* numbered twenty-nine years in this world—all single, and likely to remain so; for husbands now-a-days, like wolves and other rapacious animals are in England "rather scarce;" and Master Alexander, or as his mamma used to call him, "Elex," was in no hurry to loose his freedom, for he would say "a man may always stoop to pick up nothing," implying that he intended staying till he could pick up *something*; for when there's a young bachelor of good expectations in the way, there are thousands of girls ready to snap him up, when he has made up his mind to ask them to do so kind an office for him! This, be it understood, is Master, or begging his pardon, *Mr. Alexander's* opinion; pray, gentle reader, take it not for mine.

Margate was always the summer retreat of Mrs. Samuel Baggs, and as yet she had always gone either with a party of friends or alone, never with any member of her own family; for the Misses B's thought the place "too vulgar," fit only for shopmen and women, they preferred going with their amiable brother to some fashionable watering-place, where there was something to be seen; or, what is more to the point, where they thought the chances were better for getting husbands! But, notwithstanding the expences they always went to, in silk dresses, satin ditto, muslin ditto, morning ditto, parasols, bonnets, hats, caps, roses, feathers, oils, pomatum, gloves, scents, shoes, stockings, fans, lavender water, rose-water, eau-de-Cologne, Kalydor, Macassar, tight-lacing, shoe-pinching, ringlets, French curls, braids, plaits, bows, Madonnas, Malibrans, Grisis, sweet smiles, soft words, and laughing looks, everything went for nothing—they were not engaged! The men were all brutes, blind buzzards, dullards, fools, for no! "they won't, they don't, they won't propose!"

So at last they made up their minds and determined to see what Margate could afford in the shape of a husband in the perspective; *ruglo*, beau; "Well, *gals*," said Mrs. S. B., one morning (for as I observed before, she was no friend to Lindley) "Eleck, has been down to the steamer's wharf, to know what time the boats start, and there is one at eight, another at half-past, and another at nine, which one should you like to go by?" "Oh, that at nine!" said both daughters at once, "for, perhaps, there will be a more select assemblage than in the earlier ones." "Well, well! settle it between you, it is all one to me, only look sharp about packing up, for we have no time to spare to-day. There is two or three little odd things not got yet; so make as much haste as you can, there's good *gals*!" and away trotted Mrs. Samuel B. to see about the airing of her sheets, for she always took her own. The "dear gals" bustled about and packed up as fast as they could, and at half-past twelve every box was ready and only remained unsorted to receive the few little odd things Mrs. B. spoke of.

There was a box covered with black leather, studded with brass-headed nails in various devices, such as no mortal save the maker could expound; and in the centre of the lid was fixed a little bit of brass, with the name of Miss Caroline Baggs so deeply indented, that the letters seemed in no way inclined to be scratched out to make way for the more pleasing appearance of Mrs. So-and-so; in short, it seemed made for an old maid.

Then there was an immense square box covered with a paper as if it had the spotted blue fever, if there is such a disorder; and then a smaller one, with the "scarletina," and at last there were two carpet bags, big enough to hold six small children each, or two pretty good-sized ones; I am certain that they must have been the great-grandfather and great-grandmother of carpet-bags, being so large, and, besides bearing the appearance of having battled and stood out, many a century, they were so aged in the face, plenty of wrinkles and quite bald!

Here they stood in battle-array, ready to be corded, and only waiting for the little articles which Mrs. S. B. got in the afternoon, and before the supper-tray came into the parlour (they were very regular in their meals, if in nothing else) all was completed for starting by the nine o'clock steamer, next morning.

Oh! that night! What a time it was for the poor backs, heads, and feet of the two Misses Baggs! There was such scrubbing, rinsing, soaping, and wiping, such a combing, scratching, and brushing! Their poor heads ached and throbbed, as if there had been a pulse in every hair; their eyes smarted with the soap getting into them, for they had lathered away, as if trying an experiment on a blackamoor! at last they went to bed, as the clock struck one, but not to sleep; they tossed, tumbled, and dosed until seven, when they arose, pale and weak, and dr. w. s. y., dressed themselves as well as they could in their agitated state; and placed their bonnets, shawls, and cloaks, boas, caps, gloves, and parasols, ready to put on after breakfast.

"Now, my dears, you must eat as hearty as you can, for there is nothing so good to prevent sea-sickness as a good breakfast," said Mrs. Samuel Baggs, with her mouth full of toast and egg. "Come, Sophy," she continued, addressing her younger daughter, "what are you going to have? Some nice broiled ham, dear? Come, here's a beautiful little bit!" sticking her own fork into a small slice of blackened fat, and putting it on her daughter's plate.—"No, thank you, mother;

I don't seem to want anything this morning," answered Miss Sophy affectedly, leaning back in her chair.

"Oh! come, you must eat something; now do try that nice tit-bit, it looks, I'm sure, very nice: come do try, there's a dear!" returned her mother, coaxingly.—"No, indeed, mother, I cannot." Miss Sophy always wanted much pressing to take anything she liked. "Well, then, I must insist upon your eating something," rejoined Mrs. Baggs, getting rather cross, and pushing the plate nearer to the opposition side of the house. The "eyes" triumphed, and the "noes" demolished not only the little bit in dispute, but two more, in addition to a fine egg; and sufficient bread and butter for a moderate young lady's meal. The elder daughter took care of herself, and Mr. Eleck and poor little Mr. Samuel B. were left to scramble for what few scraps on the table were not devoured by the ladies. "Come girls, make haste, it's almost eight, and you'll be too late if you don't mind; the boat starts exactly as the clock strikes nine," urged Mr. Eleck to his sisters. They immediately started up stairs, to put their things on, while he was directed by his mamma to run for a coach.

The morning gave promise of as warm a day in the month of July as any reasonable individual could wish, the flaming and oleagenous countenance of Mrs. B. bore ample testimony to the warmth of the atmosphere, and sundry puffs and heavy sighs which issued from her lips, and the frequent ejaculation of "Oh! gals, how hot it is!" did nought to lessen her heat!

"Oh, never mind the warmth, mother, here's the coach come!" exclaimed Miss Sophy, running from the window to the looking glass, to tie down her close cottage straw bonnet, on which she had fastened a black lace veil, in case it should be windy, and the bonnet strings give way.

"Come along, bring all the shawls and your parasols," cried Mrs. Samuel Baggs, flying from one chair to another, and then to the bed; flustering, banging, and hurrying about, as though she had found out the perpetual motion, and becoming hotter and hotter every instant with her exertions; at the same time putting all more in confusion than if she had stood still; collecting everything necessary for wrapping them up, for as she prudently said, "they didn't know how cold it was when they got on the sea." "Here Carry," to her eldest girl, "here take these; no, stop, I'll take them myself; Lord, bless me, if that careless creature knows what she's about. Now then."

So Mrs. Samuel Baggs hurried down the stairs as fast as her great arm-full of shawls and boas would permit, followed by her daughter Caroline.

#### CHAP. II.

All the boxes were on the roof of the coach, the carpet-bags inside, and the coachman stood with the door in his hand. The girls kissed their father and brother, and Mrs. S. B. whispered in her spouse's ear "to mind what he was about while she was out of the way." After cautioning Mr. Alexander to keep a sharp look out on his father; the lady was assisted by the driver and her son outside and by her amiable daughters within. The door was slammed to—the man jumped up on the box—gave a good cut across the bony backs of the two poor horses, and off they were. The three ladies stretched their heads out of the same window, nodded adieu to their affectionate relatives, and then fell into their seats with such force as to make the vehicle rebound again; the commotion seemed for an instant (but only for one) to propel the poor animals into something of a small trot, but finding the shock of the earthquake came not

again, they sank into the crawl they had but momentarily quitted, and so proceeded to their destination.

Mrs. B. began to look about to see that all their things were safe, and that the coachman had not crammed one of her carpet-bags into his pocket. "The baskets with the sawdges and fruit, gals," she exclaimed, "are under the seat, mind, so recollect to take them when we get out." Her daughters looked at each other, and then at their mamma. "Did you put them in, mother?" asked Miss Caroline in a doubtful tone. "No, one of you did, didn't you?" instantly rejoined Mrs. Samuel Baggs, looking at them earnestly. "No, mother, I did not," they answered in one breath. "You did't—neither of you!" cried Mrs. Samuel B. at the top of her unmusical voice, "O, my goodness, gracious! was there ever two greater fools in existence! What are you fit for!" shrieked the lady mother, almost in a fit, with a look of horror at the two thoughtless ones, "Could not you think of such a little thing as the baskets, without you have me at your elbows! And why do you sit there, looking like two fools?—why don't you put your heads out of window, and call to the man to stop?"

Neither of the girls seemed willing to do this, so Mrs. Samuel Baggs waited for no more argument, but thrusting her head out of the window, called out as lustily as her lungs would let her, for the man to stop; "Coachman! coachman! I say coachman!" she screamed, but no coachman answered, for they had just turned out of the long street in which they lived into Cheapside, and the noise there drowned all the screaming and squeaking which issued from the interesting lady in the vehicle. "Coachman!" said Miss Caroline, in a genteel whisper, placing her face just even with the door, being desired by her mother to "try if she couldn't make him hear."

"Bless me, the man's deaf!" said Mrs. Baggs, thrusting forth her head till her waist rested on the edge of the door, and the crown of her bonnet was even with the roof. The lady and her daughter seemed to be contending for a prize; which would gain it seemed a doubtful question; the one for shrieking the loudest, the other for whispering the lowest, to the gentleman on the box, who, in happy unconsciousness, there sat, wrapped up in many capes as though it were a cold day in the middle of winter. He, ungallant wretch that he was! seemed perfectly heedless of the conversation which the two ladies were so eager to commence with him, while their interesting appearance and situations excited many strange surmises and curious remarks from the passers by.

Poor Mrs. Samuel Baggs had long been warm; she was now absolutely in a fever; but the coach, coachman, and horses, seemed to be of stone, for no answer was returned, either to her continued vociferations, or her gentle daughter's soft and murmuring cry. At length an omnibus came rattling along, and the driver, who had been watching admiringly the head of Mrs. Samuel B. all the way as he came along Cheapside, thinking either that it was a pity so much human breath should be wasted, or that the lady's exertions would frighten his horses, gave a cut with his whip across the glazed hat of the coachman, which peeped out above the many capes, and aroused that philosophical personage from his abstraction. "Hollo! old deaf-as-a-post, 'don't yer hear yer customers calling yer?" The coachman turned round on his perch, and leaning down by the side of the vehicle, he respectfully asked what "Marm" wanted?

"Why you must be as deaf as a *beedle*!" cried Mrs. Samuel, "for I've been calling you this half hour to turn back; for we've left something of great consequence behind us."

"Certainly," answered the man, as Mrs. B. ceased speaking, and presently the vehicle was turning about. Suddenly a cry arose from Miss Sophia: "O, stop, stop!" she exclaimed, dragging the unlucky panniers from underneath the seat, just as the poor animals were commencing a trot towards the home of the Baggs's. Again the unfortunate animals were put into a revolving motion, and away they went to their destination, Mrs. Baggs's tongue rattling incessantly, scolding her two poor girls, till they all came to a stand still at the entrance to St. Katherine's Wharf.

"Come, make haste!" exclaimed the lady, as she stood fumbling in her pocket for her purse; "there's the bell ringing, and we shan't get on board now, if you don't be quick. Here, coachman, what's your fare?"

"Seven shillings, Marm," said the man, *modestly*. "What, seven shillings!" ejaculated Mrs. S. B. "I shall not suffer the imposition!"

"That's my fare, Marm," returned he, coolly.

"There's the bell almost done," urged Miss Sophia, "and we shall lose the packet; now, dear mother, make haste." "There, then, take the money, and tell me your number," said Mrs. B., putting the silver in the coachman's hand.

"Thank ye, Marm," said Coachy, touching his hat. "But I want your number," persevered Mrs. Baggs. "Oh! certainly Marm, No. 15;" and No. 12,780 marched off with a grin on his face, congratulating himself on his having "done" the lady.

"Now, gals, come along, and I'll make your father have that fellow up when we come home again," said Mrs. Samuel Baggs; and away she went, followed by her two chicks, and just managed to scramble on board as the plank was being removed, a circumstance that served her to talk about as her "narrow escape from drowning."

I need not tell that the water was smooth, that there was no motion in the vessel, or how Mrs. B. praised her girls for being "such good sailors," and how rough it had been every time she had been to Margate before. It will be enough to say, that the interesting family stepped on the jetty in safety; and within half an hour afterwards, they were comfortably seated round a tea-table, at a house where, year after year, Mrs. Samuel B. had been accustomed to reside. After that meal they changed their attire, and went to view all the wonders of the town. "There, this is the bathing-rooms, girls," said Mrs. Baggs; "and this is the *Bulivards*; let's go in here." "So they all went in, and after walking round, they sat down to look at the company with better advantage; the rooms were pretty well filled, the raffle-tables were surrounded, the dice were rattling, and the man was shouting, "Only one to make up a number! Any lady or gentleman willing to try and gain a chance for this splendid work-box and desk!—the highest number wins the box, the lowest wins the desk! Ladies and gentleman! only one wanted! only one!"

"Come, Cary, have a try," whispered Mrs. B. Miss Caroline accordingly glided up to the table, threw, and gained the chance, just as a young gentleman with large jet whiskers and black (false) mustachios, tendered his wish to try for what Miss B. had gained.

"Rather too late, sir," said the president of the table; but you can try in the next number. What name shall I put you down, Miss?" addressing Caroline. "Elvira," said the young lady. The company naturally looked round at such a name, and the forestalled gentleman with the lip-wig thought it fit and proper to follow her to her seat by the side of her Mamma, and

to enter into conversation with the eldest lady. Talking went on, first with one daughter, and then with the other, then again with Mamma, until they heard the clock strike ten. They would not stay any longer, as they learned that the articles would not be thrown for till the following evening; the gentleman then very modestly proffered his protection to their door; Mrs. Baggs smiled and "thank'ee sired," and the two girls touched each other, looked and giggled; and then, by a singular chance, Miss Caroline linked her arm with the young gentleman's, and by a still more singular chance, they walked much slower than Mrs. and Miss Sophia B.

"You say I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Tivoli, to-morrow evening," lisped the gentleman, in enamoured accents, "but I have not yet been gratified with the name of the fair being who has honoured me to-night with such sweet smiles."

Miss Caroline was of a very dark complexion, but she fancied that the gentleman must have meant the compliment for her, so she simpered and said—"my name is Caroline Fitzharold."

"A sweet name, truly," replied the gentleman, smilingly, but far from being able to reflect greater sweetness on its owner."

Miss Caroline was delighted; "Gentlemen," she murmured, "do not always speak the truth."

The lover answered—"Fairest, believe that nought but truth can fall from the lips of your own Augustus Vernon."

Caroline was happier than ever. She was in a state of perfect felicity when they reached her home. Mrs. Baggs and Miss Sophia politely bade the interesting stranger good night; but Caroline could not part thus. She thought it proper to make a false step, and in order to save herself from falling she held the hand that was tenderly pressing hers, and contrived, by holding her breath, to call up a little flush to her cheeks, when he whispered his hopes of seeing her the next evening. That night, as she laid her head on the pillow, as a matter of course with all young ladies in a similar situation, her last thoughts were of Augustus Vernon, and also, of course, he came to her in her dreams. The next morning she believed she felt love—pure and lasting love—for the adorable Augustus, and as she pinned on the last ringlet, she vowed in her own mind to become his wife, or never be a wife at all! At breakfast she told her affectionate parent of the name she had assumed, and begged her not to deceive the interesting stranger. Mrs. Baggs, who was well pleased with the young gentleman's attentions (feeling assured that he was a person of distinction), willingly promised not to spoil the romance with the utterance of such a vulgar name as "Baggs." The evening came, and Caroline's heart went pit-a-pat; and as she drew her waist ribbon closer and closer, Miss Sophia vowed with a laugh she was blushing at the thoughts of meeting Mr. Vernon; Caroline shook her head in denial, and likewise shook down one of her curls which had been badly fastened. As they entered the gardens in all the splendour of city dress, the first object that met their eyes was Mr. Augustus, looking down on the ground, and his lip-curls looking up with a true military twist. He flew to them, and gossiped about being so happy! so honoured! so pleased! so overjoyed! so transported! so delighted! at their gracing the gardens with their lovely presence. Mrs. Baggs managed to get into conversation with an old acquaintance, Miss Sophia engaged with an elongated youth, in a blue jacket with gilt buttons, and a cap with a gold band; and Miss Caroline was again most happy. It was the first time in her life that love-words (falsehoods) had been whispered in her ear. Augustus and her contented themselves with dancing in one quadrille, and wandered in the dark

walks for the rest of the evening, arm linked with arm, in and after the strict fashion of the last new love novel. Oh! the waste and murder that was committed, of all the good words which were given for our use—not abuse—in these few hours! It would have made a dove sicken, if he could have understood them. But it suits not our disposition to chronicle the soft nonsense that young gentlemen will talk when they have a girl foolish enough to listen to them.

That evening, as Mr. Augustus V. wished the ladies good night, at the bottom of the three stone steps at their door, there needed no false step, no holding of the breath; the pressure was voluntarily given, and the blush was voluntarily banished, for Caroline and Augustus had exchanged vows of mutual love.

Consternation and affright awaited them within doors. A letter from London was upon the table, conveying the sorrowful news that Mr. Alexander Baggs was ill—very ill. The fond mother was immediately visible in poor Mrs. Baggs, and had it been possible, she would have started for home that instant. The young ladies were rather vexed and disappointed, for they had been only one day at Margate. Miss Caroline frowned and worried about Mr. V. not having her address in town, but it was of no use, so with a sigh she was obliged to hope that he would find her out.

The next morning by eight o'clock they started, and arrived at their home in the evening. Mr. Alexander was in bed, and poor little Mr. Baggs, having had no eyes upon him for two days, had taken care to supply himself with an extraordinary quantity of port and sherry, so that when Mrs. Baggs made her appearance, the little gentleman was in very great spirits, and he called his interesting better half, his "Naney," and smiled a generous smile, which Mrs. Samuel B. responded to by an immediate and indignant order to "be off to bed," and despite entreaties, off the gentle Mr. B. was compelled to go.

Mr. Alexander soon began to mend under his maternal parent's care; and one evening as he sat with his feet in the bath, according to the direction of his medical attendant, the servant announced "Mr. Harris's young man."

"Who?" said Miss Sophia.

"Mr. Harris's young man, Miss," answered the girl; "the tailor's clerk; he's brought home Mr. Alexander's coat, Miss."

"Show him in," said the invalid.—"Soph, you'd better go."

Sophia went; and the young man came in and proceeded to display his work with professional dexterity. In the midst of an eloquent discourse, the door quietly opened, and Miss Caroline glided into the room.

"Ha! Augustus! Mr. Vernon!" shrieked the young lady, with a true-lover's scream of joy.

"Miss! Miss Fitzharold!" stammered the tailor's clerk; and down fell the piece of best Saxony broad cloth, into the hot foot bath, while Mr. Eleck stared and called aloud for an explanation, but no explanation came.

Miss Caroline's outcry brought Mrs. Samuel Baggs and Miss Sophia into the room, and then came the grand exposure. Mrs. Samuel B. could not contain her passion on finding that she had been "so put on, by a nasty low fellow of a tailor's clerk!"—More she would have said, but the gentleman had made his exit.

Poor Miss Caroline, bathed in a flood of tears, had to endure her sister's and brother's laughter at the unlucky termination of the romance; but it served as a warning to her, and she ever after took especial care never to fancy herself in love with "strange gentlemen, black whiskers, and mustachios."

TO \* \* \*.

Ah yes! I wreath the roses in my hair,  
 And the gay look of joyous pleasure wear,  
 I move amid the thoughtless, dazzling throng,  
 Mix in the festive dance, and join the song.  
*Assume* the happiness I do not share,  
 Laugh with the loud, and seem the gayest there.—  
*There are* who deem me cold—they little know  
 The heart that aches beneath the seeming show  
 Of joy—yet tho' by keen reproach 'tis wrung,  
 Ay words of with'ring coldness deeply stung;  
 'Tis too severely proud to let them see  
 That *they* can influence my destiny;  
 Conflicting feelings drown! be hush'd the sighs  
 That spite of all my firmness oft arise;  
 Let me not by one look or word disclose,  
 That *they* have power to banish my repose.—  
 Yet when this gay and splendid scene is o'er,  
 And my pain'd heart can play its part no more,  
 Alone, unseen, my feverish spirits fail,  
 And tears, sad, flowing welcome tears prevail,  
 My proud supported feelings pass away,  
 And nature, long suppress'd, then has her sway.

ELLESIE.

## SERIOUS SUGGESTIONS TO THE LADIES.

By a Bachelor.

Several beautiful young ladies have died lately of inflammation, arising, it is believed, from tight lacing. Let these sad events operate as a warning to all those dear creatures who may be in the habit of tightening their corsets till their fair cheeks are flushed, and their eyes lose all their softness and beautiful expression. Young ladies never consider how greatly the beauty of the countenance is injured by tight lacing. Their desire is to make it appear that they have slender waists; but what a silly desire that is! They cause their servants to pull and struggle to reduce what "nature has made incomparably well;" putting the unhappy victims to inexpressible torture. Indeed, were tight-lacing made a punishment, the world would hear constant outcries against the barbarity of it. And yet young ladies willingly subject themselves to this barbarous punishment; and for what? to make themselves attractive in the eyes of the lords of the creation! But do they make themselves attractive by so doing? Assuredly not. We can tell them that they labour under a great mistake. We speak from feeling, sentiment, and natural impulse. The diameter or circumference of a fair lady's bust is of very little importance in the form of beauty—it is the whole of the figure, well-proportioned and graceful, that awakens admiration. The slender waist is no essential element of beauty. In order to create in the heart of the man of real sentiment, purer than that of Joseph Surface, and better than that of Charles, his brother,—it is necessary that the waist should maintain a due proportion to the whole of the figure, and with express reference also to the soft white neck, gradually approaching to the pouting lips, the rosy cheeks, the melting eyes, and the glorious angelic forehead, with its auburn clusters, hanging round it like the acanthus over the Corinthian capital.

What can be a more unsightly object than a female modelled after the exquisite Medicean statue, but with a waist like a wax

taper? One might be fearful of approaching her lest the waist should snap, and the lady fall into two pieces. No, no; grace, thorough grace, is what the ladies study; and it is to be hoped that they will profit by these hints and come to the just conclusion that a too narrow waist is not an element of beauty and grace, but that it is a principle leading to torture, melancholy, consumption, death, a marble monument, and *Hic Jacet, Eloisa*.  
 COLIN.

## THE DISUNITED.

Although the clouds have left my brow,  
 And smiles are on my face,  
 Yet think not heavenly peace hath now  
 Within my heart a place:—  
 Ah, no! despairing woe doth reign  
 Throughout my bosom yet;  
 'Tis hid, that I may spare thee pain,  
 But how can I forget?

That hour—of almost maddening grief,  
 Of agonizing pain,  
 When even Hope refus'd relief,  
 And you deem'd loving vain—  
 My aching heart doth now exclaim  
 Would that we'd never met!  
 'Tis fate—not thee, dear girl—I blame:  
 Oh, that I could forget!

But, no; I feel that cannot be;  
 Eternally enshrin'd  
 Within my heart is love for thee—  
 That pure, that sacred kind  
 Which lives though hope within me dies;  
 Yea, till life's sun be set,  
 Though you should spurn me, hate, despise,  
 I never will forget.

You may, 'tis true, forget the past,  
 And think no more of me—  
 Leave me to wither in the blast,  
 Like to some lonely tree  
 That's shattered by the lightning's stroke,  
 Rent, sear'd, but living yet:—  
 Such is my heart—'tis bleeding, broke—  
 But I cannot forget!

Farewell, long-cherished Hope—farewell!  
 Thy witcheries no more  
 Shall from my soul this gloom expel,  
 Or gild one lonely hour:—  
 Farewell, dear idol of my heart!  
 For such I'll deem thee yet;  
 And though I know we're doom'd to part,  
 I feel I can't forget! I. R.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Ladies often lose the men they love, and who love them, whom, by mere wantonness of coquetry, they reject; they should be careful not to take this step hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man, will seldom ask a woman twice.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS, MORAL AND MERRY.

*Bachelor.*—A man of many sorrows. One who rises in the morning only to go to bed again at night.

*Charity.*—The knaves' friend.

*Hope.*—Delusive phantom in the hour of need. Hope often digs its own grave with the spade of indiscretion.

*Human Felicity.*—The highest degree of human felicity consists in peace of mind, and the due employment of time.

*Independence.*—Is often but the want of sympathy with others. There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots, by mistake, called betimes in the morning. "Sir," quoth the boots, "the day's breaking." The merchant turned round with a grim look—"Let it break," growled he, "it owes me nothing."

*Joy.*—The sensations of joy felt on approaching the home of a beloved one, are like the twilight of morning before the sun has become visible.

*Life.*—A froward child that must be played with and humoured to keep it quiet, till it is rocked to sleep, and then all is over. A road which leads from the morning of youth to the night of the grave. A continual struggle to be what we are not, and to do what we cannot.

*London Cream.*—The fable of the milky way.

*Longevity.*—One of the penalties we pay for longevity, is the loss of those who have been dear to us in our pilgrimage.

*Looking-Glass.*—A well-bred implement, and greatest flatterer in the world; it tells every woman she is a beauty, and never disparages behind the back.

*Love.*—Something which every lady and gentleman above eighteen think they understand better than anybody else in the world.

*Money.*—Wisdom, knowledge, and power all combined.

*Patriot.*—A candidate for place.

*Roses.*—An Eastern sage says, that roses were made of what was left of woman at the creation.

*Slander.*—The venom without the beauty of the serpent.

*Sleep.*—Death's younger brother; and so like him, says Sir Thomas Browne, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.

## TO LOUISA.

"Thou'rt married now!"

Thou'rt his, dear Liza, and my pray'r  
To Heav'n above shall be,  
That thy fair brow from lonely care  
May prove for ever free;  
That every pure and hallowed thought  
Which grac'd thy maiden breast,  
May spring untainted from its home,  
And find in his a rest.  
Thou now art like a fragile flower  
Twin'd round a stately bough,  
Which seeks support from what it loves—  
For "thou art married now."

A wife hath joys, yet she hath cares,  
For she must strive to smooth  
The worldly paths, and calm the brow  
Of him she's sworn to love:

Must watch his glance, must court his smile,  
When in his gayest vein,  
And with attentions kind beguile  
His hours of woe and pain:  
Must as a zephyr gently borne,  
To soothe our fevered brow,  
Breathe life's dull eve to brighten'd morn—  
For "thou art married now."

Oh, may'st thou be to him e'en as  
The sun is to the day,  
To shed thy light, to cheer his soul,  
And point the future way:  
And may his heart, responsive still,  
Its throbbings blend with thine,  
As two fair streams together will  
Roll on with deathless time:  
And may he gratify each wish  
Soon as thy words can stow  
That it hath dwelt within thy breast—  
For "thou art married now."

And when the coming winter's snows  
Have passed thy happy home;  
When spring once more her mantle throws,  
And tells of days to come,  
May thy life's garden still seem fair,  
Bright roses deck the lawns,  
And may it prove thy husband's care  
To keep them free from thorns;  
So thou may'st say, as time glides past,  
With joy upon thy brow,  
Each day is happier than the last—  
For "I am married now."

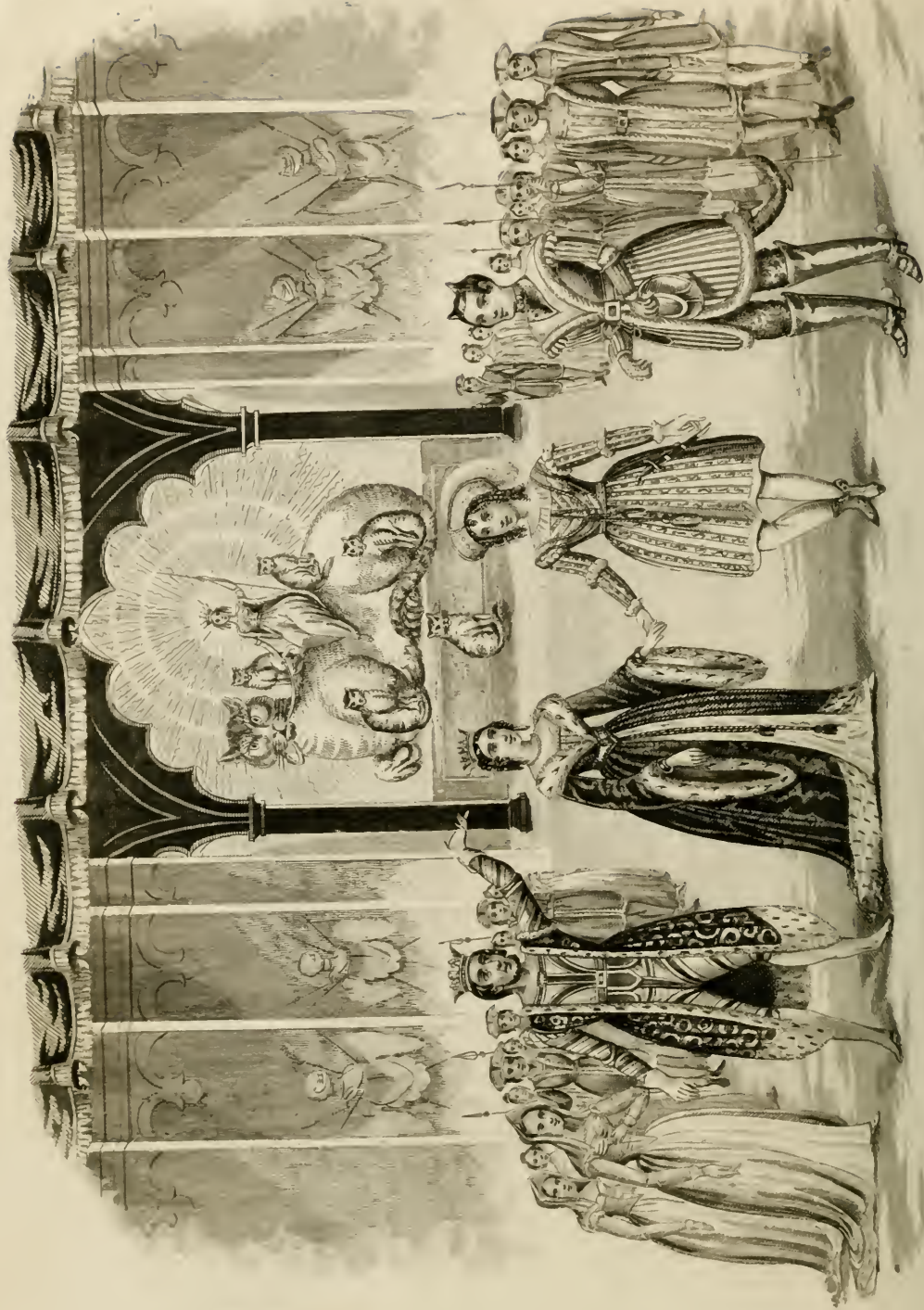
Thou' marriage change thy thoughts—thy ways—  
From those in girlhood's hour,  
Thou' now thine ear hears husband's praise,  
And thy bright days ne'er low'r;  
Yet think on me with heart as kind  
As erst it used to be,  
When every feeling of thy mind  
Became as own to me.  
As in those days when we first loved,  
And plighted friendship's vow;  
So, *Lisa*, sometimes think on me,  
Altho' "thou'rt married now."

For now thou'rt gone I feel as some  
Lone boat upon the sea,  
Whose consort's gone, whose rudder's lost,  
And in uncertainty  
Doth speed to find a home, to rest  
Upon the watery waste;  
Wafted by winds which seeming fair,  
May dire destruction haste.  
As such am I, I've lost thy aid,  
To point the path most wary;  
*Louisa*, though thou'rt "married now,"  
Think—sometimes think on

MARY.







A Scene Representation of *St. Charles Matrons, Madame Vestris, &c.*  
In the Quartette of *Le Pop en Boots*, now Performing, at the Olympic Theatre, &c.

1854

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXVII.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A SCENIC REPRESENTATION OF MR. MATHEWS AND MADAME VESTRIS, IN THE COMIC BURLETTA OF "PUSS IN BOOTS," AS PERFORMING AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## "PUSS IN BOOTS."

MR. C. MATHEWS AND MADAME VESTRIS.

The present number of "*The World of Fashion*," is embellished with a representation of one of the most striking and effective scenes in the new Olympic burletta, called *Puss in Boots*, in which Madame VESTRIS and Mr. MATHEWS are performing with so much success. In a recent number we gave some biographical particulars of these favorites of the public, and we need, therefore, only observe here, that their acting in the new burletta is fully equal to their professional reputation; for Madame VESTRIS never played with more spirit nor sung more charmingly than in the character of *Ralph* the owner of *Puss*; while Mr. MATHEWS has gained fresh laurels by his lively and droll representation of the booted cat. The story of the piece is universally known: it is the same with which all our readers have been familiar in the nursery.

## THE COURT.

LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY  
DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

"Amazing brightness, purity and truth,—  
Eternal joy!"

OTWAY.

The more the people of this realm become acquainted with the virtues of the illustrious female who has recently ascended the throne, the more enthusiastic do they become in their aspirations for her happiness and welfare. It was the natural feeling of Englishmen that prompted them when VICTORIA became their Queen to come forth with demonstrations of loyalty and affection; the circumstance of a female, and so young a one, being called to the throne, was of itself sufficient to cause a host of British hearts to gather round her for protection; but our illustrious sovereign deserves all the honours and all the homage that are paid to her; expectation is more

than realized: they who had heard of the intelligence and amiability of the Princess VICTORIA, high as their hopes were raised, never for a moment supposed the object of their loyal hopes to be so peerless as the Queen VICTORIA. We have before us the letter of an Irish gentleman upon the subject of the personal charms of our youthful sovereign, and it is so beautifully written, and is, moreover, so true a representation of the Queen, that we have much pleasure in submitting it to our readers. I have seen HER MAJESTY, says our Hibernian enthusiast. I had never seen royalty before; and the first view of that fair form dazzled my vision. I was astonished that a person of such exquisite beauty should have been so ill-described. The English are a wonderful people, truly a noble race, but they lack much of that enthusiasm of us Irish; it is not want of taste that has prevented them giving the world a just description of the young, graceful, and exquisitely fair sovereign, as theirs is most delicate; but it is, that the English look more to mental qualifications for the due government of a mighty nation than we do, and that winning loveliness of form and face that sparkles so brightly in our estimation, is with them a matter of but secondary consideration. Perhaps they are the more sensible, we the more ardent people. HER MAJESTY is not low in stature, as we in Ireland had been led to consider. She is apparently of that captivating Venus size, so highly prized and much admired in Latin and Grecian lore. HER MAJESTY was sitting when I had the high privilege of seeing her; her forehead rested on a hand perhaps the smallest and whitest for a person of her age in the world, and her half-bare arm rivalled the hand in symmetry and whiteness. Her dress was dark, and sufficiently low to show a neck of the most graceful form. Her face is oval, her complexion fair, her hair of that rare shade of brown for which you have known some ladies so much admired. And oh, such hair! soft, fine, luxuriant, divided à la *Madonna*, and worked into a crown on the back part of the head. Her white and ample forehead, well contrasted with the rich shine of that glossy hair. Her eyebrows, rather darker than her hair, rise in gentle arches above her ample eyes of the most dazzling brilliant brightness, indicating a disposition both playful and good; they are fringed

with long dark silken eyelashes, that tend to soften the sparkle of her eyes. Her nose is gracefully formed, her lips just far enough separate to show two rows of teeth like pearls, and when HER MAJESTY was seen to smile, those lips displayed the liveliest tints of the rose contrasting well with the delicate glow on her cheek. HER MAJESTY'S shoulders are low and well formed—her waist is slender and round—her feet small—her ankles fine—her whole person exquisitely graceful and dignified. In a word, neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray her beauty and fine form. You must come over to London to see her and judge for yourself, and I know you will then acknowledge that half her charms have not been told; but I would say that what the evening star is among planets, the diamond among rich gems, the rose among flowers—such is our lovely Queen among the gentle sex.

The time of HER MAJESTY, during the early part of the month, was spent at Windsor, where several distinguished visitors have been royally entertained. When the weather permitted, HER MAJESTY rode out: but the severity of the frost kept HER MAJESTY confined within doors almost the whole of the time that she remained at Windsor. The evening's amusements were enlivened by the performances of HER MAJESTY'S private band, and also of HER MAJESTY'S musicians. The return to the Palace in St. James's Park, was on the 16th ult. HER MAJESTY, accompanied by her illustrious parent, came from Windsor, escorted by a party of Lacers, and when the QUEEN arrived at the Palace, the Master of the Horse and the Lord and Groom in Waiting, who were in attendance, came forth to receive HER MAJESTY, and usher her to the Royal apartments. A grand entertainment was given at the Palace on the 27th, in honour of the birth-day of the Duke of SUSSEX.

HER MAJESTY remains in the enjoyment of good health, as does also her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT.

It will afford much pleasure to our readers to hear the QUEEN DOWAGER is greatly improved in health.

#### FASHION AND FASHIONABLES IN PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1838.

Paris has been excessively gay during the month, and among the most attractive of the personages figuring in our fashionable salons, are some distinguished members of the British aristocracy, the Bedfords, the Abercorns, the Clanricardes, the Campbells, and others. The conflagration at the Opera, though it created what we call a *sensation*, did not "eclipse the gaiety of the capital," for the singers speedily found an asylum, and with the exception of poor SEVERINI'S death, and the lamentable accidents that occurred during the fire, the matter can be set to rights again. All the world, that is to say, all the Paris "world," is running after TACCHINARDI PERSIANI, who has contrived to give a good deal of effect to DONIZETTI'S last new opera, *Luccia di Lammermoir*, of which you have, doubtless, heard much, but which, *en vérité*, is the least worthy of its author's works. PERSIANI is not a singer to my taste, though she is generally admired, and is engaged, as report says, by LAPORTE, for your London Opera. Her voice is thin and weak; but, in justice, I must add, that its *flights* are sometimes extraordinary. She reminds me occasionally of SONTAG—SONTAG, whose star has set upon the stage, never I fear to rise there again.

But to "commence with the commencement," as the light-hearted people of this country would say, I must tell you all the fashionable news and gossip from the beginning of the month, the *jour de l'an*, the most busy and fatiguing, but, perhaps, the most delightful of all the days in the year. It was a splendid court-day; the King received numberless deputations, and everybody seemed to be bent upon pleasure taking. There was a delightful drawing-room on the 4th at the Palace, but I observed very few English present. The Queen looked well, but I missed the dignified Princess Marie from her side, and I fancied I could discover a pensive expression in the graceful mien of the Princess Clementine, as if the recurrence of this yearly ceremony had recalled more vividly the absence of her Royal sister. The Duchess of Wurtemberg is a most gifted and accomplished lady. No doubt the fame of her statue of Jeanne d'Arc, designed and executed by her, has already reached England. It is now in the gallery at Versailles, and displays great genius, both in the conception and execution. Her Highness has just sent to her brother-in-law, the Duke de Nemours, a picture by herself, representing him before the walls of Constantia. Rumour speaks highly of this Royal performance. As soon as the Duke de Nemours recovers from the effects of his late accident, it is said to be his intention to pay his Royal sister a visit in Germany. Some say that the young Prince wishes to obtain a sight of a fair Princess of Saxony, with whom an alliance is in contemplation. It is also rumoured that the Prince de Joinville is to be betrothed to the Young Queen of Spain, Isabella the 2nd. This is the current Court gossip, but what truth there may be in it I cannot undertake to say. The Court receptions for the presentation of ladies have been very magnificent, and there have been some very distinguished entertainments given by the *haut ton*. The Tudors had a concert some days since; but I avow that I thought the programme, printed in gold letters upon *papier satiné*, with a beautiful gilt border, the best part of the entertainment. The Binghamms had a ball on the 17th. The Rothschilds had one on the 5th; where, and, at others, I have seen clustering the fair flowers of the British nobility. Among them were the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abercorn, the Marquess of Douglas and Marchioness of Clanricarde, the Countess of Cadwor, and the three Ladies Campbells, the Ladies G. Russell, G. Fullarton, H. P. Galloway, Viscount and Viscountess Bury, the Countess of Elgin, the Marchioness of Sligo, the Earl of Altamont, and the Ladies Brown, &c. &c. The same distinguished personages were present at a ball given at the British Embassy, which was overflowing with the highest dignitaries of the Faubourg St. Germain, in addition to the leading personages of the present Court. The *fête*, like all those given by the British Ambassador, was eminently brilliant. Among the French beauties noticed in the dance were two lovely *debutantes* of the season, the daughters of the Comtesse de St. Aldegonde, *dame d'honneur de la Reine*, Mademoiselle d'Hennin, Madame de Contadis, and many others of equal note. Colonel Thorne has given several showy *fêtes*; and the musical and dancing *soirées* of Madame de Delmar have been select as usual. The reception at the Tuileries have a very remarkable feature, the King and his illustrious consort are pleased to receive gentlemen without the formal Court dress. The few Court dresses to be seen are principally worn by noble Italians, amongst whom one cannot help distinguishing the Prince B——, who, though exiled from his country for his ultra-liberal opinions, has all the looks and manners of the staunchest aristocracy.

The Hotel de l'Ambassade would seem to be destined to receive the loveliest and most noble of the sex. It was the residence of the Princess Pauline Borghese, the beautiful sister of Napoleon. In the days of splendour at the Imperial Court, the most delightful *fêtes* were given at this residence by its fascinating mistress. I know not whether she has left a charm within its walls, or whether the saloons were by her taste artfully arranged for the display of beauty; certain it is that nothing can be more enchanting than the *soirées* held in them. The long conservatory, dimly lighted, into which these saloons open, and on which the eye gladly reposes, presents that sensation of heat and suffocation which is attendant on closely crowded rooms. The natural graces, too, of an Englishwoman, and her pure style of beauty, accord well with these flowery scenes. I was particularly struck with this the other evening, as I caught a glimpse of the lovely Lady L——, seated in that perfumed bower, her head entirely surrounded with the luxuriant foliage of the Laurestinas, intermingled with the bright red flowers of the Camelia. She looked like Titania gazing out of her leafy dwelling on the revels of us mortals.

The Duke of Orleans and his amiable consort have given a state dinner party. The Duchess of Orleans has a peculiar grace in doing the honours to her Royal guests. She looks much better than when she first arrived in France, notwithstanding her delicate situation, which gives hopes of another scion to this already numerous family.

By way of killing time I attended a ball for the relief of the Poles, at the Casino Paganini, an establishment which has been lately opened, and which consists of a magnificent series of rooms in the Rue Mont Blanc, where an orchestra executes, every evening, overtures and symphonies. The Casino is under the special direction of Paganini. The public fancied from its name that they were to hear every night, for forty sous (the price of admission), this far-famed violinist; but the wily director, whose love of money is as great as his talent, has reserved himself and his instrument, as an excuse for raising the entrance-money from two to ten francs on the nights he performs.

A bazaar was held here a few days ago, by the *élégantes*, in imitation of the English charity bazaars. A Russian Nobleman of rank (it would be cruel to publish his name) was taken there by some of his French acquaintances. He lavished his money at the various stalls with the profusion of a genuine *Prince Russe*,—the fair ladies setting forth all their charms to stimulate his generosity. At length le Prince de —— left the bazaar, his carriage so loaded with his *emplettes* as to leave just room enough for him and his Parisian friend. *Chemin faisant* they conversed on the efficacy and success of these bazaars—the kindness of the Ladies Patronesses, &c. &c.—repeating, in fact, all that has been said fifty times over on the same trite subject; when, as a climax, the French Count exclaimed, “But the cause—the cause is inspiring!”—“Ah! indeed,” said the Russian (satisfied that it must be one of charity), “I forgot the precise object of the bazaar.”—“A charitable, nay, a noble cause,” replied his enthusiastic friend, “the cause of every friend of liberty—that of the suffering Poles. The Prince looked aghast—a bazaar for the relief of the Poles! He was horror-struck. Each little paper parcel before him seemed like a witness against him. He, devoted to the Czar, to be seen contributing to the relief of the rebel Poles!—Siberia rose in the distance in his mind’s eye—he pulled the check-string—“A l’Ambassade de Russie,” said he to the ready *chasseur*, “et brûlez le pavé.” Then throwing himself back in his carriage,

he said to the Count de ——, “Let my carriage take you home, after it has set me down at the Ambassador’s, and pray do me the favour to accept all these baubles,” kicking at the same time, most contemptuously, a basket before him, which seemed the handwork of the fairies, so delicately was it wrought: “take them all, and let me never see them again.” The French Count shrugged his shoulders, the carriage stopped, and the affrighted Russ leapt out of it to relate the whole circumstance to his ambassador, before any officious tongue should have time to proclaim that “M. le Prince de ——, attaché à la personne de sa Majesté l’Empereur de toutes les Russies,” had attended a bazaar for the relief of the distressed Poles.

Prince Talleyrand is arrived: he is better than last year. The powers of his mind have not kept pace with his years; instead of partaking of decrepitude, they are as active and as brilliant as in his younger days. He had an interview with the King on the day of his arrival. The Duchess de Dino, who, during the Embassy of her uncle, was the general admiration of the London fashionables, intends passing her winter in Paris with her sister, the Duchess de Lagan. You will readily believe me, therefore, when I state that we are in the midst of gaiety and pleasure. “Beauty is around us, as light:” and the cup of our happiness is full.

#### GOSSIP AND GAJETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE NEW COURT.—An Englishman who had left his country in the last reign, and returned now to his home and old accustomed places, would become more sensible of the great change that has come over our Court than we ourselves who live in the midst of it, and have been spectators of the various scenes and events as they have occurred. The good King WILLIAM—whose loss to the world none can deplore more sincerely than ourselves—had arrived at a time of life when nature wishes to retire from the busy scenes of life, and desires to dwell in tranquility, and free from the cares and troubles of society. He was anxious, however, to fulfil all the duties of his exalted situation, and he made many sacrifices to promote the gaiety and happiness of his people; often evincing an utter regardlessness of personal ease and comfort, in order that the spirit which should ever be sustained in a Court should be kept up. But though the good and much regretted King manifested anxiety for the happiness of his subjects, it was impossible that he could make his court so brilliant, so gay, so animated, and we may add in a limited sense, so popular as it has become since a youthful sovereign ascended the throne. King WILLIAM had arrived at an age when nature looks with distaste upon the pleasures and frivolities of youth, and he could not admire, and therefore, could not encourage the cultivation of those myriad graces and refinements, which, trifling in themselves, nevertheless constitute together a very brilliant and dazzling whole. He preferred the company of the aged wise, while the wisdom of the young—for the young are wise as well as the old, let the aged shake their heads as they may—was thought but little of. Her Majesty Queen ADELAIDE did all that was in her power to enliven the Court, and to a certain extent her Majesty succeeded; but the habits of the Queen were more in unison with those of his Majesty, than with those of the airy courtiers, in the hay-day of life and joyance; and hence the Court was sombre though elegant, and was remarkable for its novelty and propriety, though not for liveliness and

brilliancy. The Court of Queen VICTORIA presents the much desired combination of brilliancy and strict morality, and is indeed without a parallel in any age or country. Every individual in the Court circles appears to be animated with a new spirit, the young are inspired with a consciousness of the duties of their sex and station, and even sedate elderly gentlemen, who under other circumstances would have quietly retired to their country seats and fox hunting, seem to have received new inspiration and rival the gallantries of their sons and nephews, and are to be seen looking as pleasant and animated in the Palace and the Parks, and dancing as spiritedly in King-street, as ever they did in "the light of other days." The Court of Queen VICTORIA is but yet in its infancy; but it promises to be of surpassing glory; we have said it is without a parallel. We revert to the times of Louis Quatorze, and of England's second Charles, when courtly splendours were of excessive greatness, and poetry and painting, music and song, and grace, and genius, and all the refinements of human life are supposed to have reached the highest point to which they can be carried; but we see running through the magnificence and glory of Whitehall and of Versailles a dark stream, exhaling poisonous odours, and casting a blighting influence upon all around; a serpent winding its way among flowers, dealing destruction and death in the midst of fragrance and beauty. We go back to the age of ELIZABETH, England's maiden Queen, and find a generation of stiff starched affected ladies and gentleman, who fancied gallantry to be a very fine thing, and believed they understood it, just as Tomkins or Jenkins whose studies have been confined to a Lord Mayor's Ball, faustically throw about their limbs and fancy they are dancing! The Court of Queen VICTORIA is not like any of these, nor will it ever be similar. It has the refinement and the splendour of Louis Quatorze, with the modesty and morality of Elizabeth; a combination of perfections, without any of that dark alloy, which make the virtuous-minded turn from the contemplation of the one with disgust, and possessing none of that stiff formality, which like the well starched ruff about their necks, rendered the ladies and gentlemen of the Court of Elizabeth so ridiculous. Upon the throne of England sits that paragon and pattern of her sex, the beautiful, the virtuous, the good VICTORIA, upon whose fair brow the guardian spirit of England stands confest; surrounded by a light of her own beauty's making; and there about her are the young, the beautiful, the good, the wise, the virtuous, the wealthy; the wit, the poet, the philosopher, all engaged in the noble endeavour to exalt the character of VICTORIA'S Court, and to increase the glory of the Queen. Gallantry is now no empty name; for he who looks upon the sunny countenance of Queen VICTORIA, feels willing to risk his life for her if it should be required, and a feeling of devotion to the whole female sex, thus becomes inspired. Morality and gallantry, like brother and sister, go hand in hand; and future historians when they describe the splendours of VICTORIA'S Court, will also dwell with gratification and delight upon its piety and virtue.

**HER MAJESTY'S SLIPPERS.**—Her Majesty has perhaps the most beautifully formed foot in the world; it is a pattern of grace and symmetry; as those who have been so fortunate as to obtain a sight of a splendid pair of dress slippers recently made for the Queen at Bristol, may have been able to conceive. These shoes almost rival the famous glass slipper of Cinderella. They absolutely seem the manufacture of Robin Goodfellow, Queen Mab, and her band of fairies, rather than the work of the fingers and thumbs of mere mortals. They are of purple

velvet, the Royal Arms and the Initials V. R., being embroidered in gold upon the front. The figures are admirably delineated, well relieved, and the whole executed with great art, and exquisite delicacy. Around the sides are entwined wreaths of oak leaves, interspersed with acorns and roses, of gold thread and silk. The inside is of white satin, and exhibits, also in gold, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, twining around the words "All hail to Victoria." These exquisite productions are enclosed in a box of sandal wood, with a golden lock and key, the cover being ornamented with the Royal Arms, superbly carved in ivory.

**MATRIMONIAL CIVILITIES.**—The separation between a gay young nobleman and his pretty bride is not, as his lordship would say, in his sporting phrase, likely to "come off." The fact is, we suspect, that much as his lordship loves liberty, he loves his lady more, and though a little domestic misunderstanding may have occurred now and then, neither the one nor the other would like to be separated for ever. "Farewell" is so very hard a word to pronounce, that neither lord nor lady can bring it out. It is a pity that a better understanding, however, cannot be brought about between the parties. Certainly his lordship's little attentions are very extraordinary; they remind us of what we have read of Col. ———, who at certain parties, when the hour of breaking up had arrived, and the cloaking of the ladies was going on with great energy, would be most polite to his lady, but, nevertheless, leave her to get home how she could. That the young men should be anxious to guard their partners from the night air was not surprising. But it was remarkable to see Colonel ——— taking infinite pains to invest his wife with the proper number of shawls and tipnets, accompanied with tender injunctions to take care of herself; all which was most tenderly acknowledged by the object of his solicitude. This was the more surprising as it was known that Colonel ——— did not care a farthing for his wife; and she was supposed to have carried friendship as high as it could well go with somebody else. That somebody, too, was generally in waiting, but at a distance, and studiously took no part. One evening E———, on seeing the wonder of a friend, whispered maliciously, "I quite agree with you. It is remarkable. But don't you observe her father and mother, who have much to leave, in raptures with his conjugal attentions? And as to the gentleman at a distance, who can now say that he is a chosen *cavaliero servente*. We by no means wish to insinuate that the lady to whom we have alluded, has any *cavaliero servente*; we would indeed, indignantly repel any insinuation of the kind; but her partner, nevertheless, may take a hint.

**THE SEASON.**—London is expected to be more brilliant in high life during the ensuing season than it has been for many years. Her Majesty purposes to hold regular drawing rooms, and by her protection and countenance of all the useful and ornamental arts and manufactures to set an example to the fashionable world, by which all trades and professions will derive the greatest advantage.

**A MARRIAGE RECONCILIATION.**—It is with feelings of extreme pleasure that we find the long unsettled separation case which has continually kept alive the interest of the fashionable world, has been brought to a termination. The parties to whom we allude are Sir George and Lady Warrender, the long contested suit between whom has at length been terminated by the full and entire exoneration of her ladyship from all the charges brought against her. We understand that certain examinations, which took place in Paris about a year since, upon

a commission granted by a Court of Sessions in Scotland, were perfectly conclusive as to the fate of the prosecution. This commission, although granted to the pursuer (or, as we call him in England, plaintiff), revolved into an investigation, and consequent exposure of, the characters and motives of some witnesses brought forward against her ladyship, and in consequence, the defendant, Lady Warrender, has been, as we have already said, exonerated from all the allegations made against her. The result of this long pending case has given rise to a general feeling of satisfaction and pleasure: indeed, there can be nothing more gratifying to right-minded persons than the circumstance of a female coming forth from a severe ordeal unscathed.

THE BOOK.—Lady C.—B——, has got into a good deal of disgrace by writing, or editing, a certain book, which although published *anonymously*, was soon said to be the effusion of her ladyship. Whether her ladyship deserves the credit—or rather the *dis-credit* of the publication, we cannot say; but she has not denied the imputation, and she is, therefore, supposed to have “had a hand in it.” It was “too bad” to hold up in an odious light parties by whom the authoress had been befriended. People must look about them, now-a-days, for even in their own drawing rooms and boudours, there may be “a chiel” busily engaged in “taking notes” of their errors and infirmities, to print them for the gratification of the vulgar many.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

“The Drama’s laws the Drama’s patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live.”

#### THE APPROACHING SEASON, AT HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.

The arrangements made by M. LAPORTE, for the ensuing season, at the Italian Opera House, are liable to so many changes, over which he has no control, that we are only able to state what has been determined upon by the lessee, trusting to his good fortune to enable him to complete those arrangements to his own and the public’s satisfaction.

It is intended that the season shall commence as soon after the middle of the present month as possible, but there is every probability that it will be nearly the last week in the month before the theatre opens. Madame TACHIARDI PERSIANI, is to be the Prima Donna, before Easter, assisted by ALBERTAZZI and IVANOFF, but with regard to the last two, we have our doubts, as in consequence of the destruction of the Italian Opera House at Paris, and the company intending to carry on their performances at the Academie Royale de Musique, they will need all their attractions to fill so large a theatre, and may, therefore, be inclined to cast their operas with all the strength they can manage, particularly as they commence at Paris with the *Matrimonio Segreto*. A new tenor is mentioned as coming from Italy, to commence the season, and the charming DUVERNAY is also re-engaged, with a *dansseuse*, who has recently appeared in Paris, and met with very great success. DUVERNAY, we regret to say, is suffering much from illness, so much so indeed, as to have appeared nowhere since the close

of the last season; should she be well enough to appear at the commencement of the season, a new ballet will be produced, with the music by PILATI, the composer of the ballet music of *Le Brigand de Terracina*. After Easter, of course, the company will be the same as at a similar period last year, when DONIZETTI’S Opera *Le Lucia di Lammermoor*, so eminently successful in Paris at present, will be produced. The season is expected to be one of unusual brilliance, in consequence of the QUEEN’S residence in London, and the Coronation, which will render London more gay than for many season’s past.

Should LAPORTE be unable to complete his intended arrangements, the company, before Easter, will consist of part of the Opera Buffa Company, with additions from Italy; when some of the light Comic Operas new in this country will be produced.

It has been reported that an engagement has been made with DUPREZ, but from the immense houses he continues to attract in Paris, we think it very probable that his three months *congé* will be bought up by the director of the Academie Royale de Musique. The distinguished success of this *artiste* in Paris, has induced us to prepare a short memoir for the information of our readers.

DUPREZ, though so well known on the Italian boards, is by birth a Frenchman, and a pupil of the justly celebrated CHORON; he made his first appearance at the Odeon, in the Opera of *The Barber of Seville*, when his future success was not predicted, though he was then considered as an agreeable but not brilliant singer; his second appearance at the same theatre in *Don Juan*, was more flattering, but the unlucky closing of the theatre suddenly stopped his career. He then went to the *Opera Comique*, where he appeared in the *Dame Blanche*, and in the course of a month studied and played in eight new characters, with much success; but a want of faith on the part of the management, induced him to throw up his engagement, and leave France for Italy, where he soon appeared at Milan, in a translation of ROSINI’S *Comte Ory*, and excited considerable attention in that capital, from the beauty and flexibility of his voice. We believe this was the only opera he then performed in at Milan, its success rendering another production unnecessary, which may also in a great measure be attributed to that Opera being then new in Italy. In the year 1831, LINARI being anxious to produce the Opera of *Guillaume Tell*, engaged DUPREZ for the theatres of Lucca and Florence, the performances of which added considerably to his reputation; he afterwards performed at Trieste, in AUBER’S *Muette de Portici*, so well known in this country as *Massaniello*; the music of this beautiful Opera being then new at Trieste, DUPREZ’S success was very great, and induced several composers to write parts for him; and amongst others we may mention *Parisina*, in which he performed the part of *Hugo*; *Ines de Castro*, when he played *Peter the Cruel*; *Lara*, and the beautiful Opera of the *Lucia de Lammermoor*, which owes so much of its reputation to DUPREZ’S excellent singing in the part of *Edgard*.

He was subsequently engaged at Naples, and performed with Madame MALIBRAN in *Norma*, and *Ines di Castro*; the principal characters of which were written for both of them; and after an absence of seven years from his native country, he received an offer from the manager of the *Academie Royale de Musique*, his acceptance of which led to ADOLPHE NOURRIT’S retirement from that theatre.

DUPREZ’S first appearance at the *Academie Royale*, took place on the 17th of April 1837, in the Opera of *Guillaume Tell*,

when he was received in a manner almost unequalled in theatrical annals, and from that evening until the present day, the houses have been crowded to overflowing, on the nights of his performance, and the most extravagant prices are still asked for places and boxes, his attraction seeming to increase with each representation.

His second performance was in *Stradella*, then in *Robert le Diable*, and afterwards in *Les Huguenots*, *La Juive*, and *The Muette de Portici*, in all of which his success has been equally great. Various novelties are also in preparation for him, amongst which we may mention *Ginevra*, the words by SCRIBE, and the music by HALEVY; *Benvenuto Cellini* by BERLIOZ and ALFRED DE VIGNY, and a new grand Opera by AUER, the name of which is, as yet, unknown.

In person DUPREZ is rather short and inclining somewhat to stoutness, with features not very expressive, so that he owes all his success to his voice, which is a tenor of considerable compass and power, combined with a rich and pure intonation; in his singing he is very energetic, and the enthusiastic manner in which he sings the *finale* to the third act of *Guillaume Tell*, has quite an electrifying effect upon the audience. DUPREZ is married to a country-woman of his own, who is also engaged at the *Academie Royale*, and is possessed of considerable talents as a singer, certainly quite sufficient to have made her way to the station she holds at the *Academie*, without the powerful assistance of her husband. Her first appearance at the *Academie* was as *Alice*, when her husband performed also for the first time as *Robert*, in *Robert le Diable*.

OPERA BUFFA.—These performances have been very well attended during the past month, several novelties having been produced with much success. *Betty* is a light opera, displaying DONIZETTI'S powers as a comic composer to much advantage. The plot is the same as an opera produced a short time since at the *Opera Comique* in Paris, called the *Chalet*; and, subsequently at Madame VESTRIS'S as "Why don't she marry"; the music, however, is of a totally different character to ADOLPHE ADAM'S, and well suited to the singers. CATONE'S opening *aria* was given with considerable effect, though we must confess that at times he forces his voice rather too much for so small a theatre. LABLACHE and SCHERONI were highly amusing as the Scerjant and his sister, and the *finale* a spirited and tasty movement, was given by SCHERONI with much feeling and expression. We must protest, however, against the band commencing an Italian opera with the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, an union never intended by either of the composers, and having no possible connection with the opera. An overture is so much a part of the opera that we cannot too much censure the Vandalism that substitutes another in its proper place.

*Le Nozze de Figaro* is a revival that reflects much credit upon the managers of this establishment, since it is but rarely we have an opportunity of hearing MOZART'S music to so much advantage; the opera was well played, and the whole performance went off with much spirit; Madame ECKERLIN pleased us more than any other part in which we had previously seen her, and Miss CAWSE looked the page well, and sang the music allotted to the character with taste and judgment. CATONE'S part is not one in which he has much opportunity for display, but he assisted greatly in the concerted music. LABLACHE'S singing was more to our taste than his acting, which seemed to want ease; and in some situations he was rather too boisterous; he was, however, much applauded.

The house was well filled on the occasion; the opera seem-

ing to afford much gratification to those present. We may safely augur that it will draw good houses for some time.

Her MAJESTY, the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE and several of the leading nobility have been very constant in their attendance during the month, giving the theatre a more fashionable character than during the previous part of the season.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We never witnessed a more successful first appearance at any theatre, than that of Mr. CHARLES KEAN, on the 8th ult., after a four year's absence from the London Stage, and we wish that we could say the young actor deserved this success; but after a most careful and close attention to, and examination of, his performance, the only conclusion that we can come to is, that Mr. KEAN is a man of talent, but possessing none of that powerful genius by which only an actor can be rendered great, and permanently attractive. The audience were predisposed to support Mr. CHARLES KEAN, from their recollections of the greatness of his father, and from the report which had been made of the excellence of his private character. He is, we are told, a very amiable young man, and only devoted himself to the profession of the stage for the sake of his neglected mother, whom he has continued to support and protect. Our feeling was greatly in favour of Mr. KEAN, and we confess that on the first night of his performance we went to the theatre with the determination to be pleased with it. We have since twice seen his personation of the character of *Hamlet*, and sense of critical duty must overcome private feeling; we will endeavour to speak of the actor without thinking of the man.

Mr. CHARLES KEAN'S *Hamlet* is an unequal and imperfect performance; it has some passages of extreme beauty, but others of dull mediocrity. Mr. KEAN seems to understand the passion, but not the philosophy of the part; the scenes of strong emotion and excitement are given by him with much force and truth, but in those exquisite philosophical speeches and soliloquies with which the part abounds, Mr. KEAN most decidedly fails. Indeed we do not recollect ever having heard them worse spoken. The fine soliloquy commencing

"To be or not to be, that's the question,"

was an elaborate piece of studied acting, when it is clear that it should be delivered as a calm and subtle argument. *Hamlet* is overpowered by the weariness of life, and is debating the morality of suicide with his conscience, which in the bitterness of his anguish he accuses of making cowards of us all. Feeling himself a coward, he certainly would not talk of the matter in those loud tones, and with that fierce and frantic gesticulation adopted by Mr. KEAN. In passing, we may observe that we are not made cowards by conscience, which only awakens in us a sense of the awful responsibility upon us, in which sense the self-accusation of cowardice by *Hamlet* is to be understood.

Mr. KEAN played the scenes with the *Ghost* very excellently; in the others, with *Ophelia*, at the play, and with his mother he was equally good; but in the fifth act, with the exception of some graceful fencing, Mr. KEAN'S performance was tame, lachrymose, and ineffective. We are inclined to consider Mr. CHARLES KEAN an acquisition to the London stage; but he will never enjoy the same reputation as his father did.

Mr. BUCKSTONE has appeared at this theatre. We think it a pity that he should have left the Adelphi, where he was seen and heard to so much better advantage than here. His ambition has, we fear, overleaped itself. A very funny farce from his pen, entitled "*Our Mary Anne*," has been produced. The following are the brief incidents of its plot:—*Jonathan*



*Tunks* (BUCKSTONE), the young steward to *Colonel Albert*, who has been long absent from his estates, is about to marry the village favourite, *Our Mary Anne* (MISS POOLE). In the midst of his happiness he has one great anxiety, which he reluctantly communicates to a brother rustic, *Solomon* (MR. COMPTON), and it arises from an apprehension of the *Colonel's* return, inasmuch as he knows that *Mary Anne* had been a favourite protégée of a deceased uncle of the *Colonel*, who had directed his nephew to make her his wife at a proper age. *Solomon* sets him at ease by the assurance that the *Colonel* will surely never come back. The marriage takes place, but at the moment home comes the *Colonel*, determined to find an angel in *Our Mary Anne*, and espouse her. At the same time a lady of fashion, whom the *Colonel* had previously declined to see, lest he should be deluded into love with a sophisticated daughter of the world, but who, nevertheless, entertains a passion for him, comes also to the village, determined, in masquerading the peasant girl, to try and win the truant soldier. The result is, that she is taken by the *Colonel* for *Mary Anne*, and at once wins both his heart and an offer of his hand. Meanwhile the *Colonel* hears that *Mary Anne* is married to his steward, and *Jonathan Tunks*, on the other hand, learns that the *Colonel* has been taking liberties with the same heroine. Their mutual rage, but especially *Tunks* despair, form the subject-matter of the laughable in the piece BUCKSTONE, in both his first exultations, in his apprehensions and his despair, was excessively amusing. The conclusion is happy for all parties, by the appearance, at the same time, of the true and *pseudo-Mary Anne*, and a plain *eclaircissement* makes all happy.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The opera of *Amilie* continues its successful career. MR. MACREADY has revived another of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, *King Lear*, and in the correct and beautiful style of his previous productions. The play which has been been always given at our theatres as SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear* is a wretched alteration of that exquisite tragedy by various persons, the plot being considerably altered, some of the finest passages left out, and some mawkish scenes introduced. MR. MACREADY is greatly to be praised for his revival of the tragedy as SHAKESPEARE wrote it, and we feel confident that it will be a great attraction for a very long time to come. It is splendidly acted, MR. MACREADY himself sustains the character of the aged and doting *King* with exquisite ability. He appears the very being himself whom SHAKESPEARE has so finely painted, started again into actual life; nothing can be finer, more true, more touching, than his whole performance.

The pantomime here is an object of great attraction; chiefly by reason of the Diorama, painted by MR. STANFIELD, a series of beautiful views, the like of which had never before been exhibited upon the stage.

OLYMPIC.—Madame VESTRIS is carrying on her campaign very successfully; several new burlettas have been produced since our last notice, of which the principal are, *Puss in Boots*, *Shocking Events*, and *The Black Domino*. The first is founded on the well-known nursery tale, and is a very mirth-moving and agreeable little piece. The second affords MR. FARREN and MR. KEELEY good opportunities for the exercise of their humorous talents of the first in the character of an experimental surgeon, the other as a dumb youth to be operated upon. The plot of *The Black Domino* is ingenious:—*Julio de Calatravera* (C. MATHEWS), a young Spaniard, has refused the hand of a rich heiress whom he has never seen, in consequence of a violent passion he has imbibed for a fair incognita (Madame VESTRIS) whom he has met in a black domino. At a masked

ball, with which the piece opens, she again appears: he can learn nothing from her, save that her name is *Camilla*, that she must quit the ball at 12 o'clock, and that she must then bid him adieu for ever. To detain her he puts the clock back, and manages to make her attendant depart. She stops a few minutes after the time, but, hearing distant clocks strike, rushes from the room in the greatest terror. Uneasy at being alone so late in the streets of Madrid, she seeks refuge at a house with a door standing invitingly open. There she finds an old housekeeper, *Dorothea*, who is waiting the return of her master, as also the arrival of *Gregorio*, a convent porter, to whom she is secretly married. This good lady, being bribed with a diamond ring, consents to shelter her young guest, and invests her with a servant's dress, intending to pass her off as his own niece. Presently the master, *Fernando Gomez*, a dashing officer, returns, bringing with him a party of friends, among whom is *Julio*. Of course the latter is much astonished at finding his incognita here, filling the office of servant. She manages to elude him, and conceals herself in *Dorothea's* apartment. *Gregorio* enters intoxicated, and as he draws near his wife's chamber door, the incognita, now arrayed in the "black domino," rushes out. He takes her for an evil spirit, and at her request readily gives up the convent keys. On the following morning *Julio* calls at the convent, when the lady he has refused is about to take the veil; he begins to explain his ungallant conduct, and is thunderstruck when the novice, throwing her veil aside, discovers the features of the incognita. The lady, as may be supposed, does not take any vows but those of matrimony, and *Julio* is made happy with a wife and a large fortune. There is much ingenuity in making *Camilla* pass through the piece in an almost spirit-like capacity, and rendering the audience nearly as anxious as the lover to ascertain who she is. At one time the weight of evidence tends to make her the wife of Baron Elsenheim (W. VINING), another it is supposed that she is the Queen of Spain. As the bills merely style her "the black Domino," room is left for every possible conjecture. VESTRIS played the part of *The Black Domino*, with all her wonted archness and spirit, and sang some new melodies very delightfully.

ADELPHI.—Mrs. NISBETT has become a member of MR. YATES'S company (the Haymarket having closed for the season) and has appeared in a pretty little burletta, called *All for Love*, or, *The Lost Pleiad*, with very good effect. Her character, however, is but an imitation of the one she sustains so very admirably in MR. KNOWLES'S *Love Chace*; its principal object being to torture and annoy a humble peasant who loves her. The plot is very slight. A female star is sent down to earth to subdue a man's heart; but she becomes enamoured of the selected youth, and for his sake forfeits her immortality. The piece was very showily got up, and may be considered an attraction. It is a translation of the French piece, *La Fille de L'air*.

CITY OF LONDON.—While VESTRIS reigns queen in the west, Mrs. HONEY is equally popular in her sovereignty in the east; her theatre being crowded every night, and with excellent company. So great, indeed, has been her success, that she has purchased the interest of her partner in the speculation, and is now sole lessee, for three years, at the rent, we are told, of £1200 per annum. She has produced some very admirable little pieces, *The Page of Palermo*, *Seventeen and Seventy*, &c., which, by the aid of her excellent musical and dramatic talents, have been highly successful and attractive. Mrs. HONEY has reached the highest point of her ambition, and must now be classed among the most popular favourites of the day.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"—— A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many gems  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there,  
To put forth blossoms in their fullest season;  
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While one that fades, as summer's flush of bloom,  
Succeeds the gentle bidding of the spring."

*The Star of Seville.*

Love has gone hand in hand with Hymen into many mansions in the fashionable world during the month of January, and the highest hopes of many gallant *beaux* and lovely *belles* have been realized, at the sacred shrine, where the ring—the symbol of eternity—has been given and received in token of that firm alliance which lasts while life lasts, and expires only with death. First on the list of the happy is MARIA CATHERINE, eldest daughter of Sir ROBERT BATESON, Bart., of Belvoir Park, in the county of Down, and M.P. for Londonderry, who has become the wife of the gallant Capt. Sir BERESFORD B. McMAHON, Bart., of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the ceremony having been performed by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. Another important wedding has been solemnized, first at All Souls Church, and then at the residence of the Lady MARY PETRE, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church; we allude to that between ARTHUR HUGHES, Esq. (son of the late Sir R. HUGHES, Bart., of Bargold Hill, Suffolk,) and the Hon. ANNA MARIA PETRE. His Grace the Duke of NORFOLK, and several other noble personages were present at the wedding. The bridesmaids were the Hon. ARABELLA PETRE, and Miss CLERK, of Southampton. It gives us pleasure to witness the happiness of those who devote themselves to the spiritual and moral instruction of the community; and we rejoice heartily therefore to find that the Reverend R. P. PIGOTT, rector of Ellesfield, Hants, has obtained the object of all his heart's worldly desires, the hand of EMMA PHILLIPS, third daughter of the late Lieut. Gen. Sir F. WILDER. Hymen has waved his torch in the house of VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH, whose youngest daughter, the Hon. HENRIETTA ADDINGTON, following the dictates of her young affections, has given her hand to T. B. WALL, Esq., late of the staff, in the Ionian Islands.

The sunshine is past, and let us now discourse in the shade; and gloomy must the subject be—the triumphs of death, who has despoiled the houses of many of the great and good since our last notice. Lady EDWARD BENTINCK is now no more. She was the daughter of RICHARD CUMBERLAND the dramatist. She married Lord EDWARD BENTINCK, brother of the late and uncle of the present Duke of PORTLAND.—Lord ELDON is also dead.

The venerable Earl of ELDON now reposes with the silent dead; he has passed from the world which his genius and his virtues so richly ornamented, and numerous are they who deplore his loss. His lordship was born on the 4th of June, 1751, and died January 13, 1838. He was attended by no complaint, but sunk under a gradual decay of nature. His lordship has left two daughters, Lady FRANCES BANKES and Lady ELIZABETH REPTON, the wife of Mr. REPTON the architect, and is succeeded in the title by his grandson, JOHN VIS-

COUNT ENCOMBE, born Dec. 10, 1805, and married Oct. 1, 1831, to the Hon. LOUISA DUNCOMBE (second daughter of Lord FEVERSHAM, born Nov. 10, 1807. His Lordship (the present Earl) has two daughters, one aged three-and-n-half years, the other, two years. His Lordship is the only son of the Hon. JOHN ELDON, who died in 1805 (eldest son of the late Chancellor) and HENRIETTA ELIZABETH, only daughter of the late Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY, Bart. This lady was re-married to JAMES WILLIAM FERRAR, Esq., Master in Chancery. The Chancellor had another son, the Hon. WILLIAM HENRY JOHN, Barrister-at-Law, who died in July, 1833, at the age of 37.

The Fine Arts has lost a noble patron in Lord FARNBOROUGH, whose decease we have also to record. His lordship was in his 70th year.

The Countess of ESSEX, whose card parties were among the most agreeable of any given in the fashionable world, must now alas! be counted among the departed great. The poor have lost a great friend in her ladyship, who had entered her 78th year. She was Miss Bessett, the daughter of a former governor of St. Helena, and married a Mr. STEPHENSON a rich West Indian. Shortly after that gentleman's decease, she married the present Earl of ESSEX, and brought with her a fortune of about 40,000*l.* Incompatibility of temper was assigned as the cause of separation.

There are some marriages of considerable importance said to be upon the *tapis*. Among others it is said that the heiress, Miss BURDETT COUTTS, for whom all the *beaux* at home and abroad are sighing, will give her hand to the Marquis of DOURO, the Duke of WELLINGTON's son.—Viscount EARLSFORD, eldest son of the Earl of CLONMEL, will shortly lead to the altar the Hon. ANNETTE BURGHI, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Lord DOWNES. The young Viscount attained his majority a few weeks since, and the lady has just completed her eighteenth year.—It is rumoured at Vienna that the Archduke STEPHEN is about to be united to the Grand Duchess MARY, daughter of the Emperor NICHOLAS.

OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

*Floranthe*, we would recommend to take more time in finishing her compositions: there are original ideas in her little poem, but they are not very happily expressed.

*The Story of an Opera Box* will be acceptable; but "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," we hope.

The *gallant Captain*, named by \* \* \* (Lower Brook Street), is certainly *not* connected with "The World of Fashion," and as certainly the poem referred to was not written by him.

*Ladies' Favours* is pretty; and we will accept it if the writer will put it into *prose*.

*Henrietas* is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

We have a thousand apologies to make to the Hon. Miss B., for our apparent neglect of her communication. The fact is, we had mislaid part of the article, but, the lost treasure is come to light, and next month we hope to have the pleasure of introducing it to our readers.

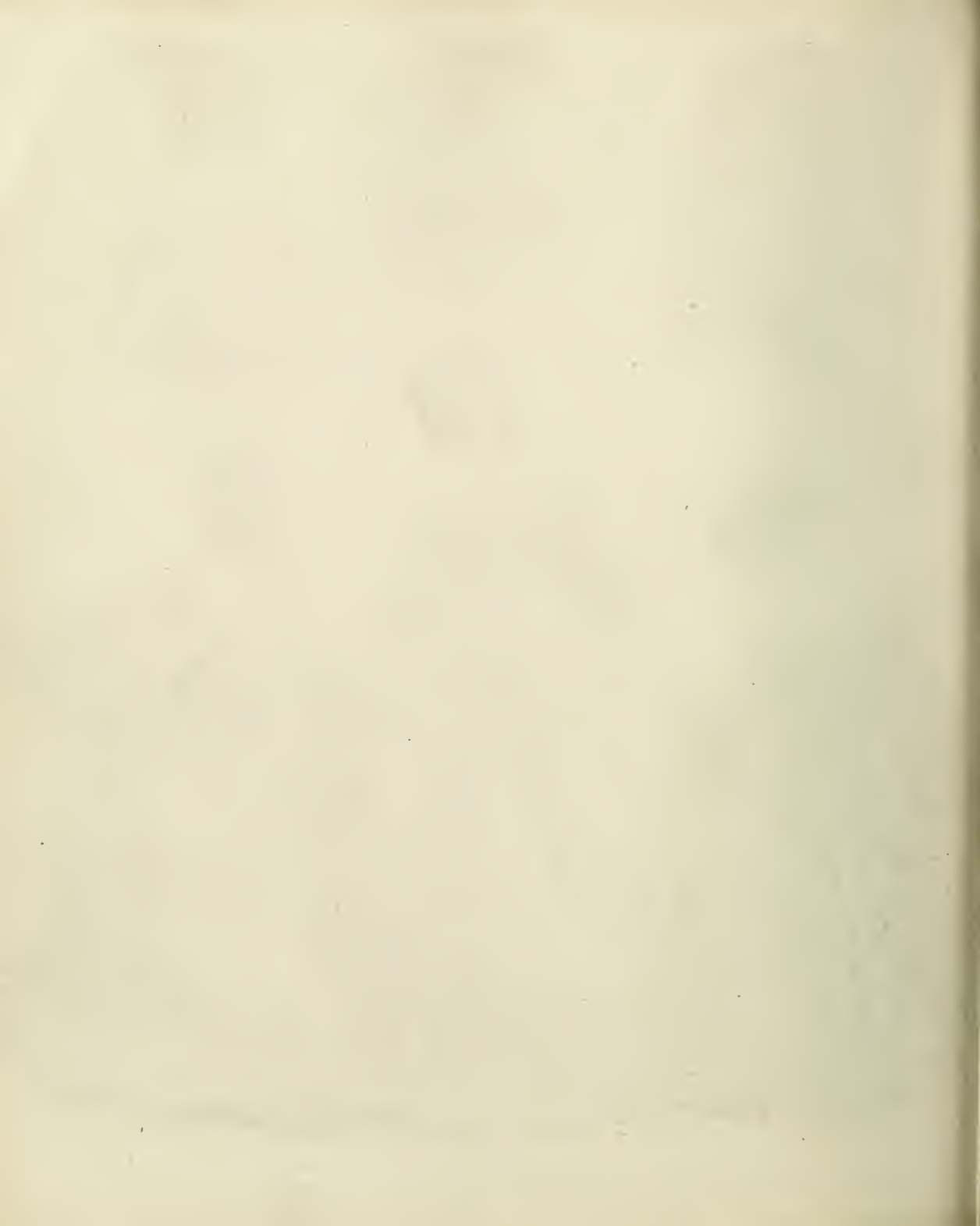
*Byron and the Beauties* is declined.

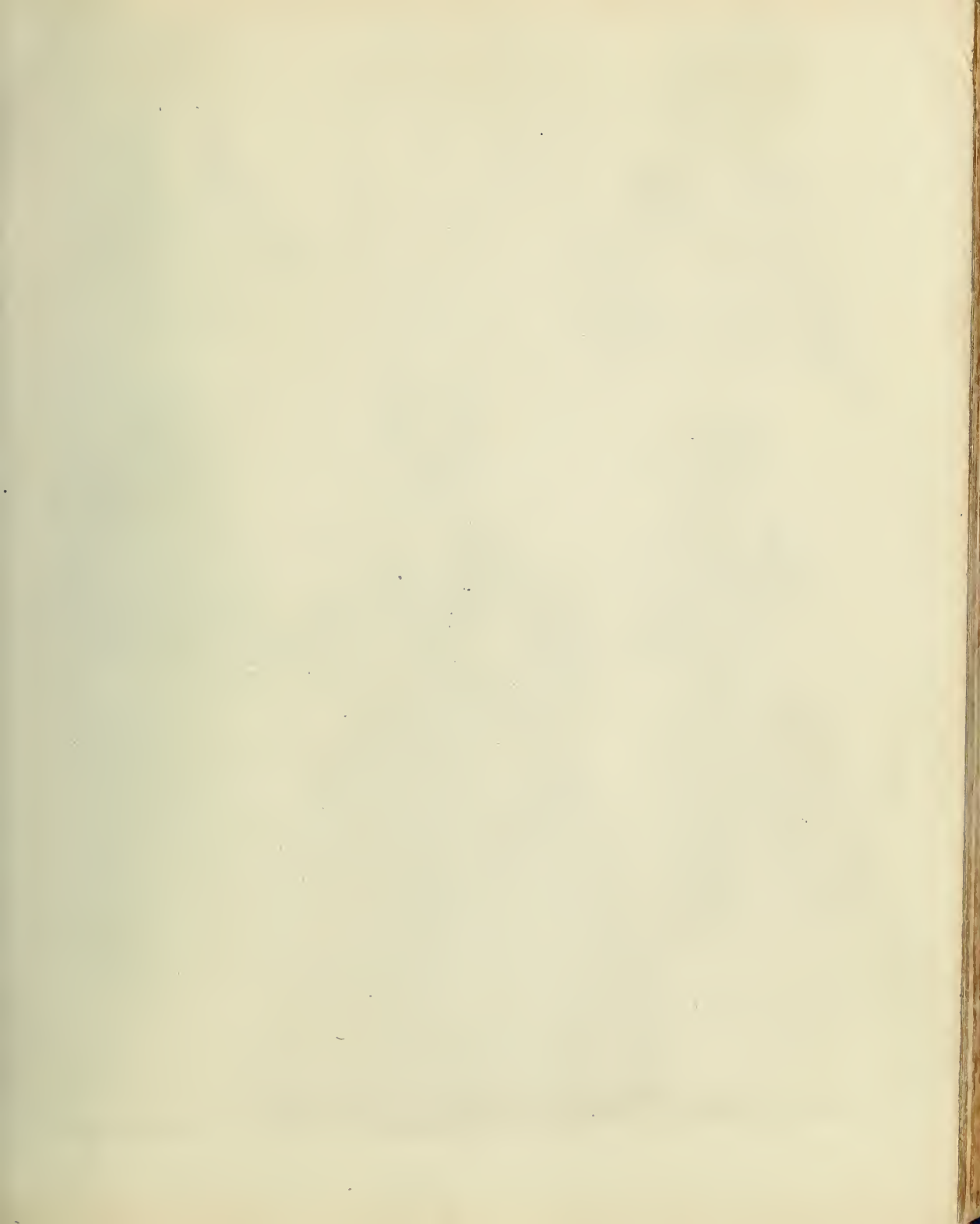
Many thanks to *Mira*. The enclosure shall receive our best attention.

*Mary* probably in our next.



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses.*





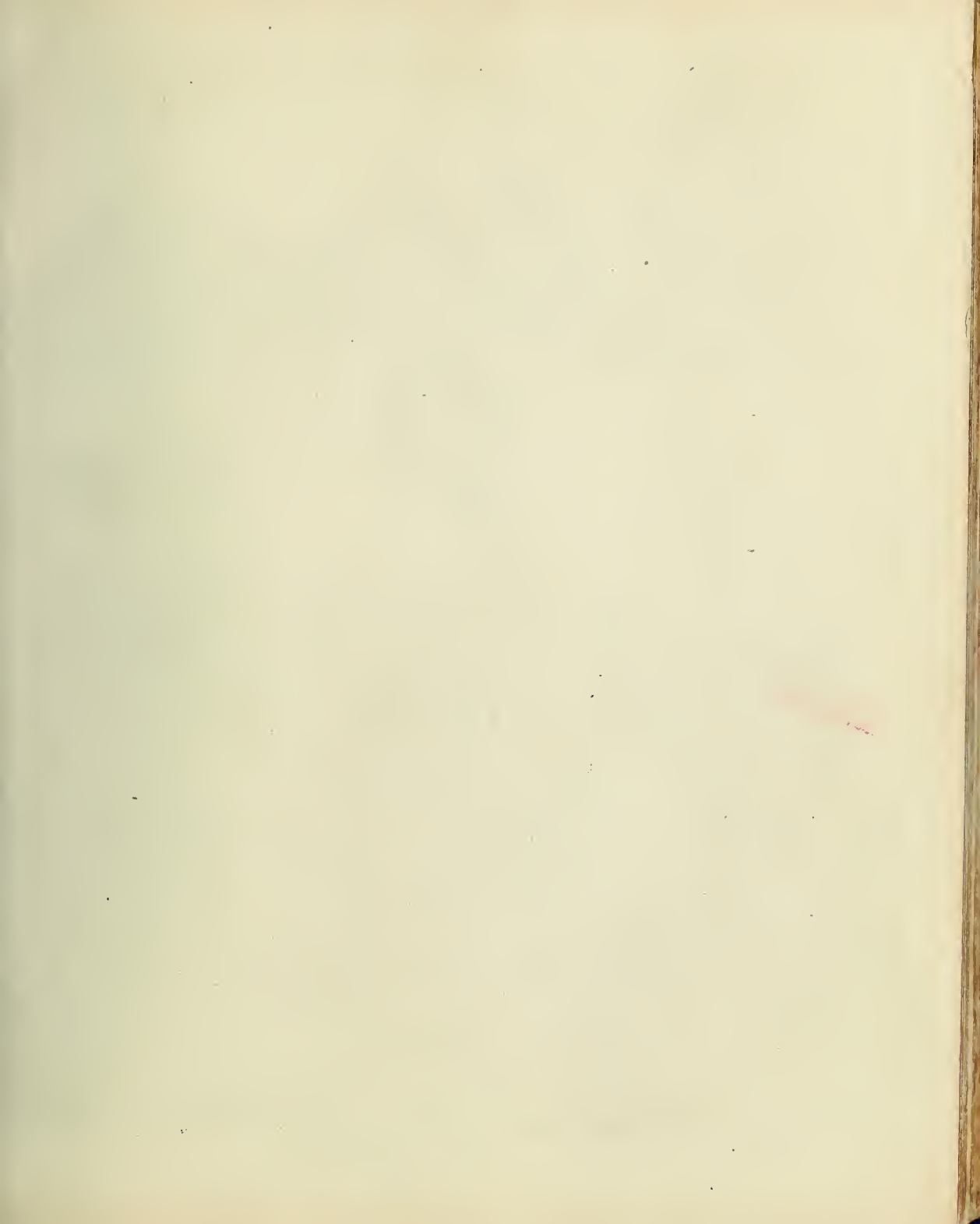


*The Latest & Newest Fashions, 1898 Evening & Morning Dresses*











*The Last & Newest Fashions 1838 Morning & Evening Dresses*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## EVENING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Robe of corbould blue; the *corsage* is deeply pointed, cut low in the bust, and trimmed round the top with blond lace, which forms a novel ornament in the centre. *Manche à la vieille cour*, decorated with flowers, knots of ribbon, and a blond lace *manchette*. The hair dressed *à la Sevigné*, is decorated with a *cordon* of roses. Scarf *mantelet*, lined and trimmed with swans'-down.

FIG. 2.—White satin robe, the border finished with a deep flounce of real lace, and the front of the skirt trimmed *en tablier* with lace; it is terminated upon the flounce by a knot of *viseau* ribbon and a flower. The *corsage* deeply pointed at bottom, and draped *à la Sevigné* at top, is ornamented on the shoulder with knots of ribbon; the drapery of the *corsage* is formed of *reseau*, as is also the *biais* that ornament the sleeves. The latter are terminated with lace *manchettes à la Venitienne*. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with flowers.

FIG. 3.—Robe of emerald green *satin rayé*, the border is trimmed with a deep *bias* flounce, low tight *corsage* and sleeves *à l'enfant*, with embroidered *tulle* cuffs. Evening *pelerine* of of embroidered *tulle*, lined with green satin, and trimmed with a *tulle riche*. Head-dress a black velvet *bonnet Castillon*, trimmed with black lace and roses.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—A back view of Fig. 5.

5.—BRIDAL COIFFURE.—The hair dressed in ringlets at the sides, and a tuft of bows behind, is ornamented with the bridal veil of blond lace, a *cordon* of pearls, a sprig of orange blossoms, and white roses.

6.—Pea-green satin robe, trimmed with a *pelerine* and *manchettes* of blond lace. Head-dress of hair adorned with flowers.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of lemon-coloured *reps Indian*; a low *corsage*, and short full sleeve, trimmed with *Mechlin* lace. The skirt is finished with a double flounce. The head-dress is a black lace *bonnet Flamand*, trimmed in a light style with flowers, black satin ribbons, and black lace lappets. Black velvet *mantelet en charpe*.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse robe of striped silk; it is of two shades of green, a dead and bright stripe alternately; the front of the skirt is trimmed in a very novel manner with black lace and *coques*, and bands of green ribbon. High *corsage*, partially open in front, and disposed in folds. Sleeves *demi-large*. White *rep* velvet hat, a long oval brim, delicately trimmed with flowers; a bouquet of *sautes marabouts* adorns the crown.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pink velvet robe, *corsage à trois piece*, cut very low, and trimmed with a blond lace tucker. White satin hat, a

round and large brim, the interior is decorated in a very novel style; the crown is profusely ornamented with long flat ostrich feathers. Blond lace scarf.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—COSTUME DE SPECTACLE.—Robe of fawn-coloured striped silk; the *corsage* partially high, and displaying *à chemisette à la Vierge*, is trimmed in a novel style with black lace, and cherry-coloured ribbon. *Manche à volans*, terminated by black lace. Black *velours épinglé* hat, decorated with black satin ribbon, and a bird of Paradise.

5.—HALF DRESS CAP of *tulle* blonde, trimmed with pink ribbons and roses.

6.—A back view of the above head-dress.

7.—A back view of Fig. 1.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—The robe is of French white satin, the border trimmed with a flounce of the same material, with a row of *Mechlin* lace falling over as a binding, upon which full-blown roses are laid at regular distances. *Mantelet* and *Capuchon* of black quadrilled velvet, lined with rose-coloured satin, and trimmed with rich broad black fringe. Head-dress, a German peasant's cap, decorated with foliage, and *gerbes* of flowers.

## FRENCH COURT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Open robe of pink *Victoria* silk, over a satin petticoat of the same colour; the robe is striped with gold, and both it and the petticoat are trimmed with gold blond lace, *corsage à l'antique*; short tight sleeves, both trimmed *en suite*. Head-dress of hair decorated with diamond *epis*, and gold blond lappets.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Blue *rep* velvet robe, trimmed with two flounces of black lace. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with black lace, partly floating loose, and partly entwined with *chefs d'or*; three gold pins placed on one side, complete the *coiffure*. Short mantle and *Capuchon*, lined and trimmed with *ermine*.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—White *gros de Naples* robe; stomacher and cuffs of azure velvet. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with white and green flowers.

5.—BALL DRESS.—Robe of green crape; low and square *corsage*, pointed at bottom, and trimmed with flowers. Short sleeves terminated by a *bouillon manchette* of white *tulle*, the *bouillon* formed by flowers. *Coiffure à la Berthe*, decorated with two *gerbes* of flowers, placed in different directions.

6.—EVENING DRESS.—Robe of straw-coloured *relours épinglé*, trimmed with *Mechlin* lace. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a burnished gold tiara, and white ostrich feathers.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of Indian green *rep* velvet, the border trimmed with English point lace; tight *corsage*, decorated with a lace drapery, which is fastened by jewelled *agrafes* and *nœuds de page* of ribbon to correspond. Short sleeves, trimmed with knots of ribbon, and point lace ruffles. Italian turban of silver blond lace.

## FULL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White satin robe, bordered with ermine. Tunic of pale blue *velours épinglé*, embroidered in silk to correspond, and trimmed with ermine all round. Ribbon arranged in a peculiar style forms an open *tablier* down the front. Head-dress, a *chapeau Castillon* of violet velvet, the interior of the brim decorated with gold grapes and their foliage; the crown trimmed with a bird of Paradise, and a knot of velvet with floating ends.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—White *tulle* robe over white satin, both are trimmed with *ruches* of *tulle*, knots of ribbon loop the robe, and the pocket holes are bordered with flowers. *Corsage à la Grecque*. *Coffure à la Seigné*, adorned with flowers.

## MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 4.—Robe de *Chambre* of dark-green striped silk, lined with straw-coloured *gras de Naples*. *Tulle* cap, trimmed with straw-coloured ribbon.

FIG. 5.—Green satin *pelisse*, trimmed with velvet. Straw-coloured satin *capote* Victoria, ornamented with flowers.

FIG. 6.—High robe of striped silk; white satin hat, a round brim: the interior trimmed *en bonnet*, with blond lace and flowers; *gerbes* of flowers ornament the crown.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—White lace robe over white satin; *Mantenon à Capuchon* of blue *rep* velvet, lined with *viscau* satin, and trimmed with knots of *viscau* satin ribbon. Head-dress, a round cap, composed of black lace, and trimmed with roses and pale rose ribbon.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of green striped silk; black velvet mantle, lined with *ruby gras de Naples*, and trimmed with black lace. White satin wadded bonnet, ornamented with blond lace and flowers; the crown is trimmed with a blond lace drapery, and white satin ribbons.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Violet cloth *pelisse* of a peculiarly fine texture; tight *corsage*, and sleeves made moderately wide. The *corsage* and the front of the skirt is ornamented with fancy silk trimming to correspond; sable muff; hat of *éru rep* velvet, trimmed with an ostrich feather and ribbons to correspond.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—MORNING DRESS.—Lilac satin robe; mantelet to correspond, trimmed with swan's-down. Pearl grey satin hat, ornamented with white feathers, shaded with grey.

5.—A back view of the next figure.

6.—EVENING DRESS.—Pink satin robe; a pointed *corsage*, cut low, and trimmed with a *pelerine mantelet* of *pointe d'application*, and butterfly knots of satin ribbon. Short sleeves, trimmed with *manchettes*, and knots *en suite*. The hair is decorated with fancy jewellery, foliage, and white ostrich feathers.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1838.

Our fair readers will perceive by our prints that we do not exaggerate when we say that the dress of our fair fashionables is at present of the most splendid description, such, in fact, as befits the commencement of the reign of a young and beauteous Queen: long may she continue to be our model for all that is elegant and graceful in woman, as well as all that is noble and excellent as a Sovereign. We have but little to say to our fair readers on

CARRIAGE HATS AND BONNETS.—Both are more remarkable for their elegance than for their novelty; although a number of materials have appeared for them, yet velvet, *rep* velvet, and satin, are almost the only ones adopted. Hats have not varied in size. We observe that those which have the interior of the brim trimmed with flowers only, are not now so generally adopted as those ornamented with an intermixture of blond lace and flowers. We see also a good many hats, particularly black velvet ones, ornamented with birds of Paradise of the natural colours. We may cite as one of the most elegant models of these hats, the fourth figure in our third plate. Bonnets have, we think, increased in the size of the brim, since the weather has been so cold. A favourite style of decoration for satin ones is, a *bouquet* of velvet flowers, so placed that the greater part of them stand upright upon the crown, and two or three of a smaller size, droop, as if falling from the *bouquet* upon the brim.

MANTLES.—The *manteau à la Czarina* is the only novelty of the month; it is composed of satin, either black or coloured; in some instances it is lined with fur, the trimming, which is the principal novelty, consists of a very broad band of velvet, cut in irregular points, and encircled with fur. The sleeves are of the demi-large kind, that we spoke of a month or two ago, and the *pelerine* very large, and pointed; both are trimmed to correspond with the round of the mantle.

FASHIONABLE WINTER SILKS.—We may cite as pre-eminent in beauty, the satins Victoria; they are very substantial silks, figured in gold and silver, resembling the *trocades* of a hundred years ago, but in less heavy patterns. There is one in particular, the gold or silver of which is interwoven with the silk in such a manner that it does not present any fixed pattern; this is a very original as well as splendid silk. *Rep* velvet, *reps*, *gras d'Alger*, and above all, *Pekins* of different kinds: there is quite a rage for this last. These silks, which can be worn only in full dress, are generally trimmed with gold or silver blond, or *chenille*-blond; this last trimming is as novel as it is elegant.

FULL DRESS ROBES.—The forms are decidedly those of the decline of the seventeenth century, that is, generally speaking; for our *Éléantes* introduce without scruple, some modifications which are more or less becoming according to the taste with which they are executed, thus an ornament for the *corsage* which is perfectly novel, will be found on the robe of the first figure of our second plate; another modern invention is a *biais* which forms a *lappel*, and supplies the place of drapery, this is particularly advantageous to the shape, if the wearers figure is slight. Sleeves have varied little. We must, however, notice a very pretty and becoming sleeve which has just appeared, it forms a sort of *juste milieu* between the velvet and the *amadis* by means of four *bouillons* varying in size.

TRIMMINGS OF FULL-DRESS ROBES.—Our fair readers will see by our plates the *fouces* have a decided majority, never-

theless, they are so disposed as to present a good deal of variety. Besides the different styles given in our plates we have noticed some flounces that were arranged so as to form points, the lace being gradually drawn up in one, and each being headed by a flower or an ornament of jewellery. We must observe that besides the superb laces which we have spoken of above, blond and real lace are very much in request. Sable fur is also partially adopted, and ermine very much so. We refer, for one of the most beautiful models of the latter trimming, to the second figure of our fifth plate.

**FULL DRESS COIFFURES.**—A novel and very beautiful material for dress hats is called *velours mousse*, it is used only in light colours, and lined with crape of a corresponding hue; these hats are ornamented with two ostrich feathers of the same colour, placed on one side of the crown. One of the most novel dress hats of the season is of black velvet, the brim small and *evasée*, is placed very much on the left side, a rosette of black satin ribbon is placed near the cheek from which two floating ends descend; three white ostrich feathers are placed on the right, the first upright; the second drooping on itself, and the third turning in a spiral direction touches the shoulder. Two bands of velvet encircle the cheeks, and retain the hair. We must not forget to add that several of these hats are decorated with a new ornament in jewellery, which has a singularly novel and elegant effect, it is a lizard composed of gold, and the spots formed of diamonds. A good many head-dresses are of velvet, either black, green, or ruby; some are ornamented with points in front, and long lace lappets which fall on each side of the neck, and are sustained on the cheeks by flowers, velvet *coques*, or pearl ornaments, according as the rest of the costume is more or less rich. Others are encircled with torsades of pearls, or gold, and ornamented with knots of velvet edged with gold, and the ends terminated by gold fringe of a beautifully light kind.

**FANCY BLACK** is much in favour this winter, it mingles in toilettes of all descriptions, and when it is impossible to make it an important accessory, a velvet ribbon is worn round the throat fastened in front by a large diamond or any other precious stone. A style of fancy black much in vogue in evening dress, is a black blond lace robe, open in front, and worn over an under-dress of white, pink, blue, or rose-coloured satin. Knots of satin ribbon with two floating ends sufficiently long to reach from one knot to another, retains the skirt of the lace robe on each side: the knots are always the colour of the under dress.

**BALL DRESS MATERIALS.**—Crape, *tulle*, and various kinds of gauze, in particular grenadine gauze of the very richest kind, also satin striped gauze, and ganges spotted and figured in colours, in gold and in silver; we may add, also, blond lace both black and white. The colours adopted in ball-dress are always light, blue, rose, apple green, and lilac, but above all, white.

**FORMS OF BALL DRESS ROBES.**—We cannot do better than quote some of the most striking and novel of those that have recently appeared. A robe of grenadine gauze, a white ground striped in broad pink stripes, which were lightly spotted with silver; a tight *corsage*, partially covered by a drapery of white gauze, which, crossing in folds on one side of the bosom, descended on the other side the whole length of the skirt. It was spotted and fringed with silver, the fringe of a very light but rich kind; the under-dress, of white satin, had short tight sleeves, over which those of the robe formed a *manche à la demi Venitienne*, looped on the shoulder by fancy jewellery ornaments.

White crape robe, open in front, over one of white satin. The fronts of the skirt very far apart, and edged with *riches* of rose ribbons. The under-dress was trimmed with a blond lace flounce; a *bouquet* of roses was attached by a knot of ribbon with floating ends upon the outer robe, confining it to the under dress just above the flounce. Short sleeves, striped diagonally with very small *riches* of rose ribbon, and trimmed with blond *sabots*. The *corsage* was draped, the drapery retained by knots of ribbon. A robe of plain white blond net over white satin. A tight *corsage*, and sleeves *à l'enfant*. The trimming consists of two small scarfs of gold blond lace, one placed on each side, and falling gradually from the *ceinture* to the bottom of the robe in folds like those of a curtain. Although this style of trimming is simple, the effect is nevertheless very graceful.

**BALL HEAD-DRESSES** are invariably of hair, they are dressed very low, and quite at the back of the head, the hind hair is generally arranged in rather a complicated manner, and frequently intermixed with feathers or ornaments of jewellery. The front hair is mostly arranged in tufts of ringlets, with which knots of ribbons or flowers are mingled. Several ball-dress *coiffures* are adorned with flowers only, but an intermixture of flowers with feathers, or ornaments of jewellery, is more general.

**JEWELLERY.**—An ornament that we have already cited, we mean a lizard, has become very much in vogue for different uses, it is employed for the hair, for bracelets, and for *agraffes* of robes. We see also several round bracelets of *or brun*.

**COLOURS A LA MODE.**—Rich full hues, or very dark ones, as ruby, beet red, maize, violet, dark shades of grey, and black, are adapted for carriage and half-dress, but light hues continue most prevalent in evening costume.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Our predictions of a brilliant season have been amply verified, the fashionable winter has commenced with an unusual degree of gaiety and splendour; the toilettes of our *élégantes* principally modelled after the style of the reign Louis XIV and XV, are even richer, and by judicious modifications certainly more elegant. Our fair readers may judge of the truth of our assertion, by the models we have given in our prints, and by the intelligence which we are about to lay before them.

**CHAPEAUX DE PROMENADE.**—Velvet and satin continue to be the favourite materials for promenade hats, the forms remain the same as last month. We may cite among the most elegant promenade hats, those of *flamme d'enfer* coloured velvet, they are variously trimmed, but the most tasteful in our opinion, are those ornamented on the left side of the crown with a bird of Paradise, dyed black, and the interior of the brim trimmed with a wreath of roses of very delicate colours; a yellow *rose thé* and a *rose noisette*, are employed alternately; these flowers increase in size as they approach the cheeks, where only a light blond is intermingled with them towards the bottom. Black velvet hats, trimmed with black satin ribbons, figured in green spots, and ornamented with a black feather frosted in black and green, are very fashionable, and have a chaste and tasteful effect. Straw coloured satin hats, trimmed with straw coloured dahlias, shaded with lilac, are also very much in vogue. We must observe that these flowers are of a large size, and there is never more than one employed for a *chapeau*.

CAPOTES have lost nothing of their vogue, but they are either wadded or drawn, the former have the preference. Those of black satin are in a majority, they are always trimmed with satin ribbons of a black ground, but figured in colours. Some of these ribbons have small running patterns of flowers, remarkable for their beauty; others are of Egyptian patterns, and a good many are spotted in a shower of hail pattern; black and green is a favourite mixture.

MANTELETS are more than ever the mode. We scarcely see any thing else at the fashionable promenades of the Tuileries, and the *Bois de Boulogne*; they are principally of velvet, the favourite colours are black, deep blue, and emerald green; the trimming is always of fur, corresponding with the muff. The mantelet is to the *élégante* of our day, what the Cashmere shawl was to her mamma, an indication of her rank in life, or at least of her fortune, for those of the richest velvet trimmed with sable, are of a very high price. Those trimmed with grey squirrel fur, though not so expensive, are still very gentlemanly; then come the inferior furs, as mock sable, &c. &c. which though upon the whole expensive enough, are barely within the pale of fashion.

SHAWLS, though not so much in request as *mantelets*, are nevertheless adapted by many elegant women; they may be either of velvet or satin, but those of velvet have a decided preference. Those round, or pointed behind, seem equally in favour; they are made with a second small collar, or *pelérine*; the ends of which descend in the lappet style, either to the ends of the shawl, or only as low as the waist; they are now trimmed with fur only, fringe and black lace being quite laid aside.

PROMENADE ROBES.—In truth Mesdames, it is very difficult to get a peep at them, so completely are the fair wearers enveloped in *mantelets* and shawls. Let us open these wraps a little, and see what they conceal. The *corsages* are tight, or else disposed in flat plaits; the sleeves demi-large, the skirts quite as wide as ever, and most inconveniently long; if any trimming is adopted, it must be a deep flounce, this, however, applies only to silk, Cashmere, or merino robes, for those of velvet are always trimmed with fur, which we must observe for robes, as for *mantelets*, must always correspond with the muff.

CLOTH PELISSES.—This fashion which was revived last season, after a lapse of we believe more than twenty years, has been again brought up since the weather has become cold. Dark colours, as bottle green, deep blue, and a new shade of grey, are the most in favour; the dress is always lined with *gras de Naples*, of some full hue, as the different shades of red or yellow, and trimmed either with fur, or brandeburgs; the latter appear to have a preference; we do not mean to say that they are more numerous, but they are more generally adopted by elegant women. These pelisses are exceedingly well adapted to promenade dress, and we have no doubt that as the season advances, they will become very general.

COURT COSTUME.—As trains and lappets are abandoned, the costume of the court of France offers at present the most superb state of full dress, with a degree of variety which was formerly unknown. We must premise, that the costumes are a melange, and, indeed, a most graceful one of the ancient and modern style; they have the meekness and dignity of the first, with the ease and grace of the latter; as our fair readers will see by the details we are about to give them.

DEMI TOILETTE.—The materials most generally in favour at this moment, are striped silks, the most part are striped in

different shades of the same colour, and these are perhaps the most *distingué*; some are of satin, others in *gros grains*, plain or figured. Those that are of striking colours, have almost always a narrow black stripe, alternately with one of *ponceau*, blue, green, &c. A favourite style of trimming for these dresses, consists of a very deep *bias* flounce, the heading of which is variously disposed, in some it falls over, forming a second but very narrow flounce, in others it is arranged *en bouillonnée*, and we have seen it also disposed in puffs.

ROBES, were of rich silks and velvets, the former either figured or embroidered; a good many were of white satin, with flounces of gold or silver blond lace, or else trimmings of those rich laces forming a *tablier*, or disposed in drapery on one side of the skirt. A second row of very narrow lace formed a heading to the flounces. Another mode of arranging flounces, which was particularly adapted for those of English point lace, was to raise them in drapery on one side, by a knot composed of a great number of small *coques* of ribbon. In some instances also, flounces were mixed in the same manner on both sides, but they were attached by bouquets of flowers instead of knots and ribbons.

CORSAGES were almost all pointed and tight to the shape; a narrow *liséré* round the waist replaced the *ceinture*. The falling tuckers of lace were almost all cut plain, in the same form as the top of the *corsage*. Short tight sleeves terminated with a double or triple trimming of the *manchette* kind, corresponding with the flounces.

TURBANS had a majority, and in truth their elegance and splendour deserved it. Some were of *tulle* embroidered in gold, others in *point d'Angleterre*, or in *dentille de Saic*. They were composed of scarfs, the ends of which for the most part fell on each side in the veil stile; sometimes also, those little falling draperies were ornamented with roses intermingled with diamonds, or with *bouquets* of precious stones, which were interwoven with the hair. A turban in white *reseau*, of the lightest and clearest kind, was ornamented on one side with a long sprig of small blue holly, with diamond hearts, which drooped on the cheek, and had a beautiful effect; but those that were the most admired were composed of the gold tissue, or Cashmere scarfs brought from Algiers or Constantina.

CHAPEAUX.—The most remarkable were of cherry coloured, blue, or white velvet, the crowns very small and very low, with a brim perfectly round and very narrow; they were trimmed either with ostrich feathers, *marabouts* or *saules neiges*. These hats are quite of the antique form and new style. *Chapelets* are placed on one side of the head, discovering on the other a full tuft of ringlets, in which a flower or a knot of diamonds is placed.

COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX were dressed very low behind, some were ornamented with lappets of gold or silver blond lace, placed very near the nape of the neck on one side of the *chignon*, and falling on the shoulders and the back; some of these lappets were surmounted by a sprig or flower, either of pearls or diamonds. The front hair was dressed either *à la Anglaise*, or *en Berthe*, the tresses which formed the most part of the latter, entirely encircled the ear, and were rounded off so as to join the knot at the back of the head.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The fans offered a rich and splendid variety of patterns and styles. The *mouchoirs de poche* were embroidered with uncommon elegance. The gloves were trimmed with ribbons, blond lace, or *marabouts*. Shoes of white satin, with the tops half rounded.



## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

Safe on his darling country's joyful sea,  
Behold the hero plough his liquid way;  
The fleet in thunder through the world declare  
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.  
In various tongues he hears the captain's dwell  
On his high praise; by turns they tell,  
And listen, each with emulous glory fired,  
How Exmouth conquered, and the foe retired.

The peerage of Exmouth is of recent date, and it derives its origin from the great deeds of one of England's naval heroes, whose combined valour have made Britannia "Queen of the Seas." The family name of Lord EXMOUTH is PELLEW, but it is not necessary for our purpose that we go far back into its history, because the late Lord Exmouth was the first member of the family who publicly distinguished himself, and was publicly rewarded. We need only state, then, that EDWARD PELLEW, second son of SAMUEL PELLEW, Esq., entered the naval service at a period when the youth of Britain had abundant opportunities afforded them for winning names in arms, and earning also the gratitude of their countrymen. He was very young when he first trod the quarter-deck, but his activity and intrepidity soon made him the "observed of observers," and won for him the "golden opinions" of his associates in the career of glory. He rose step by step in his profession, and having captured the French frigate, *Cleopatra*, after a severe struggle, was knighted for his heroic conduct. Stimulated by this to renewed exertions, and success still waiting upon his arms, he was created a baronet on the 6th of March, 1796.

It is not our purpose to go through the whole of the splendid career of this distinguished man, for the shortest description that we could give of his memorable deeds, his bravery, shrewdness, and his humanity, would occupy more than the whole of our pages. Let it suffice, then, that he was not less remarkable for his benevolence at home, than for his bravery upon the sea, and that many actions are recorded of his private life which fully prove him to have been one of the best as well as one of the bravest of men. He succeeded in rescuing the crew of a wrecked East Indiaman, off Plymouth, by his intrepidity.

He rose by degrees to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, and on the 1st of June, 1814, was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron EXMOUTH, of Cannontegon, in the county of Devon. The expedition against Algiers having being determined upon by the government, it was found that Lord EXMOUTH was the officer most likely to conduct it to a successful issue. Accordingly, it was placed under his command, and the result fully realised all the expectations which those who knew the

character of the distinguished Admiral had entertained. His Lordship succeeded in destroying the fleet and arsenal of Algiers, and in redeeming the Christian slaves detained by the Dey. He returned victorious to his native country, and was received with the loudest and most grateful approbation of the British public. The government also deemed it advisable to advance the gallant Admiral in the peerage, and, accordingly, on the 21st of September, 1816, he was created Viscount EXMOUTH. He had also at various periods the following additional honours conferred upon him:—K. G. C. B.; K. C. S.; K. F. M.; and K. W. He was born on the 19th of April, 1759. His lady was SUSANNAH, daughter of JAMES FROWD, Esq., by whom he had the following family.

## 1. POWNALL BASTARD.

2. FLEETWOOD BROUGHTON REYNOLDS, a naval officer, born Dec. 13, 1789, and was married in 1816 to HARRIET, daughter of the late Sir GODFREY WEBSTER, Bart., and ELIZABETH, the present Lady HOLLAND.

3. GEORGE, in holy orders, was born April 3, 1793, and married, in 1820, to FRANCES, second daughter of HENRY, Viscount SIDMOUTH.

4. EDWARD, in holy orders, was born Nov. 3, 1790, and married, in 1826, to MARY ANNE, daughter of STEPHEN WINTHROP, Esq., M.D.

5. EMMA MARY, who in 1803 was married to Admiral Sir LAWRENCE WILLIAM HALSTEAD, K.C.B.

6. JULIA, who was married, in 1810, to Captain R. HARWOOD, R.N.

Transitory is human life, and true it is that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." The hero falls like other men, and alike becomes feeble and sinks into the arms of death. Time plants deep furrows on the cheeks; years cover the head with silvery whiteness; the curving spine bows the face to the earth as if looking for a grave to rest in; all these, the wrinkled cheek, the bleached head, and the stooping frame, are the appropriate accompaniments of old age, and are as beautiful in the system of life as winter with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of the seasons. And Lord EXMOUTH, he who had been so active, and brave, and bold, passed through this winter of human life, and reposes now in the silent tomb.

POWNALL BASTARD PELLEW, now Viscount EXMOUTH, was born on the 1st of July, 1786; he devoted himself to the naval profession, but the termination of the war closed all opportunities for distinguishing himself. He was married, first in 1808, to ELIZA HARRIET, eldest daughter of Sir GEORGE HILARO BARLOW, Bart. This marriage was dissolved in 1820, several children having been previously born, of whom EDWARD is the eldest. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1822, GEORGIANA JANET, eldest daughter of MUNGO DICK, Esq.

The arms of Lord EXMOUTH are, *gu*, a lion passant, guardant in chief, two chaplets of laurel *or*, on a chief of augmentation, wavy. A representation of Algiers, with a British man of war before it, all *ppr*. Crest: Upon the waves of the sea, the wreck of the "Dutton" East Indiaman, upon a rocky shore off Plymouth Garrison, all *ppr*. Supporters: Dexter, a lion rampant, guardant *or*, navally crowned *az*, resting the dexter

foot upon a decreescent *ar*; Sinister: a male figure representing slavery, trowsers *ar*, striped *az*, the upper part of the body naked, holding in the dexter hand broken chains *ppr.*, the sinister arm elevated, and holding a cross *or*. Mottoes: Over the crest, "*Deo adjutante*;" under the shield, *Algiers*.  
Lord EXMOUTH'S seat is at Trevery, Cornwall.

#### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Years had gone by—his hair was grey,  
Who sought again the much lov'd spot,  
Where youth's first hours had passed away  
'Mid friends who ne'er might be forgot.  
The path he trod—he knew it well,  
The ancient oak its shade still shed;  
But those he sought no one could tell,  
But wondering answered—"They were dead."

He sought the cot of one he'd left,  
A laughing merry-hearted thing;  
Who near his youthful heart had erept,  
As tendril round a flower of spring!  
Where is she now? The laughing voice,  
The happy, tripping, blithesome tread,  
No longer bids his heart rejoice,  
But echo whispers—"She is dead!"

His sisters, say, ah where are they,—  
Companions of his youthful hours?  
He sought them where they used to play,  
But sad and cheerless were the bowers.  
The trees they'd planted side by side,  
Now proudly waved above his head;  
He asked, "Where are they?" they replied,  
"Thy sisters, wanderer—they are dead!"

He turned away—his brother dear,  
The boy his mother doated on;  
How is it that he is not here,  
To welcome back the wandering one?  
He called him by his well known name,  
But echo answered in his stead—  
Again the chilling response came,  
"Thy brother, wanderer—he is dead!"

His sire was full of manhood's pride  
When he had left, a boy, his home,  
His mother's cheek had time defied,  
He fondly thought, for years to come;  
He sought them both, but there alas,  
Within the churchyard's narrow bed,  
A tombstone told him as he passed,  
"Thy parents, wanderer—they are dead!"

He sought again the ancient hall,  
Where desolation held her sway,  
And heard the owl's dull croaking call,  
And bats against the casement play.  
His footsteps on the marble floor  
Aroused th' intruders, and they fled;  
Shrieking, "thy friends, they are no more,  
Maid, brother, sisters—all are dead!"

W. H. FLEET.

#### GRACE PAGET AND HER COUSIN; OR, ONE LOVER BETWEEN TWO.

Young Tyrant and young torturer!  
Young Love! how can it be  
That such extremes and opposites  
Should meet and mix in thee?  
Thou of the rainbow wing! whose reign  
Is as the colours there,  
Since thou hast such delight in pain,  
How can'st thou be so fair? L. E. L.

Love, they say, makes people blind; and certainly, to judge of people's eye-sight by their actions, we should say that the saying is true. Grace Paget was undeniably blind, although she had a pair of the brightest eyes that were visible in the whole parish of St. James's. She was blind, positively blind, for she suffered Sir Roger Templeton to run away with her cousin at the very moment when she imagined that he was enamoured of herself. Grace Paget was a flirt: she preferred "twenty shillings to one sovereign;" or, in other words, would rather see a quantity of lovers at her feet than one the lord of her heart; that is to say, before Sir Roger appeared, for then away went the flirt, and Grace Paget, the woman and her woman's heart stood confessed, for woman, though she be rude or coquette, has a heart beating in her bosom, and a heart to be awakened to love. Many were the lovers whom she reduced to despair, and at whose agony she laughed: many were they who declared that they would destroy themselves, being rejected by her, and Grace very politely offered the use of her papa's carriage to convey them to the druggist's to buy the laudanum. But Grace fell in love herself at last, and would you believe it, with a plain, formal, modest country gentleman: a man who had never crossed the threshold of Almack's—who had never heard the *Giulietta*—and to whom St. James's was a land as unknown as the islands of Owyhee! There is no accounting for tastes: Grace Paget had seen men of title at her feet—had heard the *salons* of King-street, St. James's, filled with the murmured expressions of her beauty—had seen her opera-box filled with the *élite* of fashionable society, and yet she fell in love with a plain downright country baronet, who had nothing more than a simple honest heart, and a very large fortune to offer her.

To be sure folks did say that Grace Paget had progressed beyond her thirtieth year considerably, and that the bloom upon her cheek, and the deep tint of her curls were not altogether the work of nature, but that is scandal, and we never give currency to talk of that description. No matter what the age of Grace Paget was; no matter whence came her beauty, it is enough for us to know that she was considered "a beauty," and might have married an exquisite lord without money, although for a reason best known to herself, she chose to fall in love with a simple baronet with a fortune.

Now Sir Roger Templeton had not been considered a marrying man: he belonged to the set composed of the Devonshires and Panmures, not altogether regardless of the charms of lovely woman, but still resolutely opposed to matrimony. But Sir Roger was not a male flirt—that most odious of masculine characters—he loved retirement and quiet, and he had heard that a wife would lead a man into company, and a great deal of confusion, and he therefore determined to remain a bachelor.

Sir Roger and Grace Paget met at a country ball: she had

gone thither by way of killing time, not expecting to meet with any one there capable of engaging her attention. She fancied that the *gaucherie* of the country belles, and the *Adonissims* of the country beaux would constitute an agreeable farce, and without caring particularly about dress, or taking particular pains to set off her charms to advantage, she and her cousin Ellen Grantley accompanied Colonel Grantley, the uncle of Grace (whom she was visiting), to the ball.

She joined a quadrille, but as she could not condescend to dance in such company, she majestically stalked through the figures, and by her haughty demeanour attracted general observation. To be sure, there were many gentlemen and some ladies in the company who could not dance at all, but who nevertheless endeavoured to make up for their deficiency of Terpsichorean knowledge by an immense quantity of motion, some of which was of an extraordinary character indeed: there were one or two slim young gentlemen jerking themselves into every place but the right, not only when they were expected to move, but also when they were not: and also some robust and florid youths, with their hair turned up *à la Brutus*, and their coats thrown back, who, with very innocent but very expressive looks, kept their arms and legs in perpetual motion, thinking all the while, no doubt, good simple souls, that they were dancing.

Sir Roger Templeton was personally known to Colonel Grantley: they had been fellow students at college, and meeting together in the *salon de danse* their intimacy was renewed, and Sir Roger had the pleasure of dancing with Grace Paget, and also with her cousin Ellen. Sir Roger, though a fox-hunter, a brave, intrepid spirit as ever lived, was always bashful in the presence of ladies: it may be that he had but a mean opinion of his personal merits, and said but little from his fear of offending. Still, nevertheless, he was an admirer of "the fairest part of the creation," though he had an odd way of expressing his admiration: so strange indeed was his manner, that a woman with whom he had been conversing would feel inclined either to think him desperately in love with her, or else an utter idiot. He danced, as we have said, with Grace Paget, and fortune willed it that she should place the gentlest interpretation upon Sir Roger's embarrassed demeanour and broken accents. He was actually a gallant man, and upon this occasion he said a profusion of very flattering things to the young beauty, who was so well pleased with his artless and unaffected manner, that she gave up her whole heart to him before it was asked for.

Sir Roger was not sensible of the conquest he had made, for when he danced with Ellen Grantley shortly afterwards, he paid similar compliments to her; but Ellen took the unkindest view of his gallantry, and thought him an absolute coxcomb.

After the ball was over, and Grace and her cousin were retiring to rest, the former calling Ellen aside, said, "Ellen, I have a secret for you."

"Indeed," replied Ellen, "what is it?"

"I have another lover."

"And pray whom may he be?—One of the *interesting* young gentlemen whose *exertions* in the dance have afforded us so much amusement to-night!"

"Yes. But not one of the awkward ones. 'Tis Sir Roger Templeton."

"Indeed!" was the simple rejoinder of Ellen, who thereupon retired to rest, wondering how her clever cousin could entertain a moment's serious thought of such an absolute simpleton as Sir Roger.

Sir Roger paid many visits to the house of Colonel Grantley, and always attached himself to the company of the ladies. Grace grew fonder and fonder of him every day, and even Ellen began to admit that it might be possible for a man to be not such a fool as he looks. But still she pitied Grace, who might have had a man of elegance, and higher title to, for her husband, had she pleased.

Grace had tortured many hearts in the course of her beauty's career, and now she was herself to prove the agony of being slighted by the one she loved. Sir Roger Templeton did not love her at all.

Still he continued his visits, and the two cousins fancied that he became more and more amiable every day. "Well," said Ellen to Grace, as they sat together in the little boudoir of the former, looking over divers presents which Sir Roger had sent to them, and which were as equally divided as the strictest justice could desire. "Well, I cannot but think how much I was deceived when I thought so ill of Sir Roger: he is certainly a charming fellow!"

Grace looked at her cousin suspiciously, and replied, "Upon my word, Ellen, your admiration grows very fast. I shall not be surprised if I find a rival here."

"And if you were, my dear Grace, I should not be much to blame, for you see his attentions are so equally divided, his presents also. . . . But dispel those frowns from that pretty face. I have no intention to lay baits for your admirer. And, besides, I have no reason to think that he would like me otherwise than as a *cousin*."

"Cousins are dangerous thngs," said Grace, but with a tone and air that indicated she did not fear the effect of Ellen's charms upon Sir Roger's heart.

It was one beautiful summer's evening, about the beginning of August, and Sir Roger and Grace Paget sat alone, looking out from their drawing-room upon the blue sea, and the bluer sky, and upon each other, thinking unutterable things. It was twilight, and Sir Roger feeling emboldened, drew his chair closer to Grace, and after two or three ineffectual attempts, at length, in soft and broken accents, thus addressed the lady, who felt at the moment all that interesting sensation peculiar to the moment when the question is "popped."

"Miss Paget," sighed Sir Roger, "I have—I have—something to communicate, and upon which—which my long acquaintance—friendship, I trust, I may be allowed to say—emboldens me to consult so interesting a friend who—who, I am sure—can better advise me than any one else in the world."

"Sir Roger," replied Miss Paget, considerably embarrassed, and speaking in the same low tone as had been adopted by the lover. "Sir Roger, as I presume that the subject is one that I can speak upon with propriety, I shall feel pleasure in being honoured with your confidence."

"Generous girl!" responded Sir Roger, and he drew his chair closer still to Miss Paget's, and taking one of her beautiful hands within his own, and pressing it warmly, he continued, "I feel that you sympathise with, and will befriend me."

"I hope always to have the honour to be considered Sir Roger Templeton's friend," was the dignified reply of Grace; who though her tones were cold and austere, nevertheless suffered her hand to remain clasped in that of the baronet, after one or two gentle endeavours to extricate it. "I will disclose—I will disclose to you the secret of my heart," sighed Sir Roger. "I will lay all my long cherished hopes before you. I will disclose to you the secret of my heart's affection

Dear Miss Paget, do you think it possible that any woman could love me?"

"Sir Roger!" exclaimed the beauty.

"Nay, dear Miss Paget, you have promised to hear me as a friend!"

"Well, then, Sir Roger," replied Grace, much excited and embarrassed, "I may say that I think you have as fair a chance as any other gentleman of my acquaintance."

"Is that your sincere opinion, Miss Paget?"

"It is my sincere opinion."

"Thanks, many thanks! You know not what a weight of doubt your words have removed from my heart."

The baronet paused for a few seconds, and then looking tenderly up into the face of Miss Paget, he said, "Miss Paget, I am in love!"

Grace Paget made no reply; she tried to speak, but could not.

The baronet continued: "May I—may I, as a sincere and devoted friend, request an answer to one other question that I would put to you, and upon which all my happiness depends. Do you think—I beseech you to give me a candid answer—do you think that there is any one female member of your family who would reject me as a suitor for her hand?"

There was a pause. Grace Paget was all confusion. At length the baronet repeated the question, and then did Grace reply. "I think, Sir Roger, as you persist in your question—I think I may say there is not."

Sir Roger started from his chair in delight. He shook the hand of Grace affectionately, and his eyes sparkling with the newly inspired felicity, he cried, "My dear Miss Paget, you have made me a happy man! You have encouraged me to hope that I shall reach the height of my heart's ambition! You have given me life, and joy, and ecstasy. You have given me reason to hope that I shall be the happiest man in the world, and now, emboldened by your words, I will instantly go and throw myself at your lovely cousin's feet!"

"Sir Roger Templeton!" shrieked Grace Paget.

"O," cried the baronet, "I shall expire if my adored Ellen Grantley will not become my wife! I go to lay my heart, my fortune, my life, at that angel's feet!"

And away he went, leaving Grace Paget in a state of wonderment and total darkness!

And sure enough Grace Paget had told the truth: there was no female member of her family that would have refused Sir Roger's hand; and when he proposed to Ellen Grantley, there was not more hesitation on her part than decorum warranted; and by the time Grace Paget had recovered from the state of consternation into which the friendly disclosure of the baronet had thrown her, he, good happy man, had become the accepted suitor of the charming Ellen.

And Ellen is Ellen Grantley no longer: but the light of Sir Roger's home, the idol of his heart, and the pretty flirt Grace Paget, is, alas! Grace Paget still!

Laura Percy.

**A DROPPED GUINEA!**—A certain physician attending a lady several times had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was taking his departure for the last time, she gave him but one, at which he was surprised, and looking on the floor, as if in search of something, she asked him what he looked for? "I believe, Madam," said he, "I have dropped a guinea;" "No, Sir," replied the lady, "It is I that have dropped it."

## MY WIFE'S LOVE.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

My first meeting with Emma was under singular circumstances, and the whole course of our wooing, indeed, was attended by such romantic adventures as to prove the truth of the noble poet's saying, "fact is stranger than fiction." I was making the "grand tour," and having passed through Italy, and seen all that was worth seeing in court and city, I determined upon paying a visit to the Swiss mountains, and sojourning for a short time with the hunters and peasants, who I had heard so much of; little expecting that my heart, which had escaped the witty *belles* of France, and the luxuriant beauties of Italy, would fall a victim to the charms of a little dark-eyed Swiss.

On my arrival in Switzerland I was delighted with the majestic scenery that met my eyes; the mirror-like lakes, the stupendous mountains, the cataracts and water-falls, which have been so thoroughly described in the works of recent travellers, as not to require further mention of here. I had been staying at L—— for three weeks, when one morning, while wandering over the mountains, I suddenly beheld passing at the bottom of a slight precipice, a maiden who seemed rather to belong to "upper air" than to the world. Forgetful of my situation, I proceeded too hastily to look in the direction the young beauty had gone, when my foot slipped, and I fell to the bottom of the precipice. As I lay, panting for breath, upon the ground, and wishing myself anywhere but where I actually was, two lads about fourteen years old, apparently brothers, passed me on their way to the village, on mules. They generously contended which of them should have the pleasure to walk while I rode down on the mule. The youngest being persuaded to keep his seat, I mounted with the aid of my little friend, and soon arrived with them at the door of a neighbouring chateau, a beautiful little edifice embosomed in a wood, a perfect paradise. The owner of the mansion, a fine-looking old gentleman, M. J——, the father of my young friends, came out to meet us, and with a look full of genuine benevolence and hospitality, M. J—— welcomed me to his abode, and entreated I would consider it my home until I could obtain a vehicle to carry me to my inn.

I was immediately introduced to his daughter, Emma, whom I discovered to be the fair cause of my accident. Imagine my raptures when I found that I was under the same roof with her who held my heart in charms. The vehicle at length arrived that was to carry me away from the house of my beloved one, but the cool-hearted M. J—— pressed me to visit him as often as it would be convenient, and I did not refuse the invitation.

I paid frequent visits to the house of my Swiss friends, and at length I learnt that a young hunter, a distant and poor relation of M. J——, had aspired to the hand of Emma. My jealous fears being thus excited I resolved to make a declaration of my attachment. I did propose; and my proposal was received with a modest blush and such kindly-uttered words as assured me that my love was returned.

Some time afterwards I learnt from Emma, that Henri, my humble rival, had spoken of love to her: "but I told him," she observed, "that it was out of my power to satisfy his wish, for my heart had been given to another, and that where my heart was gone my hand must follow." I pressed the lovely girl more closely than ever to my bosom.

On the afternoon of that day we set out on a visit to a neighbouring lake, and on our return strolled a long distance out of the direct road ; we wandered without calculating on hours, minutes, or miles ; we were further from home a great deal than we ought to have been, when the sky became suddenly overcast, the rain fell in large drops, and with unpleasant anticipations we quickened our steps. The storm, however, threatened to be of such a character that we thought it best for Emma to remain in a cottage hard by, while I ran to her father's for the carriage. I rashly took my path over the west side of the mountain, intending to pass the rapid by a foot-bridge, and so arrive at the place of my destination about half an hour sooner than I could otherwise do. I arrived at the place where the bridge stood, but discovered to my mortification that the frail and decayed structure had been nearly destroyed by the velocity of the current, which had been swelled in a very little time to twice its usual magnitude by the heavy rain. Determined rather to risk a cold bath than return to the starting place, wet through as I was, and proceed along the highway, I advanced cautiously along the bridge ; I passed in safety the most precarious part of it near the middle, when, as the shower partly abated, I observed Henri, the Swiss hunter, preparing to come across. He had watched our motions from our first acquaintance with an unfriendly and jealous eye, and now the laugh of triumph on his face at finding me alone and so far from human aid, was very easily distinguishable. He was a very strong athletic young fellow, of two or three and twenty ; we were both without weapons, and I began to feel rather awkwardly circumstanced. He met me on the bridge ; to turn back would have been to place myself in a situation the safety of which was extremely questionable, and to pass each other was almost impossible. I therefore explained to him that I was in haste to get to M. J——'s, and begged he would return, as he could do so at his side of the river with perfect safety, and kindly allow me to proceed on my journey. With a satanic grin he obstinately refused, and, gnashing his teeth with rage, he rushed forward, seized me by the shoulders, and attempted to precipitate me into the foaming torrent. I muttered a short but sincere prayer to Him "in whose hands our breath is, and in whose are all our ways," grasping at the same instant the hand-rail of the bridge with the strength of despair, and desperate indeed was the struggle for life or death that ensued. During the short time the contest lasted, the most prominent events of my life, concluding with the sincere attachment to my poor Emma, passed and repassed in incredibly short periods before my trembling view, each depicted with most startling fidelity. At length the dreadful struggle was terminated by the immersion of both of us into the rapid. In the fall he reluctantly loosed his hold of me, and with a shriek attempted to lay hold of some foundation piles of the bridge which had not been carried away. He failed, however, and after one or two impotent endeavours, floated despairingly down the stream. Meanwhile, being a tolerable swimmer, I used my utmost strength to gain the land, and happily succeeded, when just worn out, at a part of the bank whence I could climb to the road without much extra exertion. I turned round to see what was become of my rival, and with feelings that baffle description, observed him quite exhausted near the place where the rapid descended a precipice of thirty or forty feet, and about to relinquish his hold of a small root which projected into the stream. I remained gazing upon him in a state of unenviable suspense, and saw his nerveless fingers let go his only possible chance of escape. With face blackened, and the starting glazed

eye of death, he rolled over, and was carried sinking down the stream.

In about two hours—was it indeed only two—I thought it had been almost ten—I had sufficiently recovered my strength to reach the house of my intended father-in-law, who immediately proceeded to fetch the anxious Emma from her temporary abode on the slope of the mountain. Some months elapsed ere we both entirely recovered from the shock of that memorable day. The body of Henri was never heard of more, and the tale (except by some few) began at length to be gradually and willingly forgotten.

I have now been married several years, and the felicity of each succeeding day reminds us how very nearly the cup was dashed untasted from our lips.

J. B. R.

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### MOONLIGHT.

How silently the moon's soft ray,  
Just waked from sleep,  
Steals, like a spirit, far away  
Along the deep.

And see the bark, whose brighten'd sail  
Hangs carelessly,  
That kisses every gentle gale  
That fans the sea.

There is a time of calm delight,  
'Tis at this hour !  
For those who love the silent night,  
And feel its power !

D.

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### THE FAIRY'S HOME.

" Ah, soon, very soon did I spring from the snare  
That mem'ry had spun from the pleasures of yore ;  
I came to my home, but a stranger was there,  
And the home of the loved one, it knew me no more.  
The one whom I loved when in life's early morn  
Had fled from this world to th' abode of the just,  
And I, even I, was so weary and lorn,  
I wished that with hers I could mingle my dust."

When love lights up a home, that home is a Paradise, wherein humanity enjoys a foretaste of Heaven. What is love ? What is this light which makes such happiness—which elevates us so far above our fellow creatures—which so brightly irradiates our path—scattering roses before the footsteps of youth, smoothing the furrows and wrinkles of age, and giving peace and resignation to the pillow of death ? We all of us perpetually desire a something which is beyond our attainment ; we are constantly following shadows ; our wishes are no sooner gratified than new wishes spring up ; we go on through our brief pilgrimage, our wants increasing every day, till the last hour comes, and then we cast a retrospective glance at our career, and are amazed at the folly of the game we have been pursuing. There is one bright spot in human existence, an oasis in the desert of life, which could we but discover its brightness and its value while it is ours, we might throw care behind, and be happy. These are the hours of love—of love, true, pure and holy love, which

every human being feels in all its truth and purity, and holiness, *once* in their existence, which every one has the power to perpetuate, but which too many do not see the value of till they are gone, and once gone they never come back again. When love goes out, there is nothing on earth to revive it; it dies, passes away, and the world knoweth it no more.

There was a fairy once—a fairy Prince, Azael he was called among his fellows, as blythe and gay as any fairy prince that ever lived; he was handsome, and the fairy girls all courted his smiles; he was generous, and all the fairies of the other sex loved him with a true fraternal affection. There was no fairy in all the elfin throng that would refuse to dance with Azael in the bright moonlight, when they came forth to foot it on the light fantastic toe, when no busy eye of mortal looked upon their revelry. For a time Azael was the most delighted of fairies; but then he became sad, listless and desponding; and they all said that he was in love.

He used to frequent the most lonely places; he would wander by himself through glades, unseen, and pause to meditate by murmuring brook or bubbling fountain; he no longer danced in the throng, but would quit the midnight revels for a solitary ramble in the starlight. At length it came out that Prince Azael *was* in love, stark, staring, downright love! Love, the brightest and purest that was ever felt in fairy land was the heart of Azael filled with, but he cherished a passion which the fairy King, his sire, disfavoured. The fairy maid was one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen.

And never did there exist a sweeter nor more innocent creature than Lilia, the Maid of Honour to the Queen. Everybody loved her; it would have been a shame if they had not; they who were married and were discontented with their elfin wives could not, with all their philosophy, drive out of their hearts a wicked wish that somebody nameless would give them the opportunity of weeping over that somebody's grave; and they who were contented with the fair partners of their heart and fortune loved Lilia as a sister, for she was so beautiful, and better than that, she was so good.

It is said, indeed, that Oberon, the King, once upon a time, after sipping May-dew with this fairy Hebe, forgot to give his Queen, Titania, the good-night kiss. But Titania was too wise a fairy to take any notice of the oversight, and instead of making the matter worse by reading him a certain lecture, only clustered the rose-leaves closer round him while he slept, and kissed him into happy dreaming.

There are some who may think Titania's conduct on this occasion a very good lesson to mortal wives in a similar situation. Reader, what is your opinion?

Well, whether King Oberon was desirous that pretty Lilia should for ever remain Maid of Honour to the Queen, in order that nobody else should become master of the treasure fate had put it out of his own power to possess, or whether he really and in his conscience believed that it would be *infra dig* for a prince of the blood royal to marry a Maid of Honour we cannot tell, but certain it is that when the Prince declared his passion for the pretty Lilia, the little fairy King waxed wondrous big; his diamond eyes shot lightnings, his words were loud and positive; and he vowed to shut his darling from his heart, if he should dare to marry a Maid of Honour. A king's vow is a terrible thing, and very likely the Prince thought it so; but, nevertheless, in six days afterwards, he was married to the beautiful Lilia.

And true to his word, King Oberon put his son out of doors. And where was now Love's home? Lilia was an orphan,

and friendless; and the Prince was deserted by those whom his former bounty fed. Once crowds of sycophants had attended him wherever he went; but now he and his fairy wife sat beneath the shelter of a cluster of violets, and the flatterers knew them not.

But they found a home, a double home, a home which, though the uninitiated world might suppose it to be two distinct and separate abodes, is nevertheless, and notwithstanding appearances, but one connected and inseparable abode to those who happen to be under the same influence as Azael and his fairy bride. And O, how happy was that home! How brightly was it irradiated. What costly furniture was it filled with! What dazzling gems studded its walls! And what strains of music divine, and what sweet odours was it filled with! Their home was each other's hearts.

Is this a mystery to you, fair and gentle reader? There are some perhaps who *know* and *feel* the truth of the matter.

But what became of Lilia? and how did Azael behave in this new and precious home, for which he had exchanged the gorgeous palace, and forfeited his father's love? You shall see. For six months their home was all beautiful, and they were most happy. And Lilia felt that she could be always happy, could remain in the enjoyment of perfect bliss, until the hour of annihilation, when her heart and all its affections should mingle with the silent dust. And she had taught her husband to think so too. But love cannot be taught; what comes by lessons may be forgotten. Azael grew cold and reserved. The novelty of passion was over, and while he sat under the violets, looking sometimes into the starry eyes of his bride, he nevertheless saw a myriad of eyes floating past him, and he heard the merry songs of the elfin throng, and their footsteps on the dewy grass in their moonlight revelry. At first those two starry eyes and the honied lips o'er whose sweet surface they shed divine light, were all that the fairy bridegroom coveted; but of these he grew tired; and Lilia, whose love never tired, which, strong as death, was still exerted to procure happiness for the one idol of her affections, was neglected; and by and by she learnt that while she sat alone under the violets, studying new gratifications for her Azael, he was footing it in the fairy palace of King Oberon, with all the beauties of the Court in their teens.

She felt the perfidy of her own heart's idol, as woman's heart ever feels the perfidy of the one it loves. She wept when he was absent, but when he came home her face was still dressed in smiles; and although, if he had taken the trouble to look into her countenance, he would have seen there the marks of care and sorrow, he did not believe that she was less lovely than on the first day she received his vows.

Thus things went on for six months more, and then, thinking himself very silly to waste any part of his time under a cluster of simple violets, with a solitary and equally simple fairy, when all the beauties of the Court felt flattered by, and proud of his attentions, he staid away from the violets altogether, and by and by forgot that there were such things in the world!

Twelve months after this, Prince Azael, to dissipate the *ennui* of a dull morning (for notwithstanding the Court gaieties, he had dull hours) wandered far from his accustomed walks, and came, unconsciously, upon the old cluster of violets, where he had lived and loved in other and happier days. The gentle and beautiful Lilia was suddenly remembered, and then he thought that he would look in once more upon his forsaken wife. He removed the overhanging flowers which formed the portal, and called upon Lilia by name, but there was no reply; he called again, and paused, but all was silent; he stood alone

in what had once been his home of happy love. He looked around him, there were traces of the once beloved, but she was absent. Upon the little ivory table was a scroll; he took it up, and read as follows:—

“Neglected and perishing, Lilia’s last prayer is for the happiness of Azael!”

He turned from the scroll, and his eyes rested upon a little hillock which the hands of some kind fairy friends had raised, and on which the name of Lilia grew in the same flowers as formed the home of love. And Lilia was dead. And he who had brought desolation to this once bright, sweet spot, now stood, conscience-stricken, by the side of Lilia’s grave.

The light of his life had gone out. The recollection of his crime was a never-ending torment. He abandoned the Court, and never from that day left the dreary home whose happiness he had himself destroyed. Long years of suffering did he endure, and when his wretched course was run, he died upon his Lilia’s grave.

And fairy lovers often wander to the spot, and then the graver fairies tell the story of these ill-starred lovers, and teach the younger to avoid the error of the wretched Azael, who broke the heart of her by whom he was adored, and turned the home of love into the abode of death.

May not mortals, also, take a lesson from the story?

AMYNTOR.

**THE MOSS ROSE.**—Very little faith is to be placed in the assertions of persons ignorant of gardening and botany as to the date of the introduction of particular plants; as a proof of which may be given the remarkable fact that Madame de Genlis, when she was in England, saw the moss rose for the first time in her life; and, when she returned, took a plant with her to Paris, in order to introduce it into France; though the fact is, that it was originated in Provence. The musk rose, Hakluyt tells us, in 1592, was first obtained from Italy; and it also was common in the time of Gerard. The single yellow rose was known to Gerard, but not the double. It was brought to England from Syria before 1629.

**AN AMUSING FELLOW.**—The man who once mounts the colours of a humourist, and shows himself in the character of an amusing fellow, has entered upon an Herculean task indeed! He has, as it were, sworn himself in—never to be dull—never to be ill—never to be diffident—never to be tired—never to have a cold—never to have a headache—never to forget an *old* song—never to be without a new one—never to have done making the children laugh—never to mind their going to bed on the occasion of his presence—and worse than all, never to show any mortification, perplexity, or temper, when in spite of himself, he has been urged to sing a sentimental ballad, and can’t hear his own voice for the noise of four quarrelling whist players, a violent back gammonist, a ferocious poker, a restless footman with the rattling handle of a creaking door in his hand, an unsolicited and discordant accompaniment by a whistling sportsman, and the jingling of the crockery on the supper tray, which is just brought in as the song reaches the climax, and leaves the singer to lament that he was ever born an amusing fellow.

**A NEGRO’S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.**—“*Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk ’bout, he go to sleep when he please, he lif like a gentleman.*”

### THE BRIDE OF MY DREAM.

Listen, and I will tell to thee,  
A dream of early and happy years;  
When joy and woe appeared to me;  
A summer’s morn of smiles and tears;  
When resting on the couch of youth;  
The mind’s light slumbers grew disturbed,  
And visions lost the forms of truth,  
And fancy roved at will, uncurbed.  
Methought I lay on a strange wild shore,  
Beside the wide extended sea,  
Where nought but sunshine and the roar  
Of dashing waters seemed to be;  
And as I gazed on that ocean vast,  
A spell seem’d o’er my spirit cast,  
Checking its high and boundless glee  
With feelings of intensity!  
Wrapt in my thoughts, I look’d on high:—  
A cloud was fitting o’er the sky,  
Gathering as it came away  
Towards the spot whereon I lay.  
Suddenly came upon my view  
A sight—which nought can now renew,  
For oh! the world has damp’d the heat  
With which my youthful pulse did beat,  
And years of strife with worldly men  
Have stay’d that flood of thought, which then  
With feeling’s own and gushing tide,  
Was wont to sweep o’er all beside!  
But to my tale—there stood display’d  
The fairy form of a beauteous maid,  
With glossy curls so purely bright,  
As if imbued with Heavenly light;  
Her deep dark eyes had a witching wile,  
Her lips the beam of an angel’s smile,—  
Lowly I bent to worship there  
A shrine so lovely and so fair!  
She bade me rise—in tones more sweet  
Than mortal ears are wont to meet:  
And on my brow she press’d a kiss,  
Whose thrilling pow’r and magic bliss,  
Wafted me upwards through the air  
On wings, as light, as pure, as fair,  
As those which bore that form of love  
From regions drear to those above!  
Away! away! we onward flew  
Beyond the sky’s unclouded blue,  
And travell’d on from star to star  
Through fields of ether, till afar  
From mortal worlds, we found the race  
Of spirits in their dwelling place:—  
On entering there, a shout arose,  
Of deafening mirth and joy from those,  
Who, pressing forwards in a crowd,  
Sang, in attuning voices loud,  
Praises to her as a mighty queen,  
Who down to earth’s domain had been  
A fair hair’d maiden eame and plac’d,  
Around the seraph’s beauteous waist,  
As on in stately pomp she led,  
With jewell’d crown upon her head,  
Towards a gay and sumptuous throne,

The stars own bright and glittering zone ;  
 Whilst music, with harmonious sound,  
 Pour'd forth in melody around.  
 She waved her hand, and every breath  
 Sank in the solemn still of death ;  
 Each spirit humbly bending low,  
 Before that dazzling scud did bow :  
 Oh ! then rais'd her eyes to me,  
 And spake in voice of purity ;  
 'Tis here I reign in power supreme,  
 Mistress of all this starry gleam,  
 And by the brightness of the gem,  
 Which gilds my princely diadem,  
 Sends forth a holy beam and light,  
 To other worlds in depth of night :—  
 Yet all I have, this realm of mine,  
 My slaves and power are also thine,  
 If with a glorious brightness, thou  
 Wilt place this crown upon thy brow,  
 And ever with a Heavenly bride  
 O'er worlds of radiant light preside !  
 Sadly e'n you would wake I deem,  
 To find this rapture, but—a dream !

G.

AIRS BELOW STAIRS (*By a Foreigner*).—It was at B— (the seat of the Marquess of L—) that we were first initiated into the insolence of the English race of men-servants. We had entered the portico, and my friend so far forgot himself, or rather so far remembered his German good manners, as to take off his hat, and address himself in a friendly tone to the servant. By this civility, he, however, forfeited all claim to respect in the fellow's eyes, who answered very saucily, and desired us to go round to the back door. Fortunately, I was better versed in English usages ; and, coming up with a lofty air, and my hat on my head, said, in the appropriate drawl, "Where's the housekeeper? I have a note from the marchioness." This altered his tone immediately, and we were properly admitted. As a further instance of the insufferable airs of this class in England, I add another anecdote. A nobleman of the highest rank (an English duke), on visiting the collection of the Duke of S—, put a crown into the servant's hand : "My lord," said the man, eyeing the piece with infinite contempt, "from such nobleman as yourself I am accustomed to receive gold." The duke pocketed the crown again, adding, "Tell your master that you'll get neither gold nor silver from me."

#### ADVANTAGES OF A CONSULTATION.

One Esculapius like a sculler plies,  
 Exerts his skill, and all his art he tries ;  
 But two Physicians, like a pair of ours,  
 Will waft you faster to the Stygian shores ?

FINE EATING.—At a corporation feast in Bristol, one of the guests expressed his surprise at seeing turtle served to an Alderman four times. "Oh, that is nothing," was the reply ; "he does not like turtle—you should see him eat venison !"

TIME.—Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

Why is a house unfinished, like a house that is finished? Because it is a building (*a-building!*).

Why is the bird of Jove, when sick, like contraband goods? Because it is illegal (*ill eagle*).

#### JEALOUSY ; OR, THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth make  
 The meat it feeds on."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Wilt dine with me this afternoon?" said the young Count San Martino to his friend, Julio Romanza, as they lounged in the Grand Square of Venice, sunning their faces in the beams of the great orb of day, and their hearts in the rays shot from the many beautiful eyes which passed them in the promenade.

"No, not this evening," was the reply.

"Why not," asked the Count. "We shall be alone, and I would converse with you upon a subject nearest my heart. Besides I have just received some of the finest wine in Venice. Come, you shall not deny me."

"At any other time, my dear Count, I shall be most happy to pass the evening with you ; but this particular night, I have an engagement which—which——"

"With a lady?" hastily inquired the Count.

"Exactly so," answered Julio.

"And who is the bright-eyed creature that has captivated the stout heart of Julio Romanza? I had thought him dead to all the fascinations of the sex."

"Of all but one, and she——"

"O, she is all perfection, no doubt, a paragon, a pearl, diamond of all diamonds, a treasure-house of loveliness and virtue! On my word, when you enemies of love fall into love yourselves, you do plunge into it with marvellous enthusiasm. But who is she you love?"

"Alas! I live without hope. She whom I love is far above me in fortune and in rank, I am poor Julio Romanza, she a daughter of one of our magistrates—a rich Venetian noble."

"But how stands the lady's heart affected. Does she approve your suit?"

"She does."

"Then continue your attack, and prosper. The commandant of the fortress must yield since you have so powerful an ally within."

"That is your advice?"

"It is—but what may be the lady's name?"

"Nay, excuse me there, my dear Count. If I win her, you shall know all ; till then, your servant."

With these words, Julio kissed his hands to the Count, and left him.

The Count San Martino was enamoured of Lorenzina, the only child of the wealthy Marquis di Vanetti, whose beauty was the theme of conversation among the youth of the Venetian aristocrats, from whom she had selected the Count as the one object whereto to repose her heart's affections. On the evening of the day in which the conversation above described took place, the Count took a solitary dinner, and a few turns round the square after his wine ; he then, by way of killing time, proceeded to the Palazzo de Vanetti. He was not expected. When he parted from Lorenzina on the previous day, he had said that an engagement with a dear friend on that evening would prevent him from visiting her, and when he entered the grand saloon, Lorenzina appeared somewhat confused ; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes glanced rapidly about the room. Martino observed her emotion, and quickly inquired the cause.

"You were not expected," replied Lorenzina, "and—and I was beguiling the hours with my maid, in my father's absence."



Our embroidery may have caused a litter in the room, and—  
and——”

“Nay, no apologies, Lorenzina; it glads me to see this rosy flush upon your cheek; and your bright eyes seem all the brighter for this embarrassment. I will come often unexpectedly, if you will promise me on those occasions always to look thus lovely.”

A suppressed coughing was suddenly heard in a closet.

“Aha! Your maid is a listener!” exclaimed the Count. “Let me reprimand her.” And he moved towards the closet-door.

“Count!” exclaimed Lorenzina, “you cannot enter there—you will not be so rude——”

The Count bowed, and retired towards a chair, into which he was about to throw himself, when he perceived upon it a feather, which appeared to have fallen from a man’s hat.

“What is this?” he exclaimed, eyeing it with astonished looks.

“That—that?” replied Lorenzina, more confused than ever, “that is—is—indeed, I know not; my father, or my man, may have brought it, and—an——”

“And also *this*!” said the Count, taking up a glove from the floor, and holding it forth. “I certainly never saw the Marquis with so bravely a glove upon his hand as this; and, ’sooth, ’tis marvellously small for his hand, Lorenzina!” he continued, eyeing her stedfastly, and compressing his brows as he spoke, “tell me this instant what these appearances betoken.”

“Count San Martino!” exclaimed Lorenzina, with an expression of wounded pride, “Methinks you assume too much.”

“I demand from your lips an immediate explanation. Nay, I will force it from you. You are deceiving me. Tell me the traitor’s name who rivals me in your love.”

Lorenzina was silent, and prepared to leave the room.

“Stay, Lorenzina,” cried the Count, seizing her by the hand, “you go not hence until you have unveiled to me this mystery. Who is he to whom this glove belongs?”

“Release me!” exclaimed the offended beauty, darting fiery glances from her starry eyes upon her frantic lover, “Release me, or I will call for assistance.”

“Call, shriek, loudly as you may, you shall not stir till I have plucked the secret from your guilty heart.”

The Count caught a firmer hold of the wrist of Lorenzina, and was dragging her towards a chair, when a shriek from the beauty caused the closet-door to be instantly thrown open; when forth came a tall figure, masked and concealed in a dark cloak. His sword was unsheathed, and rushing towards Lorenzina, he wrested her from the Count’s grasp, and then stood upon his defence.

The infuriated Count started back with astonishment, and for a moment there was a pause. The stranger spoke not, but stood prepared to receive the Count’s sword. The struggle that ensued was but momentary, for the Count rushed upon the masked stripling, who coolly parried the thrust, and at the next encounter of their swords, the Count’s was forced out of his hand, and the hot-brained lover stood transfixed with shame and disappointment.

“Who art thou?” he at length exclaimed. But the stranger gallantly presented him with his sword again, and without uttering a word, motioned him towards the door. The Count, looking indignantly upon Lorenzina, took the hint, and departed.

The next morning the Count San Martino and his young

friend sat together over their *café au lait*, in the chamber of the former, who had sent for Julio to recount the adventure of the previous night, and to seek his advice in the matter.

“O, Julio!” he cried, “I could not have believed that one so angel-like would e’er have proved unfaithful.”

“And pray, my dear Count, what causes you to think her unfaithful now?”

“What!” cried the lover, “Have I not told you all that passed last night. Can there be a doubt upon the subject. Did not her paramour rush from his lurking place upon me?”

“But you tell me that you used violence towards the lady. The man you speak of might have been there upon a different errand, and only did what any other man would have done, when a woman’s voice was heard supplicating assistance.”

“You talk very finely, Julio; but imagine yourself in my place, imagine—but *apropos*, how goes on *your* affair?”

“Swimmingly. My charmer gives me fresh proofs of her attachment every day. I am now entrusted with the execution of a little commission by her. Last night she accidentally broke a costly neckpiece of pearls, which she wore, and bade me find a jeweller to repair the accident. Can you recommend me one!”

“I can! it is not long since I purchased such an ornament for the traitress, Lorenzina; she who has destroyed my every hope of happiness!”

“You are a judge, perhaps, of jewellery, and can estimate the value of this.”

With these words, Julio presented a morocco box to the Count, who surveyed the exterior with some surprise: but on opening it he gazed with astonishment at the pearls, and cried, “Is this a delusion! Can I believe the evidence of my eyes?”

“You seem amazed by the beauty of the pearls?”

“They belong to her you love?” cried the Count.

“I have said that the necklace was given to me last night by her whom I adore,” was the reply.

“Traitor!” rejoined the Count, “Base, ungenerous, unfeeling traitor. ’Tis you, then, who have come between me and my love. But I will be revenged!”

“My dear Count!” exclaimed Julio.

“Away, fiend, villain!” rejoined the Count, grasping his sword, “this neckpiece I gave to Lorenzina on her birth-day. I am deceived, cheated, betrayed! The friend for whom I would have died, the lady whom I adored, both false! Villain, I will not endure these wrongs.”

“Will you hear me?” inquired Julio.

“It is too late to parley. Stand upon your defence!” And the Count’s sword was again unsheathed. “But no!” he continued, “I will not stain my hearth with the blood of so base a creature; meet me within an hour in the field behind the Palazzo de Vanetti, that the eyes of the false fair one after our encounter, may behold the bloody consequences of her treachery.”

“Agreed!” cried Julio, and they separated.

Within the hour the Count San Martino had settled all his worldly affairs. He then repaired to the appointed place of meeting. Julio was not there; but the aged Marquis de Vannetti, the father of Lorenzina appeared to be awaiting his coming.

“Well, Count,” quoth the Marquis, “’tis a melancholy business we have both come here upon. A very melancholy business.”

The Count gazed at the speaker in astonishment.

“We shall have horrid work anon,” continued the old Mar-

quis. "True, I have lost a little strength, the fire of youth has gone out, but I dare to say I can make a hit yet," and he drew his sword as he spoke.

"I have not come to fight with the Marquis de Vanetti," said the Count.

"But the Marquis de Vanetti is come to give satisfaction to the Count San Martino, having placed Signor Romanza safe under lock and key. So come, let us fight."

"This is a matter past jesting," said the Count. "I am not in a mood for sport. Where is the false friend who has robbed me of my love?"

"Fast bound in that jealous pate of thine," quoth the Marquis. "Man man, what a fool do thy passions make of thee!"

"Where is Julio Romanza?" cried the Count, not heeding the words of the Marquis.

"Engaged in pleasing converse, no doubt, with the lady of his heart's love," said the Marquis.

"You encourage and sanction this treachery?" cried Martini.

"No, man; 'tis you yourself encourages it; and see here comes one who will break the delusion, and convince you what an arrant blockhead you have been."

At this moment the fair niece of the Marquis, Camilla Rosetti, came running towards them, and addressing the Marquis, exclaimed, "We have conquered; my cousin consents to pardon her lover, and forget all that passed last night!"

"There," said the Marquis, "do you hear that, Count? And now if you don't fall down upon your knees, and thank the fair suppliant in your behalf, you are a greater blockhead than I took you for."

"I cannot understand your meaning," said the Count.

"Come with me and Camilla into the house, and you shall there be enlightened," said the Marquis, and taking his niece by the hand, he led the way.

San Martino followed, and on entering the reception room, he beheld Julio, who approaching him with a smile, said, "Allow me to introduce to you the lovely Camilla Rosetti, whom I have long loved, who arrived upon a visit here yesterday, and a stolen interview between myself, and whom you, last night, broke in upon. Your jealous fears wounded the heart of one, by whom you are sincerely beloved, and she resolved to cast you off for ever. I then interceded in the hope of amending this one unamiable trait in your character; borrowed the necklace to confirm your suspicions, and to show how liable we are to mistake, and how cautious we should be in doubting those we love. I now trust that I have eradicated all that is unworthy of you from your heart. Say, are you not ashamed of your conduct since yesterday, for repentance is the condition upon which the Marquis has promised me the hand of his charming niece?"

The Count approached his friend, and warmly embracing him, exclaimed, "Humanity is liable to error; an honourable man hesitates not to ask forgiveness when made sensible of his fault. I see. I confess my error. How can I make atonement?"

"By avoiding the same error for the future," said the Marquis, "and now you may come forth, for I see the day will end in a feast instead of a fight!"

Lorenzina entered, and in a moment, she was locked in her lover's arms. A double wedding speedily ensued.

**BLIND BARRISTER.**—A barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentleman, in my argument, I shall use nothing, but what is necessary. "Then," replied the wag, "take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

## LACONICS FOR LIGHT HEARTS.

There are some shrewd contents in those same papers.  
SHAKESPEARE.

**ANGER.**—Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that which it falls on.

**BEAUTIFUL.**—What every young lady thinks herself, and every young gentleman feels it his bounden duty to declare every young lady to be.

**BASHFULNESS.**—The glow of the angel in woman.

**BLINDNESS.**—A prison, from whose blank walls there is no escape.

**BOOKS.**—Silent companions, who often speak most eloquently.

**COQUETTE.**—A lady who only discovers her own mind when it's of no use to her. A flower which uncloses itself only when all the rest are fallen asleep.

**CIGAR SMOKERS.**—Automatons with the smoky nuisances of steam engines, but without the power.

**CONFIDENCE** is not always the growth of time. There are minds that meet each other with a species of affinity that resembles the cohesive properties of matter, and with a promptitude and faith that only belongs to the purer essence of which they are composed.

**CONVERSATION** is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

**MODERATION.**—The silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

**MONEY.**—Wisdom, knowledge, and power, all combined.

**MUSIC.**—An art which strengthens the bonds of civilized society, humanizes and softens the feelings and dispositions of mankind, produces a refined pleasure in the mind, and tends to raise up in the soul emotions of an exalted nature. Sensibility is the soul of music, and pathos its most powerful attribute. Prince Puckler Muskau says that there is no nation in Europe which pays music better than England, or understands it worse. But Puckler Muskau is a libeller.

**POETRY.**—The apotheosis of sentiment. The art of painting by words everything that attracts and strikes our eyes. The natural language of the religion of the heart, whose universal worship extends to every object that is beautiful in nature, and bright beyond it; but inordinate devotion borders on idolatry, and its exaltation is followed by prostration of strength and spirit.

**SERIOUS INTRUSION.**—In courtship jargon *des meres*.

**RING.**—A circular link, put upon the noses of swine and the finger of woman, to hold both in subjection.

**WEAKER VESSEL.**—"David, you know that the wife is the weaker vessel, and ye should have pity on her," said a clergyman to a fisherman, who was beating his wife. "Confound her," replied the morose fisherman, "if she is the weaker vessel, she should carry less sail."

**WISDOM OF WIVES.**—If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary; else lock thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldom silent.—*In old writer.*

**WITCHES.**—The original broom girls.

**WOMAN.**—An ingenious commentator has observed that the woman was made out of the rib, taken from the side of a man; not out of his head to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

Man is beside himself, not less than fallen  
Below his dignity, who owns not woman,  
As nearest to his heart than when she grew,  
A rib within him as his heart's own heart.

## WORDS.

Words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

WOMAN'S VOICE.—How consoling to the mind oppressed by sorrow is the voice of woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied senses with its tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe, but the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest enjoyment.

SATISFACTORY.—“A very small bill, sir, just ——.”  
“My dear sir, entirely out of my power! do me the favour to call to-morrow, and I'll tell you when to call again.”

AN APT QUOTATION.—A “poor player” undertook to quote a passage from Shakspeare that should be applicable to any remark that might be made by any person present. A forward young fellow undertook to supply a sentence that he believed could not be answered from the works of the bard; and, addressing the player, he said, “You are the most insolent pretender in the room.” “You forget yourself,” promptly replied the player, quoting from the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius

ROYAL WIT.—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. His Majesty received the address with a smile, and observed—“I presume it is the intention of the good people of Shrewsbury that my son should reign by candle-light.”

What note in music does an idiot most resemble. *A natural.*  
Why does a large body of people resemble the service of a Romish Church? Because it is a *mass*.

Why is a man with a bald head like a person almost suffocated? Because he is in want of *hair!*

## ON AN IRASCIBLE MISER.

Drastus a handsome present made!

Did you believe it?—Fie!

He never gave me aught, but once,

And then it was—the *lie*.

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN.—Avoid argument with the ladies. In debating upon *silks* and *satins* a gentleman is sure to be *worsted*.

LOVE-LETTERS.—Marshal de Bossompierre, in his Memoirs, says that he was informed by the Duke of Epernon of Cardinal de Richelieu's design to have him arrested. “On February 24, 1631,” continued he, “I rose before day, and burned more than *six thousand love-letters* which I had formerly received from different women, apprehending lest, if I were committed to prison, and my house searched, something might be found to the prejudice of some person; these being the only papers that could be injurious to any one.”

A CURE FOR LOVE.—“What is a cure for love?” asked Lord C— of a witty *belle* at Almack's, one night. “Yourself, my Lord,” was the reply.

FRENCH WOMEN.—Every Frenchwoman, says Lady Blessington, is *mannerée*, even while a child in the nursery; and when arrived at maturity it has become so natural to her that it cannot be left off. All who possess not this distinction are considered *gauche* and *mal éléré*; it was therefore no wonder that Cecile in the circle of the Duchesse de Montcalm was treated as a young person totally unformed. We once heard a French Lady give the preference to an artificial rose made by Natier to a natural one of great beauty plucked in a *parterre*. She asserted that there was no comparison; the rose of Natier was much more elegant, the petals more delicate, and *la couleur plus tendre*; “*enfin*,” as she added, “it is more like my *beau idéal* of a rose than the one from the garden.” This French Lady's estimation of the artificial rose may serve as an example of the opinion of all her sex in France as to natural and acquired grace, beauty, and manner; and the well-bred Englishwoman who will not try to *faire l'esprit et briller dans les salons*, will be sure to be counted as stupid, awkward, and *enuyeuse*.

## LIFE'S BLESSING.

O Love! thou art most beautiful!—thy light  
Is heaven's best blessing on this world below,—  
Its moral sun by day,—its moon by night,—  
Its joys enhancement, and the balm of woe!  
There's not a soul,—a thing in depth or height,—  
But takes a hue and vigour from thy glow.  
Thou beautifiest hearts with bliss, the field  
With flowers!—And constant joy dost yield.

A GOOD MAN.—“I am accounted by some a good man,” says Charles Lamb. “How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, &c., your business is done.”

RESOLVES AND REGRETS.—All we can say of the best young men is, that they make good resolutions which they never keep, and are full of faults which they are ever regretting.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet Nightingale!—I'll sing to thee;  
Nor grove nor brake hath melody  
Sweeter than thine; for on the spray  
Of unseen tree, when the moon's ray  
Sheds a soft light o'er hill and dell,  
Thy sister sings, and with her dulcet swell  
Fills all the air:—then let us flee  
To our own favour'd spot with thee;  
Our cup of bliss will never fail  
While filled by thee, sweet Nightingale! H.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN BEWARE!—A man may see clearly through a woman's coquetry and yet fall a victim to it; like the nightingale which sits on a tree, and sees the net spread beneath, and yet hops straight into it.

YOUNG LADIES BEWARE!—A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low, that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

LOVE.—Love is heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness—making the thoughts, hair, eyes and hearts, ears—born of desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by ingratitude. A man has choice to begin love, but not to end it. Love-knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be untied with hands—made fast with thoughts, not to be unloosed with fingers.

## WINTER THOUGHTS.

Where are the roses of departed Spring,  
The flowers, the riches of the Summer  
day ;

The butterfly with bright and shining wing,  
Those beauties of the past—oh, where  
are they ?

Where are the fruits the glorious Autumn  
gave,

The clustering splendor, gracing branch  
and bough ;

The sunny smiles upon each dancing wave,  
Those glories I have known—where are  
they now ?

Where is the music of the sylvan grove ;  
The feather'd warbler, morning's herald,  
where,

Where is he flown ? I miss the strains I  
love ;

The grove remains, but no sweet song  
is there.

Where are those happy faces with me then,  
Those radiant smiles, the sunlight of the  
eye,

Those sounds of bliss, the echoed laugh of  
men,

The mirth of women—whither did they  
fly ?

All that the past, of beauty, had for me,  
Of mirth or loveliness, or joy is fled ;  
Whither, oh whither ? that I there may  
flee ;

Tell me ye wandering sounds—they are  
not dead ?

They live ; bleak Winter cannot kill them  
all,

New life shall waken with a new born  
year,

New beauty at the Spring's delightful call,  
New splendor rise to run its short career.

And merry forms shall glad the heart again,  
Friends shall return ; oh, be their absence  
brief ;

Hope reign till then ; with hope I ease my  
pain ;

Hope, my one solace, and my sure relief.

## THE EXILE.

I sojourn in a stranger land,  
Banish'd from all I love on earth ;  
And my thoughts wander from this strand  
To the dear isle that gave me birth.

With the morn's earliest light I seek  
The shore, in hopes a sail to spy ;  
And, seated on some cliff's high peak,  
Fix on the sea my searching eye.

A ship at last ! she nears, she nears,  
A British flag waves to the wind ;  
She passes ; oh ! she disappears,  
And leaves a British heart behind !

My country ! I am dead to thee !  
Then life has now no joy to give :  
Death is indifferent to me ;  
An exile cannot wish to live.—E. E. M.

## MY HEART'S IDOL.

How fair is the earth ! how lovely the sky !  
But lovelier still,  
The smile of thy cheek, the glance of thine  
eye,  
My charming Zitell.

Terpsichore herself, with her "twinkling  
feet,"

And fairy-like mien,  
Thou excell'st ; for the sound of the lyre  
is less sweet,  
Than thy step o'er the green.

Thy smiles, like Aurora's roseate skies,  
Look joyous and sweet ;  
Thy lip is the horizon, thy face is the skies,  
Where these gentle lights meet.

When thy charms I contemplate with  
thrilling delight,  
Thy features display ;  
A glad concentration of all that is bright,  
Enchanting and gay.

How "silvery sweet" is thy voice, love, it  
thrills

Like the tones of a flute  
Through my soul ; or the murmuring of  
distant rills.

Or the chords of a lute.

My idol's the soul of perfection : her mind,  
Like an autumnal eve,  
Is serenely fair. In her are combined  
All of bliss we conceive.

Not all the nectarous sweets that bees sip  
Can please half so well  
As the exquisite softness of thy coral lip,  
My lovely Zitell. M. D.

## TO MY "ADMIRER."

Go ! go, why linger here so long,  
For ever thus distressing ;  
You look so wild, you sigh so deep,  
My hand so often pressing.

You fain must seek some other one  
To trifle with ; I tell to you :  
You make me laugh ; go, beardless boy,  
Less arduous "sport" pursue.

You sometimes look : I know not how ;  
You call my eyes soft blue ;  
You say I cast a spell around,  
A heart, as foud as true.

But that how can I e'er believe ;  
Go ; go, you are so teasing :  
For you, and such as you, how can  
I ever think you pleasing. \* \* \* \*

## BEAUTY'S EYES.

Those eyes, dear eyes, be spheres  
Where two bright sun's are roll'd,  
That fair hand to behold,  
Of whitest snow appears :  
Then while ye coyly stand  
To hide from me those eyes,  
Sweet, I would you advise  
To choose some other fan than that white  
hand :  
For if ye do, for truth most true this know,  
Those suns ere long must needs consume  
warm snow.

## THE LOST STAR.

There is no music in our hall ;  
No light around our hearth ;  
With morning's rise, with ev'ning's fall,  
There comes no voice of mirth :  
The wild wind with a dreary moan  
Sweeps our forsaken how'r ;  
Here sadness breathes in ev'ry tone,  
And tinges ev'ry flower.  
Each star unto the Lady Moon.  
Amid their nightly glee,  
Singeth its glad and sparkling tune ;  
OUR Star—ah ! where is she ?  
She shines amid the happy rest  
Of thrice ten thousand sires ;  
Her song is with the pure, the blest ;  
The sweetest of their quires !

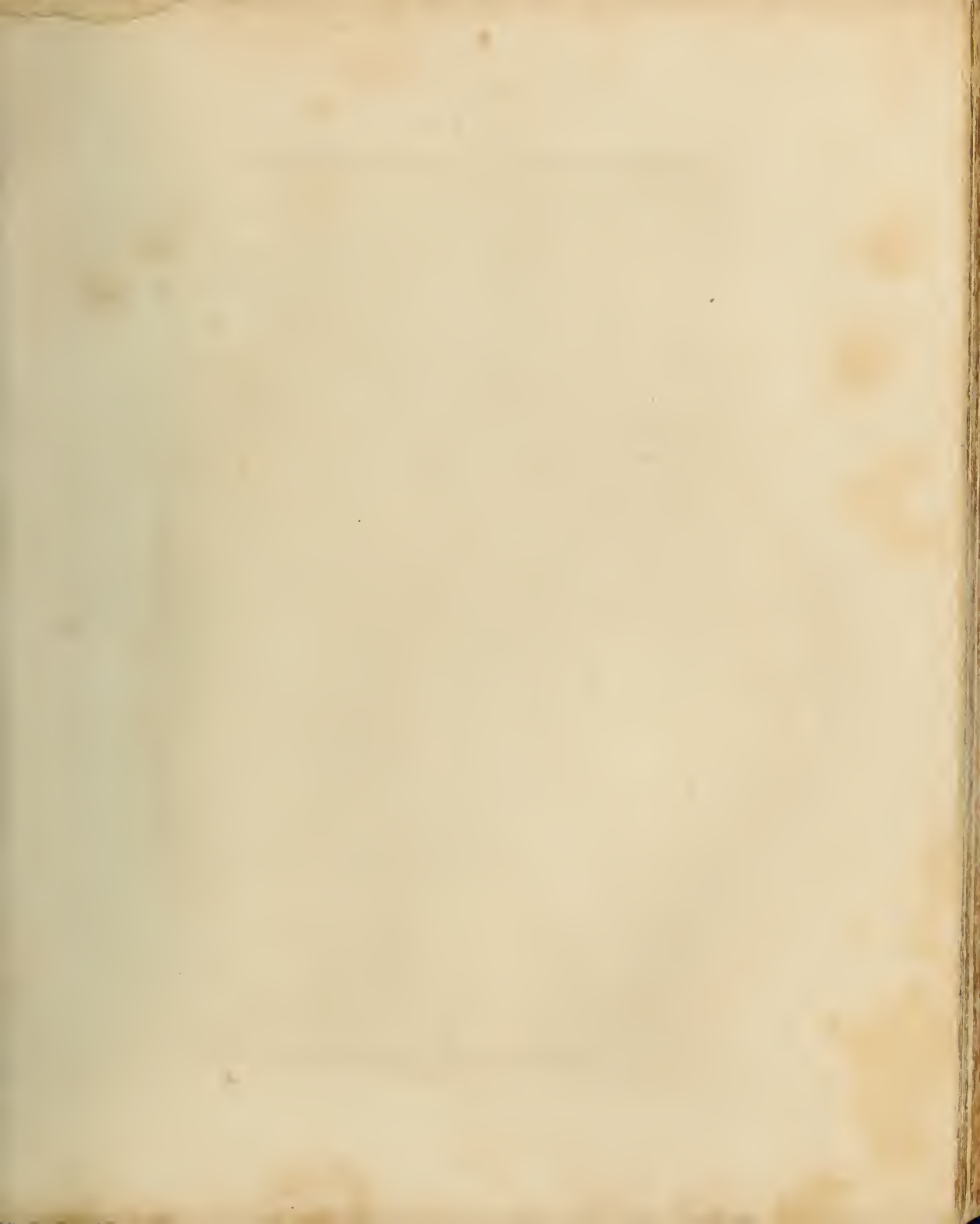
E. C. K.

## THE ORPHAN.

Parents and all relations dead,  
From place to place I roam,  
No mother's love now soothes my cares,  
No father finds a home.  
Pity misfortune, stranger, pray,  
And hear an orphan's cry,  
Let no one lend a listless ear,  
Nor tender aid deny.  
But still some comfort I enjoy  
From tenderness benign,  
When I relate my woes, I see  
The tear of pity shine.  
Oft I reseek my parent's grave,  
And let the big tear flow ;  
Green grows the grass around the tomb,  
Where those dear friends lie low.  
Now time, advancing in its course,  
And passing by unseen,  
Hath brought me from my youthful days,  
To this life's busy scene.  
Yet 'mid the joys of busy life,  
'Mongst this world's troubling cares,  
Shall I forget that God above,  
Who hears the orphan's prayer ?

AMICUS.

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THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS AT BADEN-BADEN.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXVIII.

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

- PLATE THE FIRST.—A CORRECT ENGRAVING OF THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS AT BADEN-BADEN.  
PLATE THE SECOND.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND FIVE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.  
PLATE THE THIRD.—FANCY COSTUME AND TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.  
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.  
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.  
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS AT BADEN-BADEN.

Our first plate for the present month represents the focus of attraction for all the gay loungers of the lively town of Baden-Baden. We know nothing more beautiful or enchanting than the situation of these Assembly rooms; let our readers fancy to themselves a garden laid out in the most perfect taste, lawns, parterres, and gravel walks kept in the best order, and plants of the most choice description to attract the attention of the botanist; the sheltered situation of the garden rendering it favourable to many plants rarely seen except in hothouses. Again, on our entrance, to attract the attention of those amongst the idlers who must be ever finding means of spending their money, is a miniature fair, or rather, we should say, fancy fair. The tents being erected during the season, and remaining some considerable time with every species of fancy German trifles for absent friends, and even millinery of good taste, but not perhaps such as might suit the more distinguished visitors. The walks are lighted with transparent lamps "à la Chinoise," which have a most charming effect shedding their subdued light upon the gardens and rendering them much like what we are accustomed to picture to ourselves as a fairy scene. whilst the sylph-like figures of the elegant English and German women, who are promenading in various directions, tend to make the effect in perfect keeping.

The Assembly rooms contain within their walls all that is necessary to gratify and amuse; the billiard balls are almost nightly held here in one part of the building, whilst in another *Rouge et Noir* and *Roulette* have their attendant votaries, whose eager and anxious looks betray how much they have at stake in the turning of a single card, and the deep and bitter imprecations as the dealer exclaims, "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd*," induces us to turn from this part with disgust. In another part we have operas performed by a company more anxious to please than competent perhaps to give full effect to the productions of MOZART, WEBER, SPHOR, &c., but still the instrumental portions of the music are creditably performed. The chorusses are given with much precision, and the theatre is generally well attended.

VOL. XV.

To those fond of good living there is an excellent 'restaurant, where the confirmed *bon vivant* may find all he can desire from the most excellent *Anquilles à la tartar*, which we most strongly recommend to the more simple *bouilli*, cooked to the perfection of tenderness, and which in the French *cuisine* forms so excellent a *plat de resistance*, or if determined on the German *cuisine* there is the *saur kraut* in high perfection with Imperial *tokay Johannisberg*, *kalkbrunner*, *hock heimer*, *Moselle* and the rich luscious German grape. Baden-Baden during the ensuing season will be the great resort of all those driven from Paris by the closing of the Parisian gaming-houses, as operations are to be carried on on a much more extended scale, and our fair readers may have an opportunity of seeing the fatal results of this infatuated passion; but we sincerely hope they will not be induced to forget what is due to their *amour propre* by thoughtlessly being induced to stake the smallest trifle.

## THE COURT.

LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY  
DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S-OFFICE, FEB. 17, 1838.

HER MAJESTY will hold a levee at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday the 21st of March next, at two o'clock.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S-OFFICE, FEB. 17, 1838.

HER MAJESTY will hold a drawing-room at St. James's Palace, on Thursday the 5th of April next, at two o'clock.

The fashionable season is now about to commence, and the young QUEEN, who holds the most high place in the affections of her people, has taken up her residence in her London Palace, and herself opened the gaieties by holding a Court and Levee, where the *élite* of rank and fashion assembled round HER MAJESTY, eager to offer homage at the foot of her throne. The Levee was uncommonly full, and it must have considerably

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fatigued HER MAJESTY to receive the many noblemen and gentlemen who attended, but still there was not the least appearance of fatigue upon her royal countenance, or in her manner, and the day passed off with spirit and brilliancy. The QUEEN seemed, if possible, to have acquired even additional dignity and grace, and when seated upon the throne realized a most poetical idea of majesty. She wore a rich lana dress, her head glittering with diamonds, and her breast covered with the Star and Ribbon of the Garter, and other Orders. A pair of embroidered velvet slippers were the *chaussure* of her exquisitely small feet, which, resting on a cushion, were the evident theme of admiration, and, we regret to hear, are so tender (in consequence of an accident in alighting from her carriage) that HER MAJESTY was obliged to appear with both slippers down at the heels.

Our young and estimable Sovereign is not less remarkable for the condescension and diligence of her private habits, than for her public virtues. It is known that her illustrious parent, the Duchess of Kent, is an early riser, and that the QUEEN, before her accession to the throne, acquired the same early habits; this is still one of the peculiarities of HER MAJESTY'S character. Her general hour of rising is eight, a quarter before ten being the fixed time for breakfast; the interval is chiefly devoted to the signing of despatches, for HER MAJESTY is occupied but a short time in dressing; indeed, all her arrangements are characterized by that industry and activity, that repugnance to idleness, which forms so prominent a feature in HER MAJESTY'S character. At a quarter to ten, as we have already intimated, HER MAJESTY proceeds to the breakfast room, and immediately desires one of the attendants to inform the Duchess of Kent that HER MAJESTY would be gratified by her company at the breakfast table. It may be necessary here to observe that since HER MAJESTY'S accession to the throne, such etiquette has been observed between those two illustrious individuals—the Duchess of Kent never approaching HER MAJESTY unless specially summoned. This observance reflects the highest credit upon the character and disposition of her Royal Highness, whose motive will be appreciated by the British public. Her Royal Highness, conscious that her duties terminated when her illustrious daughter became QUEEN, will not suffer it to be inferred from any of her actions that she is desirous of biasing or influencing the judgment of the Sovereign, in any of the great matters of state. The QUEEN and her Royal Mother never engage in any conversation that relates to state affairs. The Duchess of Kent, who is a great reader, generally converses upon the subject which last engaged her attention; and HER MAJESTY, who certainly possesses her share of that inquisitiveness *not* peculiar to her family, has been known to protract the meal till more than one summons from her Minister had been gently whispered in her ear. The time appointed for conference with the Cabinet Ministers is twelve o'clock. HER MAJESTY'S demeanour is gracious and condescending. A few complements are the only preface to the business of the day. And here the intellectual greatness of HER MAJESTY is manifested. A certain document, we will suppose, is handed to HER MAJESTY, and before a word is suffered to pass the Ministerial lip, the QUEEN has deliberately possessed herself of its contents. It is curious on those occasions to watch the countenances of the responsible advisers of the Crown—their indications, of course, varying with the importance of the subject matter under contemplation; but, the perusal having been accomplished, a *look* from HER MAJESTY is sufficient to unlock the door of utterance. It is not often,

perhaps, that the Royal mind is obtuse to the Ministerial project, but, when such happens to be the case, the unfortunate wight who has the conduct of the matter would much rather have been called upon to brave a storm from the Opposition benches, than the silent, though expressive, mistrust of HER MAJESTY'S placid eye.

After HER MAJESTY has retired from the Council Room, the interval between that and dinner time is passed in riding or walking. HER MAJESTY, however, has but little leisure. We will now proceed to the dining room, and describe the disposition of the guests at the Royal table. The First Lord in Waiting takes the head of the table; opposite to him is the Chief Equerry in Waiting. HER MAJESTY'S chair is placed half way down on the right, and the seats of her guests are severally arranged according to their ranks. Next to HER MAJESTY, on the left hand, is seated the nobleman of highest degree, next to him the Duchess of Kent, and so on; on HER MAJESTY'S left the same etiquette is observable, the Baroness de Lehzen being usually complimented with a chair near the Queen. The dinner over we pass on to the drawing-room; for who would remain with the gentlemen over their wine when the sweet sound of voices, more melodious than the instruments that dare their imitation, invites our ear? The drawing-room of the Court is the only repose of the Sovereign next to the sanctity of devotion, and midnight solitude—and O! how delightful is the scene! Here—the business of life completed, so far, at least, as the transitory day is concerned, behold a virgin Queen, on whose brow the eyes of the brightest and fairest delight to gaze! mark the tear-drop, as it struggles with emotions which may be felt, but cannot be described! “And is this the mighty sovereign of England and the myriads of her territories?”

Preceding sovereigns have been used to employ a private secretary, but there is no such office in her present MAJESTY'S household; the Baroness Lehzen, a lady of fine intellectual qualifications assisting HER MAJESTY in this capacity. The Baroness is an old and attached friend of the Duchess of Kent; and accompanied her to London on her marriage with the late Duke. The Baroness has passed the grand climacteric; but the plain good sense, the entire absence of all ostentation, the quietness of her manner, together with the station she has so long maintained, have acquired for her the reputation of possessing great weight and influence with the Crown.

HER MAJESTY is very punctual in the observance of her religious duties; and she does not fail to mark her sense of any neglect on the part of others. An interesting anecdote may be mentioned in illustration of this. A noble lord, not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor recently, late one Saturday night. “I have brought down for your MAJESTY'S inspection,” he said, “some papers of importance, but, as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your MAJESTY with them to-night, but request your attention to them to-morrow morning.” “To-morrow morning!” repeated the Queen, “to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!”—“But business of State, please your MAJESTY!”—“Must be attended to, I know,” replied the Queen; “and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them *after we come from Church to-morrow morning.*” To Church went the Royal party; to Church went the Noble Lord, and, much to his surprise, the sermon was on “*the duties of the Sabbath!*”—“How did your Lordship like the sermon?” inquired the young Queen.—“Very much, your MAJESTY,”



replied the Nobleman, with the best grace he could.—“I will not conceal from you,” said the Queen, “that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it.” The day passed without a single word “on the subject of the papers of importance,” and at night, when HER MAJESTY was about to withdraw, “Tomorrow morning, my Lord,” she said, “at any hour you please, as early as seven, if you like, we will go into these papers.” His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on HER MAJESTY—“nine would be quite tire enough.”—“As they are of importance,” said the Queen, “as they are of importance, my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.” And at nine HER MAJESTY was seated, ready to receive the Nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped, he will not quickly forget.

The Duke of Cambridge has been entertaining some select parties at Cambridge House.

The Queen Dowager is recovering her health at St. Leonard's.

#### LADY BLESSINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

The Countess of Blessington has just published a companion work to her Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, which she gave last year to the reading public, and which obtained considerable popularity. Her ladyship is better informed of the secrets of woman's affections than of the affections of the sterner sex, which she very faintly and feebly shadowed forth. In point of fact, her ladyship's elderly gentleman has always appeared to us nothing more than a twaddling old lady in a toque and tortoiseshells; the tabby's mew is audibly heard in many of her pages, and our ear catches a mysterious sound resembling the closing of the tabatiere after the fragrant pinch for the refreshment of the olfactorys, and the brain to which they lead. We have a decided love for old ladies—we have long regarded them as the most charming of companions (*with one or two exceptions*); we love to see a good-hearted, generous, kind and affable lady of sixty, who, conscious that she cannot have many more years to be merry and wise in, is determined to make the most of them, and to enjoy a large share of human happiness by striving to inspire happiness in those around them. Bless their kind hearts! We love such old ladies, and we care not whether they be maids, wives, or widows; but there is one thing we detest—a woman assuming the airs of manhood, and striving to appear what she is not, never will be, and what is more, never will be considered by those whose opinion is worth a jot. The Countess of Blessington's “Elderly Gentleman” was a woman, a real undeniable woman; contradict it who can; the confessions were thoroughly feminine—*old-womanishly* feminine; we did not like them at all; they were counterfeits—spurious coin, base metal, “brumagems”; we detected them at glance. But we have metal more attractive here; the Elderly Lady is no impostor, she speaks of pure womanly feelings; her actions, manners, thoughts, are delicately feminine, and the lesson which she teaches is impressive and good. The heroine, Lady Arabella Walsingham, is nobly born, rich and beautiful, giving, while a child, proofs of such a spirit in her obstinate choice of, and immoderate passion for, her governess (who becomes her step-mother) as that governess would have done well to moderate rather than indulge. The youth and position of the governess subject her to the slanderous tongues of the young beauty's relations. When she becomes a

widow, she is again placed in a state of embarrassment by her honourable efforts to prevent an attachment between her brother, a poor young clergyman, and her richly-dowered charge. Evil tongues interfere again; her discretion and reserve are represented to the young beauty as tricks of the brother and sister to secure herself and her fortune. The result is, that while she fancies she is confounding the artful and insincere she weaves a net for herself, and sacrifices her first chance of happiness. The young clergyman then gives his affections to a lady less exacting than Arabella, who witnesses and envies—despite her assumed pity—her domestic happiness. From this incident the character of the heroine may be inferred. A second lover is rejected in spite of yet severer pangs than had attended the first rejection, because he will keep a corner in his heart for “a departed saint.” Having exchanged the passive pride of youth and beauty for the eager vanity of maturity and faded charms, in the hope of reviving the affection of a lost lover, she is so imprudent as to assume a girlishness of dress and manner which proves fatal to the few relics of beauty which yet remained with her. She expects to find him a romantic wooer: she forgets that having become “elderly” herself, his youthful days also a past, and is sadly disappointed to meet a white-haired gentleman with a rubicund face, troubled with the gout, and carrying a crutch. She had taken particular pains to set off herself to advantage, had prepared herself for a scene, but “this,” she exclaims, “was the last of my illusions, the last day of my enacting the youthful. To diminish the ungraceful expansion of my figure, I had discarded two under-draperies, in the shape of quilted silk petticoats. This imprudent piece of coquetry exposed me to a severe cold;” the effects of which she continued to feel during the rest of her life. This lesson of vanity is graced with some very just reflections, and sentiments well expressed. The following upon girlish love is full of truth. “On looking at Frederic Melville, the once pale, interesting, but now lusty and fresh-coloured father of a family, I could scarcely forbear a smile at the recollection of my former girlish predilection for him. How inferior, how immeasurably inferior, was he to Lord Clydesdale, in appearance as well as in manner. This alteration in his looks, but still more, the total change in my own taste and opinions, led me to reflect on the folly of permitting girls to marry the first object that attracts the juvenile fancy, without allowing a reasonable time to elapse, in order that the stability of the sentiment may be ascertained. How few young women would at twenty select the admirer as a partner for life who might have captivated them at seventeen; and how many of the desperate passions, supposed to be eternal, would fade away like a dream before the influence of reason, if subjected to the ordeal of a couple, or of even one year's absence.”

There are many, in all probability, who will deny the accuracy of Lady Blessington's assumption; but the experienced will admit its correctness. The following upon the jealousy of woman's heart is alike sensible and just. “How little did he know the heart of woman! For though there may be many who might be gentle enough to regret an unknown individual of their own sex, who is represented as having gone down young, beautiful, and good, to an early grave, while yet love and hope would fain have bound her to earth, few have sufficient self control to conquer her jealous emotions, while listening to the recapitulation of the perfections of the lost one; or the grief her loss had excited in the breast of the object of her own affection. A man precludes a similar confidence from the woman he loves, by openly displaying his total want of sym-

pathy, in allusion to previous attachments, even should a woman be so devoid of tact as to make them; while we of the softer sex, though pained to the heart by such disclosures, shrink from checking them, though they are hoarded in the memory, to be often dwelt upon, but never without pain."

Lady Blessington is eloquent upon the first hours of love. "In the course of life there is perhaps, no epoch so delightful as the first hours of a passion budding into flower, but not yet full blown; when hope silences the whispers of doubt, and security has not destroyed the trembling anxiety that lends to love its strong, its thrilling excitement."

The following simple truths are also elegantly expressed. "Nature has implanted in every breast the yearning desire to be an object of sympathy and affection to its fellow. The young feel it, but they feel, too, the glad consciousness of possessing the power to excite and repay the sentiment; while the old are too well aware how unlovely is age, not to distrust the appearance of an attachment they fear they are incapable of creating. They become suspicious and peevish from this humiliating self-knowledge, and, consequently, less worthy of the affection for which they yearn." Such are Lady Blessington's latest confessions; whether she will be pleased to extend them remains to be seen. She evidently knows a great deal about that mystery, woman's heart, and if she will confine herself to its development, we shall be among the most gratified of listeners.

#### FASHION AND FASHIONABLES IN PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 23, 1838.

The Carnival is commenced, and the dullness of the week or two that preceded it has given way to mirth and hilarity. The people seem all to have awakened from a long slumber, and wherever we go, we all seem to have the sounds of music and merriment floating around, and flashes of wit, *joux d'esprit*, *bon mots*, &c., piquant, pointed, and harmless, saluting our ears, all betokening the pleasure which is experienced, and all calculated to awaken delight in those who are most happy when they look upon their fellow-creatures' happiness. *Le Bal de l'Opera* is a very attractive thing here: unlike your masked balls in England, which are so many grotesque and vulgar things, which no person of taste or character can appear in. The best company in Paris frequent this, and it is quite as allowable to say "*J'ai été au bal de l'opera*," as to say in your own metropolis—"I was last evening at the opera." It is quite impossible, however, for these entertainments to be naturalized in England, the character, manner, tone of thought, and disposition of the English, are all hostile to the spirit of it: with us, however, it is "native, and to our manner born." Our masked ball is interesting because it is frequented by the best company, who amuse others while they amuse themselves. It is surprising how emboldened one feels under a mask. Protected, in the crowds of merry-makers, by the domino and mask, for the mask is here as sacred as it was in Venice in the olden times, a lady accosts her acquaintances, reveals to them circumstances and events in their past life which they imagined known to a select few only—excites their surprise and wonder, and enjoys their embarrassment—teazes them with half disclosures and ambiguous phrases, and is lost in the throng directly the victim becomes importunate and is anxious for a discovery. The ladies are all enveloped from head to foot in black silk or satin

dominos, so as to entirely conceal the form, even to the shape of the head; and a black mask with a thick hanging curtain completely hides the countenance. A pretty English girl, who has been the *belle* of many evening parties, considerably annoyed the beautiful Madame de M——, and rather maliciously taunted her with the *gaucherie* which had characterized her manner when she made her *debut* in our fashionable *salons*. Unfortunately Miss R——'s mask fell as she was retiring, and Madame de M—— recognised her "good-natured friend." They are now decided enemies.

The "sweet singers" have re-established themselves in the Salle Ventadour, which is considerably larger than the edifice from which they were burnt out. Everybody is satisfied with the new arrangements. There is a great deal of speculation about the probabilities of Persiani, and bets to a large amount are pending, as to her success in London. Great expectations are raised, I know, and her admirers say that she cannot possibly fail; some go so far, indeed, as to say that she will eclipse the star of Giuletta. But that, of course, is mere "gossip." You will soon have an opportunity of judging of her voice and style.

Duprez is in high favour. The King is delighted with his singing. At a ball and concert the other evening, at the Tuileries, this fashionable vocalist was engaged with the Italian singers, and his success was most flattering, for after his air from *Guillaume Tell*, the King himself walked up to him, and thanked him for the extreme pleasure he had afforded him. Duprez sang also an air from *Lura*, an opera composed by a Danish nobleman, the Count de Ruoltz. This composer is not much known out of Naples, where this opera made a complete *furor* during Duprez' engagement at the Teatro di San Carlo. M. de Ruoltz is of the modern school, but his melodies have more originality than Donizetti's, and the style is more scientific.

The pretty Duchess of Orleans was not able to attend this concert in consequence of an attack of erysipelas, but I am happy to say that she is quite recovered. I had the pleasure of meeting her and her royal consort, subsequently, walking arm-in-arm in the garden of the Tuileries, without any attendants. They were looking remarkably well, and remarkably happy.

I have an exquisite piece of news now to tell you. You recollect the—Adonis—the Narcissus—the Apollo-Belvedere—the Marchese de C——, who made a little sensation in your fashionable circles last year: well, what do you think he is going to do? He has actually entered into an engagement with the opera-managers, and is going to make his *debut* in *Robert le Diable*. He has a fine voice, and will be a formidable rival to Duprez. He is much handsomer, and is therefore more likely to be the chief favourite.

At one of the Tuileries balls which have been attended by all the beauty and rank in Paris, the Count d'Appony presented to their Majesties the young Prince George Lubominski, a Polish nobleman, who appeared in full Polish costume, and attracted the admiration of the whole Court.

The Princess of C—— is still among us; she who was once a bright particular star, which attracted the notice of all beholders; but her popularity is past. It is possible that her greatness sits heavily upon her; for she is somewhat in the situation which Mahomet's coffin is said to be in, suspended between heaven and earth, neither a princess nor a subject. She stands alone, between the two grades of society. She must regret the time when, courted and admired as Miss S——, her beauty secured her admission everywhere. Was it love

which induced her to change her state, or vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself? She is an amiable and beautiful woman, and there can be no one that does not wish her all possible happiness.

The receptions at the Embassy continue every Friday evening; but amidst all the beauty and elegance there assembled, I cannot but miss the majestic form of her Grace of Sutherland, who was the planet in that hemisphere of stars.

The Count d'Appony's ball was brilliant and well attended. The Duke of Orleans and his brother of Nemours were present. The Duchess of Orleans had given hopes that she would also honour the Austrian Ambassador's by her presence, but her health prevented her leaving her room. There were upwards of two thousand persons of rank, beauty and fashion. The orchestra was conducted by Strauss, of waltz renown, and this ball had nearly been the last at which he would ever have presided, for on returning home he had a most providential escape of his life. He had taken a cabriolet, and had fallen to sleep after his fatigues, when he was roused by the driver suddenly throwing himself out of his vehicle. M. Strauss instinctively followed his example, fell on the pavement, and was deprived of sensation for some time. When he recovered, he found himself on the esplanade, close to the Invalides, not far from the Hotel de l'Ambassade, and that he was within a few feet of the river; the cabriolet and driver had disappeared, and no traces of either having been discovered, it is probable that both have disappeared under the ice of the Seine.

A young English lady, resident in Paris, has been the star of one of the Tuileries balls. The Parisians have long since pronounced Miss B——k to be *une personne parfaitement belle*. I was almost tempted to write the name in full, but I knew I should call the blushes into the fair face of its lovely possessor; for she values not so evanescent an advantage, and shrinks from celebrity.

At the Court balls I have noticed the use of trains, which are becomingly introduced, and which I hear are likely to be popular in the Court of London. I should think, however, the innovation to be extremely inconvenient. In crowded rooms they must be particularly unpleasant, and sure I am that they will occasion many frowns to be seen upon beautiful faces, and cause many harsh words to escape from lips wherefrom only sweet music should issue.

An amusing story is being told of one of your countrymen, whose lady is making a figure in our salons. She is going to give a ball, and report says that it will be a very splendid thing; the day, however, has been fixed several times, but as often altered. The other day, the good-natured spouse of the lady, who finds French champagne much more agreeable than English gooseberry, awoke with some vague idea of this great forthcoming ball. The fumes of the *mousseux* were not quite dissipated when that recollection shot across his mind, and in this state he sallied forth to take the benefit of the air. During his rambles under the gallery of the Rue de Rivoli, he met and was accosted by numbers of his acquaintance, the sight of whom again recalled to his memory the long meditated ball. Firmly believing that Thursday was the day which had been fixed, he addressed all those who chose to listen with—"We shall see you on Thursday, I hope?"—"Thursday! where?" comes the reply. "Why, at my ball, of course; there has been some confusion in the invitations, but it is all arranged now, and so pray come, &c. &c. This gentleman's foible is so well known among the fashionables in Paris, that many believed there might have been originally some mistake

in the invitations, and therefore determined not to stand on any further ceremony, but accept this somewhat cavalier invitation, given *sotto il ciel sereno*. Luckily, however, on Thursday morning, Mrs B—— received a note, with a request from a friend to be allowed to introduce another at her ball that evening. Mrs. B—— was in perfect amazement, almost doubting her own eyes; and at length, not being able to comprehend the meaning of the note, passed it to her liege lord, who, being now in full possession of his senses, avows his blunder, which he had totally forgotten,—the remembrance of his invitations having evaporated with the fumes of the champagne, and being recalled only by the note in question. The good-natured lady, who bears all these infirmities with exemplary patience, instantly ordered her carriage, and spent the whole day in repairing the blunders of her husband.

I see, by your "World of Fashion," that great things are expected to be done in the Court of London this season, and I sincerely hope that your highest expectations may be realized. You have a beautiful and excellent Queen, and I trust that her loveliness and virtues will call out all the gallantry and spirit of the English people.

#### CONCERTS, &c.

MUSARD.—An attempt has been made to establish these performances at the Colosseum, and with some degree of success, though not, perhaps, to an extent sufficient to reimburse the directors, which we should say was their own fault. Their orchestra is good, and well conducted, but there is no novelty about the performance; old worn out overtures, and the same programme every time, without a single piece changed, is not the way to ensure success, and certainly not the means by which MUSARD, VALENTINO, &c., at Paris, raised their concerts so highly in popular favour. The solos were well played, particularly on the flageolet, by STREATHER; and the cornet a piston, by LAURENT. We wish the undertaking success, and when they give something in the way of novelty, we doubt not they will find it answer their purpose.

THE DISTIN FAMILY, in conjunction with the RAINER FAMILY, have been giving daily concerts at the Argyle Rooms. The DISTINS consist of the father and four sons, who perform on two keyed bugles, two French horns, and a trombone, and they play the various popular airs from the different operas with much taste and precision. The concerted piece from *Anna Bolena*, "*Per questa fiamma Indonita*", was extremely well played. The RAINER FAMILY are the same that were here a few years since, and have brought with them some new melodies. During the time they were last in this country, they cleared the sum of six thousand pounds, and they are now established as AUBERGISTES in the Silver Valley of the Tyrol.

There are also several quartet concerts in progress, by MORI, LINDLEY, &c.; and also by PUZZI, BAUMAN, &c.; but as they possess little attraction, the public are not patronising them, excepting such part of the public as are admitted free, and these are generally to be known by their vociferous approbation of some illustrious obscure. The conductors of these concerts must imagine people are very ready to part with their money, if they suppose such concerts as these are to be paid for almost at the same rate as when the whole of the foreign artistes are in town, and lending their powerful support.

## NEW MUSIC.

ROCKE'S Opera of *Amelia* has been published by Duff and Co. of Oxford Street, but we must admit that it does not please us so well as on the stage; it is there only we hear it to advantage, the situations and the music being in admirable keeping. For amateurs there is a sad want of "motifs," nothing calculated to attract attention in a drawing-room; roudades and chromatic passages are very well adapted for Prima Donna's, but ladies when singing are sensibly accustomed to choose music where the flow of melody supplies the place of unmeaning *lours de force*, and where the feelings are touched by pathos and simplicity, rather than by ascending and descending with wonderful rapidity by octaves at a time. Portions of the *Domino Noir* have also been published in London, and what we have seen are really very pretty, particularly an Arragonese melody, by no means difficult to execute and yet very effective.

Some of MUSARD'S quadrilles have been published in London, but as the French copies are generally more correct and less in price, we do not imagine they will have much sale, particularly as the Foreign houses have them in London almost as soon as they are published in Paris. We must advise our readers of one thing, that whilst they are purchasing foreign music, they should remember that French music is always marked at double the price it sells for, so that if a set of quadrilles be marked at five francs, two francs and a half is the amount at which they sell in Paris; we are unable to state the reason of its being so, but have little doubt it is for the purpose of some deception being practised. We know not if BALFE'S Opera of *Joan of Arc* has been published, but judging from its success at Drury Lane, we should rather imagine not. Music publishers, however, will venture on almost any thing, and it is inconceivable the quantity of trash issued by them every year, and which finds a sale in the country, simply because the music sellers force it off as the most popular things of the season.

## THE DRAMA.

## A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

OPERA BUFFA.—MERCADANTE'S opera of *Eliza* and *Claudio* was performed with some success; it is not a first-rate opera, as it abounds too much in mannerisms of different composers of the ROSSINI school, though some of the airs are written with much taste and spirit, particularly the duct, '*scun instanter*,' which is by far the best thing MERCADANTE ever wrote, yet there is a want of relief about it that renders it rather flat. SCHERONI acquitted herself very creditably in the execution of the difficult music assigned to *Elisa*, as she has nearly the whole weight of the opera to sustain, and Miss WYNDHAM was encored in an introduced air which was one of the best things of the evening. CATONE had only an air in the first act of the opera, which he sang charmingly, making us deeply regret it was the only during the evening; nearly all the newspapers gave a long criticism of LABLACHE'S acting and singing, which must have highly amused such of our Subscribers as were present at the representation, because they must have observed, as well as ourselves, that he did not play at all in the opera, so much for newspaper criticisms; it is true the pro-

gramme contained his name, but his acting was only in the newspaper reports.

*Betty* and *L'Elisir D'amore* were performed by command of HER MAJESTY, and we were much hurt at the manner in which her privacy was invaded. Why do not managers take a lesson in this matter from M. LAPORTE, who is so particular when HER MAJESTY intends to visit the opera-house in private, that the circumstance is scarcely ever known but to those immediately concerned about the theatre; we do not blame Mr. MITCHELL on the present occasion, because we know he was much annoyed at it, but the busy interference of his underlings is calculated to do him much harm.

It is reported to be the intention of Mr. MITCHELL to carry on this speculation in Dublin, and we can assure those of our subscribers in that city who patronize music, that they will find the undertaking well worthy their patronage.

DRURY-LANE.—Since Mr. MACREADY commenced his self-assigned and honourable task of restoring the legitimate drama to the national temples, wherfrom it had been driven by ignorant adventurers, the manager of Drury-lane has thought it advisable to try what the legitimate drama will do for him, and having engaged Mr. CHARLES KEAN, two of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, *Hamlet* and *Richard the Third*, have been produced in a way becoming of the regular drama and of a national theatre. We do not think Mr. CHARLES KEAN, however, competent to maintain a leading situation at Drury-lane; for, although, circumstances have made him, perhaps, the fashion-actor of the day, his acting is of a description that soon tires, and the "lion" of this season may be deserted in the next. Fashion has had much more to do with the popularity of young KEAN than merit, and people when they witness his performance think more of the man than of the actor, and applaud his private conduct when they should be thinking exclusively of his professional merits. Mr. KEAN is an amiable young man, and we therefore rejoice at the good fortune that has befallen him; but we, nevertheless, cannot think that he will ever be a great actor, or that his performances will be popular for any length of time. His *Richard the Third* is an imitation of his father's performance, whose excellence Mr. CHARLES KEAN endeavours to reach; but he falls far short of his mark: he has neither the intellectual nor the physical greatness of the elder KEAN; he cannot strike out a novel idea, nor execute those startling originalities of his father, which were used to excite such intense admiration. In the early scenes of *King Richard*, Mr. CHARLES KEAN displayed a great deal of cleverness; he spoke the soliloquys well, and in the scene of the wooing of *Lady Anne* reached a point of excellence we did not consider him to be capable of; the scene had evidently been well studied, and it gave us great pleasure to witness his able and judicious performance of it. The tent scene was played with effect, and the fight with *Richmond* at the conclusion of the play was one of the most "terrific combats" we ever witnessed. As a whole, the performance was not the work of a great actor. The play had been showily got up, with new scenes and dresses. Mrs. TERNAN sustained the character of *Lady Anne* with considerable feeling. The rest of the performers were not above mediocrity, some were below it. When will Mr. COOPER abandon his pump-handle action? First one hand goes, then the other, and the curious motion is done with such precision, and with so grave a look and air, that we find it difficult to keep from laughing, even in the midst of the tragedy he happens to be playing in.

There was nothing besides the revival *King Richard the Third* in the way of novelty at Drury-lane during the month.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. MACREADY's fine performance of *King Lear* continues to be highly attractive at this theatre, where also a new five-act play has been produced with the most perfect—we may say triumphant—success. It is called *The Lady of Lyons*; or, *Love and Pride*. It is not a first-rate production, but it is, nevertheless, highly interesting, and has a very powerful effect. It is founded upon the same story that was dramatized by TOBIN in his comedy *The Honeymoon*, but in this piece a graver use is made of it. The story has more in it of romance than reality; indeed, occasionally, its improbability is so clearly apparent, that nothing but the splendid acting of MACREADY and HELEN FAUCITT could make it admired. *Mons. Deschappelles* is a rich merchant of Lyons, with a proud and foolish wife and daughter. The young lady has refused the hands of many suitors—among others of the rich *M. Beausent*, whose father before the Revolution had been a Marquis, and also of *M. Glavis*, the friend of *Beausent*. Besides these lovers, there is *Melnotte* (Mr. MACREADY) the pride of the village, in which he is a peasant. His father had been a gardener, and had left him a trifle of money, whereupon he takes to painting, principally, as it appears, with a view of earning fame and fortune, that he may be worthy of the beautiful *Pauline*, with whom he, also, is enamoured.

At the opening of the play, *Beausent* and *Glavis*, hearing of *Melnotte's* love for *Pauline*, lay a scheme for humbling her pride, by dressing up this young fellow in fine clothes, causing him to pass for the *Prince of Como*, and so woo and win the lady, and then take her to the gardener's hut as her future home. This scheme is proposed to *Melnotte*, just after some verses, which he had sent to *Pauline*, have been returned to him. *Melnotte* enters into the scheme of the disappointed gentleman lovers, and plays the Prince successfully, though he cannot forbear sundry sarcastic reflections all the while upon the absurdity of any preference being shown to a Princely station. The proud *Pauline* is brought home to the cottage of the gardener's son, who is by this time sorry for the deceit he had practised, and unable to tell his wife that she is not a Princess. This, however, is accomplished by his mother. *Pauline* is dreadfully enraged, but her heart relents, and she finds that, after all, she does love the gardener's son. He in the meantime is so full of remorse for having deceived her that he gives her a writing of divorce, sends her to occupy her chamber alone, and goes to fetch her father, that he may take her back. In the meantime comes *Beausent* to tempt her to leave the cottage and live with him in his house. She resists, and while resisting *Melnotte* comes back, and she faints in his arms. Notwithstanding all this, he determines upon going to the wars, because in Republican France even a peasant might rise to be a General, and, finally, though *Pauline* says she loves him to distraction, and will have him for her husband, and will not be divorced, he sets off with her cousin, *Colonel Damas*, to the wars, that he may wash out in the enemies of France the stain upon his conscience of having deceived *Pauline*. This is the state of affairs at the end of the fourth act, between which and the fifth an interval of two years and a half is understood to elapse. In the meantime *Melnotte*, under the name of *Morier*, has performed prodigies of valour and won a very pretty fortune. Also he has become a Colonel. While he has been thus rapidly climbing up the steep of fortune, his father-in-law, the rich merchant, has been as rapidly going down; and, in fact, the very day that *Melnotte*, comes back to Lyons to claim his wife, a commission of bankruptcy is about to fall, like an avalanche, upon the head of *Deschappelles*. To escape this he

must have an advance of money. He knows no one from whom to get the cash, save *Beausent*, and he will not pay down without the hand of *Pauline*, as value in exchange. *Pauline*, still deeply in love with her wanderer, *Melnotte*, loves her father too well to behold his ruin, and is about to sign a marriage contract with *Beausent*. *Melnotte* hears of the approaching marriage without knowing the cause, and is in despair, but at length, following the counsel of his friend *Damas*, he is induced to go to the house of the lady's father, and see how matters really stand. There he finds *Beausent* and the notary, and everything just about to be concluded for the purchase of the fair *Pauline*. After considerable delay and some agony, he finds out that it is merely an affair of money, and then, taking out his pocket-book, he insists on his prior right to pay the debts of his father-in-law. *Beausent* goes off in a rage of disappointment, and the piece concludes with making all the parties that deserve to be happy, very much so.

It will be seen by this description of the plot, that there is much improbability in it, and that some of its features are very absurd, but the improbabilities and absurdities are forgotten in the spectators' admiration of the brilliant talents displayed by MACREADY and HELEN FAUCITT in the two principal characters, *Melnotte* and *Pauline*. MACREADY was never more successful than in his delineation of the enthusiasm of the young artist, who had nursed the one hope of *Pauline's* love for years, and toiled on in the expectation of one day being thought worthy of her. Miss FAUCITT, also, was seen to great advantage in the character of *Pauline*. There was one beautiful scene in the piece which elicited universal applause, a garden-scene in which *Melnotte* is walking with *Pauline*, and discoursing of the beauties of the home of love, to which, he says, he is about to conduct her. There is a little extravagance in the language, but the idea is extremely beautiful, and the words were delivered by Mr. MACREADY with the most exquisite and touching expression.

"A palace, lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,  
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon,  
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder  
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heaven  
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends  
That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books  
That were not tales of love—that we might smile  
To think how poorly eloquence of words  
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!  
And when night came amidst the breathless heavens  
We'd guess what star should be our home, when love  
Becomes immortal, while the perfumed light  
Stole thro' the mists of alabaster lamps,  
And every air was heavy with the sighs  
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes  
And murmurs of low fountains fed from tubes  
Distilling rose leaves! Dost thou like the picture?"

We never recollect a first representation that was attended with greater success than was enjoyed by the present performance. The new play will doubtless be attractive for a long time to come.

AUBER's opera of the *Black Domino* has been produced here, and with some success. The music is not very original, but it is light and pleasing, and some of the concerted pieces have a very agreeable effect. Miss SHIRREFF's acting and singing in

the character of the *Domino Noir*, merit great praise. Mr. WILSON, Mr. MANVERS, and Miss P. HORTON, sustain the other vocal characters with taste and ability.

OLYMPIC.—Madame VESTRIS finds her performances so attractive as to require no novelty to lure the public to her charming little cabinet theatre. *The Ringdoves*, *Shocking Events*; *The Black Domino*, and *Puss in Boots*, have delighted, and continue to delight, numerous and fashionable audiences.

ADELPHI.—An extraordinary being, whom Mr. YATES pleases to call Signor HERVIO NANO, has appeared at this theatre, in a burletta entitled *The Gnome Fly*, in which he mimics a baboon to the life, and executes some astonishing feats in the character of a fly. Signor HERVIO is no Italian, though he is a very clever fellow; he flies about the stage, and crosses the ceiling with his heels upwards, with surprising alacrity: his name is LEACH, and he is known in many parts of the country, and also, we believe, to the visitors of some of the Parisian theatres, where he played some time ago, under the name of HERVEY. A new melo-drama of considerable interest has also been produced here, entitled *A Maiden's Fame*; or, *a Legend of Lisbon*, in which Mrs. YATES has some excellent opportunities afforded her for the manifestation of her tragic abilities, and which she makes very excellent use of. Mrs. NISBETT and Mr. YATES are also seen to advantage in this piece. The Adelphi has also had its version of *The Domino Noir*.

CITY OF LONDON.—It is worth a pilgrimage to the east to witness the spirited acting, and hear the delightful songs of the lady spirit that presides over this dramatic temple. *The Spirit of the Rhine*, in which Mrs. HONEY sings her charming German song, *My Beautiful Rhine*, as nobody else in the world can sing it, and which nobody of soul or sense can possibly become tired of hearing her sing, has been played to delighted audiences. *Paul Clifford*, an opera founded upon BULWER'S novel, has also been produced here, Mr. COLLINS, late of Covent Garden and the Haymarket, sustaining the character of the hero very effectively. *Lucy Brandon* is enacted by Mrs. HONEY, with admirable talent and excellent effect; her songs, too, are full of feeling and true and delightful expression. The opera of *Cinderella* has been finely given; Miss BYFIELD, Mr. LENOX, and Mr. COLLINS, taking the principal parts. *Perfection*, and some other clever burlettas have also been played at this attractive little theatre, with decided success.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE; WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"—— A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many gems  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there,  
To put forth blossoms in their fullest season;  
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While one that fades, as summer's flush of bloom,  
Succeeds the gentle bidding of the spring."

*The Star of Seville.*

It would almost seem that the science of meteorology was in some way connected with matrimony; for experience shews that in the dull cold months there are but few votaries at the temple of Hymen. We throw out this suggestion for the attention of that fortunate gentleman, Mr. Murphy, whose abilities may be exerted upon a companion to his "Weather Almanac," which would probably sell quite as well. A

*Marriage Almanac* would be a very attractive thing. Every young lady and gentleman who hope to be married, would buy it; for there they might learn when tempers and dispositions are "fair," and when they are "frosty," when they are "overcast," or "cold," or "cloudy;" and no lover would be so exceedingly rash as to make an offer of his heart and hand when the *Murphy*, (or *Marriage Almanac*) indicated it to be "the lowest degree of winter temperature." We hope the worthy "F. N. S." will take the hint. The marriages of the past month have been few and unimportant. ELIZABETH ISABELLA, daughter of the late Major JOHNSTONE has been led to the hymeneal altar by GEORGE A. MARTIN, Esq., M.D. CAROLINE MARY, daughter of the late G. HUDLESTON, Esq. of Greenfield, has given her hand to the Rev. Dr. DICKEN, Rector of Norton, Suffolk. At Paris, the Viscount DU PIN DELAGUERIVIERE, Chevalier of the Order of Malta, Nephew of the Duke of REGGIO, has been happily united to EMMELINE, eldest daughter of CHARLES PURTON COOPER, Esq., one of HER MAJESTY'S Counsel.

Fashionable society has been despoiled of some of its ornaments by the hand of death. The Countess of ESSEX has gone to her eternal rest, and so has the young Lord R. W. BUTLER, fourth son of the Marquess of ORMOND; he was in the 21st year of his age. The Countess Dowager of ROSSE is also among the great departed, so is Lord GEORGE HERVEY, (who died at Pau, in the Pyrenees) and the Earl of CARRICK.

Although the marriages have been few, we hear of preparations for many. The Earl of COURTOWN will shortly lead to the altar the Lady ELEANOR HOWARD, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of WICKLOW. Her Ladyship has just completed her 21st year. The Noble Earl is a widower, having married, in 1822, a sister of the present Duke of BUCCLEUCH, by whom there are three children. We understand that Captain OCTAVIUS VERNON HARCOURT, son of his Grace the Archbishop of YORK, will shortly be united to Mrs. DANBY, widow of the late WILLIAM DANBY, Esq., of Swinton Park, Yorkshire. It is rumoured that a marriage is on the tapis between the Hon. Mr. BOUVERIE PRIMROSE, only brother to Lord DALMENT, and Miss F. ANSON, daughter of Lady ANSON. The Earl of ARRAN, it is said, will shortly be united to Miss NAPIER, daughter of Colonel NAPIER. We understand that Miss HERBERT, sister of Mr. HERBERT, who married the daughter of Mr. and Lady ELEANOR BALFOUR last season, will shortly bestow her hand on Mr. STEWART, only son of Lady CATHERINE STEWART, and cousin to the Earl of GALLOWAY.

#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

*Amynstor's* beautiful little tale came too late for insertion in our present number. It shall appear in our next.

The author of "Golden Lines" has wrongly described them; he should have written *leaden* ones.

*Philander* should not have attempted to write upon "Love," since it is very clear that he knows nothing about it.

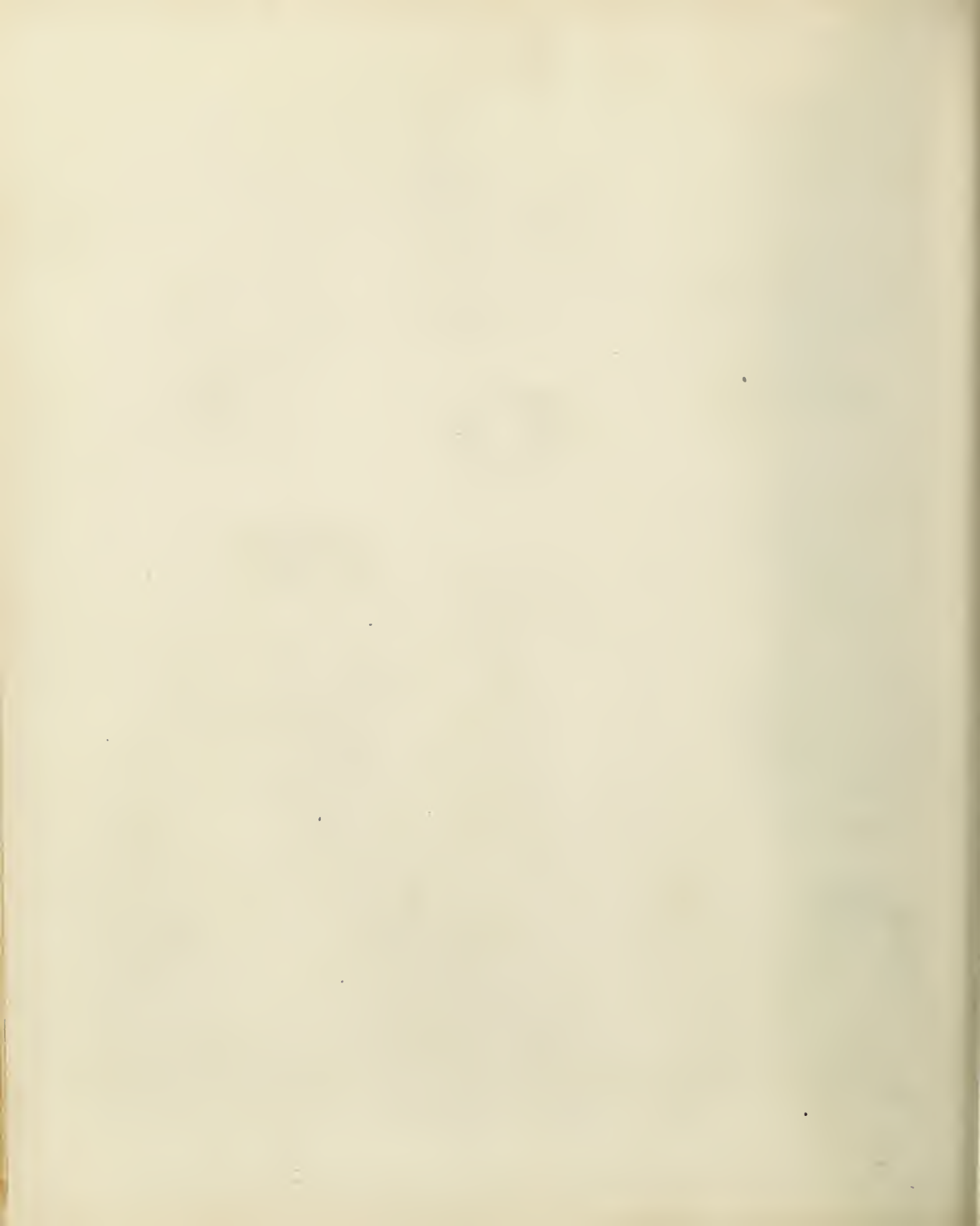
*Louisa*. Yes.

*Henry the 4th and the Basque Girl* has already been the subject of a tale in this Magazine. L. E. L. has also written a beautiful poem on the subject. We should else have had much pleasure in publishing the interesting contribution of "M."

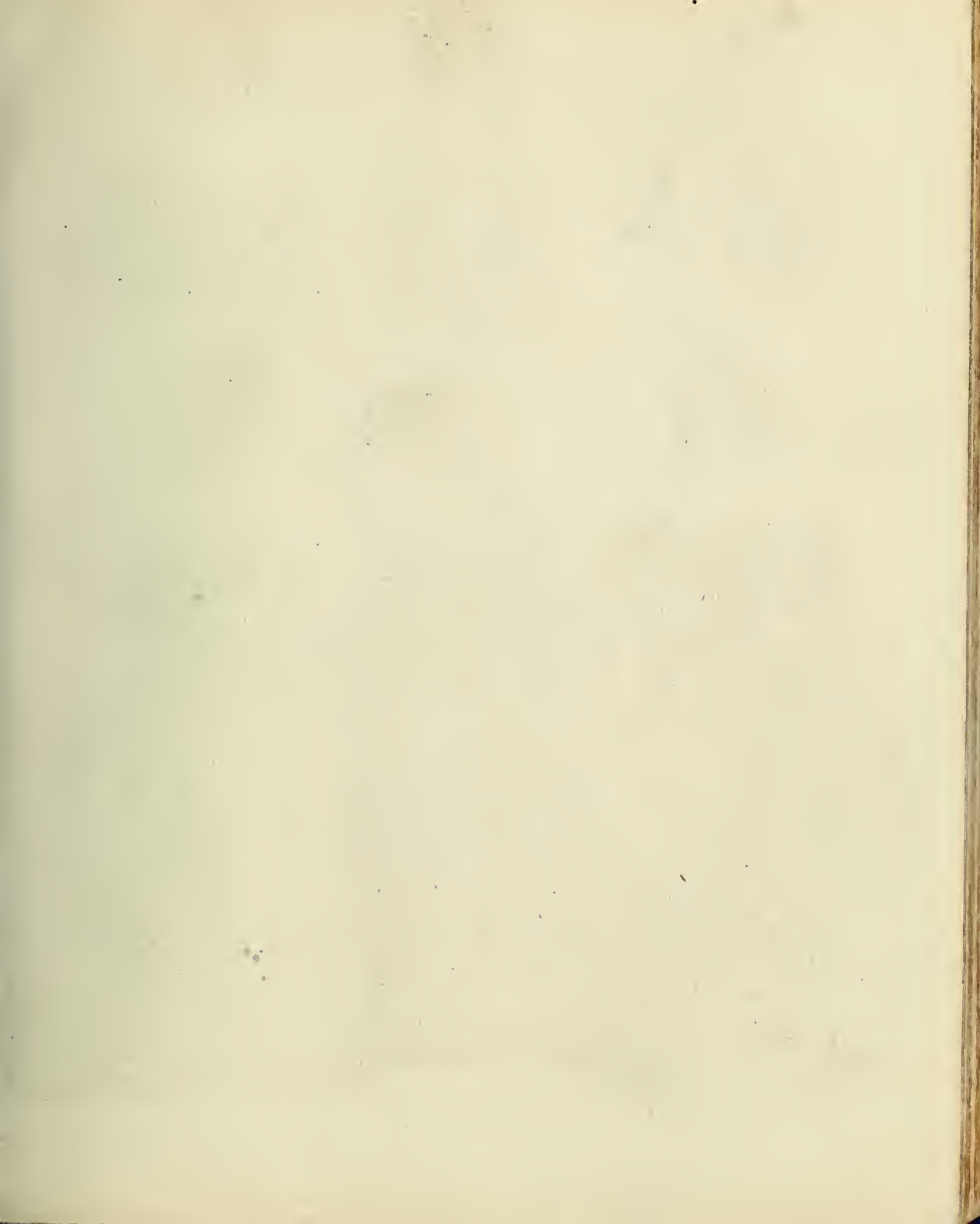
*Stanzas to the Stars* are not sufficiently bright.

The contributions of Belmont, and Miss E. C., came too late. They shall appear in our next.







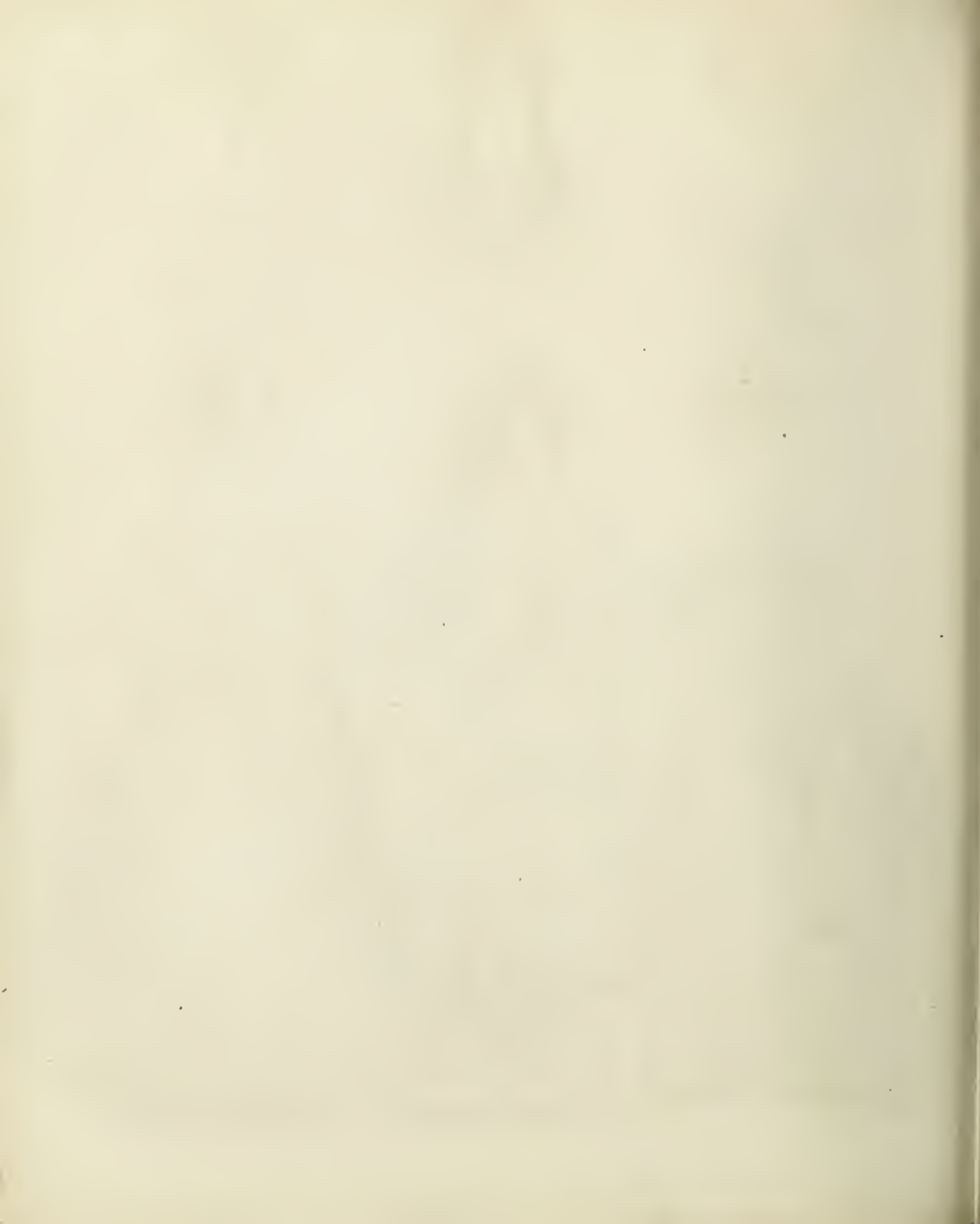


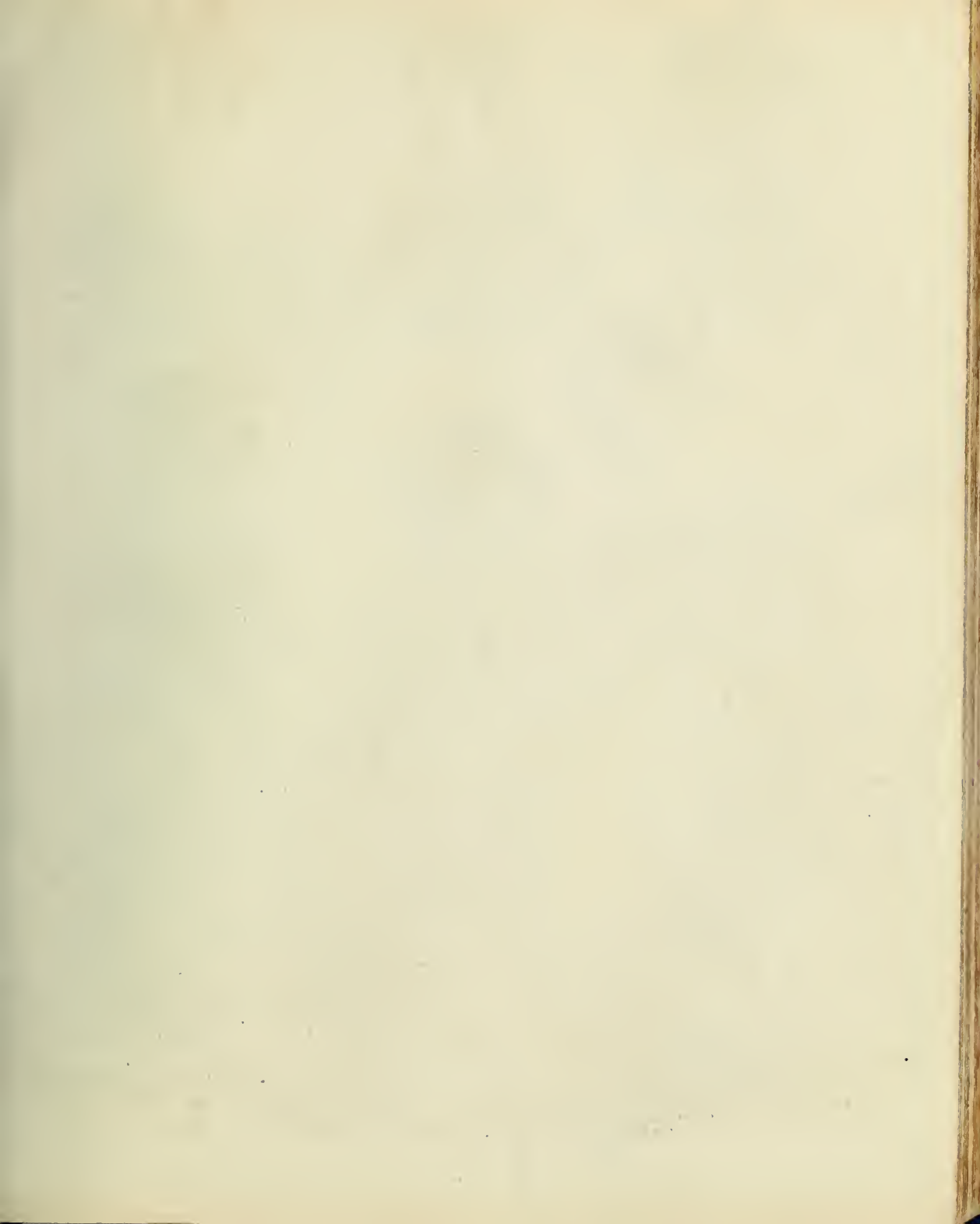


*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Fancy Costume & Evening Dresses. (2)*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses.*



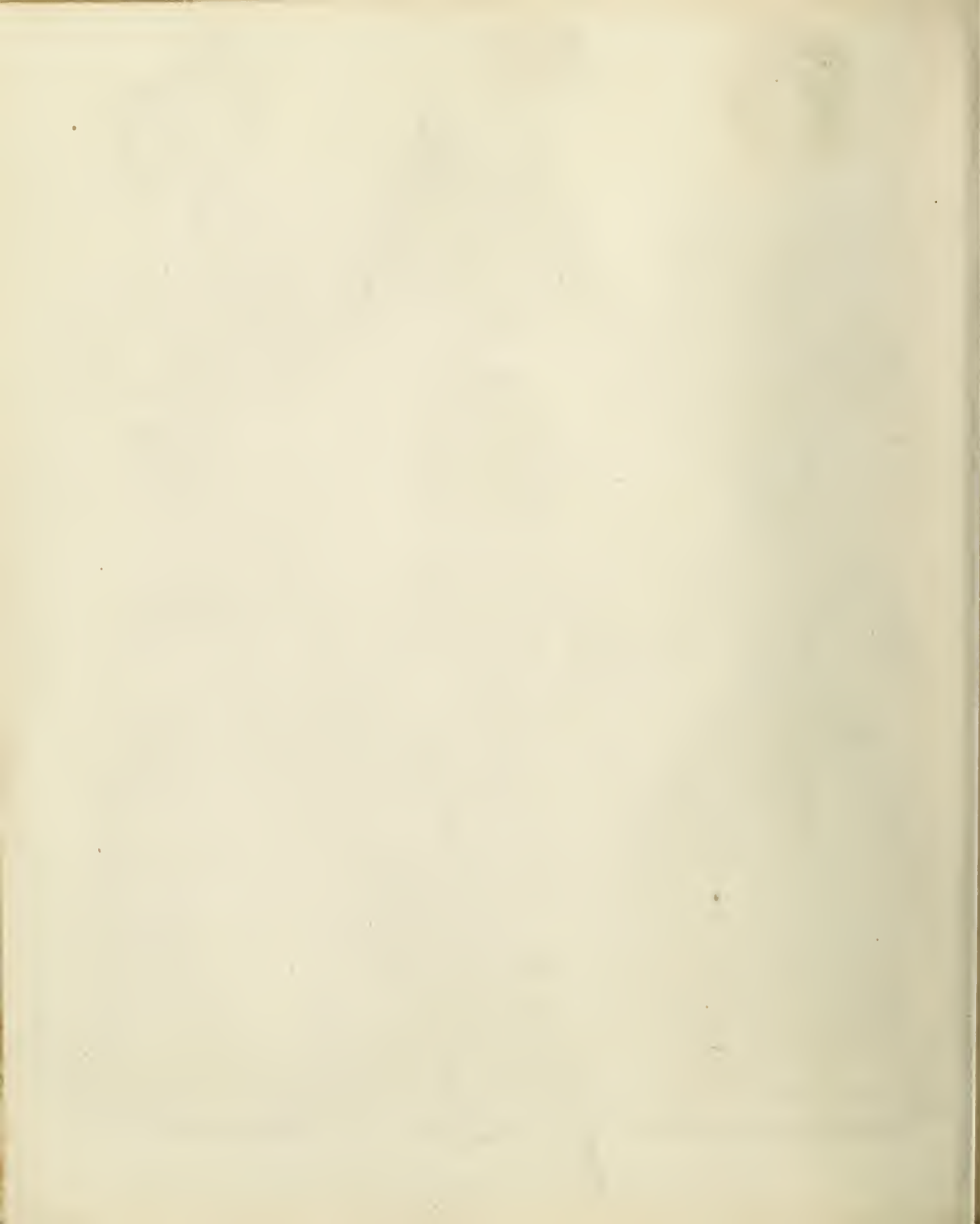




*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses.*





## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## CENTRE FIGURE.—EVENING DRESS.

A robe of pink *velours épinglé*, trimmed round the border with a wreath of leaves in dead gold; a *gerbe* of them ascends on each side of the front as high as the knee. *Corsage drapé*, trimmed with blond, standing up on each side of the bust. Short sleeves, the lower part moderately full, and arranged *en bouffant* by gold leaves. The hair is disposed in ringlets in front, and a twisted knot behind; it is ornamented with a wreath of gold leaves, terminated by a red rose with buds and foliage.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of white spotted *tulle*, over white satin; the skirt is looped a little on one side by a knot of white satin ribbon, in which a rose is inserted. Pointed *corsage*, draped à la *Seigné*, and ornamented with a rose in the centre. Short tight sleeve, finished with a *manchette* of gaufered *tulle*, a knot of ribbon and a rose. The hair dressed as described above, is decorated with oak leaves, and gold roses.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—SOCIAL PARTY EVENING DRESSES.—Robe of lavender grey *velours épinglé*, *corsage* and sleeves trimmed with gaufered *tulle*; head-dress a *bonnet à la Babet* of gaffred *tulle*, trimmed with *oiseau* ribbons.

2.—*Fichû à la Paysanne* of *tulle*, trimmed with *blonde illusion*; and a *bonnet à la Paysanne* of embroidered *tulle*, ornamented with roses and rose ribbon.

3.—*Fichû à pointe* of *tulle*, trimmed with the same and knots of ribbon. *Tulle bonnet bouillonné*, decorated with ribbons *en suite* and roses.

4.—*Pelerine à revers* of English lace, and Norman peasant's cap of English lace, trimmed with flowers and rose ribbon.

5.—Head-dress of hair, decorated with a gold and velvet *bandeau* and velvet knots.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## FANCY BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This costume, which is that of a shepherdess of the opera in the time of Louis XIV., is composed of a white satin petticoat, striped with gold, and trimmed with gold blond lace, looped in draperies by shaded *marabouts*, and knots of rose and green ribbon. Rose satin bodice, trimmed *en suite*. Head-dress a *pouff* of rose and white *tulle*, with long floating ends of the latter; it is adorned with white feathers, shaded with green.

## OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White satin robe, the front is trimmed with lace

and ribbon arranged à la *Fontange*. Blue satin *paletot*, lined with ermine. Head-dress of hair, adorned with flowers.

## GRAND PARTY DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Lemon-coloured satin robe, the front is trimmed *en demi tablier*, with white satin draperies, finished by gold fringe, and arranged in the cone form, with a knot of ribbon at the point; *corsage à la Ninon*, trimmed with blond and ribbon. The head-dress is a *chapel* of *grosille velours épinglé*, trimmed with white ostrich feathers; a burnished gold *bandeau* completes the ornaments of the *coiffure*.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—COSTUME DE SPECTACLE.—White satin robe; violet velvet *mantelet*, trimmed with swans'-down. *Tulle bonnet à la Charlotte Corday*, trimmed with blond lace, pink flowers, and pink ribbons.

2.—EVENING DRESS.—White crape robe over white satin, it is trimmed with lilac ribbon. Head-dress of hair, decorated *en suite*.

3.—EVENING DRESS.—White gauze robe over white satin, the *corsage* in crossed drapery, and decorated with pink ribbons. Hair dressed à la *Seigné*, and adorned with roses.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—White satin petticoat, trimmed with a deep flounce of gold blond lace. Green velvet open robe, the *corsage* decorated with gold *chefs*, and a diamond brooch. Short sleeves, finished by a triple *bouillon* and a superb *manchette* of gold blond lace. Head-dress of hair à la *Berthe*, decorated with diamonds and a gold *baudeau*.

## OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Printed satin robe, draped *corsage*, and short sleeves à la *Venetienne*. Sable *mantelet*. Turban of striped scarlet and gold brocade.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—White *tulle* robe over satin; it is bordered with a *bouillon* of the same material, and trimmed *en tablier* with flowers. A very low *corsage*, finished by a double fall of blond lace, set on full. Sleeves trimmed with blond flowers and ends of ribbon.

## FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

4.—Evening Cap composed of blond lace, cherry-coloured ribbon, and *marabouts*.

5.—HEAD-DRESS OF HAIR, decorated with *ruban à treillage*.

6.—Crimson velvet turban, ornamented with *chefs d'or*.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## FRENCH COURT BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of white *tulle blonde* over white satin; the skirt is looped at the left knee by a *gerbe* of flowers which reaches from thence to the bottom of the *corsage*, which is finished by a fall of blond lace set in in the jacket style; the top of the *corsage* is decorated with a *bouillon* of *tulle*, it is finished by a full fall of blond, and drawn by a pink ribbon, forming a rosette, in the centre. Short full sleeve, terminated by a blond ruffle, ornamented with a rose. The hair is disposed in the sides in soft and platted braids, and in a twisted knot behind. A circlet of fancy jewellery encircles the knot, and a white ostrich feather is inserted in it.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Demi-ridingote* of pink figured satin, trimmed *en tablier* with English point lace; the border is decorated with a broad *colan*, with a heading *en bouillonnée*, finished by rosettes of ribbon; low *corsage*, trimmed with a lace *pelérine*. *Manche à la Donna Maria*. Black velvet hat, of a small size; the interior of the brim is decorated with silver *épis*, and a rose. A profusion of pink ostrich feathers adorn the crown.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Yellow crape robe, looped with white roses, over white satin; pointed *corsage*, and short tight sleeves, both trimmed with blond. Head-dress of hair ornamented with a black lace *bandeau* and foliage, embroidered in gold, and a golden arrow.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of pale pink spotted *Pekinét*; one side of the skirt is trimmed with a wreath of ribbon arranged in a very odd manner; it goes round the bottom of the border to the other side, where it ends in a *nœud*; low *corsage*, trimmed with a triple fall of gauffed *tulle*; short sleeves, decorated *en suite*. Head-dress, a gauze turban, decorated with *esprits*.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *oiseau* figured satin; the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with *papillon* bows of ribbon formed by tassels; *corsage* trimmed with a round lappel, finished by lace. Sleeves, *en suite*. Head-dress, a *petit bord* of crimson velvet, decorated with shaded feathers.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—White crape *robe tunique*, both dresses bordered with flowers at the edge, the upper one is looped by a knot of ribbon, from which flowers ascend up the side. A low *corsage*, trimmed with *bouillons* of *tulle*, and short sleeves, decorated with *bouillons* and knots of ribbon. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a gold diadem, flowers, and a shaded ostrich feather.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1838.

We are now in the most splendid month of the year, when the luxury of the toilette is carried to its height. We cannot, indeed, expect quite so much novelty as in the beginning of the season, but if the details are less varied, they are, perhaps, more magnificent. Our prints contain some elegant novelties; let us see what else we have that is worthy of the attentions of our fair readers, and first for

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—The cold weather that has lasted so long, makes our *Éléantes* so fond of wrapping up, that we

cannot find much to say of their present attire; mantles and furs are decidedly the order of the day, but we have seen some novelties for out door costume, of a very elegant description, which will appear in the course of a few days. We may cite as among the most remarkable of them

MANTELETS.—“What!” I think I hear a fair reader exclaim, “always mantelets?” It is true that they have been a long time in favour, but that is not our fault, they are so pretty, so graceful, that ladies will not lay them aside; the forms also and the trimmings vary. Those that we are now speaking of, are of a large size, particularly at the back, they fall very low, but are rounded so as not to encumber the arm, and the long scarf fronts are of moderate width; the collar is round, small, and of the falling kind. We should observe that these mantelets are made both with velvet and satin; they are cut round in very deep scollops, each having one large flower, or a tuft of small flowers, embroidered in coloured silks, in the centre; the effect is beautiful. The mantelet is always of a full colour; black is very prevalent, so likewise are violet, ruby, and green. The lining is either pale pink or white. We must not omit to say that they are always wadded.

VELVET HIGH DRESSES with short round mantles to correspond, both trimmed with sable, are very much in favour. The robes are finished at the bottom with a broad flat border of sable. The *corsages*, made high and plain, have no trimming, but the sleeves, which are disposed in tight longitudinal folds at the top, and a full *bouffant* in the centre, are finished with very deep fur cuffs. The *mantelets* are something of the Spanish form, they descend about half way to the knee, being cut *bias*, they fall easy and gracefully, without being full on the shoulders, but they sit extremely full round the figure. They are made with *pelérine fichés* of a small size, the fur that borders the *mantelet* is as broad as that on the bottom of the dress, but it is much narrower on the *pelérine* and the arm holes.

HATS AND BONNETS.—We have given in our prints all that had any actual claim to novelty, and we have only to observe in general that wadded bonnets begin to decline in estimation, though they cannot yet be said to be unfashionable. Drawn bonnets are also losing ground in favour. Velvet bonnets, of the *chapeux capote* shape, trimmed with a *bouquet* of *marabouts*, or hats with the brims extending round the back of the crown, are the most in favour; these last are variously trimmed, but the most simply elegant still, in our opinion, is satin ribbon of the same colour, and a long flat ostrich feather also to correspond, which winds in a spiral direction round the crown.

MORNING DRESS is more distinguished for richness and comfort than for actual novelty. *Robes de Chambre* continue their vogue. We have recently seen some of white Cashmere, lined with pale blue silk, and trimmed with a border of blue velvet, which was scalloped all round, and which being much deeper towards the bottom of the front of the skirt than at the waist, formed in a slight degree a *tablier*. High dresses, both of satin and Cashmere, are also much in vogue, and we have seen a good many of merinos, but the two former materials are preferred. These dresses are made in a very plain style; they owe the elegance of their appearance to their accessories, of which we must not omit to make honourable mention; and first:—

TABLIERS are almost universally adopted, and they are of an equally elegant and expensive kind. We have seen some

of a new material *velours Grec*, bordered with fancy trimming, and the pockets ornamented to correspond. A still more novel kind, are of black satin, encircled with a *bouillon*, which is attached by a scarlet piping. These latter aprons are rounded at the bottom. We may cite also some aprons of rich black *gros de Tours*, embroidered all round in a wreath of vine leaves in various shades of green.

**MORNING COLLARS** continue to be worn of a small size, some are remarkable for the richness of their embroidery, others, and these last are the most novel, are of fine clear India muslin, edged with a *bouillon* of the same material, which is set on very full, and through which a coloured ribbon is passed.

**MORNING CAPS.**—The most novel are of *tulle Sylphide*, the caul is very low; the trimming of the front passes in a plain band across the forehead, and is disposed very full at the sides; a good many are ornamented with ribbons only. We have seen some decorated with a knot of ribbon on one side of the caul, and a small tuft of field flowers intermingled with the lace on the opposite side of the front. Speaking of caps in general, we cannot praise too highly the elegantly simple stile in which they are made at present, a still infinitely more becoming than the scaffoldings, we really cannot find another term for them, of ribbons, laces and flowers, which were in vogue some three or four seasons ago.

**ROBES FOR EVENING DRESS.**—The materials continue to be of the same rich kind as last month, with perhaps more brocade and black satin; the last is particularly fashionable, so also is black velvet, and it must be owned that both are admirably calculated to set off rich trimmings and jewels. Pointed *corsages* are decidedly the mode, indeed no others are worn. A moderate point is rather graceful, than otherwise, at least to a fine shape, but our *élégantes* wear them at present very much in the extreme. *Corsages* are for the most part cut out very much upon the hips, forming a long and sharp point in front, and a smaller one behind. *Ceintures* are laid aside, they could not, in fact, be worn with any degree of grace with a *corsage* of this kind, but the place of the *ceinture* is frequently supplied by a superb *cordelière*; where this ornament is not adopted, a satin piping edges the bottom of the *corsage*. Trimmings have altered very little: flounces continue their vogue, and furs have as yet lost nothing of their attraction; black velvet, or else velvet of rich full colours, bordered with ermine, is greatly in favour; and light coloured satins, velvets, and *rep* velvets, trimmed with swan's-down are equally so. These two styles, so different in themselves, should be, in our opinion, differently appropriated, the first splendid indeed, but rather heavy, ought we think to be destined exclusively to matronly *belles*; it is certainly the costume, *par excellence*, for mammas and chaperons; the other so light, so graceful, so youthful, even in its richness, should certainly be adopted only by juvenile *élégantes*.

**COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.**—There seems to be at present almost a mania for covering the head in evening costumes, and the milliners are consequently obliged to rack their brains to find something new. We may cite among the prettiest novelties *coiffures* composed of blue crape, which are made only to cover the ears, and the summit of the head, they are intermingled in front with silver ornaments, and *marabouts*. Nothing, we must observe, can be more generally becoming to the features than the latter. Another very elegant style of *coiffure*, is composed of black lace disposed in the form of large leaves, which are embroidered and ornamented with gold; a *rouleau* of lace round which a string of gold beads is twisted,

passes across the summit of the head, and retains these ornaments on each side. We do not remember a season in which lace was so much employed in *coiffures* as at present; both black and white is employed for lappets, and also disposed *en aureole* round the knot of hair at the back of the head.

**BALL DRESS.**—We see with pleasure that light materials continue to be the only ones worn by our elegant *dansesuses*. *Corsages* are pointed in ball dress, in the style we have already described. The sleeves are made excessively short, so much so, indeed, that when they are looped with ornaments, the arm is left almost bare. We observe that the excessive width of the skirts has a most ungraceful effect; they are arranged round the waist so as to fall in very full folds.

**TRIMMINGS OF BALL DRESSES.**—None are made without trimming, but the only *garnitures* adopted by ladies of good taste, are flounces, or flowers; both, indeed, are very often united. Where flowers only are used, the mode of looping the skirt on one side by a *bouquet*, has a very good effect. We have seen some ball dresses ornamented in a novel and tasteful style, with *marabouts*, or short ostrich feathers, irregularly placed, and attached by ornaments of jewellery; but, although this is really an elegant style of deviation, we cannot pronounce it a settled fashion.

**ROBES TUNIQUES.**—They are so called because they have a double skirt, that is to say the robe whether of gauze, *tulle*, or crape, has a tunic of the same; in some instances the under dress is of very pale pink or blue satin, but even if it is white as is more commonly the case, the *corsage* which is *bouillonnée* is frequently lined with coloured satin.

**BALL HEAD-DRESSES** are generally of hair, which continues to be dressed very low behind; ringlets are most in favour in front, but they are not exclusively adopted. We may cite as an elegant style of decoration for a *coiffure Ninon*, a wreath of vine leaves delicately wrought in gold, with small diamond grapes. Stars of either brilliants, or of burnished gold, have a superb effect on a *coiffure à la Grecque*. If the hair is disposed in *bandeaux* in front, and a twisted knot behind, a wreath of small white roses crossing the forehead, and encircling the knot at the back of the head, is elegantly simple. Flowers, indeed, are in a decided majority for *ball coiffures*; even when the robe is superbly trimmed, it frequently happens that the hair is ornamented in a very simple manner with flowers; wreaths are most in request, but we see a good many *coiffures* decorated with a long light sprig of delicate flowers, as those of the peach, double blossomed peach, moss roses, &c.

**FASHIONABLE COLOURS** have not varied since last month, but several new shades of colours have appeared; we have to notice particularly some very beautiful ones of red, green, and grey. Light hues, and particularly white, retain their vogue in evening dress.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The severity of the weather begins to abate, but it is still too cold and gloomy to admit of much display in out-door dress, *en revanche*: in-door costume of every kind is more tasteful, and certainly more expensive than ever; but before we enter upon that fruitful theme, let us see what is most remarkable in

**CAPOTES ET CHAPEAUX.**—We may, as the most fashionable among the first, quote the *capotes* of satin *plissées*, which after having been for a time laid aside, are now more fashionable than ever.

There is nothing more simply elegant than one of these bonnets, with a knot *ossu* on one side; it is a head-dress suitable to all ages, and one of the most generally becoming that we have seen, and it has also the great advantage of being worn without heaviness. Velvet and satin are the only materials employed for carriage or promenade hats and bonnets. Several of the latter, that have the material laid on plain, have the brims bordered with *marabouts* or swan's-down; this kind of *râche* has replaced those of *tulle*, it is more appropriate to the season, and much more becoming. A good many *satin capotes* are lined with *peluche* or *relours épinglé* of the same colour. The ribbons employed to trim bonnets are always figured, and if flowers are used they are always placed *en grappe*. Hats are universally adorned with feathers, which are worn round, curled, very long, and drooping on the shoulder,—a fashion perfectly devoid of grace and elegance; thus it cannot be expected to be more than a whim of the moment.

**ROBES DE CHAMBRE.**—The comfortable is the order of the day: in this respect certainly nothing can be better calculated for the *coin du feu*, than a *robe de chambre*, of *flanelle Anglaise*, of the *blouse* form, with a little falling collar. There is no *ceinture*, only a broad ribbon, which may be fastened or not at the will of the wearer, and which is frequently terminated by two tassels, either of the olive form, or *en mèches*. A simple piping, or else a plaiting of ribbon encircles the robe; this trimming must be of the colour of the lining, which is always strongly contrasted, as blue and *bois*, black and straw-colour, grey and gold-colour. We see also *robes de chambre* of rich silk, figured in very large patterns; these have the *corsages* made tight to the shape, a deeper collar, and tight sleeves, over which are wide hanging ones open at the bottom. It is seldom that a dress of either kind is fastened in front, but as they are made to wrap over very much, the skirt remains closed in front.

**REDINGOTES** enjoy a very great degree of favour; they are adapted both for morning visits and for home dinner-dress. We may cite among the most elegant, those of Pekinet, striped in very narrow stripes, in striking colours, upon a brown ground; they are closed on one side by a large *rouleau*, which, descending from the waist, goes round the bottom of the skirt, close to the *rouleau*; on the side, are *pattes*, or knots, or *rosaces* of ribbon, which mount in a double row on the side, or else in the centre of the skirt. In some instances very small gold buttons or little *aiguillettes* serve to close the robe. The *corsage* is plaited behind, flat in front, and descending a little in the centre. Two pretty accessions to these robes are worthy of mention, one is a small *pelerine*, pointed behind, and forming a *fielû à pars* in front; the other is a *fielû braché*, of embroidered *tulle*, or muslin.

**MATERIALS OF EVENING ROBES.**—Velvet may be justly said to hold the first rank, but the other materials employed are not less rich or expensive; they are, for the most part, *moirées*, *satinées*, or *veloutées*. The satins *Fontange* are really superb; they are flowered in the loom with a mixture of silk, silver, and gold. Some are striped in two colours. We see also several robes of *relours épinglé*, white, blue, and rose-colour, figured in gold or silver; the effect of this material is really superb. Less striking, but extremely elegant, are the *reps* of darker hues, figured in silk, detached *bouquets*, of a very small size.

**ENSEMBLES OF ROBES FOR GRAND PARTIES.**—As it is from the *soirées* at the English and the Austrian Ambassadors, that we draw our materials for this part of our article, we cannot do better than describe a few *ensembles* of the toilettes seen in these splendid *salons*.

**LADY R**—A robe of granite velvet, the *corsage* tight to the shape, cut low, and pointed, was encircled with an embroidery in pearls and diamonds. Short sleeves, with a double *manchette* of gold blond lace, looped at the bend of the arm, by a knot of pearls and diamonds. Head-dress, a *coiffure Isabeau* of gold blond lace, with long lappets of the same, descending as low as the *ceinture*.

**MARCHIONESS OF B**—A white erape robe, open in front, and trimmed with a double row of silver blond lace, which was retained at each side in three places, at equal distances, by *bouquets* of roses *tromieres*, intermingled with diamonds. The under-dress, of white *moire*, was finished with a *rolan* of silver blond lace. Head-dress of hair disposed in tufts, which fall over the knot behind: they were intermingled with roses. A long pin, set with diamonds, traversed the knot of hair at the back of the head.

**LADY S**—P—A tunic of white *tulle*, encircled by a wreath of *volubilis* of white velvet with gold foliage; the under robe, which was also of *tulle*, was trimmed round the border with a *bouillon* of the same material, through which a *chef d'or* is run. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a sprig of *volubilis*, intermingled with small diamond stars; it was placed very backward and drooping on the neck.

**GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FULL DRESS COIFFURES.**—We may cite some that have just appeared as the prettiest that have been seen for a long time, they are the *petits bonnets à la Wurtemberg*; the caul composed of velvet is extremely small, it displays the form of the back of the head, and sits close to it; it is terminated by a velvet *bavole*, which is lightly looped, and forms a becoming trimming at the back. The front is ornamented with a light wreath of foliage of gold and pearls, or else very small and light sprigs form a *cordon* over the forehead, and tufts at the sides. Another novel *coiffure* worthy of notice is the *toque de renaissance*, it is the revival of a fashion about two hundred years old; the most *distingué* are of *ponceau*, or cherry-coloured velvet, ornamented with a long plume, or frosted *marabouts*.

**PETITS BIRDS.**—It is necessary to observe that all these head-dresses have the same name, though some are made with a crown, and some without, but those that have not are decidedly more youthful and elegant than the others: the hind hair is disposed in a full plat, which forms either a round or a twisted knot; the brim of the head-dress is always of the same form, turned up *en aureole*, and placed very far back upon the head.

**PETITS BONNETS.**—Some of the new ones may be said to be a supplement to the head-dresses of which we have been speaking, since they produce the same effect and display the back of the head. They are for the most part composed only of a lappet either of English point lace, or of blond, which is attached on the head by means of two gold pins, which retain it at each side; bouquets of flowers, or *coques* of ribbon form tufts; the hind hair dressed low, but luxuriantly, descends very low in the neck.

**JEWELLERY.**—The bracelets *serpents* are the most in vogue; they are beautifully and richly wrought. A very pretty ornament for the throat is composed of a band of black velvet about an inch broad, it is fastened at the throat by a button of gold or precious stones; the ends of the velvet are crossed, and descend a little on the neck. The same kind of ornament formed of a single row of gold chain, in the centre of which is a knot of gold with two short ends, to which gold acorns are suspended, is also in very great favour.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## LORD ELPHINSTONE.

“Endearing—endearing—  
Why so endearing,  
Is that lute-wreathing voice  
Which my rapt soul is hearing?  
'Tis tenderly singing  
Thy deep love for me,  
And my faithful heart echoes  
Devotion to thee.”

“Who is Lord ELPHINSTONE?” is the universal inquiry. “Who is Lord ELPHINSTONE, whose name has been mentioned in connection with one of the most interesting reports of the day?” Eager as we are to gratify curiosity upon any matter of this kind, we lose no time in laying before our readers a genealogical account of the family of this distinguished young nobleman, whom, as report says, is destined to occupy one of the most prominent and commanding stations in the British Court. We must not be supposed to countenance or authorise any of the rumours of the day with reference to this subject. It may or may not be true that an illustrious personage regards him with more favour than any other individual in the Queen’s dominions, and it may or may not be true that in this case the affection is mutual. We do not presume to offer any opinion upon the subject; because all that can at present be said can amount to nothing more than surmise. Our purpose is merely to show who Lord ELPHINSTONE is, and by reference to the history of his family to shew that if the case be as it is rumoured, the illustrious personage referred to has not risked the dignity of her station by bestowing her affections here. The ancestors of the ELPHINSTONES were Germans, who at a very early period in our history settled in Scotland in the reign of Robert the First, of that kingdom, which was then a separate and distinct monarchy from England. The first of the family thus located in Scotland, married MARGARET, daughter of Sir CHRISTOPHER SETON, ancestor of the Earl of WINTON, by Lady CHRISTIAN, his wife, sister to the monarch, King ROBERT the First. By this marriage, the ancestor of Lord ELPHINSTONE became possessed of the lands of Lothian, to which, after his own name, he gave the designation of ELVINTON, and that name, in the course of time, became altered to that of ELPHINSTONE; certainly more euphonious and agreeable. We pass from the founder of this noble and now much-honoured family to Sir ALEXANDER ELPHINSTONE, Knight, who was elevated to the Scottish peerage in the year 1508, by the title of Baron ELPHINSTONE, of Elphinstone, in the county of Stirling. He was one of the most distinguished military heroes of the time,

and displayed great bravery at the famous battle of Flodden Field, where he terminated his career of glory, with his life. This event occurred in the year 1513, which is therefore the date of the succession of his son, ALEXANDER, the second Baron, who also distinguished himself in the battle field, and also met a soldier’s death, at the battle of Pinkey, in the year 1547. The third Baron was named ROBERT. He married MARGARET, daughter of Sir JOHN DRUMMOND, and had three sons and a daughter. The youngest son, JAMES, was created Lord BALMERINO. At the decease of this Lord ELPHINSTONE his successor was his eldest son, ALEXANDER, who filled the high office of Lord Treasurer of Scotland. He died in 1648, and was succeeded by his eldest son, also named ALEXANDER, whose life presents no features of particular interest or importance. He died in the year 1649, leaving an only daughter, LILIAS (a sweet and excellent name—but like many other exquisitely feminine ones, entirely lost), who married her father’s nephew and successor, ALEXANDER, the sixth Baron ELPHINSTONE. His Lordship died in 1654, and left two sons who became successive Barons; the elder having no family, the younger, named JOHN, becoming eighth Baron, married ISABEL, daughter of CHARLES, third Earl of LAUDERDALE, by whom he had three sons and three daughters, and at his decease was succeeded by the eldest, CHARLES, who was united in the rosy fetters of Hymen, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Sir WILLIAM PRIMROSE, of Carrington, Bart., ancestor of the Earls of ROSEBERRY, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters, (“the props and staffs of his declining years.”) At his death, the eldest of the sons succeeded.

This baron, the tenth, was named CHARLES. He married CLEMENTINA, daughter and sole heiress of JOHN, sixth Earl of WIGTOWN. It will be perceived by the reader, that this noble family sought alliances with the highest of the nobility, and that the blood of the fine old hero who perished on Flodden Field, has been preserved through his posterity, unimpaired. Seven children resulted from this marriage; the fourth son, GEORGE KEITH, entered the navy, and having greatly distinguished himself in that profession, and at the same time, served his country’s interests materially, he was elevated to an admiral’s rank, and earned the further reward of a baronage, having been created Lord KEITH, in Ireland, and Viscount KEITH in the peerage of the British empire.

Lord ELPHINSTONE having departed this life in the year 1781, he was succeeded by his eldest son, JOHN, who was one of the representative peers in 1784 and 1790, and also filled the office of governor of Edinburgh Castle. His lordship married ANNE, daughter of JAMES, third Lord RUTHVEN, by whom he had a family of four sons and four daughters. His second son, CHARLES ELPHINSTONE (who had distinguished himself in the navy, and risen to the rank of Admiral,) succeeded to the estates of the Wigtown family; in consequence of which he assumed their surname of FLEMING. Lord ELPHINSTONE died August 19, 1794, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, JOHN, the father of the present representative of this distinguished family. He was the twelfth baron, and preferring the military profession, devoted himself to the study and practice of arms. He was a lieutenant-general in the

army, and a colonel of the 26th foot. He was united, in 1806, to Lady CARMICHAEL, relict of SIR JOHN CARMICHAEL, Bart. and youngest daughter of CORNELIUS ELLIOT, Esq., of Woller, Roxburghshire. The issue of this marriage was an only son, JOHN, the present peer. His Lordship was lord lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, and a representative peer in 1803 and 1806. He died in the year 1813.

JOHN ELPHINSTONE, Baron ELPHINSTONE, of Elphinstone, in the county of Stirling, in the peerage of Scotland, was born in June 1807, and is now filling the important office of Governor of Madras. Some time ago it was announced that an illustrious Lady regarded his Lordship with particular favour; but the rumour was then generally disbelieved; but it has since been revived, and some persons consider that it is not altogether destitute of foundation. We cannot trace it, however, to any very authentic source. It has become the subject of a newspaper controversy, one party declaring that there is not the slightest ground for the rumour, while the other as confidently states that "Lord ELPHINSTONE has been recalled from Madras, and will make his appearance if not at the coronation, very soon after." The following is a specimen of the tales which are circulated with reference to this interesting subject. "The mission of a noble personage to the East," says one who professes to have a considerable knowledge of the subject, "was very confidently reported to arise from a desire in a certain quarter to remove him from the presence of one in whose welfare all of us are concerned. It is now rumoured that absence, that severest test of love, has produced anything rather than the desired effect, upon one of the parties at least. Official etiquette rendering his prolonged absence as indispensable as irksome, the young and noble *inamorato* has despatched a confidential friend to England with a packet, said to contain not only the usual missives of an absent lover, in the form of protesting and imploring epistles, but also a ring given to him long since, with a pledge not very dissimilar to that which accompanied the ring given by Queen ELIZABETH to the unfortunate ESSEX. In short it is said that no commands or entreaties could induce the noble person to leave England on his important command until, at an interview before his departure, the Lady gave him this ring, with the assurance that whatever request should accompany his return it should be granted after the occurrences of an event which *has* occurred much earlier than either of the parties anticipated. The ring and its accompanying request *have* reached the fair hand of her who gave the former. Many and such serious difficulties were purposely interposed that the fair and persevering Ambassadors only succeeded in her purpose by resorting to stratagem. Those who are the best qualified to guess correctly, are the most positive in predicting that the absent lover will have no reason to complain that absence has been injurious to him." We give this bit of "gossip," merely because it is the current gossip of the day; we have no reason to believe that there is any truth in it; indeed it seems to us far too romantic to be true. Time, however, will shew.

The arms of Lord ELPHINSTONE are *or*, a chev. *sa*, between three bears heads, erased, *gu*. Crest: a demi lady from the girdle richly attired in vestments, *ar*. and *gu*., holding in her dexter hand a tower, *ar*, masoned, *sa*.; in her sinister hand a branch of laurel, *ppr*. Supporters, two savages, wreathed about the head and loins with laurel, each holding in the exterior hand a dart all *ppr*. Motto: Cause caused it. The seat of Lord ELPHINSTONE, is Cumbernauld House, Dumbartonshire.

## STANZAS.

I would not tell thee that I loved,  
Or own the least controul;  
Yea, rather would I strive to burst  
The bondage of my soul,  
Than let the busy world suspect  
This heart is but the slave  
Of feelings, bending with the yoke  
That bears them to the grave.

Yea, rather shall a joyous laugh,  
Deceive the giddy crowd,  
And those who long have judged this heart  
As selfish, cold, and proud,  
Shall never know that it would yield  
To one—who never sought,  
Who valued not a word or look,  
And never claimed a thought.

COUNTESS OF WOOTTEN.

## ROSALIE VAVASOUR;

OR, THE BRIDE OF FLORENCE.

"Fare thee well!—We met in sorrow,  
Fare thee well!—We part in pain;  
Long the night and drear the morrow,  
Ere we two shall meet again!"—T. S. C.

It was one of those fair unclouded nights so peculiar to the sunny land of Italy, where Rosalie Vavasour, a fair young English girl, the only daughter of Sir Gilbert Vavasour, accompanied her parent to a masked fete, given by the Count Mazziano, the owner of one of the most splendid estates in the vicinity of Florence, "fair city of the sun." She had not expected to meet much company, for the Count was more remarkable for his wealth than his connections, which latter were composed chiefly of parasites and fawners, who are ever found in great abundance gathered around wealth. He was a man of no intellect, but his immense property gave him a certain reputation which caused many respectable and distinguished persons to visit him. Still, however, he was regarded almost with contempt by those who frequented his entertainments, which were always sumptuous, and upon a most extensive scale. Rosalie threw a domino over her gracefully formed figure, and entered the carriage with Sir Gilbert, which was to convey them to the palazzo. They were crossing the high-road into a declivity, at the termination of which the palazzo Mazziano was situated, when Rosalie suddenly started in the carriage, and catching hold of her father's arm, held it with evident fear and trembling.

"What is the matter, Rosalie?" inquired Sir Gilbert.

"Did you not see that horrid face?" inquired Rosalie.

"What face?"

"That strange woman's face that looked in at the carriage windows?"

"I saw no face," observed the baronet.

"Her eyes still glare upon me," exclaimed his daughter.

"Do let the carriage be stopped, and see what it means."

Sir Gilbert smilingly obeyed his daughter's request, and the carriage having been stopped, he alighted and looked around,

but there was no one to be seen ; the sounds of the music in the halls of Mazziano fell upon their ears, mingled with the soft low sighing of the wind through the leafy branches of the trees that hedged the declivity down which the carriage was proceeding, when it was stopped at the request of Rosalie. The postilions were asked what it was that had recently passed the carriage, but the reply was that no one had passed it, indeed that the driver had not seen a human being for the last mile.

"I am sure I saw a horrid face!" exclaimed Rosalie. "A horrid woman's face! Her dark eyes still glare upon me."

Sir Gilbert, who could not entertain any supernatural ideas, smiled at his daughter's terror, and ascribed it to the circumstance of the carriage having proceeded from the high-road, enlightened by the broad rays of the silver moon into a black avenue, but partially illumined by the moon's rays piercing through the thick foliage, thus making a thousand fantastic figures upon the ground. He explained this to Rosalie, and before they reached the palazzo, he had persuaded her that this was all that she could have seen, and restored her again to that happy serenity, which had been disturbed in the course of their progress.

They joined the groupe of revellers in the beautiful gardens of Count Mazziano, and in the exquisite music, the brilliancy of the illuminations, and the mazes of the *valse*, Rosalie soon forgot the horrid face which she fancied she had seen at the carriage window. Tired with dancing, and released by her partner, Rosalie had wandered alone to a distant part of the gardens, where a rustic bridge was thrown across a small rivulet, which passing over piles of pebbles, made a kind of melancholy music, according well with the still solemnity of the scene, above which the unclouded moon shone with extreme brightness. Upon a seat by this bridge, Rosalie sat down, and gazed upon the illuminated gardens beyond, while the distant sounds of the music, and the hum of many voices fell upon her ear. It was one of those moments of intense, delicious ecstasy, when all of human enjoyment seems at our feet, and we feel superior to them; when casting away all earthly feelings and associations as things scarcely worth heeding or caring for, the soul soars up to heaven's gate, longing for association with the pure and holy. There are such thoughts—there are such aspirations—and they are inspired and excited in moments and situations like to this, when we feel how very inadequate is human enjoyment to the wishes of the soul, which pants for the "music which is divine," and the love that is pure and deathless,—the words of everlasting love, in which there is no deceit, the communion with the spirits of truth, and gentleness, and beauty; freed from that cause with which they are too often found associated upon earth, and are only to be enjoyed in their fullness of excellence in the deathless land of bliss.

Similar were the thoughts of Rosalie, as she sat upon that rustic bridge, gazing up into the clear unclouded sky, when suddenly a masked figure in a white domino crossed the bridge from an opposite direction. Rosalie, therefore, did not perceive the figure until it was passing. She started with the suddenness of the surprise, and immediately resumed her mask; but the figure turning round, paused, and approaching Rosalie, threw the white cloak aside, and Rosalie perceived that it was a female who had assumed the character of a gypsey, and whom she had frequently noticed in the course of the evening supporting the assumed character, by "reading the stars" for several persons in the gardens.

"This is just the place," said the stranger, approaching

Rosalie, "for the exercise of my vocation. Lady, shall I tell you your destiny?"

"You cannot tell me more than I know already," was Rosalie's reply.

"Will you put my knowledge to the test, lady? Come, there is no one that can overhear us, if it should be some secret love tale which the lines upon your hand acquaint me with."

Rosalie was inclined to humour the gypsey, and holding forth her hand, exclaimed, "Well, then, let me have proof of your skill."

"'Tis a fair hand," said the stranger, "but there have been fairer than this where there have been false hearts."

"You do not mean to say that I have a false heart," exclaimed Rosalie, withdrawing her hand pettishly.

"Lady, look up," said the gypsey, "the moon is now unclouded, and 'tis beautiful; there is a joy in looking at it in its purity and glory; but soon a cloud—dark storm clouds may come across it, and in the place of that bright moon, we may have only gloom and tears."

There was something in the mournful tones of the gypsey, as she spoke, that rivetted the attention of Rosalie, and she said,

"Do you think that my life will end in gloom and tears?"

"Not so, lady," said the gypsey, quickly, "for there are two lines upon this hand, which meeting at one point, separate quickly; the one terminates in happiness, the other in despair."

"Then my life will be exactly according to the line I follow?"

"You're guess is right. Ah! A bride too—wealth—title—honours. 'Tis a fine hand—jewels and gold; priceless gems and—but where's the heart? I look in vain for that. Lady! *Thy heart is not here.*"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Rosalie, startled by the pointed remark of the gypsey, which, it may be, brought strange things to her recollection, "my heart not here?—Do you suppose I carry my heart on my hand?"

"No: but the hand should go with the heart; and sure there is no heart in Florence that will match this hand."

"You talk in riddles," said Rosalie, "do be so good as to explain what it is you mean, or it is not much the wiser I shall be for our grave conference."

"I will tell thee thy fate, then," said the gypsey, sternly throwing her white cloak around her, and preparing to depart. "The lamp that went out in a far away land, must not be re-lighted here; the lamb that forsook its kind to mate and play with lions, repented only of its error when preparations were on foot for its slaughter for the lion's food. Lions have destroyed fairer lambs than thou."

With these words the gypsey stalked away, and was soon hidden from the sight of Rosalie by the intervening clusters of trees in the garden.

Strange things had been spoken to Rosalie by the white domino, and their meaning was not altogether incomprehensible; and Rosalie remained transfixed to her seat upon the bridge, gazing abstractedly at the spot where she had last seen the gypsey. At length she recovered her composure, and it then occurring to her that the masked gypsey might be some one who knew her whole history, and who had hit upon this method of creating a little pleasantry at her expense, she resolved to treat the matter as an idle jest, and forthwith left the bridge and rejoined the guests in the gardens.

On that night Rosalie was first introduced to the Marquis de Rosalba, a young Florentine nobleman, who had succeeded to his parent's estates at a very early age, and was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the city; he was the favourite

of all the fair, and his conquests over woman's heart, made him the envy of all the young Florentine aristocracy. He was introduced to Rosalie and her father, by the noble owner of the palazzo; and the darkly-fringed, prophet-eyes of the English beauty, soon made an impression on the Florentine's heart, whilst her wit and humour made her victory secure. Before the company broke up, Rosalie held the Marquis in love's chains; and, it must be added, that he had been scarcely less successful himself with Rosalie.

The Marquis attached himself to Rosalie, and took every opportunity of manifesting the strength of her affection; the most costly presents were made her; the resources of art were exhausted to procure fresh novelties for the boudoir; the lover was constantly near her, and constantly breathing vows of love into her ear; whilst the increased brilliancy of her eyes indicated the effect which those words and vows had upon her heart. At length the Marquis proposed marriage in a formal letter to Sir Gilbert, whose ambition being gratified by the prospect of an alliance with so wealthy a nobleman, he immediately laid the letter before Rosalie, and left her to decide as she pleased; but, nevertheless, intimating that although he would never force her to marry against her inclinations, this was a proposal, the acceptance of which would afford him much satisfaction.

In this case, the parent's wishes conformed with the daughter's. Rosalie Vavasour possessed all her father's ambition; she had high inspirations; she longed to be exalted in society, and to have unbounded wealth at her command. She had pictured worlds of happiness which wealth might procure, and all her fiery dreams seemed to be now on the eve of realization. She read the Marquis's proposition over and over again, and every time with increased delight; and was thus engaged when a domestic announced that a female, unattended, wished to speak with her. She would disclose the nature of her business only to Miss Vavasour.

Rosalie, vexed by the interruption, sullenly rose from the damask couch, upon which she had been reclining, and proceeded into an anti-room, where the female was waiting. Imagine her astonishment, to perceive the masked figure in the white domino that had accosted her in the gardens of the palazzo Mazziano. She started when her eyes fell upon the masked figure before her, which stood motionless and statue-like for some seconds; and then in the same melancholy tone in which the predictions had been delivered in the gardens of Count Mazziano, the gypsy exclaimed:—

"The lamp that went out in another land, must not be relighted here."

Rosalie's heart failed her; she gazed for a moment in speechless wonder upon the mysterious being before her; but at length gathering courage, and calling up the resemblance of a smile to her cheek, she said, "To what circumstance am I indebted for the honour of this visit from the gypsy of Mazziano; and why does she still appear in that character?"

The gypsy replied, "You know the cause of my visit. I see it in your eyes. I read your knowledge in your convulsive clutching of that folded serpent in your hand——"

"Serpent!" cried Rosalie, looking upon her hand in which she held the Marquis's letter.

"The serpent!" re-echoed the gypsy; "how beautiful! how beautiful, how fair the reptile seems! 'Tis clasped to the heart of beauty;—tis loved!—it is adored! But, beware! Beware!"

"Beware of what?" inquired Rosalie, in tremulous accents.

"Of thine own heart's treachery!"

"Mine!"

"Yes, lady; 'twas my word. The gates of despair are of fine gold, diamond-studded; and we go up to them rejoicing; and the serpent that lures us there, seems very fair; we enter, the gates are closed against us, and there is no returning. Wilt thou enter there?"

"This is trifling," said Rosalie, "I cannot listen to this folly any longer." And she was proceeding out of the room.

"One moment stay," said the gypsy, "Remember, ere thou repliest to that paper in thine hand, of the days that are past. Ere thou lay'st thine head upon thy pillow, bethink thee of past hours; then act as thy conscience dictates, and the serpent may be crushed. Remember and beware?"

The gypsy waited for no reply, but immediately quitted the room, and presently Rosalie heard the hall-door closed. She rung the bell violently, and summoned her father; but when the old baronet entered the room, Rosalie rushed towards him, and fainted in his arms. Sir Gilbert was unable to understand the cause of her emotions; but having learnt that a strange female had been conversing with her, he ordered his domestics instantly to go in search of her, but vain were all their enquiries; the gypsy was no where to be found.

When she recovered, Rosalie informed her father of the particulars of her two interviews with the mysterious female in the white domino; and Sir Gilbert, immediately inferring that his daughter was sought to be made the victim of some of those wandering adventurers who practise upon female credulity, explained to Rosalie what he thought of the gypsy, and she readily gave credence to her father's representations, and orders were given to the servants that if the strange woman should come again, she should be driven from the door.

A month passed away, and nothing more was heard of the gypsy; Rosalie had accepted the offer of the Marquis di Rosalba, and preparations were on foot for the solemnization of their nuptials. The wedding-day came, and the sounds of rejoicing were heard in the house of Sir Gilbert Vavasour, whose daughter Rosalie seemed to be full of happiness. The Marquis came to lead her to the altar, and the wedding procession was formed. On entering the porch of the sacred edifice, where the marriage-rites were to be performed, Rosalie gently raised her eyes from the ground, and the first object upon whom they fell was the mysterious gypsy, who humbly curtsied to her as she passed.

Rosalie trembled violently, and leant for support upon the arm of her father, who was by the side of her. He marked her emotion, but ascribing it to the peculiarity of her situation, offered no observation, and they proceeded to the altar.

The marriage ceremony was performed, and Rosalie Vavasour became the Marchioness di Rosalba.

The party turned from the altar; the Marquis gazing enraptured upon the beauties of his young bride, and Sir Gilbert regarding his raptures with satisfaction and delight; the spectators who had crowded the church to witness the nuptials made way for the bridal party, whose progress, however, was suddenly arrested by the mysterious exclamation, so well known to one of the party:—

"The lamp that went out in faraway land, is not relighted here!"

The whole party heard the words, but no one could tell whence they came. Rosalie upraised her head, and gazed wildly round; but in vain her eyes sought the well-known figure of the gypsy; she uttered a piercing shriek, and was carried out of the church in a fainting state.



She had passed to the "golden gates," and entered the region of despair. The prediction of the gypsey was fulfilled.

The first days of the wedded life of Rosalie were happy; but the Marquis was fickle as the wind—changeable in his affections, vain, cold-hearted, jealous, and revengeful. We have already said that he was admired by all the beauties of Italy, and he could not make up his mind to attach himself only to one. Soon, therefore, Rosalie was neglected. But having wealth at her command, and being able to gratify her ambition, the neglect of the Marquis did not affect her much. She had married for wealth and a title, and she had these. True it is, as the poet sings,

"The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth or splendour shines,  
Is like the gloomy gnome  
That dwells in dark gold mines."

Rosalie was unhappy, she had all that wealth could command, but there was a dull monotony in the gratifications that wealth could procure, which she soon grew tired of. And then she began to perceive the bad traits in her husband's character. His jealousy was excited if she but spoke with kindness of any of their friends; and Rosalie being quick and irritable, their home was a scene of endless disquiet.

And soon did Rosalie become aware of the truth of what the gypsey had said. "The lamp that went out in a far away land, would not be relighted here." Before she left England her heart had been given to the younger son of a nobleman of considerable influence, influence which would enable him to provide for his children in a way becoming of his rank. Edgar Hartington, had become an attaché of a foreign embassy, and with a prospect of filling a high diplomatic situation. He and Rosalie were lovers, until the ambitious girl fancied that his expectations were not sufficient for the gratification of her vanity, and she grew cold and distant; and their connection eventually was broken by the departure of Rosalie with her father for Italy.

Edgar Hartington loved Rosalie to idolatry; his love was pure and disinterested; but when he perceived the altered manner of Rosalie, and was able to discover the cause, well knowing that notwithstanding his expectations, his present means were restricted, he did not blame nor chide her; he loved her too well. He believed that he was unworthy of her—(so humble is true love)—and resigned her without a word, although his heart was breaking.

And now did Rosalie feel the pangs of despised love; now was she able to understand the sufferings of Edgar Hartington, to whom her thoughts reverted; and now did she become aware of the extent and character of her ingratitude. In the full tide of gaiety, upon which she had been floating, all recollection of her humble lover had been lost; but now his virtues, and gentleness, and truth, all came upon her memory, and contrasting him who might have been her husband, with him whom she had made her husband, her soul became distracted with grief and despair.

The Marquess was cruel in his behaviour. His jealous fears confined Rosalie to her house; he would not suffer her to go out with company, nor to receive company at home. She submitted; her proud spirit was broken, and she submitted without a murmur.

One day he informed her that an English nobleman had arrived in Florence on his way to his own country, bringing

letters of introduction to him, and that in consequence he should be compelled to invite him to his house. He mentioned the name of Lord Hartington.

"Lord Hartington!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"Yes," was the reply; "he has but lately succeeded to the title, his father having died."

Rosalie believed that it was the brother of Edgar that she would have to receive; but judge her confusion when in the person of Lord Hartington, she beheld Edgar himself. His two brothers had died of a fever shortly after Rosalie had quitted England, and by his father's death he had himself become Lord Hartington. The surprise at this meeting was mutual. Rosalie almost overpowered with grief and dismay strove to hide her emotion; Edgar was respectful but formal. There was that in their manner, however, which excited the suspicion of the Marquis, and by his command, his wife retired to her apartments.

One day he heard the loveliness of Rosalie spoken of in terms of eulogy by a young and spirited nobleman, Count Florini, whom he challenged upon the spot; the Count, a spirited man, accepted the challenge; they fought, and Rosalba fell, the victim of his own jealousy. And Rosalie again was free.

The Marquis had a splendid funeral, and there was a show of grief in what had been his home; but Rosalie felt that death had freed her from the persecution of a tyrant, whose cruelties she had endured for three years, but which had seemed to her twenty. And on the night when Rosalba was borne to the resting place of his ancestors, and Rosalie was sitting abstracted, by the open casement overlooking the lawn, a shadowy figure suddenly flitted past her, and the well remembered words fell upon her ear—"The lamp that went out in a far away land *may again* be relighted there."

And when the business of the estates was settled, Rosalie returned to her native land. And when the period of mourning had expired, need it be added that the lamp of love *was* relighted, and that Rosalie became the sole partner and sole part of all the joys of Edgar Hartington.

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#### AN OFFER.

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I feign would take thee for my bride,  
Fair widow, could I prove,  
That you have ready cash beside—  
A heart inclined to love.

I fain would know if that fair child,  
Is in a deep decline;  
And how the settlements were made,  
Before I make you mine.

I boast not wealth or pedigree,  
My expectations few;  
But will the jointure you possess,  
Be enough for *two*.

Then, widow, if you prize a heart  
That brooks not much delay;  
You will a second time submit  
To honour and obey.

COUNTESS OF WOOLLEN

## THE BACHELOR'S STORY.

"The wood, the stream, the conscious mountain knows  
That it is tired with gathering, one by one,  
The glorious flowers of my rejoicing morn :  
O, they were transient—nupt as soon as born !  
Enough ! The mischief's done !"—*From the Spanish.*

I am a very miserable man. I deem it necessary to state this at the very commencement of the history of my life, that my readers may not be led away by any romantic notion, and suppose for a moment that the situations in which it has been my misfortune to be placed, were capable of inspiring happiness, or any feeling, indeed, short of absolute misery. I say that I am a very miserable man; and let no one who is not similarly circumstanced to myself, presume to deny it.

I am a bachelor; seven-and-thirty years' of age. I was never reckoned beautiful; not even in my childhood. I had not blue eyes, neither had I a luxuriant crop of golden curls; in fact, the people did say that I was absolutely *ugly*: and as I grew up to man's estate, the unmistakeable expression of the female faces I encountered, assured me that I had gained nothing in personal appearance by increase of years. I am the identical gentleman, one of whose features excited so strongly the admiration of a young lady at the dinner table of a distinguished Countess, and made so lively an impression on her mind, that, having occasion to request that I would supply her plate with a potato, very politely said "Will you have the goodness, sir, to favour me with—a nose!"

Notwithstanding my unfortunate personal appearance, my heart was very susceptible. I could fall in love. I could not be insensible to the fascinations of lovely woman! But, wherever I offered my addresses, I was rejected. I proposed over and over again; numerous times did I "break the ice," and "pop the question," at as many different shrines, but, alas—

"The ladies they all passed me by

With a cold, dull look, and scornful eye."

Vain were my endeavours to enter the gates of hymeneal happiness. Still I wooed on; I hoped and persevered. Again, and again, did I try my fortune in the matrimonial way. But still I was always defeated. Woman! lovely woman! seemed to be determined to baffle all my endeavours to gain a wife: all seemed to be leagued against me. I became the jest, the ridicule of my female acquaintance, and was as well known at the West End by the *soubriquet* of the "little bachelor," as St. James's Palace, Almack's, or Crockford's Club. My passion was in no instance required. I grew in manhood. At twenty I was not particularly grieved by my defeats; but at thirty my hair began to fall off, and I grew desperate. I put an advertisement in the newspaper, "A gentleman blessed with affluence and a happy docile disposition, is desirous of meeting with a lady of conjugal temper and habits, &c."

My advertisement was answered. A lady, beautiful and accomplished, kind, generous, and gifted with every excellence of head and heart, responded to my appeal. I was in ecstasies. The moment of my happiness so long delayed was approaching—I saw the pinnacle of bliss within my reach, and my brain whirled with its dream of delight. The wedding day was fixed; it was to be a strictly private wedding; the licence was bought, and so was the ring. The church bells, which I had ordered to be set going, were banging away at a merry rate; the coach was at the door. I led the blushing Arabella down the stairs. I trod as upon air! We were at the coach door, the foot of

my beloved was upon the step, when, lo, and behold! she was snatched from my heart and arms, by two of the black-looking myrmidons of *Doe* and *Roe*!—The lady was an impostor!

Imagine my confusion—my despair—to have the idol of my affections, whom I had sought for, for so many years, ardently, energetically, strenuously—snatched from me at the very moment when I stood upon the line that separates the wretched bachelor from the happy Benedict! I afterwards found cause to rejoice, however, for the lady was over head and ears in debt, which circumstance had come to the knowledge of one of those good-natured relations who are always so much interested in an old bachelor's welfare, who procured her arrest.

'Twas fortunate that they did so.

My misfortunes made me an enemy to the whole sex. For the first six months after this affair my indignation found vent in satires and lampoons, which I gave anonymously to the public prints, and I had the satisfaction of stinging some of those who had been so ungenerous to me. At length I fell in with a set of merry, graceless fellows, devoted to a state of celibacy. I railed at matrimony, and laughed at married people, made songs about the happiness of single life, frequented the clubs, where my tirades against wedlock soon made me the observed of all observers. My enthusiasm excited great admiration, and I became as celebrated for my anti-matrimonial prejudices, as I had been for my deficiency of personal beauty.

I was happy then. I had gained notoriety. The world loves singularity, and I had soon the pleasure of seeing many bright-eyed maidens, who had before looked scornfully upon me, and had cut me dead whenever I approached, now courting my acquaintance, eager to converse with me, and draw out of me some thundering denunciations against married men. I do in my conscience believe that if I had wished to have married then, I might have had a choice of twenty. But I was hostile to marriage; I had worked myself up into a decided antipathy to married people, and the married state.

But now, imagine me spiked upon my own prejudices! I imagine a reaction! Imagine the crusty, crabbed, cynical, censorious bachelor, again in love! "Sighing like a furnace!" Sitting up late at night, writing sonnets to "my lady's eyebrows!" I, who had made epigrams upon married men; lampooned my Benedict acquaintances; made myself notorious as an inveterate bachelor—caught—fast bound in the fascinations of one of the gentle sex; captivated, subdued, at the very time when I was engaged in writing a satirical work against matrimony, the first illustration of which was myself!

I had remained closetted for ten days. I had written three chapters, full of satire, wit, and pleasantry; so bright, so piquant, so lively; when I consented to dine with my friend G—, as steady a bachelor as myself. I went to dine with him, alone, as I thought. I had no idea that he had a sister! I say, I went to dine with my friend. And there, alas! was Sophia!

I felt extremely uneasy when my eyes first fell upon her orbs of pure ethereal blue. She smiled so winningly. There was such innocence in her looks; such pure good nature in her beaming countenance; such—such—in fact, I was deeply in love, long before I was aware of it.

My friend G— said, at a very early hour, that he would let me off, as he knew I devoted my evenings to his satirical work. I took this to be particularly uncivil. I had no wish to retire. G— spoke of the *merits* of my three chapters to his lovely sister. I almost hated him for doing it. Sophia said little, but she looked volumes. She seemed to pity my errors;

and pity from such an angelic person moved my heart to tenderness. In short, I confessed that I had become tired and displeas'd with my subject; and had committed my manuscript to the flames!

"Is it possible?" exclaimed G——, throwing himself back into his chair, with an expression of wonder and amazement.

"It is true," I mildly observed, endeavouring to look unconcerned and indifferent. But Sophia encouraged me by expressing, in her own peculiarly soft and musical tones, her pleasure to find that I was so ready to acknowledge an error, and to atone for it.

What I talked of afterwards, I know not, but when I drove home, my cab seem'd to float in the air. My brain was possess'd with a thousand delightful images; my heart was full of rapture; I dined with G—— again the next day.

I married Sophia! I am a happy bridegroom. I cannot describe the goodness of my wife, and the happiness of my situation.

I have discovered that our meeting was not so accidental as I had supposed, for that my friend G——, who had been as stout an opponent of matrimony as myself, had himself been caught by the bright eyes of an interesting young lady, and was very desirous of marrying her; so, without hinting the matter to Sophia, he brought about our meeting, and soon had the gratification to find that I was as anxious to shake off my old bachelorism as himself. Our meeting was a trick of G——'s to keep him in countenance; and it succeeded—happily succeeded, I say. The two weddings took place on the same day, and we have no reason to expect that we, either of us, shall regret the day when we proceeded to the hymeneal altar!

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STANZA S.

Take back your love; I prize it not,—  
A worthless gift return;  
The flame that bends with ev'ry wind,  
Can never steady burn.

The heart that yields to ev'ry breath,  
Feels flattered with a smile,  
Must pine for change; and each bright eye  
Arrests it for a while.

I blame you not, for stronger minds  
Have acted thus before;  
Then take your gift, and pass it on  
To those who prize it more.

COUNTESS OF WOOTTEN.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE YEAR.—There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a-piece, partly coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.

Where are the best-bred people of a country found?—At the *manor* house.

BLUSHING.

If any blushes mantle on Miss Angelina's face,  
It can only be the *rouge* that is blushing for its place;  
For beauty is but skin-deep, at least so says the sonnet,  
But Angelina's charms are deeper by a coat of paint upon it.

THE BRIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

The wedding day arrived, and with it all those pains and pleasantries which are inseparable from wedding days; the delicate confusion of the fair girl who was about to become a wife, the tears in the eyes of her good parents, and the hearty prayers of her friends, served to make up a scene in the highest degree imposing. The bridegroom was looking more than usually animated; there was poetry in his eyes if not on his lips, and though he did not sing, he seem'd to say,  
The blush is on thy cheek, and thy hand is trembling still,  
Like a blossom to the breeze, and I feel thy bosom thrill;  
The tear is in thine eye, and a sigh bursts from thy breast,  
O, tell me, dearest, truly, what 'tis disturbs thy rest.  
Is parting from thy mother a source of grief to thee,  
Cast all thy fears away, my love, and cling through life to me;  
For I will vow to cherish thee, beneath the holy fane,  
In health and pleasure's happy hours, and in the time of pain.  
And the bells are ringing for us love, so joyously and gay,  
To greet with many a merry chime, thee on thy wedding day;  
And thy sister with a laughing eye has whispered a farewell,  
Then wherefore art thou sad, my love, the hidden secret tell.

The sadness of the fair girl is the excess of her happiness, she turn'd a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming colour, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warn'd not to forget the ring, and all were assembled round the altar: 'I will,' was utter'd in a clear, low voice, and the new name written—and Sophy G. was Sophy G. no more. And she turn'd her bright face to be look'd on, and loved, and admir'd, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy was still dearer and prettier than ever she had been—and then the carriages were enter'd, and the house was reach'd. Sophy walk'd into her father's house—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was chang'd, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowd'd round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brothers—all crowd'd round her to say good-bye—to look and look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was seal'd—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from them—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces—and a father's mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sobs: and Sophy left her father's house—left it with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and in another moment, the carriage-door was clos'd, the last good-bye utter'd—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all has been interest and hurry! Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those whom we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest of parting is over?—the forlorn, empty look of the room—the stillness—the work-box, the drawing-materials, the music, all gone; or perhaps one single thing left to remind us how all was—a flower, perhaps, that had been gather'd and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation! As the carriage drov off, Sophy was seen to rest her head upon her husband's arm. She was no doubt in tears. And what was his consolation? What were his words of happiness?

Again thy smile, love, shall return, as the sunbeam after rain,  
Beams forth afresh more brilliantly upon the dewy plain;  
Thou creep'st like a timid dove to nestle on my breast,  
And there repose, my only love, both blessing me and blest:  
Believe me, I will never prove a source of grief to thee;  
Cast all thy fear away, dear love, and cling through life to me;  
No danger can lurk near thee whilst I am by thy side,  
Thy husband, father, brother, guardian, friend, and guide.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

(By a Young Philosopher.)

- ‘What is Wisdom?’ Sages say  
Purest joy with her is found;  
Follow her—your hair is grey,  
Wrinkles on your face abound!
- ‘What is Wealth?’ that dreadful creature,  
Let her, let her be alone!  
She will turn each glorious feature  
Of thy young heart into stone!
- ‘What is Pleasure?’ ’tis a dream,  
Which flies at Reason’s early light!  
’Tis a bright and treach’rous gleam,  
Scarcely seen, so swift its flight!
- ‘What is Hope?’ the shipwreck’d sailor  
Hopes to reach the shore again;  
Hope will fail—’tis then assailer,  
Adding but to increase pain!
- ‘What is Wit?’ some strong sensation,  
Bringing thoughts into your view;  
That in ruddiest Health’s probation,  
Of the springs of mind renew!
- ‘What is Friendship?’ ’tis a meteor  
Glowing in the Northern skies;  
Quick and brief we scan its feature,  
Ne’er forgotten—but it dies!
- ‘What is Love?’ let those reply  
Who in earliest life have proved,  
The sweet and thrilling ecstasy,  
Of loving and of being loved!
- ’Tis a Bliss and Joy supreme,  
Blooming under Reason’s shade,  
That is not like these a dream,  
But like sunlight doth not fade!

AN UNFORTUNATE DISCOVERY.—A lady, who affected to be a *bas bleu*, but who was in reality extremely ignorant, betrayed the fact, in rather an amusing manner. Seeing a young gentleman busily engaged in his flower-garden, she inquired what plants he was using for his new border? “Why, polyanthus and auricula *alternately*.”—“*Alternately!* Is it a pretty flower? Do give me a plant like a dear boy?”

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

“Across the waves—away, and far,  
My spirit turns to thee;  
I love thee as men love a star,  
The brightest where a thousand are,  
Sadly and silently.”

T. K. HERVEY.

Many, very many are they, who just entering into life, look up to individuals in circles above them with envy, and endeavour to become as great and influential, but whom fate’s iron hand throws back and hinders from the consummation of their hearts’ desires. There is a great difference in the opinions and the desires of the young, even of those who aspire to greatness, wherein they have fixed their happiness; for ideas of happiness are generally placed in one object, which is pursued often through life, and yet never attained. Money is the happiness and object of some—popularity of others—rank of a third class—love of a fourth. But the classes are numerous. It was my lot to become enamoured of one who was far above me in wealth and station. I was the son of a country curate, and all that he could bestow upon me was a good education, and the knowledge of virtue. It was my endeavour to emulate my father’s virtues, and to become like him the beloved parent of a little flock of human beings, who looked up to him for consolation and support in all their troubles and sufferings, and made him the participator of their happiness. I applied myself to my studies, and at three-and-twenty I obtained the curacy of —; there I resided for two years, and the objects I so much desired were effected; I was respected and beloved; the old regarded me as a pious and exemplary son; the young as a brother and guardian. I was then most happy.

It happened that the Earl of Lynton, who was upon a visit to a noble family in my parish, came to the church one Sunday, and brought with him his only daughter, the Lady Isabel. Till then I had never looked upon woman’s loveliness otherwise than as a brother looks upon the perfections of a virtuous sister; but the surpassing beauty of the Lady Isabel, the purity and innocence that sat upon her brow, the piety of her fair countenance, the grace and symmetry of her form, all conspired to awaken in my heart that latent passion which I had hoped would have slumbered for ever. My discourse on that particular day was upon the bliss which all created beings may hope to enjoy on earth, who strive to approach the excellence of the spirits of the just. I had written it some days previously, but as I proceeded, the ideas seemed to have been newly inspired, for they expressed the rapture which I felt at that moment; happy would have been my lot if it had been cast with that of the peerless lady whose eyes I saw were rivetted upon my countenance, indicative of the attention which she paid to, and the interest she took in my discourse.

The service ended, and the lady and her noble father left the church; my eyes followed them; the Lady Isabel glanced around when her foot was upon the threshold; it may have been to look again at the edifice, but my vanity supposed that the preacher had been the object of that last glance. In another moment she was gone.

Then did I feel for the first time in my life, the heart’s loneliness. The evening service was hurried carelessly on. I looked around, but the object of my search was absent; the place which she had occupied was vacant; I read the words before me, but my imagination was absent from my subject.

For the first time in my life I forgot the duties of the minister, and became a slave to the passions of man.

I soon learned that the Lady Isabel and her father had gone to London, and the country then became distasteful to me. I felt confined, as in a prison, in my little peaceful village. I neglected my duties. There were complaints made, and I resigned the curacy.

The world was now before me, I was friendless and with very little money; and yet I resolved to proceed to London, and take my chance with the rest, believing that any fare would be preferable in the vicinity of the house of the Lady Isabel, to competence in a country curacy. I came to London, and mixed with the busy, cold, and heartless throng which compose the population of the capital. I tried various ways to obtain the means of subsistence, but in vain; and also endeavoured to gain another sight of the object of my ill-starred affections. I haunted the vicinity of her abode. I frequented the streets at the fashionable part of the town, when parties were given, and was constantly at the doors of Almack's, near St. James's Square, but I saw no Lady Isabel. There were many beautiful women passed me by, but none like the Lady Isabel.

I was reduced to my last shilling, when I fortunately met with a college acquaintance, who on being made acquainted with my necessities, offered to employ me to contribute some articles to a literary periodical, with which he was connected. I caught at the offer, although the remuneration was so small that it would barely procure me the necessaries of life. Still, it would enable me to remain in London, and be near the Lady Isabel.

One day took up, accidentally, a newspaper in which the first passage that met my eyes announced that "The son of a French banker is remarked to be very pointed in his attentions to the lovely daughter of the Earl of Lyn——n, the Lady Isabel B——, who has for some time past been residing in Paris."

It may be conceived what effect this intelligence had upon me. The reason why I had not seen the Lady Isabel was now manifest. She had been attracting the attention of admirers in Paris, while I was wasting my time in London, subsisting upon a beggarly pittance. I immediately threw up my employment, and went to Paris, where one of the first persons my eyes met was the object of my anxious search. She passed mein one of the public promenades, her father was with her, and upon the other side was a young man whose attentions indicated him to be the lover alluded to in the newspaper paragraph. Her arm was linked in his; she seemed pleased with his attentions. She did not perceive me. She passed me by. Had she seen me, the probability is that she would not have known me. She passed me by—loveliness was around her as light, and joy, and bliss. I was for a moment all happiness. She passed me, and all was dark despair.

I was almost penniless, and in a strange land. I was proceeding to my hotel, when I heard some one mention the name "Frascati," and it instantly occurred to me that this was the place where fortunes were lost and won in a few hours, where he who had entered poor as myself had come out a man of excessive wealth. Fortune seemed to me to have brought this to my mind, and I determined upon resorting to the gaming table, where there was a probability that I might be so fortunate as to obtain the means which would enable me to become an open suitor for the hand of the Lady Isabel.

The remainder of the day was spent with an individual who

I learned was in the habit of frequenting Frascati's, and who promised to accompany me there at night. I cannot describe in adequate terms the gorgeous appearance of the saloons I entered. I had no idea of the character of the place, and was astonished by its splendour. Having passed an extensive courtyard, and ascended a broad staircase, the door of an antechamber was thrown open by servants in rich liveries; our hats, canes, and gloves, were taken (tickets being given to reclaim them), and we were ushered with all the etiquette of a palace, into a large room brilliant with light, thronged with well-dressed men, and rendered still more attractive by the elegant *tou-nure* of the women. This was the *roulette chamber*—the haunt of small gamblers, and, in fact the room for general conversation. We passed on to the adjoining apartment, and there found the business of the evening conducted with more ceremony and resolve. Four *croepiers*, pale from late watching, with lips as cold and expressionless as if cut from steel, and eyes as dead as a statue's, were seated about the middle of a large oblong table, which was covered with green cloth, bearing certain signs in yellow and red known to the initiated; and on the centre of the table, bright and fresh from the mint, lay heaps of gold and silver. The strictest silence was ordered while the players "made their game," and the very fall of the cards on the soft green cloth was heard. Then came the announcement of the winning colour, in a voice little above a whisper; and the next moment the long *ratienne* or rake was hauling in the winnings of the bank, while one of the attendants distributed the gains to the fortunate. And this was *rouge et noir* at Frascati's!

I found that among the frequenters of this table, none were so numerous as the English, who, from coldness or long habit, had their faces seamed into an expression of tranquil cupidity—peaceful in gaining, and silent in reverse; while the Spaniard, Frenchman, and Italian, excited by their sanguine temperaments, ventured large sums and lost them with deep oaths. All classes, all ages, except extreme youth and age were represented.

On our left was the "dice hall," and beyond that still, another room, lighted by one dim lamp with a ground glass shade, suspended from the ceiling, and surrounded by low soft ottomans. It was a dark and silent place—the nest of the lute birds—and there exciting drinks were given; and many a man has left that dark and fearful room, a ruined or a wiser man.

About midnight the playing at *rouge et noir* was at its extreme. The atmosphere of the rooms had become almost tropical—the windows and doors were thrown open—refreshments were handed round, and the gamblers respired. Again, all returned to the cards. And there again, until the first cold reproaching streak of light brightened the east, the same faces, pale and fiendish, were seen as if moulded by a demon—the same seared foreheads—knotted brows—wrinkled cheeks—mouths compressed so closely that a mere line was visible, and eyes fixed in heart-broken gaze upon the last franc as it passed into the bank, leaving in exchange but misery and despair!

I played throughout the night. I was a winner. My spirits rose as I beheld the gold rapidly drawn towards me. I was already the husband of my idol, in my imagination. When I returned to my hotel I spread the heap of money which I had gained before me, and gazed upon it with astonishment. I had never before seen so much gold in one heap, and this was mine!

I returned to the table on the next night; I was again successful. I heard admiring voices floating round me, praising

my skill, and wondering at my good fortune. I was full of happiness, my senses reeled, I was near madness. On my return home another golden heap was added to my store.

The third night I went again. I had determined to play for three nights more; to be very cautious, and then to abandon this disgraceful mode of getting money. I did not expect such good fortune every night, as had attended these first two nights' play, but I determined to risk but little of my newly acquired capital, and to seize every opportunity that might occur of adding to it, during the remainder of the brief term to which I had restricted myself.

But my fabric of happiness was already undermined. On that night I lost my all! I had resolved to risk but little; but in my insane endeavour to regain what I had lost, I risked by degrees all that I had won. I returned despairing to my hotel. My blood boiled in my veins from mental excitement, I tossed on my bed, and played over in fancy all the games of the evening. I corrected my stakes, and made plans—how effective I deemed them!—for to-morrow. I slept; but my dreams were haunted by the sights and sounds of that hateful room. I awoke with fever. The next night I was cooler; I went and played again, and put my schemes into operation; yet they did not avail me. I lost again and again; yet there I went night after night. My health was sinking rapidly, when, coming home one morning, I caught a glance at my face in the glass—and oh, heavens! shall I ever forget the expression of despair that was frozen there in the short time that I had devoted myself to these practices! The agony of years had been compressed into that brief space of time. Worn and tired, I sank down—and *accident*, oh! that I should confess it, brought me on *my knees*! It seemed as if heaven had been pleased thus to warn me of my error, and I rose with a vow to forsake it.

I was without a penny in the world; but after my outpouring of shame and penitence, I felt comforted and resigned. I slept for some hours, and when I awoke I was calm and refreshed. My pecuniary difficulties came to mind, and I studied how to get through them. I was thinking of what to do when I saw the Earl of Lynterton pass the window; when suddenly inspired, I rushed out of the room, and imploring pardon for the liberty I had taken, I besought the attention of his lordship to my distressed situation. Happily, the good old nobleman recognized me; and in a tone that I shall never forget, observed that a Christian minister should never want while he had the means of relieving his distresses. I could not restrain my tears, I felt that I had forfeited whatever claim I might have had upon his Lordship's generosity as a Christian minister, and covering my face with my hands, I hastily retreated from his presence in shame and confusion. The Earl followed me into the hotel, and taking a chair by my side, entreated that I would disclose the cause of this strange emotion. I was overcome by his kindness, his generosity, and disclosed every thing. Nothing was concealed. I could not look upon his face, but I told him all that had occurred. I expected his rebuke; but when I had ended he said, "And what is your determination?"

"To return to some seclusion, where I may endeavour to atone for my past misdoing."

"And with regard to the Lady Isabel ———?"

"Of her, whom I have dared presumptuously to love, I will think as of a being of a sphere beyond my reach."

"Have you the moral strength to break off this unfortunate attachment?" asked the Earl.

"I feel that I have," was my reply.

"But should the Lady Isabel happen ever to entertain as romantic an attachment for you—for she is romantic enough!—what would be your conduct then?"

"I would remove the cause from her presence."

"But if I desired you to remain where you were?"

"It would be my painful duty to obey."

"But if I countenanced the match ———?"

I was amazed by the question; but the good Earl relieved my anxiety by informing me that the sermon which I had delivered while a poor curate at ———, had made so strong an impression upon the Lady Isabel, and the eloquence of the preacher had sunk so deep into her heart, that they had not been able to displace her affection, which had there rested. They had taken her to various places on the continent, but no change of scene could cause her to forget the absent one, whom she had loved at first sight. Finding all endeavours useless, the Earl had written to his friends to make inquiries concerning me; the reply was favourable as to my character, but that I had gone none knew where.

The sequel may be guessed. My errors and my miseries were ended. I became the husband of the Lady Isabel.

#### TO HOPE!

O rapt'rous Hope! Thy cheering voice  
Doth soothe us through life's thorny path,  
And strew with flowers of virtue's choice,  
Those dreary ways, till life be past:  
Who to the drowning wretch lends aid;  
Say who can lighten slavery's yoke?  
And who can soothe the desponding age,  
Like thee, sweet Hope?

Thou unto whom all ages bow!  
For thee, how oft the lover sues;  
To thee, the flatterer bendeth low;  
Thine aid to none wilt thou refuse.  
Thou spur'st the soldier in the field,  
The exile's arms to thee will open,  
The fear of death will oftimes yield  
To thee, sweet Hope!

Without thee, life would be as dark  
As earth without the sun;  
As sad as an enraptured heart  
Lost by its kindest one!  
E'en as a lamp, whose oil is spent,  
Whose flame we do not note  
Until 'tis dim, as that oil lent  
To feed life's lamp, art thou, sweet Hope!

What cheers us 'ere we gain our aim,  
When on life's sea our bark is toss'd?  
What speeds the hunter to his game?  
'Tis Hope supports them till the last!  
What cheers us when the tempest lowers,  
And stormy winds tear up the oak?  
What cheers the Christian's dying hour,  
Like thee, sweet Hope?

MARY.

## LADIES AT CARDS.

Cards, which were invented as an agreeable pastime, have become the source of unhappiness, ruin, and misery to many; the desire for play is untempered by prudence, and in the rage for getting money by the various games that are privileged in society, all other considerations are lost sight of. It was not long after they were introduced, that they were converted to unworthy uses; people saw that great gains were to be effected by them, and they became eager to try their fortunes. Previously, the hours were passed away in conversation, by which the memory and understanding were kept in exercise; but silence and gloom came with the card tables; the face of youth and beauty, which had before shone in its natural loveliness, became clouded with frowns; the eye shot lightning, rage disturbed the fair countenance, friends were alienated, and families injured—not to say ruined. I do not like to see females seated round a card table; it does not seem to be a fitting place for them. I do not like to see them either intent upon the study of the game, or bursting with vexation and rage. The proper place for them is the piano forte or in the dance, when they are not engaged in dispensing happiness to man by their gentle but animated conversation. I do not say that cards may not serve for amusement, and also for unbending the mind; but when once there is excited an inclination for card playing, it soon grows up into a serious employment, and a passion that becomes ruinous as well to the fortune, as the health. I have seen ladies, who till their devotion to the card table had been treated with proper respect, gradually losing that respect by their continuing all night at cards with foreign adventurers, and others. In short, if the rage for card playing be not abated, it will materially injure the brightness of the female character, by destroying much of its beautiful delicacy and refinement.

MIRANDA.

## S T A N Z A.

Love thee! No; my heart disdains  
To own a love for two;  
Vows have passed, my faith is pledged  
To one—but not to you.

Then ask me not to think of you,  
That question pray forbear;  
A brother and a sister's love,  
Is all we two may share.

COUNTESS OF WOOTTEN.

AN AGREEABLE CONTRAST.—If we look into the female mind, we shall find virtues of a brighter hue, though not of the same colours, of which we boast. We have greater depth of investigation; they, greater acuteness of perception. Our strength of mind is compensated by their liveliness. If we have more courage to brave danger, they have far more fortitude to meet distress. Our eloquence has more force; theirs has more persuasion. Their virtues are feminine, but as substantial and as useful as ours. You never hear women rail against the married state as unmarried men frequently do. Gentleness and forbearance are so sweetly tempered and mingled in their constitutions, that they bear the hardships of their lot, however peculiarly severe it may be, without repining or levelling a satire against such as are, by the generality of their sex, regarded as more fortunate.

## THE FORSAKEN;

OR, THE FIRST AND LAST HOURS OF LOVE.

*A Tale.*

“Can you forget me? I am not relying  
On plighted vows—alas! I knew their worth;  
Man's faith to woman is a trifle—dying  
Upon the very breath that gave it birth.  
But I remember hours of quiet gladness,  
When if the heart had truth it spoke it then;  
When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of sadness,  
And then unconsciously grow glad again.  
Can you forget them? L. E. L.

There is not, perhaps, a more melancholy object for human contemplation, than a fair and fragile girl deserted by him upon whom she has placed all her hearts fond affections; clinging round it ivy like, and which, when they are rudely disunited, lie perishing in neglect and loveliness. Woman, from her situation, and the natural delicacy of her sex, cannot redress her own wrongs; men have a hundred opportunities and means of retaliation; but woman must endure and weep. And numberless are they—bright—beautiful—virtuous and good—whose excellence of heart and mind might have spread happiness and bliss on all around them, and have made the earth which they inhabit slightly to resemble the Paradise of the blest; but who—by the perfidy—the cruelty of one—loved “not wisely, perhaps, but too well,” remain in solitude and grief, bowed down to the grave; tears in their eyes, and sorrow upon their blanched cheek. One of these was Lucy Carrington, who had trusted in the vows—subsequently alas! proved to be false as the sands of the fair seeming sea—of Horace Davenel, who after basking in the sunlight of her eyes, and opening the secret recesses of her heart and soul, and being convinced that he only was there enshrined, forsook—abandoned her. He loved variety, or rather was at that age when man scarcely knows what he loves; and often spurns a treasure which might become his, in his vague and undefined aspiration for something of greater value than is to be found in humanity. He forms ideas of perfection which have more affinity to the angels in Heaven, than to any “creature of earth's mould,” and treats with scorn, all who do not reach up to it. After some few months of that pure and exquisite enjoyment, which is obtained when heart communes with heart, and each feels confident of the others sincerity, Horace Davenel grew cold and distant in his manner to Lucy; and, eventually, she was forsaken.

Woman's heart is never inclined to doubt where it loves; and Lucy, though she felt deeply the increasing reserve of Davenel, formed excuses for it to her own heart, and shut out from her mind the supposition that he could be unfaithful, until she could no longer deceive herself, and his continued absence, and some newspaper paragraphs conveying the intelligence that he was on the point of marriage with another, stamped conviction upon her mind, and reduced her to the lowest depths of despair.

What could she do? “A woman can but weep.” Clinging to hope, she cut the paragraph from the newspaper and enclosing it in a sheet of paper, upon which she merely wrote her initials, she forwarded it to Davenel. She waited anxiously for an answer; day after day, she expected some tidings of the

loved one—whom she imagined had been misrepresented by the report; but no letter came, and then—but not till then—could Lucy believe that the ties which had united their hearts, were severed;—that she was no longer beloved.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about a year and a half after the occurrence of the event above described, that a pale and feeble gentleman took up his residence in Malvern, whither he had gone by the advice of his physicians. He appeared to be labouring under some heavy affliction, mental as well as bodily. The beautiful breezes of the hills, however, had an invigorating effect upon his constitution, and he was soon able to extend his morning rambles, and to join in familiar conversation. He had frequently met with a resident gentleman, about his own age in his walks, a Mr. Percival, whom he now joined in his shooting excursions. Mr. Percival was much interested in the stranger; and frequently invited him to dinner, but the latter fearing that he should be tempted to take wine, which might have a bad effect upon his health, always declined those invitations, but was deeply sensible of the kindness of his friend. By degrees the stranger became communicative, and one evening having walked together till they came near to his friend's house; the latter entreated him to enter and rest himself. This invitation was not refused, and they entered an arbour overhung with clematis and wild roses, the better to observe the glories of a beautiful sunset than they could have done from the house. The stranger then, to relieve his mind, acquainted his friend with some particulars of his life. His heart had been given to a lady of worth and beauty; but caught by the artifices of a crafty woman, who had more regard for his fortune than his affections, he had deserted the object of his first love, and had been upon the point of marriage with the other; but an accident had caused her character to be disclosed to him just upon the eve of their nuptials. His heart had reverted to his first love, but when he sought for her, he could obtain no tidings. He learnt that she had been ill, and that with her widowed mother she had removed from the busy metropolis, and gone far into the country, but where, no one could tell. "In my agony," continued the stranger, "I rushed to seek relief in wine. I associated with the dissipated, and the revels of the night were often carried far into the morning; I tried to drown thought; but conscience rose up against me; dissipation and remorse reduced me to the brink of the grave. I was for six weeks confined to my chamber, and, as a last resource, my physicians advised me to try the effect of the air of Malvern. I have recovered my bodily health; but my peace of mind I cannot hope to regain."

The stranger paused, and his friend taking his hand exclaimed, "Nay, grieve not; do not despair; the time may come when you and the beloved one may meet again."

"In Heaven," exclaimed the stranger, "we may, perhaps, meet again; but on earth I fear never." At that moment the sound of a harp from within the house fell upon the stranger's ear. He appeared surprised.

"It is my cousin," said Mr. Percival, "I shall be happy to introduce her to you; she has been herself deceived by a lover, and will know how to sympathise with your sufferings."

Mr. Percival rose to conduct the stranger into the house; but the harp was struck again, and the stranger suddenly laid his hand upon Mr. Percival's arm, and besought him to pause for a moment. Then listening to the music, he heard it a-

compained by a voice which it seemed to him that he had heard before. The song ran thus:—

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended,  
At least it sought to blend itself with thine;  
My life's whole purpose winning thee seemed ended,  
Thou wert my hearts sweet home, my spirits shrine.  
Can you forget me? When the firelight burning,  
Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,  
How would thy words, to long past moments turning,  
Trust me with thoughts, soft as the shadowy gloom.  
Can you forget them?

"I cannot be mistaken!" cried the stranger, "I sure have heard that voice!"

The song was continued—

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking  
The faithless heart where I alas! am not,  
Too well I know the idleness of asking  
The misery of—why am I forgot?  
The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling,  
Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face,  
But what to thee this passionate appealing?  
Let my heart break—it is a common case.

You have forgotten me!

"No, No!" shrieked the stranger, springing forward—  
"Lucy! ever adored Lucy—he is here—he—the false, the faithless Davenal!"

The enraptured lover rushed into the house, a wild scream of recognition was heard, and when Mr. Percival entered the room, Horace Davenal, and Lucy Carrington were locked in each others arms.

In the happiness of the moment the sufferings of the past were forgotten. And when Lucy found that her cousin's friend, whose illness and melancholy, she had been previously informed of, was her lover, Davenal, she made no allusion to his errors, and when he asked for her forgiveness, she gave it with her tears, and soon the holy church witnessed their happy nuptials.

LAURA PERCY.

#### SONNET.

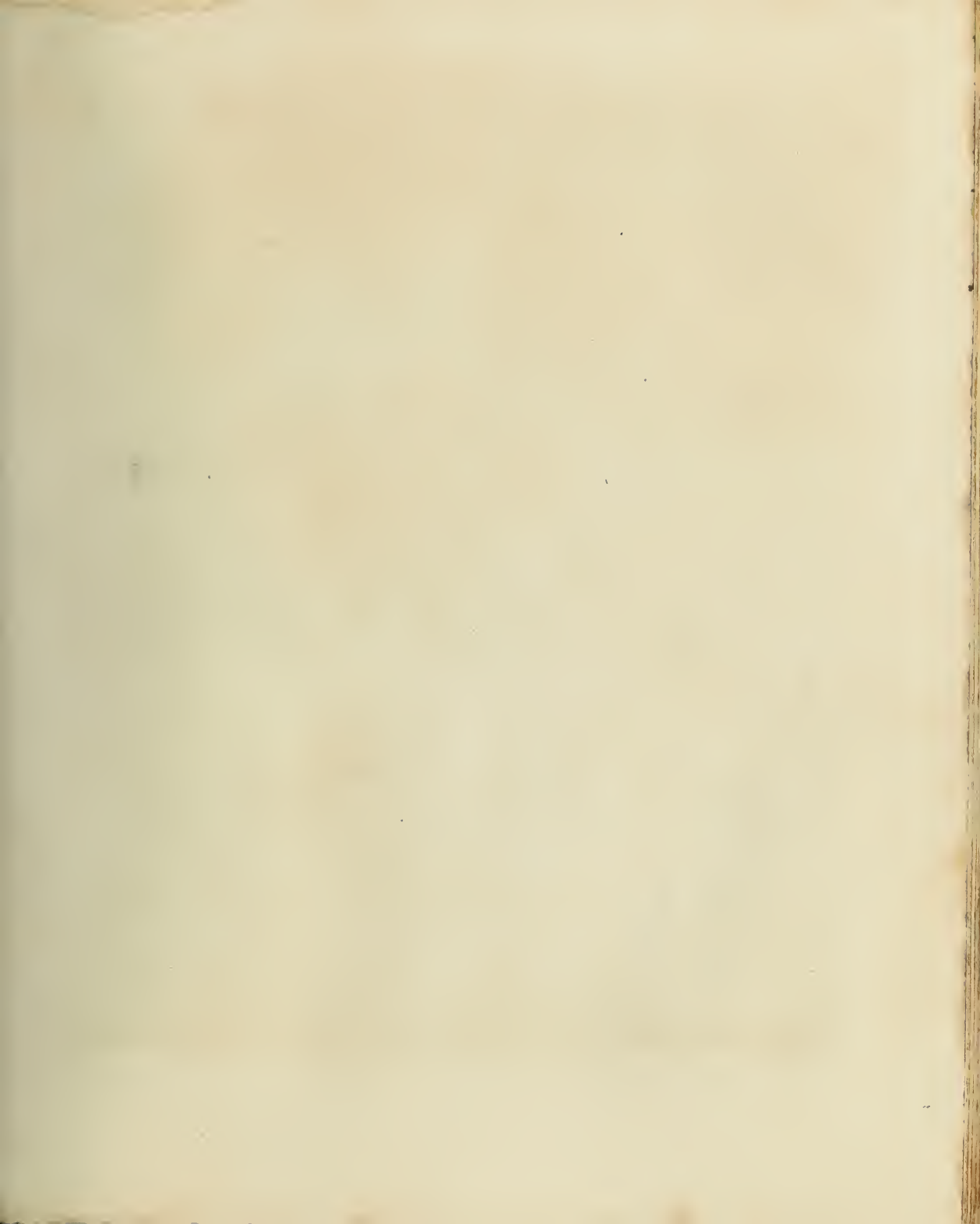
It is a lovely sight to view the sun  
Tinging the morn with nature's richest dyes,  
To gaze upon the earth,—a vast pavilion  
Of loveliness, its canopy the skies!  
'Tis soothing to inhale the sweet perfume  
Of flowers; a pleasure to behold the green  
Of laurel, and to know that it will bloom  
In every season, in each changeful scene.  
But far more lovely than the break of day  
Is woman's first pure love; it spreads o'er youth  
A lucid charm; and sweet as flowers of May  
Her balmy breath, when breathing love and truth;  
Love that dies not, tho' treachery may give  
To it a gloomy shade, it still must live.

Nottingham.

R. T. M.

THE MOST CORRECT GENEALOGY.—Francis the First asked one day of Duchatel, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman? "Sire," was the Prelate's reply, "in the ark of Noah there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I am descended."







*Her Majesty Queen Victoria Opening Parliament*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXIX.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1838.

Vol. XV.

### THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—AN ENGRAVING OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING THE PARLIAMENT.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

### THE COURT.

#### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

“Above, in royal state,  
The fair VICTORIA sat.”

The first embellishment of the present number of “*The World of Fashion*” will doubtless be highly acceptable and gratifying to our distinguished readers, because it perpetuates one of those scenes of great public interest, in which the young and beautiful QUEEN of a people’s hearts—the fair VICTORIA, is the chief object of attraction:—it represents HER MAJESTY engaged in the performance of the important and interesting ceremony of opening the Session of Parliament. It will be remembered that the first meeting of the QUEEN with her Parliament in November last created a great deal of excitement; the number of Peereses present in the House of Lords to witness the ceremony was greater than had been before known on a similar occasion, and their bright sunny countenances, their waving plumes, the richness of their dresses, and the blaze of diamonds and other jewels which adorned their elegant persons, mingling with the graver, but equally imposing figures of the noble Peers, presented a *coup d’œil* in the highest degree splendid and imposing; and when HER MAJESTY, the young and beautiful VICTORIA, came into the House with a firm step and graceful and dignified motion—the very impersonation of Queenly dignity—it is impossible for words to convey an idea of the excitement of the scene. There sat the fair young Sovereign, upon whom all the cares of this great empire had devolved, graciously smiling upon her assembled subjects—the happiness of her pure and virtuous heart irradiating her countenance, while every eye could read there the wish and earnest desire of the Sovereign, that every one of her subjects from the highest to the lowest, from the Peer to the peasant should experience similar happiness.

Fortunate Britain! Having for thy sovereign, one whose capacious mind can conceive what is necessary for thy welfare, and who has the power to execute what she believes to be necessary for the production of peace, prosperity, and contentment among thy people.

Let us now proceed to describe the feelings of HER MAJESTY during the month which is, at the time we write, drawing rapidly to its termination. HER MAJESTY has remained throughout the month at the New Palace in St. James’s Park, and has given several select dinner parties to some of the *élite* of fashionable society. The weather having been favourable, HER MAJESTY has not only taken carriage airings, but has frequently been out upon horseback taking excursions in the vicinity of the parks, and upon one occasion passing through several of the streets of the metropolis, Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, &c., on her way to the Regent’s Park. We are happy to say that HER MAJESTY has not upon any of those occasions, been annoyed by the vulgar curiosity, and the equally vulgar effusions of loyalty, which the appearances of such illustrious individuals in public have till now never failed to be attended with. HER MAJESTY has also visited Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres in private, when the same respectful demeanour has been maintained.

HER MAJESTY’S Levees have been numerous attended.

We may here notice an interesting bit of gossip that is prevalent in the Court circles. Most of the Ladies attending upon the QUEEN have been observed to wear their hair precisely in the same style as their Royal Mistress. This is a point upon which HER MAJESTY is said to be exceedingly particular; the slightest disorder, or approach to untidiness, in this department of the toilette in any of her ladies, is sure to excite remark, and that to in a manner not to be misunderstood. Some of the Ladies in waiting are accustomed to take *their* “ladies in waiting” with them to the Palace, in order that they may receive the “finishing touches” just before they enter the Royal presence.

The Coronation of HER MAJESTY will take place in June. The difference in the forms and ceremonies, that will be the

consequence of the Sovereign being a female are already beginning to be discussed, and will, no doubt, soon find employment for the officials of the Herald's College. There is no doubt that these personages would render the Queen an essential, or, at any rate, an acceptable service, if they could, by any possibility, find a precedent for dispensing with, or at least altering, the form of the homage of the Peers; as it is, HER MAJESTY will have to receive the kisses of six hundred old gentlemen on this occasion. The homage is performed thus:—The Archbishops and Bishops first, kneeling before the sovereign, the Archbishop of Canterbury saying aloud, and the rest of the Bishops following him, 'I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury (and so the rest of the Bishops) will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our sovereign Lord (*Lady*) and your Heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the Service of the lands which I claim to hold of you, as in right of the Church: So help me God!' The Archbishops and Bishops then get up, and kiss the Sovereign's left cheek. Then the temporal Peers (each class separately) follow. After the oath has been pronounced the Peers rise, but still remain unbonnetted; and each Peer, according to his rank and precedence, singly ascends the throne, and touches with his hand the crown on the Sovereign's head, and kisses his or her cheek.—Now as it is not likely that many Peers will be absent on so interesting an occasion as the Coronation of our young QUEEN, HER MAJESTY will have to undergo a rather severe infliction in the *chaste salutes* of the Lords spiritual and temporal.

The Queen Dowager has taken up her residence in town, at Marlborough House. We are happy to say, that the illustrious Lady is in the enjoyment of a favourable state of health. The principal apartments of Marlborough House have been elegantly fitted up for her Majesty's reception; but the repairs of the building are not yet completed. The Queen Dowager takes carriage airing almost daily. There is no truth in the report that her Majesty is in treaty for the Duke of Devonshire's marine villa at Kempton. The house is not sufficiently capacious to accommodate the Queen Dowager and suite, even if the contiguous mansion were added to the Duke's villa.

We are sorry to state that the Duke of Sussex is again suffering from indisposition.

#### SONG OF THE MONTH.

Dreary winter now is going,  
With it's snow and blustering wind;  
Spring—bright Spring!—is fast approaching,  
With flowers of various hues and kind.  
Then be merry!—then be merry!—  
Why dim hours as they flee?—  
Let's be merry!—let's be merry,  
And make this life, a life of glee!

Though the winter's snow be melted,  
Age's woes do not decay;  
Then wreath each day with joy's bright flowers,  
'Ere we sink beneath Death's sway.  
Then be merry!—then be merry!—  
Childhood's cherub morn has flown!—  
Let's be merry!—let's be merry!—  
While youth's day is yet our own!—

When our Autumn sun is setting,  
May it sink in glorious light!—  
As golden clouds that o'er it closes,  
Be our deeds and actions bright!  
Then be merry!—then be merry!—  
Enjoy the moments as they pass;—  
Let's be merry!—let's be merry!—  
For we grow old too soon, alas!

M.A.S.

#### LADY BLESSINGTON AND THE BASKET-MAKER.

Lady Blessington has done herself much honour by the generous encouragement and assistance which she has given to a poor basket-maker on his road to literary fame. Thomas Miller, the author of some very pleasing little poems, and a novel which has recently been published under the title of *Royston Gower* is a man of superior powers, but until he was brought forward by Lady Blessington was in the condition which Gray has so touchingly alluded in his elegy by the metaphor of flowers blushing unseen and wasting their fragrance on the desert air. The poetical basket-maker was discovered by the editor of one of the annuals, but the merit of bringing him prominently forward belongs to Lady Blessington. The story of his life is interesting. Miller is a native of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire; his parents were in very humble circumstances. He received some instruction in reading and writing at the adult school at Gainsborough, in 1822, but it was very little; he then took to the trade of basket-making, which he followed for some time in the country, and then came to London, where he obtained a poor subsistence by making baskets, and offering them for sale in the public streets. Sitting between an apple-stall woman and a vendor of oysters, did he offer his wicker baskets for sale, yet there, amidst the grossest and accumulated mass of ignorance and vice, did the in-dwelling spark silently work through his blood and brain, and the unquenchable fire of genius blaze out. After writing some things for one of the periodicals for which he received a few shillings, he was one day sitting over the small embers of his dying fire, without a penny in the house, working at two baskets, for which he was to receive five shillings, the editor of one of the annuals entered his room and said, "Miller, I want you to write something for me. I can't promise to accept it; but, if you will send it to me, I will see what can be done." Miller rather hesitated; but the other said that he knew he was in great distress, and put down a half-a-crown to relieve him. On his departure, Miller sent his wife out for a penny sheet of paper, a pennyworth of ink, and a pen, and *two pounds of rumpsteaks*. The paper was brought, and by the light of the fire he wrote the poem of the "*Fountain*," which appeared in "Friendship's Offering." "Here," said Miller, "is a beautiful poem; but, don't let me if I think that 'ere chap can appreciate." He folded the poem however, and *wafered it with a piece of bread*. We should have said that when he sat down to the poem, the two baskets he had to finish, and for which he should get five shillings, occurred to him. "Wicker against literature," said he, and finished his baskets first. The next day the editor called, told him he thought the poem beautiful, and threw down two guineas on the table. Miller had never before possessed such a sum, and his delight and surprise may be well conceived. *He actually barred the house that night lest he should be robbed*. The gentleman engaged him to write another, and another. Poems were written, and guineas flowed in. Fortune smiled,

at last, to smile upon the poet. His rise upwards has been very great. The Countess of Blessington, of whom he speaks in the highest terms, used to send for him; and there, after sitting with her, Balwer, D'Israeli, and with his feet on the Turkey carpet, he had to run down to Waterloo Bridge, or some such place, to sell baskets! The Countess (bless her heart!) used to endeavour to make him accept money, which he steadily refused; but one day she backed him to the door, and as she got him outside, extended her hand, "Good bye, Miller;" when she relinquished her grasp, he found three sovereigns in his hand. Mr. Miller is justly proud of his rise, and does not now ape the gentleman, or despise his former lowliness. A few years ago, and while unknown to fame, he called at the house of his old schoolmaster to thank him for the little instruction which he had received. He then offered me a few old books, "Burke on the Sublime" and others, as he wanted a few shillings, being then quite destitute. Only think of such a genius selling Burke—perhaps his text-book!

### GOSSIP AND GAIETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

Among the earliest presentations at this year's drawing-rooms, it is said will be the Lady Adelaide Fitzclarence, eldest daughter of the Earl of Munster, now in her eighteenth year; and the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Jersey, Lady Sarah Villiers, is also named as a *debutante*, although unusually young for a presentation. From the extreme youth of HER MAJESTY many fair belles of distinguished families are to be introduced into the gay world earlier than has been the case heretofore; an anticipation which will bring much spirit to the dances at Almack's.

**ALMACK'S.**—The Lady-patronesses have fixed the first ball for Thursday, the 5th of April. From its being the only ball before Easter, and the same day on which Her Majesty holds her drawing-room, a more numerous assemblage is anticipated than is usual at the first ball of the series.

**MISS PHILLIPS**, the daughter of the Honourable Mrs. Phillips, will make her *début* this season. Miss Phillips is a highly accomplished young lady, and is in her seventeenth year.

**THE DUCHESS OF CANNIZARRO** appears to have a very high opinion of the intellectual and conversational powers of the singer, Di Novo, seeing that the bewhiskered foreigner so frequently accompanies her to the public places of amusement. The singer must think it a very high honour so to be favoured!

**MATRIMONIAL JARS.**—It is rumoured in fashionable circles, that another separation is about to take place: the gentleman in this case being a baronet of ancient title, and formerly of very large fortune, much of which has been lost in St. James's Street. The lady, it is said, has endured much ill-treatment, and is at length resolved to return to the happy home of her childhood, and live separate from him who, although he vowed at the altar to cherish and protect her, has, nevertheless, not merely neglected her, but been utterly regardless of the great truth conveyed in the poet's lines:—

"He who lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward!"

The DANCING PARTIES are loudly complained of by a certain set of fashionables, who prefer actualities to idealities, and best approve of the "poetry of motion" when the forks are

going. They say that dancing parties are given merely for the sake of cheapness—all dance and no supper. We dare say that there are some *prudent* people who are influenced by this consideration, but they form but a small—very small—portion of fashionable society, and ought to be excluded.

There is no truth in the rumour of a contemplated marriage between Lady Angusta Somerset and Mr. Gilmore.

There are to be no theatricals at Bridgewater House this year. The reason for this we cannot tell.

**THE HEIRESS.**—Numerous reports are in circulation about the state of the affections of a certain young lady, whose recent immense acquisition of wealth, owing to the death of a celebrated duchess, has excited so much sensation in the great world. Among many other *preux chevaliers*, to whom rumour has assigned the *heart* of the fair object of attraction, is the young Lord Fitz—n, grandson of the Duke of N—, who is handsome; and also remarkable for his intellectual and moral excellences. His lordship had the honour of opening the State Ball at St. James's Palace in May last, with her present Majesty, then the Princess Victoria, in honour of whose arrival at the age of eighteen, the ball was given by his late Majesty. It is further said, that a Duchess (mother of the wealthy Duke of S—d) has been instrumental in bringing about the match, and that the families, who have not until lately passed a visiting card, pay visits daily. We cannot take it upon ourselves to contradict this report, although we have no reason to believe that there is any truth in it. But we may also state, that it is privately whispered in circles supposed to possess opportunities of arriving at something approaching to correctness of opinion on this interesting topic, that a certain young actor, who has recently been highly successful in histrionic assumptions, is the most likely person to win the rich prize. It is well known, that the lady has added the tragedian's name to her visiting list; and we are given to understand, that one evening a party was given by the parents of the young heiress, to which many distinguished fashionable were expressly invited to meet the successful actor. The report goes, that the wedding will take place at the termination of the gentleman's present engagement. If this be true, the wedding will create a sensation as great as that which was produced when the contents of the late Duchess of —'s will were made known. But where is the bereaved widower all this while? Does he not offer for the prize?

**BOWOOD.**—(*The seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne*).—One of the most picturesque and beautiful of the country mansions of the nobility is Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne. As you approach this fine estate the ground becomes unequal, the vegetation rich and luxuriant. There is a long drive through the park, which is thickly wooded with lofty trees, before you reach the mansion. Being situated on a considerable eminence, which commands the country far and wide, it has a very beautiful appearance. The principal edifice is of extensive proportions, and is joined on the right side, but retiring, by a wing only one story high and of great length, more in style of a villa, with a long open colonnade. On the terrace before it is an elegant flower garden, divided into regular beds. The wall of the colonnade is adorned with larger plants: myrtles, pomegranates, passion-flowers, all in full blossom. On entering the colonnade, you are surrounded by innumerable flowers, which fill the air with their fragrance. Behind this is the chapel, and in two beautiful large apartments the library. In one of them the book-cases are ornamented with elegant imitations of Greek vases, and in the other by bronzes, after the most cele-

brated antiques. On the other side of the main building, instead of a wing corresponding with this, there is a shorter wing, adjoining the back front, before which, in the angle that it forms, is another flower garden, but more retired and private. The prospect from the house is singularly fine. At the foot of the gently-sloping hill, a lake of considerable extent spreads out in two again, and is thickly covered, like this, with the finest timber. Further on the view is bounded by fruitful plains, closed in with a hill. The writer accepted with the greatest pleasure the kind offer of Lady Lansdowne, to inspect the pleasure grounds. The advantages of the lofty and most vigorous of the native trees, such as the oak, the ash, and the beech, are here happily united with the most various trees and shrubs of southern vegetation. Cedars of Lebanon, in their solemn majesty, melancholy cypresses, laurels, cork, oaks, cheercful arbutus, and tulip trees, and many others, are joined with the most refined taste, in thick masses, in large or small independent groups, and afford the most manifold variations, of completely secluded forest solitude, of a confined view from the mysterious gloom to the remote horizon, to the richest and most various views of single parts of the garden, to the mirror of the lake, with its beautiful chain of hills, and then far into the country beyond it. The spectator cannot fail to admire in particular the taste for the picturesque, with which care had been taken to form beautifully graduated middle distances, and with which the whole is again united by the velvety lawn, which is kept in the most admirable order. Here too the artificial waterfalls are very imposing. The fall rushing down in a considerable body between moss-grown rocks, and overarched by the fresh verdure of lofty trees, affords the most refreshing coolness, and makes one quite forget its artificial origin. These grounds have attained such an extraordinary degree of perfection, for their having been laid out by the father of the present Marquis, who has continued to improve in the same spirit.

#### NEW MUSIC.

THE NEW OPERA.—In the musical world all the talk is about HALEVY'S new opera of *Guido et Ginevra*; or, *La Peste de Florence*, which has just been produced at the *Academie Royale*, and with the most decided success: and we have reason to believe that more than one of the London managers are endeavouring to secure the score for the production of the opera and its beautiful melodies in an English version. The new opera is a fine sparkling affair: and, although in five acts, it does not tire, but keeps the excitement and interest of the audience alive from the first scene to the last. The plot, which is very attractive, runs thus:—Towards the year 1452, *Guido*, then a young and humble student, subsequently an eminent sculptor, met at a village fête *Ginevra*, the daughter of a *Cosmo de Medicis*, who was wont to mix in disguise in rural amusements. The student fell in love with her, though her high rank was concealed from him: her heart was also touched, and they parted, she promising him another meeting in another year. On the return of the annual fête, *Guido* is at his post, and *Ginevra* soon finds her way to it also. In the mean time *Forte Braccio*, the head of a gang of Condottieri, whom *Cosmo's* beneficent government has deprived of their ruffianly trade, is on the look out for some one whom he may plunder. He espies

*Ginevra*, and, not doubting that she must be some great lady in disguise, pounces upon her. *Guido* bravely defends her, but is wounded ere the peasantry of his paternal farm can come to his assistance. They rescue him and his beloved, and she is conveyed away, after weeping over what she considers to be her lover's corpse. *Forte Braccio* is condemned to be hanged, but very improperly saved through the interposition of *Ricciarda*, a celebrated cantatrice, the mistress of *Manfredi*, Duke of *Ferrara*, who even takes the scoundrel into his service, as a jack of all foul trades, including that of poisoning and stabbing. In due time we have *Guido*, who has recovered from his wound, rising in eminence, celebrity, and favour, at the *Medicis'* Court, and *Ginevra* the unwilling bride of *Manfredi*, and as yet unaware of *Guido's* resurrection, and of his being her father's favourite guest. This comes out on the wedding-day, when *Guido*, by *Cosmo's* order, has the great but unwelcome honour of leading her to the altar, where she is to be wedded to his Highness of *Ferrara*. His Highness detects mutual love in their mutual surprise and sorrow, and desires *M. Forte Braccio* to do away with the enamoured sculptor forthwith. But *Ricciarda's* Neapolitan blood is boiling with rage at the unexpected marriage of her lover. She offers *Forte Braccio* a larger bribe to slay the faithless *Manfredi* instead of *Guido*, but he proposes the *mezzo termine* of destroying *Ginevra*, which is accepted. Commissioned by his master to bring her presents, he introduces among them a poisoned veil, which, amidst the wedding fêtes, she decks herself with. Its effects are soon felt, she shrieks, falls, and is deemed dead of the plague, which is just then spreading and doing dreadful havoc at *Florence*. She is splendidly interred in a vault in the cathedral, where *Guido* comes and weeps over her remains. When all is still and lonely, and night has come on, *Ginevra* wakes from her trance, is horror-struck at finding herself in the abode of the dead, and faints and falls when she finds that she cannot get away. In the meantime *Forte Braccio* has mustered his gang, to invade the church and plunder the jewellery which ornaments the grave of *Cosmo's* daughter. He lends the way to the tomb, but the robbers are panic-struck on beholding the shrouded figure of *Ginevra*, whom the fresh air from without has rallied. Whilst they are crossing themselves in terror, she takes leave of her vault, and stalks out of the cathedral. She proceeds to her father's palace, where *Manfredi* is enraging with *Ricciarda* and a party of jolly fellows. A knock at the door attracts their attention. *Ricciarda* shrieks with horror on beholding what she takes to be *Ginevra's* ghost. *Manfredi* derides her delusion, and himself goes to the window and discharges a firearm at the troublesome spectre. He and all quake at his deed, and he is presently seized with the plague. All fly from him, but he clutches *Ricciarda* and clings to her, and both struggle behind the scenery, where the scourge is supposed to put an end to their unworthy lives. Poor *Ginevra* has, meanwhile, wandered in despair about the town, which the plague is desolating, and *Forte Braccio* and his crew plundering and firing. *Guido*, on the other hand, is busy relieving the miseries of all classes. On his way he stumbles upon a young female lying on the cold stones. It is *Ginevra*, but it requires some time before he can persuade himself of it. A duet, however, explains all, and likewise conveys the assurance of their continued affection. He prevails upon her to retire to a farm in the Apennines. *Cosmo* soon moves to that rural quarter, and perceives among the villagers, whose calamities he has come to alleviate, the figure of *Ginevra*, whom *Guido* has induced not to reveal her existence to her father, lest it may cause their separation. She cannot,

however, resist her sire's lamentations on the loss of his daughter. She rushes into his arms, and he readily consents to the marriage of the lovers.—Of the music, several parts are very beautiful. Into a trio of the first act M. HALEVY has introduced a romance, than which a sweeter composition was never heard; nor was ever a song sung more beautifully than this is by DUPREZ. The deafening applause which he elicited in the part of *Guido* was repeatedly renewed, especially in a piece where he mourns over the tomb of *Ginevra*, and entreats the monks of the church to let him tarry by it. Mme. DORUS was also most deservedly applauded, especially in a grand air, where *Ginevra* recovers from her trance, and finds herself among the dead. Several other *morceaux* were honoured with acclamation, including one sung by *Forté Braccio*, a part which does great credit to MASSOL. There is also more than one chorus of great merit. Madame STOLTZ enacted the part of *Ricciarda*, DERIVIS that of *Manfredi*, and LEVASSEUR the part of *Cosmo*.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The first concert of the sixty-second season was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The preponderance of HANDEL'S compositions in the programme shows that the Royal Director is, like his revered sire, a great admirer of that mighty master's works. How finely conceived is the introduction to the Coronation Anthem, the arpeggio passages given to the violins, while the basses roll majestically from one modulation to another, until the whole strength of the orchestra, voices, and instruments, pour forth in rich harmony "Zadok, the Priest," &c. The effect which this burst produced in Westminster Abbey, cannot be forgotten—many persons were quite overcome, others shed tears; but they were tears of devotional joy. A scene from *Joshua* was well sustained by Mrs. KNYVETT and Mrs. BISHOP; the latter was very successful in "Hark, 'tis the linnet." Of Mrs. KNIGHT (late Miss POVEY) we can at present only say, that her voice is a soprano of great power, but it appears to be much better calculated for a large theatre than a concert-room. A chorus from *Israel in Egypt* would alone have immortalised HANDEL; it was exceedingly well done: indeed, the same praise may be fairly bestowed upon all the chorusses. Mr. HOBBS gave "Softly sweet" in a musician-like manner, and LINDLEY'S violoncello accompaniment was, as usual, charming. PHILLIPS deserves favourable notice for the manner in which he sung "Revenge Timotheus cries." He gave it with his accustomed energy. The Hallelujah Chorus was sublimely performed; the descending passage of five notes for the trumpet was given with an effect truly electrifying, by HARPER. There was a brilliant attendance. It is worthy of notice that when his Grace the Duke of Wellington entered the room the company rose to acknowledge his presence.

QUARTET CONCERTS.—There was a brilliant attendance at Willis's Rooms, to hear the fourth and last concert of the third season of MORI'S quartet parties. The gem of the evening was BEETHOVEN'S quartet in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. This composition may be fairly considered as one of his most stupendous works. The lovely subjects which are scattered in glittering profusion through every movement—the graceful episodes abounding therein—and the masterly treatment from the commencement to the end, alternately delight the imagination and satisfy the most rigorous judgment. MORI and TOLBECQUE took the violins, MORALT the viola, and LINDLEY the violoncello. The concert passed off to the unqualified satisfaction of all the amateurs.

## THE DRAMA.

## A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We never remember any season, to have commenced so auspiciously as the present; every thing has been done on the part of the management, that could in any way conduce either to the comfort or convenience of the subscribers, the house has been thoroughly cleaned and re-decorated, the former green being replaced by a rich yellow and white, and burnished gold; and chandeliers have been placed over the principal tier of boxes, adding considerably to the brilliancy and effect of the house; the orchestra is much increased, and the chorusses and *corps de ballet* have been entirely re-modelled at a considerably increased expenditure. M. LAPORTE being anxious that the establishment should be worthy the patronage of HER MAJESTY, has omitted nothing in his power to render the present season the best we have yet had; and we are happy too add the subscribers have come forward with proportionate liberality, the subscription list being unusually full, and displays more names of rank and fashion than have hitherto graced it.

The opening Opera was the *Sonnambula*, when Madame PERSIANI made her first appearance in the country as *Amina*, and with a success that must have been most gratifying to the management. PERSIANI reminds us more of Cinti Damoreau, than any other performer we know; her voice is not very powerful, but of exquisite quality, and she manages it with all the tact and judgment of a finished musician; she gives her music without any apparent effect, and executes the most difficult passages with the greatest ease to herself. She is one of those singers, who the oftener they are heard will be more appreciated; there is no striving for effect, by *trours de force*, but a correct ear, good taste, and brilliant execution. The finale seemed to take the house quite by surprise, it was sung with so much feeling and expression, displaying the singer to every advantage. The applause from an over crowded house, was truly vociferous, but was well deserved on the part of PERSIANI.

Signor TATI, the tenor, is a singer in the same style as Rubini, though with scarce the same compass in the upper notes. He sings with much taste and feeling, is correct both in ear and judgment, and manages his voice, which is of good quality, with all the skill of a practised musician. The management will find him a very useful performer, and considerably better than most they have had hitherto.

BORRANI, the new basso, pleases us much, his voice is loud and sonorous, and he seems to have it well under command, a rare thing for bassos; he sang the music allotted to the *Count*, especially the charming *vi ravviso*, in a highly creditable manner, and was much applauded. We hope soon to see him in some more prominent part.

DESHAYES' favourite ballet of *Massaniello* was revived with all its original splendour, in the way of new scenery and dresses, and went off with very good effect; the principal attraction, however, was Maddie. BELLON, who was so successful in Paris during the last season, and who bids fair to be equally popular in this country. She is slight made, rather inclining to be *petite*, with a pleasing and expressive countenance; she is a graceful and finished dancer, with more elasticity and quickness than we have been accustomed to of late from a *dansseuse*, and in her dance with COSTOU, in the first act, she met with a most gratifying reception. It would be unjust were we not to speak in terms of praise of our countrywoman, FORSTER, who per-

formed *Fenella*. This lady has been some time a favourite in Paris, having resided there for some years; her acting, as *Fenella*, was graceful and expressive, and her dancing, in the *Boleto*, showed that her talents as a dancer are of no mean order. We were pleased to see our old friend *COLTON* once more with several of the established favourites. The ballet went off, altogether, with much spirit.

The ballet, this season, will be unusually strong; the *ELLSLERS* join us after *Master*, and *TAGLIONI* is also spoken of. *DESUAYES* is bided about a new ballet for the *ELLSLERS*, which is to be of a very novel character. There is, also, considerable activity about the establishment, preparing the new operas, which are to be brought forward in the most liberal manner, as regards the assistance of scenery and decorations. The charasses will be drilled with more than usual care.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—*MR. MACREADY* has further distinguished his admirable management of this theatre by the production upon a scale of splendour unsurpassed on any previous occasion, *SHAKESPEARE'S* historical tragedy of *Coriolanus*; or, *The Roman Matron*. Since the time of the late *JOHN KEMBLE*, whose personation of the Roman hero was accounted one of the greatest of that great actor's achievements, the tragedy has not been very frequently represented, indeed it is comparatively unknown to play-goers, but it nevertheless abounds with poetic beauties, and opportunities for the manifestation of dramatic talent; but talent of a secondary order is not able to make any impression in the leading character, and this we consider to be the reason of the play being so seldom performed. The late *MR. KEAN* attempted the character, but his style was unsuited to its severe classicality, and his figure was quite at variance with the text. *MR. MACREADY* has acted wisely in reproducing *Coriolanus* before the public, and the way in which he has brought it forward is so extraordinary, that as often as it may be performed it will always attract good audiences. The new scenery is extremely beautiful, the scenes, indeed, are a succession of splendid pictures, the Roman camp and the view of Antium, by moonlight, being superior to any scenic representations that we ever recollect having witnessed.

*MR. MACREADY'S* *Coriolanus* is one of his finest personations; it is a perfect triumph of the histrionic art. From the first scene to the last the dignity and heroism of the character is well preserved; in his first address to the mob, above whom he feels that he is so much exalted, his demeanour was that of the perfect hero, bold and chivalrous, undaunted by the presence of the factious populace; rebuking their ill tempers and their miserable and ignorant vacillation. In the scenes of battle, *MR. MACREADY* displayed all the fine heroic features of the character, and the exquisite modesty of the hero in refusing the proffered honours after the triumph at Corioli, was depicted with becoming grace and unequalled truthfulness. His manner also in the scene of the Ovation was extremely fine; his tender regard for his mother and wife, and his devotion to his country, were characterized by all those nice touches which no one so well as *MR. MACREADY* can impart to dramatic representation. His subsequent scene with his mother, the interview in the Volscian camp, and the final contest with *Tullus Aufidius*, were all played in such a manner as no other living actor could play them, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause. The other characters were well played. *MRS. WARNER* played the virage *Volturnia* to the life. She was a perfect Roman. *MR. WARDE* in *Cominius*, *MR. SERLE* in *Titus Lartius*; *MESSRS. BENNETT* and *DIDDEAR* as the tribunes, *Brutus* and *Scinius*, and *MR. ANDERSON* as *Tullus Aufidius*, are severally entitled to our

praise for their exertions to increase the effect of the play. *MR. BARTLEY* took the part of *Menenius Agrippa*, but he was suffering from severe cold and hoarseness, and was not able to do it perfect justice; but this is an error which is doubtless removed by this time, and the whole performance, therefore, may be accounted perfect. *The Cæzars*, played by *MESSRS. MEADOWS, AYLIFFE, PAYNE* and others, were the finest and truest specimens of the "nobocracy" that we ever beheld. The final scene was beautiful, and the curtain fell amidst shouts of applause.

*MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S* play of *the Lady of Lyons* continues to be highly attractive; the acting is certainly of the first-rate order, and some of the scenes are full of the most touching pathos.

**DRURY-LANE.**—*MR. CHARLES KEAN* has added the character of *Sir Giles Ocerreach*, in *MASSINGER'S* play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, to his other dramatic assumptions. This character is peculiarly adapted for the exercise of his singular abilities; the broad effective style of his acting is here quite suitable, and some of the incidents as represented by him have an electrical effect upon the audience. We consider it to be the best of his assumptions; it is full of energy and terrible effects. His scenes with his nephew *Welborne*, with his daughter *Margaret*, and the fearful one at the conclusion, when he finds that all his long cherished hopes are gone, were given with a breadth of effect which we have not seen anything equal to since the time of the elder *KEAN*. But *MR. CHARLES KEAN*, though remarkably clever and very effective, is not in our opinion a really great actor; he seems to us to be capable only of enacting what he has seen others do; but this he accomplishes uncommonly well. Indeed, with the exception of *MR. MACREADY*, there is no actor at present on our stage at all equal to him. *MOZART'S* *Zauberflöte* has been produced at this theatre, under the title of *The Magic Flute*. Considerable alterations have been made in the text by *MR. PLANCHE*, who has adapted the opera to the English stage, and the plot now runs thus:—*Tamino* (*MR. TEMPLETON*) a prince of Thebes, has fallen deeply in love with *Pamina* (*MISS ROMER*) the daughter of the *Queen of Night* (*MRS. SEGUIN*) who is leagued with the principle of evil. From three of the attendant spirits of the latter, *Tamino* learns that *Pamina* is a prisoner in the temple of Isis, whither he resolves to proceed, and encountering all the supposed dangers of the undertaking, rescue her. A droll fellow, whose avocation is that of a bird-catcher, *Papageno* (*MR. BALFE*) volunteers to accompany him, and the three sable sisters, in order to promote their success, give to the prince a magic flute, whose sound is always to be a source of aid to him in difficulty, and to *Papageno* a sort of sistrum endowed with similar virtue. By these means the two adventurers get access to the dreaded halls of Isis, but soon find that they are discovered and made prisoners. *Sarastro*, however, the high priest (*MR. PHILLIPS*) seems worthy to represent the principle of good, and instead of punishing the culprits, resolves to win the prince from his connection with the *Queen of Darkness*, and initiate him in the mysteries of Isis. The like design he entertains towards *Pamina*, and he further resolves that if both go through the severe ordeal of virtue, their union shall be accomplished. The prince is an easy convert, and the ordeal is accordingly prepared. First, to try his obedience, he is ordered to part with *Pamina*, previous to his dangerous experiments, with stoic indifference, and this, notwithstanding her tenderness and reproaches, he succeeds in accomplishing. Then his fortitude, as well as hers, is put to the test, in passing through regions of flame and regions of ice. The whole affair, which



seems appreciable nonsense, is gone through auspiciously, and the *Queen of Night* is thoroughly defeated in her machinations, and the lovers are united. In the mean time *Papageno* also encounters his mate and becomes again as merry a bird-catcher as ever, in the kingdom of Memphis, and wheedles a canary into a net. Such is the general import of the plot of the *Zauberflöte*, and a more solemn phantasy from beginning to end (*Papageno*, of course, in a parenthesis) cannot well be imagined. Yet for this has Mozart composed some of his sweetest airs and most refined harmonies. The airs, for the most part, have been equally familiar with their source, and the concerted portion of the opera, if not so well known, is, in each, and all its parts, a delightful specimen of pure, rich, and easily intelligible composition. A consistency of style, or what the painter calls keeping, pervades, in a wonderful manner, the entire work; so that the very gaieties of *Papageno* seem tempered with a discretion, subliming it from all boisterous or broad humour. We may add that in the whole opera there is very little of strong contrast, or roughly powerful effect, the concluding chorus being by far its strongest portion. Miss ROMER took the character of *Pamina*, and sung the music as well, probably, as any English vocalist could sing it. The duet between her and TEMPLETON, "*Soft pity now the breast invading*," was highly effective, and was received with great applause. PHILLIPS, TEMPLETON, and BALFE, are also to be commended for the creditable manner in which they executed the music assigned them. Upon the whole, however, the music went heavily. It was folly to produce a grand opera after a five act play. MOZART would never have suffered his Divine music to be produced as the after part of the evening's entertainments.

OLYMPIC.—We have witnessed with much pleasure a Vaudeville at this theatre, bearing the quaint title of "*You can't marry your Grandmother!*" and which the able acting of FARREN, MATHEWS, and Madame VESTRIS, renders very entertaining. Its plot is highly humorous. *Sir Rose Bromley* (Mr. W. FARREN), a by-gone Adonis, the guardian of *Emma Melville* (Madame VESTRIS), is desirous of uniting her to his grandson, *Algernon Branley* (Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS), for whom she has an evident attachment, but of whose affection in return *Sir Rose* is by no means so assured, plunged as his nephew is in the vortex of London fashionable society. The opening scene of the piece is at Richmond, where *Algernon's* presence is momentarily looked for. He arrives, but his stay is necessarily short—making but a call, *en passant*, on his way to fulfil an engagement at a neighbouring seat, where he is to meet a Miss Worthington, of whose charms he is lavish in his praise. In the short interview which takes place between *Emma* and *Algernon*, it is clear that on his part at least, every friendly feeling exists, as he receives from her, with evident pleasure, a bouquet and purse. Though mortified at his too sudden departure, she is yet delighted to find, through her Abigail, *Mrs. Trim* (Mrs. ORGER), who produces the proof, that he had treasured up, with the greatest care, her former presents. *Sir Rose*, convinced that his nephew entertains a passion for his ward, which he is only indifferent to, from deeming it secure, determines him to adopt a stratagem, to which he obtains her consent, by which his sincerity is to be tested. For this purpose they leave the vicinity of the metropolis, and from the "*Clarendon*," forward *Algernon*, first, a pair of white gloves; and, secondly, with an invitation and a piece of wedding cake. Frantic with disappointment, he determines instantly to quit England, and for ever; but previously calls to take leave of his grandsire, whom he finds

equipped as the bridegroom; and it is not until after his feelings have been wrought upon to the highest pitch that an *éclaircissement* ensues, and the lovers are rendered happy. There is an under-plot, in which, "like master and mistress, like man and maid," *Ready* (J. VINING), the servant of *Algernon*, and *Tom Small* (KEELEY), at first the page, and afterwards the full-blown footman of *Miss Melville*, are rivals for the hand of her waiting-woman, who, with the cunning and capriciousness of her sex and calling, alternately encourages the hopes of both, but eventually bestows her hand on *Ready*, for the reason, as she assigns, of the disparity in size between herself and her other suitor. VESTRIS was very admirable in the character of *Miss Melville*; she acted and sung to perfection. FARREN's character also suits his peculiar style, and he portrays it with admirable effect. The getting up of the piece reflects the highest credit upon the taste of the fair and talented manager.

Another pleasant burletta has been produced here under the title of *What have I done?* *Perkins* (FARREN), an old bachelor, passing through Rochester with the intention of attending an auction at Maidstone to purchase Roseberry Farm, has for a travelling companion in the stage a *Mrs. Bouncible* (Miss MURRAY), a lady who, previous to her marriage with *Mr. Bouncible*, had been attached to *Ensign Jenkins*, had given him her picture, and had also corresponded with him. In spite of her most earnest desire the Ensign not only refused to return these, but, to aggravate his refusal, acts the unmanly part of showing them to his brother officers. The lady, taking advantage of her husband's absence, proceeds to Rochester to claim the interference of *Colonel Sternly* (Mr. W. VINING), *Jenkins's* uncle, to induce the nephew to give up the articles in question. Being a stranger, she asks for the assistance of *Mr. Perkins*, her fellow-traveller, who becomes involved in various difficulties in consequence of his knight-errantry. *Mr. Bouncible* (KEELEY), who has come to Rochester to call out the Ensign for his showing the letters, at first selects *Mr. Perkins* as a second, but on the old gentleman stating as an excuse that he was engaged in a lady's service, and that there was a *Jenkins* in the case, he brands him as a hoary-headed go-between, and threatens to annihilate him when he has put an end to *Jenkins*. A meeting takes place between the two, and the Ensign is wounded; but *Bouncible* is arrested at the moment and taken to the Colonel's, where all the other *dramatis personæ* are assembled. Here he meets his wife; an explanation takes place; the letters and picture are given up, and the piece ends, *Mr. Perkins* being assured by all that his conduct has been that of a perfect gentleman; but no one can inform him "what he has done." All the characters having left the stage but himself, without giving him the information he solicits, he turns to the audience, and requests that some lady or gentleman will either drop him a line, or call again and tell him "what he has done."

This is an amusing little affair; and having perfect justice done to it by all the performers engaged, it has been played several times to good audiences. It is not equal to some of the author's previous productions, but is nevertheless a commendable trifle.

CITY OF LONDON.—Several highly attractive pieces have been performed at this theatre during the month, among which Mr. JERROLD's drama of *The Housekeeper* is remarkable; chiefly for the very charming acting of Mrs. HONEY in the character of *Felicia*. The management of this highly-talented actress continues to prosper.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

We have had another dull month, but few marriages have taken place in high life; Hymen has been idle and the priest's office almost a sinecure. Of those few unions of hearts and hands which have occurred since our last publication, let us first mention the wedding of the fair ELEANOR, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir RICHARD H. HUSSEY, of Wood Walton, to the Right Hon. ST. ANDREW BEAUCHAMP, Lord St. John, of Bletso, whose nuptials were solemnized by special license at the Views, Huntingdonshire, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair departed for Melchbourne, his lordship's seat in Bedfordshire, where they are spending the honeymoon—days of bliss which we hope may know no end till life itself expires.

Another distinguished pair have passed up to the sacred altar, and there offered their mutual vows of eternal constancy and truth; the Right Hon. the Earl of ARRAN, and Miss ELIZABETH M. NAPIER, daughter of Colonel NAPIER, C.B. This happy event occurred at Freshford, Somerset; the Hon. and Rev. ANNESLEY GORE, officiating.

We have also to notice the marriages of W. M. BARNES, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, to ROSA, eldest surviving daughter of JOHN SAVERY BROCK, Esq., and niece of the late gallant major-general Sir ISAAC BROCK, K.B. And on the 22d ult., at Barkby, Leicestershire, HORACE JAMES BELL, Esq., of Craven Street, London, to ELIZABETH FRANCES POCHIN, eldest daughter of the late GEORGE POCHIN, Esq., of Barkby Hall.

We have now to proceed to the melancholy part of our duty, and describe the houses in which death has made victims, and suppressed the voice of pleasure and joy, and given rise to grief and mourning. The first stunning blow of grief, as a distinguished writer has happily observed, is not the mourner's worst pang; it is afterwards, when the long roll of sorrow is unfurled, replete with recollections of the past—it is the contrast of misery with joy—it is the recollection of blooming hopes and expectations which are cut off, compared with the present utter dearth of hope, or the expectation of any coming joy, which traces as it were a map of misery before our eyes, over which we know our lone footsteps must travel the pilgrimage of life, and leaves the heart an utter wreck. Grief, lasting and bitter grief has been caused in all the circles and all the places where the footsteps of the lamented Countess of LONSDALE were familiar: for a more worthy and exemplary lady never lived; her amiable manners, and the grace as well as goodness which distinguished her conduct and deportment, will long be affectionately remembered. Her ladyship was in her 78th year, and was, before her marriage, Lady AUGUSTA FANE, eldest daughter of JOHN, fourth Earl of WESTMORELAND, sister to the present Earl, and half-sister to Lady ELIZABETH LOWTHER. Her ladyship had been united to Earl LONSDALE more than half a century.

It is not the aged alone that fall beneath death's arm, the young perish likewise, and pass away like flowers untimely plucked. We have to record the death of the young and graceful daughter of the Earl and Countess of WILTON, the Lady MARY GUY EGERTON, in her 11th year.

How fragrant is the spot where Beauty sleeps,  
That sacred spot o'er which Affection weeps,  
Where the warm tear bedews the flowerful mould,  
And seeks the cheek that's as the marble cold.

"Oh Death thou hast thy victory"—but why?  
Will thou not listen to the yearning sigh  
For those whose beauty reaches not its prime,  
"But fades like young flowers in a frozen clime.  
Thou hast thy victory"—thou lov'st to view  
The opening rose just filled with morning dew,  
Then tear it from its stem with rude rebound,  
And dash it bleeding to the ruthless ground,  
"Thou hast," indeed, "thy victory"—but mark  
That same sweet spot with waving cypress dark.  
Mark how the setting sun-beams gently rest,  
And bathe in living light its pensive breast.  
Know, from what mellow radiance we borrow  
A double promise of the "glorious morrow,"  
And an angelic resurrection morning  
Kindling lost life and beauty in its dawning.

We must also state, with deep regret, that Lord EASTNOR has been deprived, by death, of his youthful daughter, the Hon. ISABELLA JEMIMA COCKS. The deceased young lady was sister of the Hon. Miss COCKS, Maid of Honour to HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of SOMERS. Lady ELIZABETH RUSSELL died on the 13th ult., at Aix, in Provence. Her ladyship was the eldest and last surviving daughter of the late Earl of LOUTH, and, at her death, was in her 86th year. She is succeeded in all her titles (Baronies of Athenry and Delvin,) and her estates by her only son, THOMAS B. D. HENRY SEWELL, grandson of the late learned Sir THOMAS SEWELL.

CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGES.—It is confidently whispered in the fashionable circles that a Noble Lord, who has for a considerable period held a most important and responsible office in the State, will shortly be united to a most accomplished and beautiful widow, of high rank and title, and of exemplary virtue. There are, however, certain reasons why the celebration of the ceremony should be deferred for a few months. The marriage between the Hon. SYDNEY CLEMENTS, second son of the Earl of LETRIM, and the wealthy Miss GIBBONS, of Cork, has, we understand, been postponed, in consequence of the death of one of the Noble Earl's sons in Africa.

OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

We have not received the tale enquired after by C. (May Fair). It would else have received immediate attention.

*Clemantle's* "Lines on a departed friend," might serve for an elegy on a lap-dog.

We are happy to hear again from our correspondent at Melton Nowbray.

*The Tale of Mystery* is remarkable only for its obscurity. We cannot make anything of it.

*Penelope*, like her namesake of old, is spending her time to little purpose. We do not like to discourage young writers, but *Penelope's* case is hopeless.

M. Positively.

One, at least, of the prose articles of *Miranda* shall appear in our next.

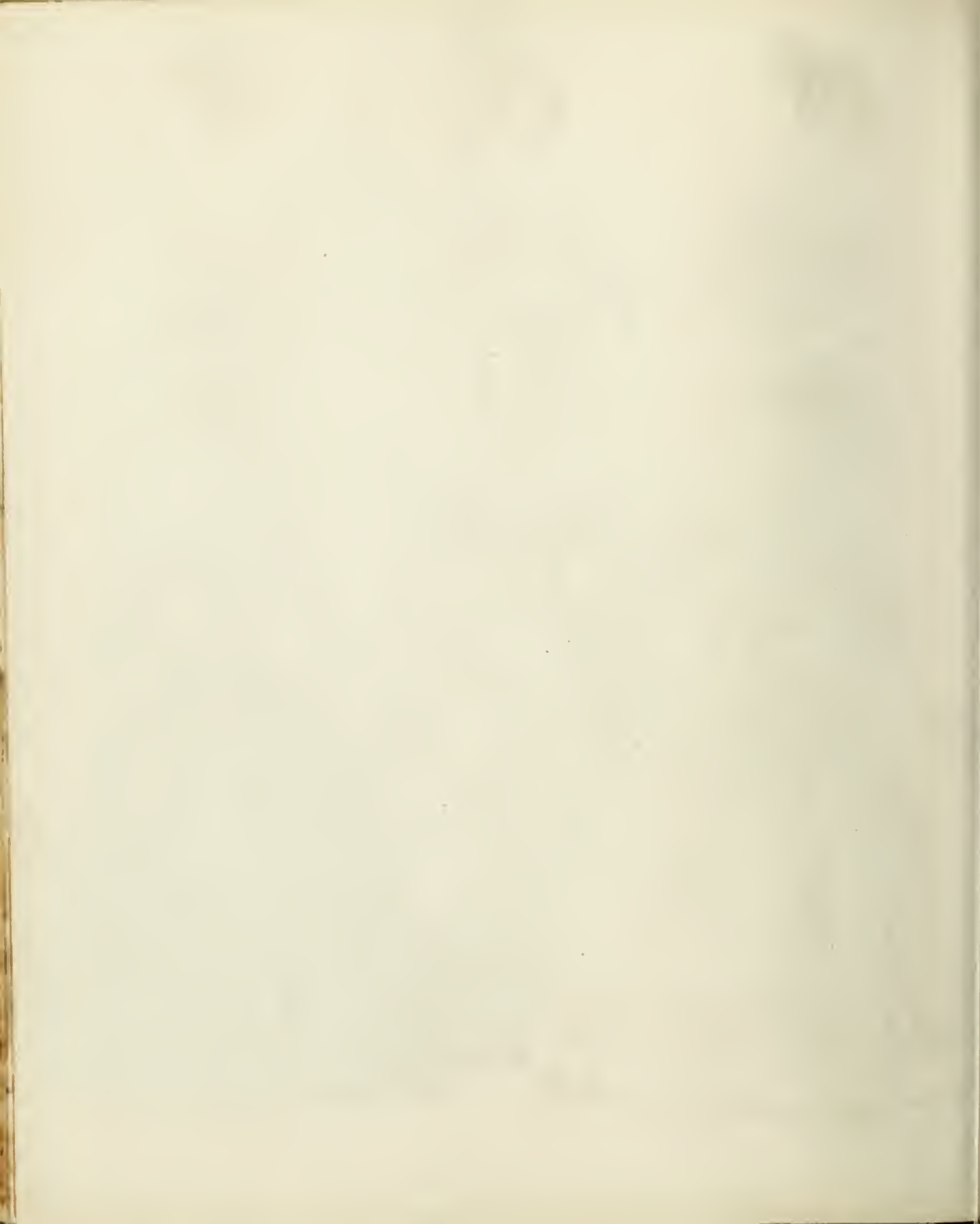
Patience is a virtue. There are those who have been waiting for an audience longer than *Henricus*, and ladies, too; yet they have not complained. A word to the wise is enough.

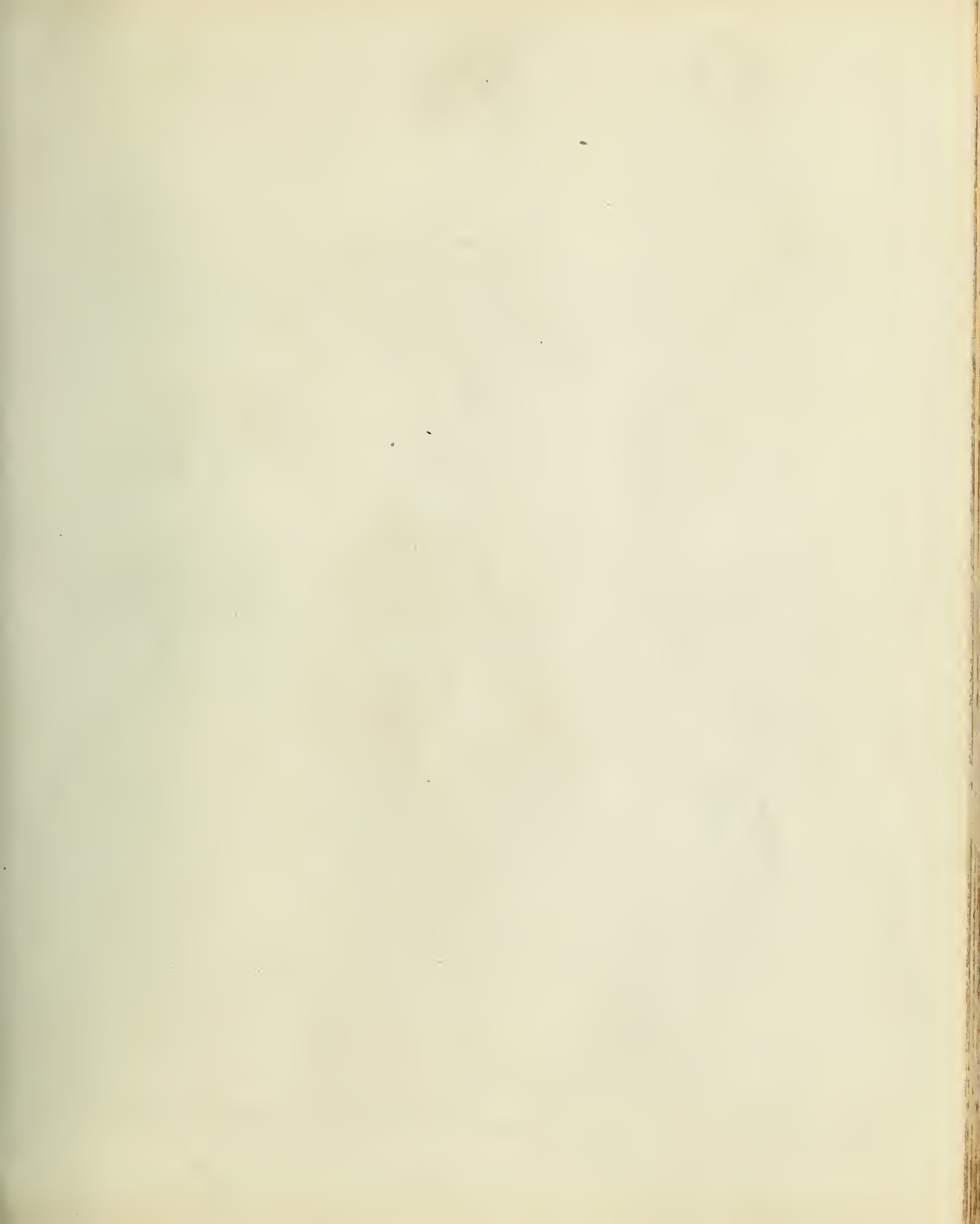
Received:—*Ella*; *G. A.*; *Countess of Wooten*; *K. L. K.*; *La Jeune Veuve*; *Miscremus*; *Lavinia*; and *Z. O. Z.*

ERRATUM.—In our present number, page 92, second line of second stanza, for "lie ambush," read "lie in ambush."



The Last & Latest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses.









*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses.*



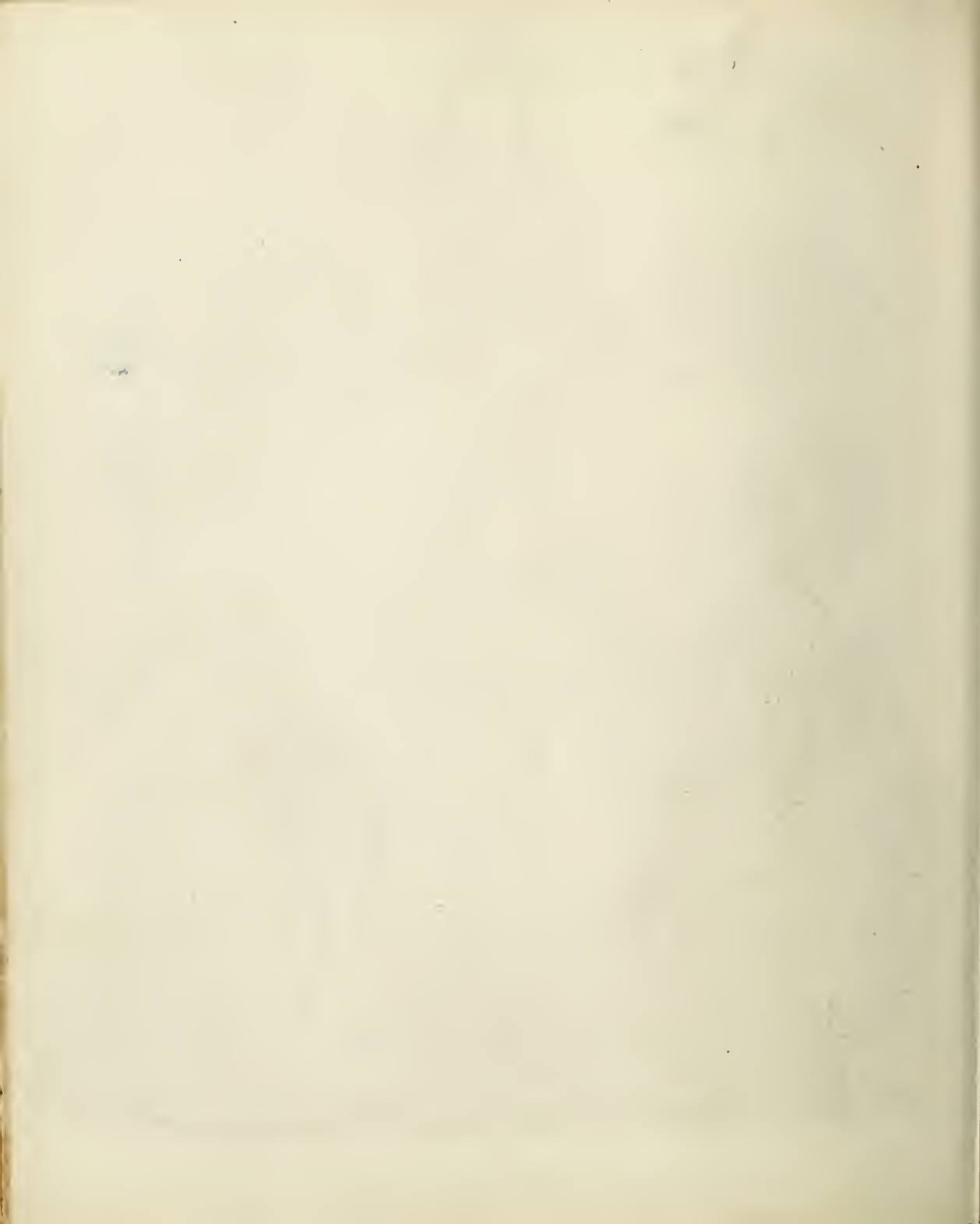








*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1898. Evening & Morning Dresses. 151*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Robe tunique* of tulle, over white satin; the robe has a double skirt, the upper one which opens as a tunic is edged round with a very broad hem through which a pink ribbon is run; a rose with buds and foliage is placed on one corner of the tunic, and another on the opposite side of the skirt; a low *corsage*, draped in very full folds round the bosom, and ornamented, as are also the sleeves, in a very novel style. Head-dress of hair à la *Seigné*, ornamented with a *gerbe* of roses.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of azure blue satin; the border is trimmed with two *biais*; the skirt is ornamented on one side with ostrich feathers, attached by knots of ribbon, with a jewelled ornament in the centre of each; a low *corsage*, draped and pointed, with sleeves of the *demi-Venétienne* kind, ornamented with ostrich feathers. Head-dress of hair decorated with a wreath of flowers and ostrich feathers, the latter inserted in the ringlets at the sides, and drooping over them.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Bright green *rep* velvet robe; the *corsage* is trimmed with a square lappel, bordered with lace; melon sleeve, trimmed with ribbon and lace; a knot with a profusion of *coques* adorn one side of the skirt. The hair disposed in platted braids, is ornamented in a very novel style, with flowers and lace lappets.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## GRAND COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—White satin robe, the border trimmed with gold blond lace; looped in draperies by gold ornaments. *Corsage à la Pompadour*, trimmed with pink ribbons, gold ornaments, and gold blond ruffles. Head-dress, a dark green velvet turban, ornamented with gold.

## MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Emerald green satin robe; black *rep* velvet mantlelet, trimmed with black lace. Pink *pou de Soie* hat; a moderate sized brim, the interior trimmed over the forehead with blond, and a single rose on one side; the crown is ornamented with blond lace, and pink ostrich feathers.

## FRENCH COURT DRESS.

FIG. 3.—White satin robe; trimmed with a superb gold blond lace flounce, and a heading *en suite*; it is raised a little on one side by *coques* and ends of *oiseau* ribbon; the *corsage* is cut very low, and is full trimmed, as are also the sleeves, with gold blond lace and ribbon. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a superb *bouquet* of ostrich feathers, and an *agrofte* of coloured gems.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## COURT BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Tulle robe over a very pale straw-coloured satin slip; the skirt of the robe is trimmed with two of the deepest flounces that have appeared, and ornamented at the top *en tablier* with *coques* of straw-coloured ribbon with floating ends; a tight *corsage*, trimmed with gold blond lace, and sleeves of three falls. Head-dress of hair, adorned with gold blond lappets.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Rose coloured satin robe, the skirt is trimmed with three flounces of moderate depth. *Corsage à la Dubarry*, ornamented, as are also the sleeves, with blond lace. The hind hair disposed in a twisted knot, is decorated with a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, and a full blown rose is placed on one side among the ringlets of the front hair.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—The robe is of lavender bloom gauze over satin to correspond; the skirt looped in the centre, is ornamented with bouquets of violets intermingled with large silver leaves. The *corsage* draped à la *Tyrolienne*, and short full sleeves, are ornamented *en suite* with the addition of knots of ribbon; a *gerbe* of flowers to correspond adorns the hair.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue satin robe; the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with the same material, disposed in a very novel style; *corsage*, *drape* and *manche à volans*. Head-dress, a *petit bord* of blue velvet, decorated with silver blond lappets, and a white ostrich feather. Silver *ceps* are placed among the ringlets on one side.

## BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A tulle robe, with a double skirt over white satin; the upper skirt open in front, is bordered with a *bouillonnée* of tulle, and ornamented with knots of rose ribbon, and a *bouquet* of gold and coloured flowers; the *corsage* is draped *en suite*, and the sleeves trimmed with *bouillonnée*. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a gold *bandeau* and flower, ostrich feathers, and a sprig of foliage.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of lilac *pou de Soie*; the *corsage* is made rather open, and the whole is bordered with *bouillonnée*, arranged by an orange silk *rouleau*. *Manche à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. White *pou de Soie* hat; the crown is trimmed with white ostrich feathers and ribbons; the interior of the brim with a wreath of flowers.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse robe of straw coloured *Pou de Soie*; the front of the skirt is trimmed with a cluster of *rouleaus* and ornaments composed of the materials of the dress. The *corsage* is quite high, and ornamented with *rouleaus*. Victoria sleeve. *Fichu pelerin* of Mechlin lace, ornamented in a novel style with ribbon. Hat of green *velours piqué*; a round and very open brim, the interior trimmed *en bonnet* with blond lace, flowers, and blond lace lappets; the crown is decorated with flowers and ribbons.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White crape robe over a sky blue satin slip. The robe is trimmed round the border with *bouillonnée*; knots of ribbon and a *panache* of the plumage of a foreign bird. *Corsage busqué*, trimmed with *bouillonnée*, and a fall of blond lace. *Slèves en suite*. Head dress a blond lace *bonnet à la Suisse*, ornamented with roses and white satin ribbon.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Grey *Pekin* robe, trimmed round the border with a single flounce; the braiding and the border of which is edged with ruby satin. *Manche à la Duchesse d'Orléans*. *Collet broché* of English lace. Hat of spring green *pou de Soie*, trimmed with white *marabouts* and green ribbons.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1838.

Fashions may this month be compared, not unaptly, to a coquette, who, finding her charms just beginning to decline, calls in all the succours of art to her aid. Thus, the modes of winter having lost in some degree their novelty, are now more sumptuous than ever; and what with new and tasteful trimmings, and some variations in the forms of dresses and millinery, the fashions of the month are well worthy of the attention of our fair readers, as we shall now proceed to announce them.

**BONNETS.**—It is as yet too early to announce any thing positive as to the forms of bonnets, but we have every reason to believe that the brims will not increase in size, but that they will be worn rather wider round the face, and not standing so much out from it. Drawn bonnets are expected to be very much in favour. Several new patterns, both of striped and plaided silks, will shortly appear for them.

**HATS** will be of Italian straw and white chip. Several imitations of the latter will, we know, be introduced, but we cannot yet say how far they are likely to be fashionable. Hats are expected to be decidedly of a large size, and there is reason to believe that the half-gipsy shape will continue in favour. Spring flowers and ribbons, the latter of new but not showy patterns, will be the trimmings in favour.

**SHAWLS.**—We see already several of China crape, and Cashmere embroidered in very rich and various patterns, the grounds are mostly light; some have the embroidery in a darker shade of the same colour; these latter are very well calculated for promenade dress, they are quiet and gentlewomanly. A new summer shawl, called *Châle-Pompadour*, is expected to appear very shortly; it is of a peculiarly light kind, ornamented with embroidery of a novel description, and trimmed either with fringe or lace.

**ROBES IN HALF DRESS.**—If we have not yet to cite new materials, at least, we have to announce a change in them; the rich but heavy velvets and satins that have been adopted during the last four or five months, have given place to *pou de Soie*, *bazinettes*, and *gros de Turquie*. As to the forms of robes, we

see as yet very little alteration. One that is much in favour is a *corsage* more than half-high at the back, and particularly open, *en cœur*, all down the front; it is edged with narrow blond lace, which is arranged in such a manner as to form a small lappel; Victoria sleeve; the skirt, quite as full as usual, is trimmed with a flounce with a full heading, which is edged with very narrow blond. We must not forget to observe that a *chemisette* of a new description is very generally adopted with these robes; it is a *guimpe à la Suisse*, of *tulle*, made quite high, and disposed from top to bottom in small longitudinal plaits; it is edged at the neck with a narrow velvet ribbon, laid on flat.

**HEAD DRESSES IN HALF DRESS.**—Those most generally adopted are caps; they are still of a very simple form, but we think more generally becoming than we have seen them for many seasons. We may cite, among the prettiest half dress caps, those of a new kind of *tulle*; it is as light as that commonly in use, but richer, the caul is low, and nearly sitting close to the head; the front arranged in flat plaits on the forehead, and two *bouffants* on each side. The trimming consists of a wreath of small flowers which encircles the caul, and some light sprigs of the same flowers placed in the *bouffants* in front. Another cap which is very much in favour, is of blond lace; the front is formed of a narrow lappel; which is placed plain and double over the forehead, but disposed in puffs at the sides, and terminates in short ends which hang upon the neck; the puffs may be formed either by ornaments of ribbon, or very small sprigs either of flowers or foliage—there is no other trimming; this is a singularly light and pretty style of cap. The *bonnets à la Paysanne*, *à la Corday*, &c., &c., which we have so often described, are still in favour. Hats are partially worn, but they do not, with the exception of the very elegant one given in our third plate, afford any actual novelty. We beg to call the attention of our fair readers to that, as we consider it one of the most decidedly elegant half dress *coiffures* that has yet appeared.

**FLOUNCES.**—We have it from the very best authority, that flounces which are now so much in favour will be continued during the summer, and that they will be worn narrower than at present, but with two, three, or even four upon a dress, so as to reach nearly to the knee. Spite of our devotion to *La Mode*, we cannot help entering our protest against this act of her sovereign authority. If the fashion was confined to Brobdinagian *belles*, it would be all very well; but what are the Lilliputians to do if the mode becomes general? It is certain that a little woman, however pretty and symmetrical her form may be, can never look well in these trimmings. We would, therefore, engage undersized *belles* not to go to the extremity of the fashion; they should confine themselves to one flounce of moderate depth, or too very narrow ones; it would be still better if they did not wear them at all, and if a skirt without trimming does not please them, let them adopt some other kind; they may be sure they cannot choose any that are more unbecoming.

**HEAD-DRESSES IN GRAND COSTUME** correspond in splendour with the robes; turbans *à demi voilée* are in great request, they are of crape, lace, or gold or silver blond lace; they take their name from the manner in which the ends are disposed. *Petits cordons* have lost nothing of their distinction; in fact, it is one of the most becoming as well as elegant head-dresses of the season. We shall cite as the most perfect model of this kind of *coiffure*, one that has recently appeared; it is composed of granite velvet, the edge of the brim is encircled by a string of pearls; a knot of velvet, placed on one side, supplied the place

of the feather which usually ornament these head-dresses ; it was secured by a superb *agraffe* of pearls, and terminated in long floating ends, which descended nearly to the knee. Caps are also in great favour in full dress, particularly velvet ones of an entirely novel kind ; the crown fits close to the head, and is terminated by a small curtain cut *bias*, and so disposed as to lend itself to the movements of the neck ; it is really a very graceful accessory. The front is formed by wreaths of green or red currants with gold foliage ; these little sprigs extend as a wreath upon the forehead, and form tufts at the sides. A simple style of cap, but one that is adopted even in the fullest dress, is of very rich blond lace ; it is ornamented with wreaths of flowers without foliage, these wreaths are sometimes even composed of the petals of flowers. There is no ribbon employed for these caps. We may cite as a very pretty cap, somewhat in this style, one composed of *tulle*, and trimmed with a wreath of roses disposed *en Mancenini* ; that part of the wreath which adorned the forehead was rather small, and was not covered with *tulle*, but the roses which fell upon the cheeks were enveloped in it ; the caul of the cap was very small, and without ribbon.

NEW SPRING FASHIONS.—Embroidery will this spring be more in favour than it has been for some years past. We have already seen several new patterns both for robes and pelisse robes, trimmed with flounces. Several of white or light-coloured *pou de Soie* are embroidered in silks of striking colours. We may cite, as an elegant model of these dresses, a pelisse robe of white *pou de Soie* embroidered in a sprig of *terre*, with a foliage of two shades of green ; the stalk is *marron* and the seeds red ; a small pattern in azure blue ornaments the space between each sprig. Embroidery will also be very much in favour for light summer materials, as *tulle*, muslin, and *organdy*. *Tulle*, embroidered *en appliqué*, will be very much in request.

SPRING EVENING DRESSES.—It appears certain that a marked degree of simplicity will take place of the present splendour. We have already seen some robes of India muslin and *organdy*, without any other ornament than white, blue, or rose-coloured satin ribbons. *Organdy* will, no doubt, be very much in favour, both plain and figured, white and coloured. White and delicate coloured flowers, and also wreaths of foliage will be very extensively used for trimmings of robes ; they have a very pretty effect on tunics ; and there is no doubt that the tunic form will be generally adopted through the summer. We have already seen some of India muslin, both clear, and jaconot trimmed with very rich lace ; the skirts will be either of cambric or muslin, embroidered in one or several rows *en riviére*, and edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

SPRING COLOURS are expected to be pink of the most delicate tinge, various shades of rose, several light shades of green, lilac, pale straw, light blue and *poussiere*. For silks, &c., in outdoor dress, neutral colours will be universally adopted.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Balls and *Sorrees* are the order of the day ; indeed, it is universally acknowledged, that there has not been so brilliant a winter for the last eight years. As to outdoor costume, the changes that have taken place in that, are rather a resumption of the fashions of last autumn, than actual novelties. This cannot be wondered at, when we reflect that the time for *long-champs* approaches, and with it the spring fashions, from which

we may promise our fair readers next month a very rich harvest. In the meantime our prints will testify, that the present month is by no means barren in elegant novelties. We now proceed to lay before our fair readers, such further intelligence as we have been enabled to gain.

CAPOTES.—Those of the drawn kind are more in favour than last month, but the swan's-down or *marabouts* that edged the brim, is once more exchanged for a *riche* of *tulle*. Wadded capotes are almost entirely laid aside, and the few that continue to be worn are all of light colours. The only decidedly novel capote that we have to announce, and a very elegant one indeed it is, is composed of *pou de Soie*, either pale pink, blue, or white, and is trimmed with English lace, which encircles the crown, and is edged round the bottom by a wreath of white Persian lilac to correspond ; a smaller tuft of lilac adorns the interior of the brim over each temple. It is not the season to expect much novelty in *chapeaux* ; the forms remain the same, but the trimmings are lighter than last month ; feathers are less in vogue, a good many are decorated with a sprig of velvet flowers or foliage, which issuing from the right side, surmounts the top of the crown, and droops on the left near the cheek. If the interior of the brim is trimmed, it is either with flowers only, or flowers intermingled with blond lace, or *tulle* ; in either case the trimming descends upon the cheeks as low as the chin. We must observe, that this fashion, which is now very generally adopted, is in nine instances out of ten unbecoming, but fashion is a despot, who will allow no resistance to her sovereign authority.

MANTELETS-CHALES have resumed their vogue since the weather has been too warm for mantles. We refer to our prints for the only novelty of that kind that has appeared ; the variation in the form, though slight, renders it more graceful. Large square shawls of velvet and satin, have also been again brought forward ; they are in general trimmed with fur, but some bordered with black lace have re-appeared. Some that may be termed decidedly novel, and that we think are very likely to be favorites during the spring, are composed of the finest Cashmere, with a border embroidered in detached bouquets of flowers in coloured *Chenille* ; the border is rather broad, and the colours very vivid ; the Cashmere is always of quiet colours ; the effect is at once neat and tasteful.

FURS begin to decline in favour, or rather we should say, they are worn according to the weather ; when that is very severe, they are adopted as usual, but when the day is mild, the muff is laid aside, and a flat fur tippet of the scarf form, somewhat broader, than half a quarter of a yard, and from one yard and quarter to two yards and half in length, is adopted instead of the large palatines, which have hitherto been worn. We have good authority for saying that swan's-down will preserve its vogue, both for boas, and trimmings, until the weather becomes extremely warm.

LINGERIE.—All collars adopted in morning dress are of a small size ; the *petits collets broché*, which had rather declined in favour, have regained their vogue. Small round collars are also very fashionable ; but what shall we say of the exquisite perfections to which embroidery is brought at present ; it rivals the richest laces both in price and appearance. English net embroidered in a new stile of *broderie appliquée*, is coming very much into favour, and is expected to be extremely fashionable during the summer.

PROMENADE ROBES.—Very little change has as yet taken place in the materials of robes *seile*, ones are, however, more general, and those of Cashmere, poplin, &c., are little seen. No altera-

tions whatever has taken place in *corsages*. Sleeves are neither tight nor large; a good deal depends on the fancy of the wearer, or of her dress maker, and we see with pleasure, that particular attention is paid to the *tournaire* of the wearer; this is much better than the indiscriminate adoptions of any form of sleeve, which while it is becoming to one, may be decidedly disadvantageous to another. The *manches à la Jardinière*, are upon the whole the most in vogue, and may, indeed, be pronounced the most generally becoming, they are made tight at the shoulder, and with a very deep tight cuff buttoned on the inside of the arm. In some instances the sleeve is not cut tight on the shoulder, but when that is the case, the fulness is confined by a flat piece cut in the form of a V, which comes from the shoulder, and descends upon the arm.

**CORSAGES IN EVENING DRESS.**—They are a good deal ornamented. Some with draperies, others with blond or real lace: we must observe that gold and silver blond has lost nothing of its attraction; several new patterns have lately appeared, some of which unite great richness to an extreme degree of lightness. *Corsages* are all worn cut very low, the most novel stile of trimming is composed of three ribbons which issue from the shoulders, and meet in the centre of the bosom, they are laid on flat except at the ends, which are full, and which thus forms a new stile of drapery. Another ornament for a *corsage*, which forms the shape in a very graceful manner, is a drapery of the material of the dress, laid on in folds of a very light kind, and terminating in two rounded ends, which cross in the centre of the bosom; draperies of this latter kind are always edged with narrow blond or real lace.

**SKIRTS IN EVENING DRESS** continue to be ornamented with flounces; they are disposed either in two or three rows, or else arranged in drapery. Those robes that are made without flounces, are usually looped on one side to display the under dress. The ornaments employed must be in unison with the materials of the dress; thus, bouquets of flowers for erape or gauze dresses, and ornaments composed of ribbons and blond lace for silk ones; gold and silver blond is in particular request for this purpose, it is arranged in a knot, with which precious stones are sometimes mingled.

**ROBES TUNIQUES** are frequently made with the *corsage* which we have described above as being ornamented with ribbons. These dresses have a double skirt, the upper one, which opens in *tunique*, is edged with a *bouffant* of ribbon; towards the centre on the left side is an *agraffe*, from which a broad ribbon falls in drapery, and is attached on the right side, near the bottom, by a knot with two long floating ends.

**COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX IN EVENING DRESS**, have this winter certainly suffered a complete revolution; they are now in fact brought almost to a uniform degree of plainness. The hind hair is always arranged in a twisted or a platted knot at the back of the head; it is placed very low, almost, indeed, at the nape of the neck. The front hair is disposed in ringlets à l'Anglaise or in braids à la Clovis.

**ORNAMENTS OF COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX.**—Fashion gives unbounded liberty to her votaries; flowers, jewellery, what they please in short, for variety is the order of the day. The only stile that we can distinguish as being most generally adopted is that of a *guirlande*, forming a wreath on the head, and descending in a tuft on each cheek at the side. This form may be applied to all kinds of *guirlandes*, whether flowers, ribbons, or jewellery. Velvet flowers are a good deal intermingled with caps of gold or silver, and where as is often the case, red or green velvet leaves are employed to ornament the hair, they

are frequently sanded with silver or gold; the effect is beautiful, particularly when the leaves are intermingled with rich lace lappets.

**MASQUERADE DRESSES.**—They offer this season less variety and more splendour than we are accustomed to see; ribbons of light colours, and materials of a slight kind are laid aside. We see every where figured satins, brocades, and damasks; ribbons of a great variety of colours, and embroideries of a showy and bizarre description. The costumes adopted by ladies of high rank, are those of the days of Louis XV, the *fallalis* and powdered *coiffures* of the Pompadours and the Dubarrys. Another and very opposite style which is also in favour, is the national costume of the Dutch ladies. Although black dominoes are those most generally adopted, they are not considered so elegant as coloured ones. Some of those latter, well worthy of notice, are composed of rose-coloured reps trimmed with marabouts; others are of *relours épinglé*, some trimmed with marabouts, and others with flowers. We may remark en passant, that the masquerades this season have been woefully deficient in well supported characters, and consequently very dull.

**BALS DE FAMILLE.**—Long gloves of black *filé* are very much worn in these parties; they are trimmed at the top with *ruches* of lace or jet. Black lace lappets also are frequently intermingled with flowers in *coiffures*; thus we see a sprig of roses attached on one side by a knot of black lace, the ends of which fall upon the neck. In other instances, a *popillon* of diamonds is inserted in the centre of the knot, and the flowers are not employed. Another pretty style of *coiffure* for these parties, is a knot of velvet formed by a *bias* band doubled with very long ends; it is attached by two gold pins on one side.

**PETIT BAL DE LA CŒUR.**—As none but the elite of the nobility appeared at this ball, we have made a selection of the most strikingly elegant dresses from the many splendid ones that were seen there. Before we proceed to detail them, we must observe that the English ladies present, were equally remarkable for the brilliancy of their beauty, and the elegance and taste displayed in their dresses.

**COUNTESS OF C.**—A robe of white *tulle* over one of the same material on a white satin slip; the upper dress had the skirt raised on each side by two small wreaths of blue bells, intermingled with silver *ceps*; they looped the dress about half-way to the waist, thus forming a drapery sufficient to hang with an easy and graceful fulness; a half wreath adorned each shoulder, and a *bouquet* in the centre of the *corsage*. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a wreath of blue bells, intermingled with diamonds.

**MADAME DE S.**—A double robe of white gauze, bordered with silver fringe in such a manner as to perfectly form a tunic. The under drops was also bordered with silver fringe.

**MADAME DE V.**—A white gauze *lise* robe and tunic, bordered only with a plain hem. The *corsage* ornamented with a knot of diamonds in the centre, and another placed on each sleeve. The *coiffure* was composed of a *bouquet* of diamonds placed on one side of the head.

**LA COMTESSE SAINT A.**—A robe of white *Pekin*, raised on one side of the skirt almost to the *ceinture* by a *bouquet* of roses, thus producing a large drapery, which displayed the under dress of white satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of *dentile de Soie*. *Corsage à point*, and tight sleeves, trimmed with *manchettes*, each looped at the bend of the arm by a rose. The hair was decorated with a wreath of roses, placed very far back on the head.



## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THE  
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;  
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## VISCOUNT BERESFORD.

“O, fear ye nothing, good Sir Earl,  
Our arms are sound and tough;  
Ere sunset comes, each foreign churl  
Shall vow he's had enough:  
Of England's fearless sons we come,  
Free as the ocean's wave;  
The path of honour is our home,  
'Tis conquest, or the grave.”

The noble individual whose name we have written above, owes his fame and honours solely to his personal exertions, and is a bright example of the force of merit. He is one of those dauntless heroes to whom England stands so deeply indebted for their exertions during a long and harassing war, when the interests of Great Britain were materially injured by the most daring and persevering of foes, beneath whose combined force our country must have fallen, had it not been for the extraordinary spirit, talent, and heroism displayed by the officers entrusted with the arduous task of combatting with the enemy, and by whom that task was most gallantly performed. Lord BERESFORD is connected with the WATERFORD family, and of course, therefore, with the noble DE LA POERS, of the ancestor of whom, Sir ROGER DE LA POER, who accompanied STRONGBOW, Earl of PEMBROKE into Ireland, CAMBRENSIS writes, “It might be said without offence, there was not a man who did more valiant acts than ROGER DE LA POER, who, although he was young and beardless, yet he showed himself a lusty, valiant, and courageous gentleman, and who grew into such good credit that he had the government of the country about Leighlin, as also in Ossory, where he was traitorously killed; on whose slaughter a conspiracy was formed among the Irish to destroy the English, and many castles were destroyed.”

The father of Lord BERESFORD was GEORGE DE LA POER, first Marquess of WATERFORD, but not by his Marchioness. At his entrance into life the wide world was before him, and all the objects of his ambition were to be carved out by his sword. He was introduced into the profession of arms, and at that period opportunities for the manifestation of talent, spirit, and heroism were frequently afforded to the young aspirants for fame; of these the subject of these biographical remarks did not fail to avail himself, and not unfrequently was he to be seen in the thickest of the fight, daring death at the cannon's mouth, and leading on his soldiers to conquest and glory. He served in the Peninsula with the highest credit, and distinguished

himself in several important actions, more particularly in that of Albuera.

It seemed as if new hearts were stirred,  
When by each the Beresford call was heard;  
More fiercely then the battle raged;  
The English chivalry engaged—

Some two, some three, some four:  
With desperate energy all fought,  
And mighty deeds of arms were wrought,  
As fresh foes to the charge were brought  
Against the British corps.

Charge after charge the Frenchmen led,  
And left a towering pile of dead;  
Many a chieftain's banner fell,  
Never its blazoned folds to swell  
Again, all proudly in the gale;  
Left for the focman's hand to trail  
In dust and gore along the earth;  
And many a youth of noble birth,  
Whose soul as glanced the morning sun  
His polished shield and casque upon,  
Was mounting with chivalric fire,  
And thought ere night to tell his sire  
What maiden feats had graced his arms,  
Lay cold, and safe from war's alarms!

Victory rested upon the Englishman's helm; the battles—and many and well fought ones they were—terminated in the triumph of the British arms; and the proud insulting foes stricken to the earth and humbled, our gallant heroes returned to their homes rejoicing. Among these distinguished men was the brave BERESFORD, who immediately obtained the reward to which his services well entitled him. On the 17th of May 1814, he was created Baron BERESFORD of Albuera, and Dunganvon, in the county of Waterford, and in the same year an act of Parliament was passed granting an annuity to Lord BERESFORD and his two immediate successors in the Barony. On the 24th of March 1825, his Lordship was advanced a step in the Peerage, he being then created Viscount BERESFORD. During the Peninsular war his Lordship obtained the following foreign titles, *Duke of Elvas*, *Marquis of Campo Major*, and *Count of Francoso*, in Portugal. His Lordship has also had the following additional honours bestowed upon him at various times, G.C.B.; K.T.S.; K.F.M.; and K.F.

For several years his Lordship remained a bachelor; but, eventually, tired of the monotony of a bachelor's life; he offered his hand to Mrs. HOPE, the widow of the distinguished scholar, and ornament of society. Mrs. HOPE, was a lady of exquisitely refined taste, and whose house, which contained one of the richest collections in England, was the constant resort of the highest order of fashionable society. This Lady attracted the attention of the gallant bachelor, who then began to think with the poet, that the world might as well be without a sun as a man without a wife.

O, woman! what were life, but one  
Dark hour of withering toil and care,

H

Did not thy smile, the faded sun  
Of hope relume and gleam upon  
The else unblessed air.

Some heavenly wanderer might rove  
At times across our joyless sphere,  
But, O! the heart whose tremblings prove  
How ample is its weight of love,  
Would not be here.

Lord BERESFORD led Mrs. HOPE to the hymeneal altar, and we doubt whether any reward which he has obtained for his gallant services in the field, has been productive to him of greater happiness than the society of this amiable Lady.

The arms of Lord BERESFORD are as follows, *ar.*, semée of cross crosslets fitchée, *sa.*, three fleurs-de-lis of the last, all within a bordure, wavy penn. Crest, out of a mural crown, *or.*, a dragon's head, per fesse, wavy, *az.*, and *gu.*, pierced in the neck with a broken tilting lance in hand, *or.*, and holding the upper part of the spear in the mouth. Supporters: Two angels *ppr.*, winged and crined, *or.*, vested, *ar.*, each holding in the exterior hand, a sword of the last, pomels and hilts of gold, and charged on the breast with three fleurs-de-lis, *az.* Motto: "Nil nisi cruce." The seat of Viscount BERESFORD is at Dunganvon, in Ireland.

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#### SOUVENIRS.

##### No. I.

We part, and must live separate  
From each others gaze;  
Yet fancy will thy form create,  
To cheer me in life's troubled maze.

Adversity would only fan  
My love; and though we part,  
Nor time nor distance can  
Efface thee from my heart.

##### No. II.

The stream of time,  
In its course runs free,  
'Till it falls on the breast  
Of eternity's sea.

True friendship and love  
Are pure and sublime;  
And glide on till death,  
Like the stream of time.

##### No. III.

I will not say "Forget me not;"  
I know that thou can'st ne'er  
Forget me, or each lovely spot  
Where we have oft-times breath'd a pray'r  
Of hope unto our God;  
For absence will still more endear  
The paths we have together trod,  
When none but God was near.

Nottingham.

R. T. MORRISON.

#### A MAIDEN'S FAITH.

By the Author of *The Puritan's Daughter*.

"The Maid was true, but the Knight ——."

OLD ROMAUNT.

In one of the most beautiful vallies of the county of Westmoreland, was situated the quiet, neat, and unpretending mansion of the rector of Hartlebury, Dr. Trevor; the living was not a rich one, but with some little assistance derived from the exercise of his talents, it enabled him to vie, in many respects, with his more wealthy neighbours.

His sole care had been for some time bestowed upon his only child, Marion; all that remained to remind him of one he had once most fondly loved, but whom the withering hand of death had torn from him a few short years after their marriage, Marion Trevor was, at the time of the opening of our story, nearly in her sixteenth year, rather inclining to be tall, of fair complexion, with regular features, and her hair—which hung in luxuriant profusion down her neck—was of the richest auburn. Thou wilt say, gentle reader, we have drawn a picture of woman's beauty, such as the romancers of old were wont to do; the fairest points of woman in all her loveliness, strewed with no unsparing hand upon the page. It may be so; and yet do we paint from nature; the form in miniature is now before us, and the pen falls merely as the limners pencil, the faint tracings scarcely shadowing forth the original.

It has been said, a father is ill adapted to form a daughter's mind, and that the education bestowed suits not the taste or habits. This is a libel upon woman, for it would argue that they are too frivolous to bear the impressions grafted upon them by a master mind. If we look back upon the page of history, we shall find some of the brightest ornaments who have graced the sex have had some learned man as their instructor; and even in private life we must remark that in many—many instances, women so educated have given proofs of intelligence and strength of mind, which may be ascribed to their earliest studies being superintended by a father.

Dr. Trevor saw, with proud satisfaction, his daughter's growing beauties, and though at times a half suppressed sigh would escape him, it was at the recollection that just such a one had her mother been, ere her untimely fate had snatched her from him; and deep and fervent were his prayers that his child might be spared. He had also some misgivings as to an application that had been made to him by his old college friend and patron, Lord Allandale, that he should receive his son for a few months, in order to finish his education, which he had almost completed at Oxford, but illness requiring a change of air, the county of Westmoreland had been recommended. Under other circumstances Dr. Trevor might have refused, but the peculiar nature of the case, and the esteem he possessed for his friend, induced him to comply, and the honourable Henry Perceval became an inmate of Hartlebury. His age was about twenty, his personal appearance highly prepossessing, though his dark complexion and darker hair gave him much the character of a native of a southern clime, attributable to one of his ancestors having married into a Spanish family of high rank, and the union was frequently to be traced in after generations, by the descendants bearing so strongly the dark complexion and cast of features of the Lady Allandale, in whose veins the Spanish blood had flowed; and still more singular was the striking resemblance borne by many of the Allandales to a portrait

painted by an unknown Spanish artist, in her youth, the likeness of which was said to be very great.

The air of Westmoreland soon worked a change in Henry Perceval, he daily gained strength, and the kind attentions of Dr. Trevor were duly appreciated by his pupil; he felt himself more at ease than in the stately mansion of his father: the beauties of the county were not without their attraction, nor did these lose anything in his estimation in that they were pointed out to him by Marion Trevor.

At the end of some months he received a letter from Lord Allandale, saying, that as he found from Dr. Trevor he had so much improved in health, he intended him to spend some time on the continent. To this letter Henry Perceval replied, that of late he had not been so well as he could desire, and that he wished to remain a few months longer in Westmoreland, to perfectly establish his health. To this his father acceded, and the ensuing summer was fixed as the period of his departure for the continent.

The time passed quickly away, for, as our readers have ere this guessed, Henry Perceval was deeply—passionately in love with Marion Trevor, and that love was returned with all the warmth and ardour of a woman's first, best, and purest love. Woman in her first love invests the object of her adoration with a feeling almost approaching to divinity. With man it is not the same; there is not that purity of feeling—that abstract devotion, raising it to something higher than the feelings of common life. With woman it is like a vision, an unreal shadow, never—never to be converted to reality, and like a dream it vanishes, having only a resting place in the imagination, where it was created. Man exists not in nature as woman in her love paints him; the bright-tinged feelings of her fancy forms a being that has no existence elsewhere.

The evening previous to the appointed departure had arrived. Henry Perceval and Marion were alone in the drawing-room, the windows of which looked for miles over the valley, and the deep red sun was casting its crimson glow on all around. The time and place seemed well attuned for lovers' vows; and long ere this had Henry Perceval told the story of his love.

"You will," said Marion, "in your travels, see scenes more beautiful than this, and you may then think our native scenery tame by comparison."

"Scenery, however beautiful, becomes fixed in our memory by association with other objects: the fairest the earth could produce would lose its attractions for one, wanting yourself, Marion, to grace the foreground."

"I shall often watch the sun setting upon these hills, and think, Henry, where you may then be; perhaps, too, you may then think of me, and my prayers (a deep sigh almost rendering the words inaudible) will ever be to preserve you."

"Marion, there is for me no danger except in your imagination; and wheresoever I may be, you will ever be the first and foremost in my thoughts—but Marion," and as he spoke a cloud came over his brow such as she had never seen before, and she felt as he caught her hand a slight convulsive tremor, "there is some strange fatality about our race, that all we love seems to turn against us, some wild story of my Spanish ancestress is said to be the cause; something wild and fearful of her marriage; it is said she married against her heart's consent, her affections being bestowed upon some one of lordly birth, but too poor to gain her parents consent, and the marriage with Lord Allandale was reported to have been almost by force; after the Priest had pronounced the benison (for they were Catholics then) a figure who had watched the proceedings

advanced towards the bride, and in a whisper loud enough for all around to hear, said 'Mark me false woman—nor thee, nor thine shall ever know requited love that leads to happiness. Even thy descendants shall be cursed, for before the altar I pray to heaven to curse them; I pray they may love as I have done, and then bring a curse on all, and leave their hearts a sad desolate blank ——,' the man would have proceeded, but at the sound of his voice the bride had turned towards him, faintly exclaiming, 'Mercy, mercy, spare me this!' and, overcome by her feelings she fell against the bridegroom, who, unprepared, allowed her to fall to the ground, her forehead struck against the stone steps of the altar, and her bridal dress was covered with blood; in the confusion that ensued the author of the mischief escaped.

"It was a fearful marriage," said Marion, the growing darkness of the evening adding gloom to the story, "it makes one quite shudder."

"The curse was on our race, and a sad one it has been. We never reared a thing that came to love, but in time it turned against us; did I rear even a dog it would in time tear the hand that fed it; all things that show affection have turned to hate us; all—but the charm must break in time. Marion, you will not live to hate me?"

"Henry, I have loved once, and only once can my heart feel as it does for you; what years may bring forth heaven only knows, they will not, however, find me wavering in my faith."

"I believe you, Marion," said Henry, and putting his hand to his breast, he tore asunder a black riband that fastened something round his neck. "Wear this," said he, giving her a curiously worked gold cross, "it was a gift to my Spanish ancestress, by whom given can only be conjectured; wear it for my sake, think of her who first wore it, and when you turn to hate, return it to me."

"I accept the pledge," said Marion, smiling, "when I turn from love to hate, you shall receive your token, and that will be when ——"

The sentence remained unfinished by the entrance of Dr. Trevor into the room, and no further opportunity offered of resuming the conversation. On the following morning Henry Perceval left for the seat of Lord Allandale, having previously to his departure reiterated his vows to Marion. We may here briefly state that a few days after his arrival at his father's he left for Spain, on a visit to the family with whom the Allandales had intermarried.

Marion soon after lost her best and truest friend by the sudden death of her father, and it was with deep regret she found herself obliged to quit the scenes of her youth which were hallowed in her memory by so many happy hours. She was, however, by no means thrown upon the world; a distant relation of her mother's dying without issue had left her all he possessed, which afforded her ample means of doing as she wished; but soon after the last obsequies had been performed to her father's remains, she had quitted Westmoreland, and gone none knew whither.

Our story now runs over a space of more than three years, and the scene has shifted to the banks of the Guadalquivir, to Andalusia's capital, the princely Seville, of which the Spanish proverb sayeth, *Quen no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla*, but Seville, like most other Spanish cities, has been for years declining. But of that no more. We speak not of the times of Philip II., when Spain was in its glory, when the Indies, Italy, Portugal, and the Netherlands, were subject to its sway,

but of some sixty years ago, when Spain, though declining, was still a rich and powerful country.

In one of the most magnificent hotels in all Seville, and in a room, the massive splendour and luxuriant decorations of which told plainly that it had belonged to one of the wealthiest and most noble of Spanish families, was seated Henry Perceval, now the head of the Allandale family; he was busied looking over some papers, dictating occasionally to a secretary, seated at some little distance from him. The occupation, however, in which he was busied seemed irksome to him, and rising from his seat he exclaimed, "We will finish this another time—let us turn to something more welcome." The secretary bowed obedience, and approached his lordship to receive his further commands.

A casual observer could not fail to remark the appearance of the secretary. He was a very young man of rather slight make, and somewhat under the middle height; his looks told plainly, also, that he was foreign to the country, that he was, in fact, an Englishman. A deep melancholy seemed to have fixed its gloom upon his countenance, since he was rarely, if ever, seen to smile, and scarce any thing had power to draw him from the solitude of his chamber.

The circumstance of his first entering Lord Allandale's service was somewhat romantic. His lordship was returning late from a party where the play had been high, and his lordship was a considerable winner: little heeding the hour, and thinking over some trifling circumstances of the evening, he was much surprised at hearing some one exclaim in his own language, "For God's sake, my Lord, protect yourself!" He turned just in time to parry a thrust that would doubtless have proved fatal. His antagonists, two in number, though foiled, were not so easily to be beaten off, and Lord Allandale, although he was practised with the sword, had nearly his equal; his countryman endeavoured to assist him, but being a stripling and unarmed, he was of little aid in the contest. A lucky thrust, however, brought one of the assailants to the ground, and the noise of approaching footsteps made the other seek his safety in flight.

The person who was wounded, to Lord Allandale's great surprise, proved to be one of those, from whom he had just won the money, a younger branch of one of the first families in Seville. The wounded man writhed in agony as he perceived himself to be recognized, and Lord Allandale merely remarked to him in scorn, that "he had thought the noble cavaliers of Spain were used to forewarn a man before they drew upon him, and not like a hired assassin strike in the dark. However, sir, you are safe. The contempt I feel for your conduct will make me silent; you are free, sir."

His countryman, however, required his immediate attention, for he was evidently wounded, as the *paler* of his countenance and some spots of blood plainly indicated, and assistance being procured he was conveyed to his lordship's house, but nothing could induce him to allow a surgeon to visit him; he persisted in denying he was wounded, and the only desire he had was to be allowed a few days' quiet, when his health, which had been for some time declining, would, he hoped, be restored.

It was some weeks before he recovered, and Lord Allandale's conviction was still firm that he had been wounded, though the reason of his so pertinaciously denying it was more than he could conjecture.

The youth's story was soon told, he was an orphan, almost without friends, had been recommended to a house in Seville, as corresponding English clerk, but found on his arrival that the

house had failed, and was then remaining in Spain until either he could return to his own country, or circumstances should throw something in his way. Lord Allandale offered him the situation of secretary to himself, which the youth gladly accepted.

Charles Herbert, as the secretary was named, had been but a short time enabled to leave his chamber, so that he had not hitherto been much employed by his lordship; he knew, however, several circumstances respecting his lordship, of which the world made no secret, namely, that he was deeply enamoured of some Spanish lady, whom he intended to marry, and that to please her and her connections he intended to embrace the Catholic faith, but both the circumstances were said to prey deeply on his mind, though the infatuation of beauty still lured him on, and left him without the power of retracing his steps.

"Herbert," said his lordship, "I will get you to carry this letter to the Senora Inez, you will then see one of the loveliest of women, a paragon of beauty."

The secretary took the letter in silence. "What think you, resumed his lordship, of the Spanish women? Are they not most beautiful?"

The secretary replied, "My lord, to me my own countrywomen are fairer than all others."

"Yes, yes," said his lordship, hesitating, "but they are cold—heartless; no warmth—no feeling—"

"My lord," said the secretary boldly; "you wrong them, as an Englishman should not; they are true to their faith; it is the wrongs they suffer from men, make them what they seem; a woman whose heart is broken by an ill-requited affection may suffer in silence, but she feels as much, aye, and more than those who are loudest in the expression of their passion. You do not know a woman's heart—it is not what you conceive it, but men are easier led by words than actions."

His lordship remained for a moment in thought; the secretary's speech had evidently struck a chord that jarred deeply in his heart; he tried, however, to efface the unwelcome monitor that was rising in his breast, and forcing a smile, replied, "You have been in love, Charles, that you speak so feelingly."

"I have, my lord!"

"Was the object of your choice handsome?"

"A lover always fancies the object of his choice is beautiful beyond all others!"

"And was she true?"

The secretary answered not!

"She was false then."

"My lord, I loved. I say not that she was false or true. I only say I loved, and fancied I was loved again; the miner knows not the value of the ore until he tries the vein; it may be deep and rich, or it may lay lightly on the surface."

"I think you have been disappointed; and yet you speak in glowing terms of woman."

"My lord, I speak as I feel. I may have erred and wrecked my happiness in life, for that I feel is gone, alas! for ever, but why throw on others the fault that was my own. Your lordship may not understand my feelings. I will not obtrude them upon you. Your Lordship has never loved an Englishwoman, and can therefore know them but little."

Lord Allandale did not answer, but pressed his hand deeply on his brow.

"Your lordship is not well?"

"I am a villain. I feel and know it!—Oh God! what is the infatuation that leads me on, step by step? 'Tis like the yawning

gulf of a precipice, whose jaws only gape for my destruction. And yet I cannot fly. Leave me; I wish to be alone."

"My Lord," the Secretary meekly replied, "shall I wait an answer to the letter?"

"An answer—an answer; oh, I remember—no—stay—give me the letter," and snatching it hastily from the Secretary, he tore it in pieces. "I know not what I am about.—I am ill at ease, leave me now, Charles. I shall be calmer presently."

As the Secretary was leaving the room, he turned to ask if there were any letters for England, as the post was just leaving.

"None."

The Secretary still lingered, hoping for another answer, but none came, and as he left the room, an air of deep sorrow and dejection was visible on his countenance.

In the evening the Lord Allandale paid a visit to the Lady Inez, but that visit was not a satisfactory one; the foul fiend of jealousy had taken hold of his heart, and he had seen and heard much that tended to confirm his suspicions and excite feelings far akin from those tender ones that should be the forerunner of matrimony.

It was in this gloomy disposition that he returned late to his princely hotel; his feelings deeply tinged with remorse for his conduct towards Marion Trevor. As he entered the hotel he was informed that his Secretary was dangerously ill, and wished most anxiously to see him. He hurried at once to his chamber, which he then entered for the first time.

The Secretary motioned that those who were present should leave the room, leaving him alone with Lord Allandale. The night was far advanced, and the moon shed its soft pure light through the gothic casement with unusual brightness, falling on the invalid's bed almost like a mid-day sun. His Lordship took his seat by the bed-side of the Secretary, and taking his hand within his own, said—

"My poor boy, you seem ill, what has happened to you?"

The Secretary withdrew his hand quickly, but not before Lord Allandale had remarked it was exquisitely delicate, and beautifully formed.

"My Lord," said the Secretary, "that which has happened to me has oft times happened ere now, and will again. I have loved and been deceived; it is a story often told, and yet until we feel the bitter desolation of heart-broken despair, we know not how much we can suffer."

"You are unhappy! Be not dispirited; better times may come; hope that the bright and sunny side may turn to your view; the gloomy shadows you are raising are but the offspring of some sudden illness!"

"My Lord, for me there is no bright and sunny side. My hour is fast approaching; the subtle poison that is working in my veins leaves me not long to live; nor would I do so;—my own hand has done the deed, and may Heaven forgive me, for it but knows what it is to live as I have done." As the last words were spoken, the Secretary with much difficulty raised himself in the bed, and throwing aside the dark hair that Lord Allandale had always hitherto seen, allowed him to observe that it was false, whilst the real hair was rich auburn. "Do you not recognize me? or am I so changed that none will know me?"

"What do I see?—can it be possible, or do my eyes deceive me? Can it be Marion Trevor, and here? What does it mean? Here is some fearful mystery I cannot explain."

"The meaning is soon told; but I fear me I have not strength to do it; my brain is on fire, and my veins seem as

though they would burst with each convulsive throb; the poison is fast working its way, and——"

"Nay. I will fly for help! Some remedy may be found! It cannot be too late!"

"My Lord, I do command your stay; I have but little now to tell; in a few moments it may be too late! It was some three years since you parted from me in my father's house; our vows of love and constancy being interchanged; how you have kept those vows your own heart can best tell. I need not say the reports concerning you I did not and would not believe; and being alone, the world before me, and mistress of my actions, I determined to see and judge for myself; the disguise I have assumed, you know; but not how hour by hour and day by day I have followed your footsteps; you do not know what I endured to be near you; I will not repeat, suffice it that I found myself forgotten, and another holding that place I alone had hoped for; but it matters not now. I have not sought you to mention these circumstances, but you may remember that you gave me this cross, bidding me when I loved you no longer, to return it to you. I have worn it ever since, because I have loved you until now; but I will wear it no longer, it should belong to another—take it—take it from my sight—it was an ill-omened gift. I have been unhappy from the time that first I wore it;" saying which she thrust it into his hands. "I feel happier now."

"Oh Marion, forgive me;—forget the past;—I will be yours and only yours—I have erred—I know and feel it now; look upon me and say that you forgive me. Will you not forgive me dearest Marion?"

Marion spoke but feebly, for her strength was fast leaving her. "Henry Perceval—there is my hand—I do forgive you; but had I years to live in lieu of the few brief moments that remain to me, I would not be yours; to be your wife in name, but not in your affections. No, no, I would not be your wife."

"On this cross, and before Heaven, I swear, Marion, never to call any other by the name of wife."

The vow had come too late, for she heard it not; a deep sleep seemed to have come suddenly over her; a sleep not like death's semblance, but death itself; her features were so placid, since no struggle marked the transition from sleep to death, that it was some time ere Lord Allandale became convinced that Marion Trevor was no more. He looked for some time on the still beauteous form before him, in silent contemplation. After a few moments, however, he exclaimed—

"And this have I done!—The only being that ever loved me is my victim. Oh God! the curse of my race is on me; that all who come to love, turn—no—no—she did not hate me. Poor Marion! You could not hate—it was not in your nature; and have I wronged thee for one who cares not for me. I have been in a dream—a hideous dream; but the sad reality is before me. Oh Marion, Marion; what you felt do I now feel; but it is too late. You cannot hear me now, but here I swear that none shall ever hold thy place. I will live and die a solitary man, and never more court affection. My love, alas an untrue one, will rest in your remembrance, and though living I have wronged you, such atonement as man can make will I make, by stealing my heart for ever from woman's love or friendship.

Our story is almost told; Lord Allandale's marriage was broken off with the Lady Inez, and he returned to England a sad and melancholy man, estranging himself from the world and

its amusements, living constantly at the seat of his ancestors in the strictest seclusion; true to his vows he died unmarried. The title and possessions passing to a distant branch of the family, the curse is said to have ended with him, since it is no longer considered that to love an Allandale is the forerunner of some dire calamity.

AN ELDERLY LADY'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

Young ladies! to you I address  
Remarks from experience made;  
With candour you hear me confess  
I am proud to be called an Old Maid.  
Then, make up your minds not to wed,  
'Tis a step you can never recall,  
The best of the sex, it is said,  
Are the greatest deceivers of all.

A friend of mine married a Count,  
With beautiful curly black hair,  
His mustachios were quite *comme il faut*,  
His whiskers were quite *de bon h-air*;  
But alas! she discovered at night  
He rested his wig on a block,  
And the blockhead he looked such a fright,  
That she never recovered the shock.

Miss Twigg, with ten thousand a-year,  
Who married Lord Tom of the Guards,  
He took half her cash to pay bills,  
And lost the remainder at cards;  
He then sent her home to her friends,  
And charged her to lead a new life,  
To think not of worldly concerns,  
Which soon put an end to his wife.

Ellen Brown loved a man with fine teeth  
So even, so smooth, and so white,  
But alas! there were not more than two  
To which nature gave him a right;  
Too late the fair Ellen discerned  
That this worthy and excellent sage  
Had borrowed a whole set of bone,  
To conceal the defects of his age.

Miss Prudence, who married a saint,  
Her sanctified hopes to increase,  
But alas! at the end of a year,  
He ran off to France with her niece.  
Miss Josephine married a Lord,  
For the sake of a peaceable home,  
But there is a report gone abroad,  
Of a wife and six infants at Rome.

'Tis a great consolation to me,  
To feel that all danger is o'er,  
I've passed through life single and free,  
And my age is approaching three-score!  
I shall make up my mind not to wed,  
'Tis a step I can never recall,  
The best of the sex, it is said,  
Are the greatest tormentors of all!

E. CORIE.

BIJOUTERIE;  
OR, THE STRANGE EVENTS OF A WEDDING DAY.

Sweet heart, could I buy thee,  
With gold or its worth;  
I would not deny thee.  
The wealth of the earth.

GOETHE.

"Love's gift's wax poor, when lovers prove unkind."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Well! I never saw such a splendid collection of jewellery presented to a lover!" said the Dowager Lady Clackfusson, as she gazed upon the casket of her pretty young daughter, Clarissa, who had become very much enamoured of a pale mustachioed, foreign nobleman, the Count Fanfaron, an accomplished waltzer, who had turned the heads of a multitude of young ladies by his surpassing "poetry of motion," which had opened to him the doors of all the fashionable houses in London. He had obtained an introduction to one of the ladies-patronesses, and the consequences were constant subscriptions to King Street, St. James's. How he obtained the introduction is a different thing. But it is sufficient to know that he *did* get introduced, and that the introduction had all the desired effect. There are equally extraordinary things happening every day.

Well, Clarissa fancied that she loved the Count; and there was no disputing the point that the Count loved Clarissa, or at any rate that he was sincere in his desire to make her the "sole partner and sole part of all his joys,"—in other words, to lead her to the hymeneal altar, which simply means, to make her his wife.

Now, Clarissa thought it would be a very excellent match, and so did her estimable parent, the venerable Dowager Lady Clackfusson, as worthy a creature as ever lived; so kind, so generous, so charitable, so credulous! She would never believe any body dishonest till she found them to be so; she subscribed to all charitable institutions and mendicity societies, took servants from refuges for reformed criminals, and had the satisfaction of knowing that her own nature was good, although she frequently had occasion to deplore the loss of her jewels and plate.

Clarissa was a model in miniature of her mamma; she had a little more sense than she had been born with, but so very little, that although it would not have been perjury to swear to the fact, the amount of increased wisdom was so trifling, that we question whether we might not, with it, beat the ingenious writer of Homer's *Odyssey*, who endeavoured to put his work into a nutshell. However, Clarissa was a pretty little girl, with a profusion of nice flaxen hair; her eyes were blue, and her cheeks were of delicate red; to be sure there was no soul in her countenance, but there was a great deal of plain English humanity.

Mother and daughter were both amazingly taken with their new acquaintance, the Count Fanfaron, and the presents which he made her were absolutely astonishing. His heart bled rubies, and his eyes dropt pearls. "What a magnificent chain!" exclaimed the Dowager, holding up a thick matted piece of work, of great splendour; "and what charming pearls!" turning over a necklace—"and what sumptuous rings!" Indeed, it is doubtful whether the Dowager did not wish herself some score of years younger, that she might rival the pretty Clarissa in the affections of the foreign Count.

The Dowager's son, the young Sir Roger Clackfusson, had

not so high an opinion of the foreigner's merits, the latter had endeavoured to persuade the baronet to play with him at games which Sir Roger knew were favourites with the sharpers at low gambling-houses, and though artfully enough the stranger enforced his arguments, the baronet withstood his solicitations, and suspected him ever afterwards.

"My dear mother," he said one day to the Dowager, "be upon your guard with respect to that foreigner. I suspect him to be no better than he should be."

"Sir Roger Clackfusson!" exclaimed the Dowager, bridling herself up, "I trust that I shall always consult the honour and dignity of the family."

Sir Roger was a quiet young man, and therefore he *said* no more upon the subject; what he *did* will appear in the sequel.

The wedding day was fixed. Sir Roger had endeavoured to prevail upon his sister to break off the match, but in vain; the young lady had more than a little of the old lady in her, and following the dowager's example she treated her brother very disrespectfully; told him that her fortune was at her own disposal; and that she would marry her footman if she pleased. This both the ladies called spirit.

Well, as we have said, the wedding day came; the dowager was in full bloom, radiant as a peony, and Miss Clarissa all blushes and trepidation. The coaches were all at the door; Clarissa could take no breakfast—she was earnestly solicited by the venerable dowager to insinuate but a small piece of the breast of a chicken between her lips, or a trifle of ham, but in vain; her heart was beating too violently; her thoughts were too much occupied upon the transformation that was about to take place in her state, and the ceremony at the altar in which she was to take so prominent a part. She could not eat, nor drink, nor speak. She was completely overcome by her feelings, and thought each hour an age.

Eleven o'clock came: but where was the bridegroom? Enquiry was made for the Count Fanaron; but, alas!

"No County Guy was there."

A quarter past eleven, and the company had all arrived; but still no Fanaron! Half-past eleven, and the bride elect went into hysterics!

Twelve o'clock came, and all the party were in a state of consternation, which, as the novel writers say, "may be more readily imagined than described." It was absolutely twelve o'clock, and there was no bridegroom!

Let any lady fancy herself at twelve o'clock on the day appointed for her wedding, and with no bridegroom present, nor any tidings of him to be obtained; and that lady will then have some idea of the peculiar state of embarrassment Clarissa was in when she heard the French clock in the drawing room strike twelve, and no Fanaron there!

The Dowager's anxiety was not less great. Poor dear old soul! she put forth such symptoms as made the company apprehensive of her expiring suddenly of spontaneous combustion.

The ladies and gentlemen assembled thought it strange, exceedingly strange; and then surveying the delicacies of the season that were spread upon the table, they thought, it a pity that justice should not be done to the worthy hostess's hospitality, and while poor dear Clarissa was in violent hysterics in her chamber, and the dear good Dowager was ever and anon

popping her excited head out of window to see whether Fanaron was coming, the ladies and gentlemen assembled pledged each other, and made themselves better acquainted with the delicacies on the table.

Presently a coach was heard to stop at the door, "Here is the bridegroom!" exclaimed the whole of the party with one accord. "Here is the bridegroom! Now we shall have the happy wedding!"

Presently the room door opened, and in walked—not Fanaron, but Sir Roger Clackfusson. He was in a very excited state. "Where is the Dowager?" he exclaimed.

"Here!" replied that worthy lady, who had hurried down stairs, upon hearing the knock, believing, as the rest had done, that it was the bridegroom.

"Well, Madam," exclaimed Sir Roger, "I suppose you are by this time convinced that there will be no wedding to-day."

"No wedding!" responded the Dowager, "And why not, Sir?"

"Because the gaoler will not give the intended bridegroom up!"

The gaoler! cried the whole party, simultaneously.

"Yes," said Sir Roger, with provoking calmness, "It is much to be regretted that my worthy parent did not make such inquiries as I felt it to be my duty to do, before she admitted a foreign rogue as a suitor to her daughter.

"A rogue!" cried the dowager.

"A rogue!" exclaimed the company in chorus.

"A rogue!" responded Sir Roger, "A common gambler. I last night caused the police to break into the den where he and his confederates were practising their tricks, and this morning the knaves were carried before the magistrates, and sent to jail in default of bail!"

"O!" cried the dowager, and went into a fit.

She was soon restored, and the first words she uttered were, "What is become of my two thousand pounds?"

Alas! the dowager, moved by a representation of some misunderstanding between the Count and his banker, which prevented a remittance from arriving at a particular time, had lent the rogue two thousand pounds!

"But then, there are the jewels—the costly gems which the Count gave to Clarissa," said the Dowager, after the first burst of grief had subsided. "There are the gold chains, and the pearl necklaces, and the rubies and brilliants, and, at any rate, though not equivalent to my unfortunate two thousand pounds, they must be worth a considerable sum."

"You had better take them to a jeweller, and ascertain the real value of them," said Sir Roger.

The Dowager stepped into Sir Roger's carriage with the baronet, and directions were given to proceed to their jeweller's in Bond Street, who having inspected the precious gems, pronounced them to be all deceptions, and not worth five pounds.

"Madam!" exclaimed Sir Roger, "What do you think of your French Count, now?"

"O, the villain!" was all that the phrensied Dowager could say; and away she hurried to console the afflicted Clarissa.

Poor girl! Her brothers perseverance had prevented her from becoming the prey of a mere adventurer, and though, naturally enough, the little *belle* was furiously angry because she had lost a husband, she soon afterwards rejoiced, for then she had a worthy suitor, and eventually she became a happy wife. The Dowager never interfered in the match-making way again.

TO N — D —, Esq.,

*On hearing him declare his opinion that the writer would be  
fickle in love!*

You say in love that I shall change, I will  
When ocean yields the treasures up to man!  
Yes! — when the earth is on its axis still,  
When of our lives we know the utmost span!  
Yes! — when the needle points unto the west,  
And when the sky hath lost its azure blue;  
Yes! — when this hand hath sunk to silent rest,  
My heart shall change,—'till *then* believe it true.

O! deem'st thou not "appearances deceive?"  
'That tears may lie ambush 'neath a smile?  
Or that the heart which feels most deeply, leaves  
No sadden'd trace to mar gay pleasure's wile?  
Or that the breast which truly loves, will hide  
Its feelings from the (would-be numerous) few,  
Who'd list—affect to pity—turn aside,  
And, like thee, say, that it could *not* love true.

Tho' nineteen summers scarce have pass'd me o'er,  
And I may seem a wayward, reckless girl;  
Believe, I feel as much, perhaps e'en more,  
Than some whose features seldom wear a smile.  
Tho' doubted still by thee, a heart have I  
As faithful, and as foad, as e'er love knew;  
One that *could* feel with that intensity,  
Which bursts its chords, yet leaves the heart most true.

I know some maiden's hearts, which love—forget—  
And love with fervour for the second time;—  
Again deceived—another lulls regret;  
But, then, their hearts are larger far than mine!  
For I could find but room for one, and he  
Would be the star to guide my whole life through,  
To bless or mar my wayward destiny;  
And lead till death the heart he should find *true*.

Then do not judge,—but let the coming time  
Mature love's flower, whose germ is in my heart;  
Which lies so deeply hid, whose tendrils twine  
So firmly round they form of life a part;  
And when it blooms, be thou then, near to note  
Its size—its strength—its changeless hue;  
Its fadeless leaves—its firm unswerving stalk;  
See that it droops not—see that it is *TRUE*. MARY.

## A D V I C E.

*Translated from the German of Graf von Platen.*

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Ne'er my friend drink *drop by drop*,  
But the passing moments *drown*;  
Sipping, tasting, never stop;  
All joys with a bumper crown!

Nor undecided must thou stand  
'Tween pleasure and regretful care,  
When fortune offers you her hand,  
Seize it promptly, while its there!

## THE DREAM OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Love, art thou waking or sleeping?  
Shadows with morning should flee;  
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?  
Open thy lattice to me.  
Sunlight each sorrow beguiling,  
Youth should be gentle and free,  
O! when all nature is smiling,  
Wilt thou not smile upon me.—BIRD.

It was the bright summer time; when the heart rejoices in the sunlight; when every pleasure produces superior enjoyment; and music has Divine power; and the eyes of light, and words of truth, and love which is imperishable, elevate the human soul, till it is im-paradised in bliss. Belinda was reclining upon a satin couch, idly regarding the playfulness of a Blenheim spaniel, the gift of Lord Mountarlington, which had bereft the couch of one of the exquisitely delicate kid gloves, which Belinda had thrown upon it on the previous night, after her return from Lady Castle-ville's ball: and already possessed of all that woman's ingenuity could conceive a wish for, she was in a state of *ennui*: she was very beautiful, and the world had told her so in all the varieties of poetry and prose, until she almost wished that some one would discover some imperfection in her loveliness, that they might censure, and so change the unvarying theme.

She was young, rich, and beautiful; yet she was unhappy. She was a heiress, and she delighted in expending her wealth in doing good; yet she was unhappy. She had lovers, but she had heard and read so much of the ingratitude of man and the inconstancy and tyranny of husbands, that she resolved to live and die in what folks call single blessedness, but which Belinda found was solitary misery.

She became a coquette, a flirt, a jilt; she gave encouragement to all; fanned the flame of their disquiet: had a smile for all, and homid words were constantly upon her ruby lips. She received all suitors that came, and never dismissed any; she continued to hold them in soft captivity until their patience gave way, or their spirit could not brook the treatment they experienced, and then Belinda received their *adieux* with as bright an eye and as light a heart as when they came to kneel before her shrine.

She had become tired of pleasures, and tired of lovers; only three of the latter remained, however: the first of whom was Lord Mountarlington, a peer of pedigree, who traced his lineage up to the conquest; who made overtures with a list of his ancestors, and believed there could be no greater recommendation to the heart of youth and beauty than a magnificent genealogical tree.

The second was Sir Alexander Fillagree, a youth of elegant pretensions, a slightly-formed gentleman, of unrivalled taste in matters of costume. He lisped, and seemed to be conscious of the pleasing effect of the imperfection, by the eternal smile which was upon his face, and which said, or seemed to say, "Am I not a fascinating creature?"

The third was the second brother of a nobleman of high distinction, but who, alas, inherited only the fortune of second brothers in general. His income was but moderate, and, therefore, he was placed in the profession of arms. He was a Captain in the Guards. His pretensions to Belinda's hand were small, and his humility was great; he worshipped her with intense passion, but almost silently; he felt that she was far above him, that his hopes were presumptuous, that he was



encouraging a passion that would not be required, but with that perseverance, even though despairing, which is a characteristic of true love, he continued to hover about the object of his heart's idolatry, living in the smiles of the loved one, though he felt assured that like the painted moth which flutters in the flame until it is destroyed, his heart would perish in the brilliancy of his lady's eyes.

It may be, that Belinda was reflecting upon the characters of those three lovers, on the eventful morning in question, as she reclined on her couch, gazing upon the playful antics of her spaniel; for she sighed deeply and frequently. And it must be confessed here, that although she had not the most remote idea of altering her state, yet she had a strong partiality for the third young gentleman, Captain Algernon Waverley, and appreciated his merits, which she believed to be far—very far—superior to those of the other candidates for her hand.

As she was musing upon these things, a butterfly of surpassing beauty flew through the open casement and alighted upon her hand. It appeared, like herself, to be overpowered with fatigue and *ennui*, for when Belinda sought to make it a prisoner, the beautiful creature of the air merely fluttered its wings, coquettishly, and suffered itself to become the beauty's prize.

Belinda's first thought was to preserve this splendid creature; but after a moment's consideration, she felt how cruel it would be to imprison the butterfly of a moment, in the bright summer time, when it would languish and die for want of the flowers, and light and air in which its beauties were formed; and after feasting her bright eyes on the splendour of its wings, she set the captive free.

The butterfly flew from the casement, and Belinda watched it coquetting with all the bright flowers in the garden beneath, now lost in the bosom of clustering roses, and again hidden in the deep bells of the golden lilies. At length it flew away to other scenes, and newer beauties, and Belinda saw it no more.

Three months after this, Belinda was again reclining on her couch, but this time a letter was in her hand from Captain Waverley. Tears were upon her eyelids, which the contents of her humble lover's letter had produced there. He had written to say farewell for ever! He had disclosed to her his true and constant passion; he had written to her his burning thoughts, which he could no longer endure, and he resolved upon quitting her presence for ever. He had made arrangements for exchanging into a regiment which was about to embark for the East Indies; but, he finally said, that if she could requite his love, a word from her would detain him.

Belinda was perplexed. She loved him; but then, her pride opposed her love. She was a wealthy heiress; he but an officer in the Guards. Had he been a man of wealth, she would have married him; but his comparatively humble means were an unsurmountable obstacle; and while the sincerity of his affection brought tears into her eyes, her ambition resolved to return no answer to his letter.

Such were her thoughts when she sat looking out from the window upon the garden below, which had appeared so beautiful in the gay summer time, but which now presented very woeful and melancholy aspects, for it was a dull wet day at the end of October. The flowers were all gone, and the leaves seemed to have died, also, of grief. Suddenly something flew past the window; presently it came again, and fell upon the balcony outside.

It was a dying butterfly. And Belinda, throwing open the casement, took the perishing wreck of beauty into her white

hands. It seemed to her to be the same butterfly that had flown to her in the summer time—but how changed was its appearance! There were the traces of its beauty in its wings, which were now enfeebled, and dingy and dirty; it no longer flew dashing along, but, unable even to crawl, fell upon its side at every attempt to move. It had been an object of praise and admiration, but was now one for pity and commiseration.

Belinda was affected at the sight, and she endeavoured to restore her old acquaintance, but her efforts were all in vain; the sands of its life had run out; the day of its existence was passing rapidly away.

Suddenly the butterfly appeared to raise its head, its eyes seemed to be pervaded with intense fire, and a soft low musical voice fell upon Belinda's ear.

"Gentle lady," said the butterfly seem to say, "you see in my condition the result of coquetry and pride. You knew me in my days of youth and glory, when every inducement to pleasure was proffered to me, and every rose upturned its beautiful lips to my kiss. Then I was a proud and happy thing. How delightedly I used to roam among the odoriferous flowers, and hear their whispered words of delight and praise! But now you see me in my days of age and of sorrow; when all the fair beings who praised me are become indifferent or cruel; and all the flowers, my old companions, are gone; and the birds are far away, and the bees which made music in the summer sunshine, are all in their happy homes. I have no far away place of rest—I have no home. I am alone—aged—friendless—desolate! The song-birds in wintery weather mate together, and derive happiness from each other's consoling notes; but there is no companion for me. I feel that I am dying, but there is no voice that will pity me, there is no eye that will shed tears over my remains! Ah! lady, in the days of our youth and beauty, when the world is praising us, and all who look upon us regard us with satisfaction and delight, we should make to ourselves some particular friends, who might cheer these our latest hours, and be true to us when all others are false, be kind when all others are cruel and ungrateful!"

With these words, the butterfly fell upon its back, and Belinda saw that it was dead.

It was past six o'clock when Belinda's maid thought it necessary to awaken her mistress, for she had engaged to dine with Lady Claremont at seven. For be it understood, gentle reader, the above was but a dream.

Belinda, on a dismal October day, had gone into her boudoir, and for lack of other amusement, threw herself upon her couch, and fell asleep. The death of the butterfly was, of course, but a dream.

"I will not dine with Lady Claremont," said Belinda, after a moment's consideration. Send to her ladyship—say that I am ill—say anything——"

"But, my lady! exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, "you know that Lord Mountarlington will be there, and——"

"O, I detest Lord Mountarlington!" was Belinda's reply.

"Well, but, my lady," remarked the talkative maid, "you know that it is highly probable that Sir Alexander Fillagree may be there, and——"

"Sir Alexander Fillagree is a coxcomb!" exclaimed Belinda pettishly, "and I wish never to hear his name mentioned in my presence."

"Well, if ever——!" continued Mrs. Thompson, whose tongue having been wound up for the evening, did not stop going, "Well, if ever——! But is your ladyship positive that you will not go to Lady Claremont's to-night?"

"Positive. Most positive," said Belinda, "and so no more words, or I shall be angry, Thompson."

Mrs. Thompson saw by Belinda's eyes that it would be imprudent for her to say more; so she put a check upon her machinery, and slowly moved out of the room.

Belinda remained in deep thought for many minutes; she was evidently considerably agitated, for many tears fell from her lustrous eyes. It may be that the dream had no small portion of her thoughts. Certain it is that presently she desired that her writing desk might be brought to her; and within a few moments the following brief epistle was penned.

"Captain Algernon Waverley need not go to India in search of happiness, if it is to be secured in England by

BELINDA."

The result may be conceived. The dream of the butterfly had its effect; and Belinda took a companion for "wintry weather," in the shape of a husband; and he was Captain Waverley.

AMYNTOR.

LINES WRITTEN AT LAKE GORMERE,  
IN YORKSHIRE.

By Mrs. George Norman.

Oh! 'tis here that the dreams long fostered afar,  
Of glory, of grandeur, of honour, of war;  
'Tis here they come o'er me, and present appear,  
As down on thy bosom I gaze—bright Gormere.

From heights where the eagles of Rome were displayed;  
From heights where the bones of her mighty are laid;  
I look down on the surface of Gormere's soft lake,  
And hear the loud echoes around her awake.

While the wild fowl, shrill screaming, flies over the wave,  
Scarce stooping an instant her feathers to lave;  
While the finny tribe, striking from shore, disappear,  
I gaze on thee wond'ring, soft, stilly Gormere.

I have stood on the brink, in morning's soft dew;  
Around thee I've sailed, while the cold rough winds blew;  
I have paced o'er thy green banks, when autumn leaves  
sear  
Were falling beside thee—sweet—lovely Gormere.

When winter was casting his snows on thy breast,  
When with white silv'ry crests all thy mountains were  
drest,  
When cold heavy storms our bright fire-sides endear,  
I have stood by thee—e'en then—pellucid Gormere.

Soon, too soon, may I quit thee, and thy rocks drear and  
wild;  
I may leave the lov'd haunts, where I roam'd as a child;  
I may go; but with fairer—more splendid scenes near,  
I shall think on thee fondly—deep—noble Gormere.

Gormere!—Thou art shining with Eve's sunny ray,  
The gleams of the Bee-God now fast fade away;  
Like them, I shall leave thee; like them, disappear;  
May I, like them, return to thee—placid Gormere!

THE MIRACLES OF BEAUTY.

"Without the smile from *Beauty* won,  
O! what were life?"

CAMPBELL.

Beauty, beauty! says a modern romancer, what floods of intense delight hast thou not poured in thy richness over my senses and my soul! What deep rapture, calm from its very excess, have I not drunk as I have stood gazing on thee, enrapt—gazing on thee as an abstract thing!—as an embodying of the essence of all loveliness!—as the palpable presence of the beautiful to mental vision! Poets have delighted in singing the praises of beauty, philosophers have admitted its potency. It has a majestic power. There is certainly no attraction equal to it. You may search Westminster Hall for a week, and yet not find a lawyer willing to take up an opposite argument, and those area description of gentlemen who are not remarkably scrupulous. Beauty is the grand mover—the pivot upon which the world turns. Beauty is the all-pervading feeling. It is universal. Every body can understand it, from the prince down to the peasant. Homage is paid to it in the salons of St. James's, and also in the clay cottage of the humblest rustic in the land. My Lady Dulcibella, who is turning the heads of all the *beaux* of fashion, is not more successful in her sphere, than is plain Mary Jones, in a mob-cap, among the swains of her own little native vale. Your friend and you meet in St. James's Street. He says, "Ah, Colonel —, I had the indescribable pleasure of an introduction to Miss —, to-day." What is your first question? Nay, deny it not; is it not, as sure as fate, "Is she fine looking?" A regiment marches through your native town—Jove! what a substantial scarlet fever do they bring along with them; and mark their eyes! Were the orders "eyes front," not a man should escape a court-martial for contempt of commands—for, behold, it is eyes left, or eyes right, or any where else where there may be other and fairer eyes to meet them—all, all are in search of beauty. A scapegrace in riding gently along the king's highway, or any other way, passes a female form—he makes a graceful twist upon his saddle, looks back. And why? To see whether the girl be pretty, to be sure. Three such fellows ride through a village—what are they looking for? Not for exercise—nor for mine host—no, but for his pretty daughters. We breakfast at an inn; a somewhat delicate hand pops down a salt-celler right beneath our nose, just as we are decapitating our first egg—that hand seems an index to something above, and we look up—why? to see whether our Gany-mede is pretty, to be sure. An actress appears upon our stage. She may be blessed with whatever talents you please, but that is not the question—is she lovely?—is she beautiful? Very! is the reply. Oh! we *must* go to see her; and the unfortunate beauty is besieged by eyes and eye-glasses, which might well put her out of all countenance, had not the tyrant custom brazened her to the effrontery of such attacks. In short, attachment to beauty in our pictures, beauty in our houses, beauty in our colours, beauty in our plants and flowers; but, more than all, female beauty, seems to be a native and a British feeling, which grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength, and doubtless more native, and more inherent with us, from the happy circumstance that so many of those lovely beings surround us in this our highly favoured and abundant land in female beauty—for who has not been charmed with the just and ingenious confessions of all sojourners, of the superiority of British loveliness.

EDITH AND HAROLD ;

OR, LOVES' MEMORY.—(*An Historical Tale.*)

“ Well—thou art gone, and I am left ;  
 But ah ! how cold and dark to me,  
 This world of every charm bereft,  
 Where all was beautiful with thee.”

MONTGOMERY.

The battle of Hastings decided the fate of Harold, the Saxon king of England. The Norman William conquered, after a desperate conflict, and “ merry England ” fell into the hands of its invaders. Our purpose in reverting to this part of our history is for the sake of illustrating the female character of the time, and shewing that even in that rude age it possessed all that beautiful and touching tenderness and truth, devotion and heroism, which may with justice be said to be inseparable from the female character. Edith, a Saxon of surpassing beauty, poetically called “ the swan-necked,” was beloved by king Harold ; their affection had endured for a long time, and was only broken abruptly by the death of the monarch, in the fatal conflict to which we have alluded. After the battle, the mothers, wives and children of the poor Saxons who had fallen, came to the conqueror's tents to solicit permission to bury the bodies of their relations, which had been stripped and plundered by the exulting Normans. That of Harold was humbly begged of the conqueror by two monks of the convent of Waltham. When they approached William the Norman, they offered him ten marks of gold for leave to carry away the remains of the monarch who had been their benefactor. This permission was granted them : but alas ! in the heap of slaughtered men, it was a work of difficulty to discover the dead king. The monks went over heaps of slain, they examined each attentively, but the faces were so much disfigured by the wounds they had received in their struggle with the invaders, that they found it impossible to recognize the one lamented object of their search. Sorrowful and despairing, they retired from the field. But recollecting the attachment that had subsisted between Harold and the “ swan-necked,” they repaired to Edith, and besought her to accompany them to the field of slaughter, trusting that she would be able to recognize the features of the object of her tender affection.

Edith gladly consented to perform this painful task, that she might if possible rescue the remains of the king from the heaps of slain ; she followed the monks to the field, “ like Niobe, all tears,” and steeling her heart against the frightful spectacle which there presented itself, she inspected the countenances of the slain : for a time their labours were unavailing ; but at length the “ swan-necked ” beauty recognized the body of her royal lover, and falling upon it in an agony of grief, embraced it frantically, and embalmed it with her tears.

The monks removed the afflicted girl, and the melancholy object of their search thus rescued from the general mass, was conveyed by them to Waltham.

This simple story is very affecting. The figure of the Saxon beauty bending over the remains of her royal lover, might serve as an elegant personification of Saxon England mourning over her fallen defenders, and her annihilated freedom.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A SENTIMENTAL EPISTLE.

The sight of this writing, my dear,  
 Will astonish your little blue eyes ;  
 The news I intend you to hear,  
 Must occasion a deal of surprize :  
 We arrived here in very good style,  
 The journey was safely performed ;  
 And I know it will cost you a smile,  
 To see how your friend is reformed.

No longer you hear me complain  
 Of a single and unsettled state,  
 My wishes have not been in vain,  
 For I have not much longer to wait ;  
 Then ask not the reason my friend,  
 Why so many years I have tarried ;  
 The longest lane must have an end,  
 And Emma will shortly be married.

Yes ! Married ! A positive fact,  
 To a merchant with plenty of cash ;  
 He has now gone too far to retract,  
 But I own, on his part, it is rash.  
 He is not good looking, 'tis true,  
 But then, he has beautiful hair ;  
 His figure is just six foot two,  
 He dresses it quite *militaire*.

I cannot attempt to reveal  
 The sensation I cause him, and, then,  
 You know not how happy I feel,  
 For my love is the kindest of men.  
 I am sure it will please you, to hear  
 I have found out an excellent way  
 To make beauty-spots disappear,  
 By rouging them every day.

My lips that were always so white,  
 I colour with gum and carmine ;  
 My form that was always so slight,  
 Is now grown remarkably fine.  
 There is no one like Madame Le-Row,  
 For padding and wadding and bust,  
 But do not mention this pray, I know  
 You are one of the few I can trust.

My love has a house of his own,  
 With furniture, cut-glass, and plate ;  
 His salt-spoons are not made of bone,  
 But silver, and very good weight.  
 He has just sent to town for a dress,  
 All embroidered with flowers, so fine,  
 I am sure I have reason to bless  
 This generous lover of mine !

I have emeralds, brooches, and rings,  
 Pearls and diamonds, the best ever seen,  
 And every morning he brings,  
 A *salute* for his “ own little queen.”  
 The Exeter girls would delight,  
 To scratch out my eyes, could they see  
 The jewels I wear every night,  
 And how my love doats upon me.

Papa and Manina must feel proud,  
 To see me so happy and gay,  
 It is whispered—(but not very loud)  
 That we shall be married in May.  
 I wish the event had passed by,  
 For oh! there is many a slip,  
 (Which no one knows better than I)  
 That severs the cup from the lip!

York.

E. CORIE.

---

 THE RECIPROCAL TEAR.
 

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There's a charm in the sky, when, at evening, the sun  
 Sheds his fast fading glory o'er earth;  
 There's a charm in the wreath which the soldier has won,  
 When defending the land of his birth;  
 But yet there's a charm more pleasing than these,  
 And one to a feeling heart dear,  
 More sweet than the nightingale's song on the breeze,  
 It is a Reciprocal Tear!

There's a charm in a smile on the lips where we love,  
 Or a sigh from the heart where we dwell;  
 There's a charm in the glance of the eye, far above  
 The pow'r of a poet to tell:  
 But as clouds may flit over the blue vault of heaven,  
 To show it more bright, and more clear,  
 The smile, sigh, and glance, are to passing winds given,  
 To meet—a Reciprocal Tear!

MARY.

---

 "PEPPER POT."
 

---

A PIECE OF RIGHT PLEASANT INFORMATION FOR THE  
 CURIOUS.

Let friars boast of gravy stews,  
 Of fricassees, and rich ragouts,  
 Their claret, champagne, *eau de vie*,  
 Have charms for them, but none for me,  
 I sing the praise, all piping hot,  
 Of real Jamaica Pepper Pot!

Jamaica! noble little isle,  
 With thee, my thoughts shall rest awhile,  
 For memory still loves to trace  
 Back scenes that time cannot efface,  
 My foster mother's sable kiss,  
 Was once to me a world of bliss;  
 Her graceful form, that woolly hair,  
 Those dusky cheeks, and teeth so fair,  
 Are all engraven on my mind,  
 With other scenes much more refined;  
 As time elapsed, so age displayed,  
 A taste that has been well repaid.

No alderman can boast of hash,  
 Like callipee and callipash;  
 Here we find flesh, and fowl, and fish,  
 Concentrated in one rich dish:

Oh turtle! king of soups and stews,  
 Thy royal precedence let none refuse;  
 Then melon, ganva, shaddock, pine,  
 The new made rum, and shirub so fine!  
 But French and English cooks have not  
 A dish to equal Pepper Pot!

Oh! reader, words can ill express,  
 What constitutes this royal mess;  
 They call its origin divine:—  
 'Tis said that Circe and Proserpine  
 Resolved to form a soup so fine  
 That mortal hands should never dare  
 To make a stew so rich and rare;  
 And thus this recipe for years,  
 Was quite confined to higher spheres.

The story goes—one winter night,  
 Young Bacchus wished to cause a light  
 To frighten all the folks on earth,  
 (Some wild effusion of his mirth);  
 To make a rocket this young thief,  
 From Juno's book tore out a leaf,  
 Which chanced to be the real receipt,  
 For cooking most delicious meat:  
 The rocket, so the natives say,  
 Burst very near Montego Bay;  
 And those who found the case and shell,  
 Have reason to remember well  
 The very time, the very spot,  
 That brought them this rare Pepper Pot!

Of gravy soup make just four quarts,  
 The meat must be four different sorts,  
 A whole calve's head, a young pig's cheek,  
 Six mutton chops, and one beefsteak;  
 Then take a crab and boil it well,  
 Pick all the meat from out the shell;  
 Then add two pounds of salted fish,  
 Well beaten in a mortar dish;  
 With bearded oysters half a score,  
 And capsicums stewed, three or four;  
 Add cayenne, and well ground spice,  
 Fill a spoon of each full twice,  
 Then with the gravy let it boil,  
 And take off all the scum and oil;  
 Let leeks and onions do their part,  
 And from a cabbage take the heart:  
 Add Spinach leaves, and turnips two,  
 Take carrots five, and peas a few;  
 Then parsley, mjrorum, and thyme,  
 Some mint, sage, marygold, and lime;  
 Of forcement balls add six or seven,  
 And flour dumplings eleven;  
 Then mix the whole, and let it stew,  
 Not more than minutes thirty-two;  
 Then dish it up all piping hot,  
 The real Jamaica Pepper Pot.

BELMONT.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXX.

LONDON, MAY 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—CORRECT PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND  
IN THE FASHIONS FOR MAY.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## SPRING.

Spring, beautiful Spring!  
Flowers come blossoming on thy wing!  
Sweet-scented flowers of many a hue;  
The bright and the beautiful all come with you,—  
There's the hyacinth's blossom, rose-red and white,  
That would turn into day, the darkest spring night;  
Sometimes 'tis laughing beneath the moon's ray,  
Or bending its bells for the poet's warm lay.—  
Then there's the violet, so blue, and so shy!  
That hides 'neath the green leaf her dark laughing eye.  
Crouching to shun the admirer's warm hand,  
She rather would die in her own little land,  
Than be gazed on, and loved by beauty's fond look;  
No! she'd rather remain in her green-shaded nook.

The snow-drop puts forth her fairy-like flowers,  
Though lowliest in height, it above the rest towers;  
In beauty she stands the garden's bright star,  
Though others boast hues, she outshines them far;  
For never was woman so lovely!—so bright!  
As this flower with buds stealing into the light!  
There's an innocent look in the pearly white bell,  
Which seems of blest joys in heaven to tell.  
It hushes all darkening wild passions to rest,  
And forces out prayers from the soul to be blest,  
But adieu to thee, Spring; for thy day's on decline,  
And the next will come joyous to this heart of mine!

M. A. S.

## THE COURT.

LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY,  
DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

The beautiful weather at the commencement of the month enabled our young and amiable Sovereign to enjoy equestrian exercises in the neighbourhood of the parks almost daily; but

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the most attractive proceedings of the month, in which royalty has been concerned, was the Drawing Room, which as far as regards costume, was, perhaps, the most splendid that ever took place within St. James's palace walls. We enjoyed the pleasure of mingling with the happy throng of fashionables, and particularly observed the dresses of the ladies present, and we can say that, with some few exceptions, they appeared to be *entirely new*. We are strongly tempted to write down the names of the disrespectful ladies who ventured into the Queen's presence in costumes that had passed through the Drawing Room before; but we refrain from so doing, in the hope that this gentle hint of the impropriety of the circumstance may have the effect of inducing every British lady to appear for the future in the presence of Britain's Queen, as they should do, in dresses that are *perfectly new*. There was a constellation of beauty at the palace on this interesting occasion; the gentle aspects of the sylphs that were constantly fitting past us, in the floating draperies studded with rich and rare gems, and smiles more enchanting than the most costly of them; the presence of the splendid warriors, glittering with orders, formed an admirable contrast with that of the quiet and gentle creatures whose eyes reflected the admiration they inspired, and whose silver voices warmed the surrounding air as they came through it. Many *debutantes*, whose youth and loveliness well qualified them to surround the throne of one like themselves, "so fair and young;" were presented to her Majesty. Were we compelled to select a flower in this wreath of loveliness as most conspicuous for "richness of hue and symmetry of form," we would distinguish the beautiful Miss E—l—d, whose loveliness recalled more to the mind "a beauteous work of art starting into life," than the fairest specimen of female beauty which sometimes meets the eye.

Never, upon any previous occasion, had we been so impressed with the *taste* evinced by the ladies, especially in the arrangement and choice of their costumes. The simplicity as well as variety of the colours—which was so observable in Her Majesty's costume, which the trimming of the skirt with pink auriculas made most delicately fanciful—affected the heart as pleasantly as the brilliancy of the costly ornaments attracted

the admiration of the eye. We particularly remarked the prevalence of black velvet, worn in such a manner that the ivory skin gleamed like sunshined snow. The luxurious folds of the white satin dress, relieved by the body and train of emerald green velvet, was also a most beautiful contrast; and when the costume, as was the case with that of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, but slightly contained any other colour, the harmony of the picture was singularly pleasing. The costume of Louis Quatorze was also the favourite of many choices. In the exterior of the palace the scene which presented itself was, throughout the day, extremely animated. The park at an early hour was thronged by many who had resolved upon a holiday, that they might give the only evidence they could of their affection and respect for their Sovereign, by showing their anxiety to see her—while the thoroughfares south of the palace were completely stopped up both by the carriages of the nobility who were on their way to court, and of those who sat in them by the road side, to be spectators of the beautiful picture which the occasion placed before them. The tops of the houses, windows, and balconies, were all crowded by fashionable and elegantly-dressed ladies. The windows of the club houses in St. James's Street and Pall Mall were also crowded by members and their friends, laughing among themselves, bowing their salutations into cab and carriage as they whirled by, and no doubt making excessively witty and profound observations upon what they beheld, and the things thereby suggested. The day, too, was a fine one, and the music which the bands played in the Palace Yard, admirably selected to befit the occasion.

Having described thus fully the imposing ceremony at the Drawing Room, which was the principal event of the month, we have only to state, that Her Majesty left town for Windsor on the 11th, where she passed the Easter holidays; the Court returned to London, however, on the 24th.

#### THE CORONATION.

By a royal proclamation, the coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria is appointed to take place on Tuesday, the 26th of June. By a second proclamation Her Majesty declares it to be her will and pleasure that such part only of that ceremony as has been hitherto solemnized in Westminster Abbey shall be solemnized at the ensuing coronation; thus dispensing with the procession, the banquet, and the usual formalities in Westminster-hall. The proclamation hints that the ceremonial at the Abbey may also be curtailed. It certainly may be curtailed with advantage, for some parts of it are most preposterous, being relics of ancient and barbarous superstition, and others are even personally indelicate, especially when the Sovereign is a woman.

On the approaching coronation there is to be *neither banquet nor procession*. The reason avowed for this curtailment is, that the "arrangements may be made as much abridged and economical as may be compatible with a strict regard to the solemnity and importance of the occasion."

#### OFFICIAL ORDERS RESPECTING THE DRESSES, &c., TO BE WORN AT THE CORONATION.

The Earl Marshal's Order concerning the Robes, Coronets, &c., which are to be worn by the Peers at the Coronation of Her Most Sacred Majesty Queen Victoria.

These are to give notice, to all Peers who attend at the Coronation of Her Majesty, that the robe or mantle of the Peers be

of crimson velvet, edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure, and powdered with bars or rows of ermine, according to their degree—viz.

Barons, two rows.

Viscounts, two rows and a half.

Earls, three rows.

Marquesses, three rows and a half.

Dukes, four rows.

The said mantles or robes to be worn over the full Court dress, uniform, or regimentals usually worn at Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms. Their coronets to be of silver gilt; the caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top; and no jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in the coronets, or counterfeited pearls instead of silver balls. The coronet of a Baron to have, on the circle or rim, six silver balls at equal distances. The coronet of a Viscount to have, on the circle, sixteen silver balls. The coronet of an Earl to have, on the circle, eight silver balls, raised upon points, with gold strawberry leaves between the points. The coronet of a Marquess to have, on the circle, four gold strawberry leaves and four silver balls alternately, the latter a little raised on points above the rim. The coronet of a Duke to have, on the circle, eight gold strawberry leaves.

By Her Majesty's command,

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

The Earl Marshal's Order concerning the Robes, Coronets, &c., which are to be worn by the Peeresses at the Coronation of Her Most Sacred Majesty Queen Victoria.

These are to give notice to all Peeresses who attend at the Coronation of her Majesty, that the robes or mantles appertaining to their respective ranks are to be worn over the usual full Court dress. That the robe or mantle of a Baroness be of crimson velvet, the cape whereof to be furred with miniver pure, and powdered, with two bars or rows of ermine; the said mantle to be edged round with miniver pure two inches in breadth, and the train to be three feet on the ground; the coronet to be according to her degree, viz., a rim or circle, with six pearls upon the same, not raised upon points. That the robe or mantle of a Viscountess be like that of a Baroness, only the cape powdered with two rows and a half of ermine, the edging of the mantle two inches as before, and the train a yard and a quarter; the coronet to be according to her degree, viz., a rim or circle with pearls thereon, sixteen in number, and not raised upon points. That the robe or mantle of a Countess be as before, only the cape powdered with three rows of ermine, the edging three inches in breadth, and the train a yard and a half; the coronet to be composed of eight pearls raised upon points or rays, with small strawberry leaves between, above the rim. That the robe or mantle of a Marchioness be as before, only the cape powdered with three rows and a half of ermine, the edging four inches in breadth, the train a yard and three quarters; the coronet to be composed of four strawberry leaves and four pearls raised upon points of the same height as the leaves alternately, above the rim. That the robe or mantle of a Duchess be as before, only the cape powdered with four rows of ermine, the edging five inches broad, the train two yards; the coronet to be composed of eight strawberry leaves, all of equal height, above the rim. And that the caps of all the said coronets be of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, with a tassel of gold on the top.

By Her Majesty's command,

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

The engrossing subject of conversation in all the fashionable circles is the coronation, and numerous are the speculations and enquiries which are constantly being made with reference to that highly interesting ceremony. It would seem by an observation that fell from the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords, just before the House broke up for the holidays, that the arrangements are not positively decided upon. The *gourmands* are very much offended because there is no prospect of a dinner to conclude the solemnity. But when the fatigue which Her Majesty will experience during the ceremony of the coronation is considered, no one can have a serious wish to inflict upon Her Majesty the additional trouble of a banquet. It would, indeed, be a splendid sight, and a truly English one, to see Her Majesty enthroned in state in Westminster Hall, presiding at the banquet table under the same roof where her ancestors had entertained their nobles and the bright-eyed dames of England in the times of old. It would inspire a thousand delightful recollections, and give increased splendour to the commencement of Victoria's reign: but we would much rather forego the pleasures which such a banquet would create, if a probability exists that Her Majesty would suffer in health by the additional fatigue which it would occasion. We do not think, however, that the banquet ought to be abandoned upon lighter grounds than these: we would not countenance the objections of those niggardly few, who oppose the banquet out of economical motives, and exclaim against it because it would cause an outlay of a few thousand pounds extra. England has always been distinguished among nations by its splendour and magnificence; it is the just pride of the English people to see their Sovereigns maintain a high degree of state upon all public occasions, and never have they refused their contributions for such purposes. It is the pride of the English to expend their wealth upon these occasions, and we trust that if Her Majesty should feel her strength equal to the labour, the English nobility will not be disappointed of their entertainment.

The ceremony of the homage to be paid to Her Majesty at the coronation, to which we adverted last month, has produced many weighty discussions among the gentlemen of the Herald's College, with a view to its modification or abolition in the case of our young Sovereign. It was also the subject of much learned disquisition on the accession of William IV., who, it was said, entertained strong objections to being compelled to receive the *lip service* of his faithful peers on so wholesale a scale. His Majesty, however, was less successful in his endeavours to escape from the loyal infliction than we hope Queen Victoria will be. In 1831, the subject of the homage was frequently discussed in the privy council, and, in the August of that year, a rumour that it was intended to curtail this part of the ceremony occasioned a somewhat animated conversation in the House of Lords. It had been proposed, in the privy council, that the homage should be confined to one peer from each order of the peerage, in pursuance of the plan which had been followed at the coronation of George IV.; but this homage by sponsors was indignantly repudiated by Lord Strangford and the Duke of Wellington, as "disgraceful and unseemly;" and the Marquis of Londonderry went so far as to declare, with much warmth, that "there were individuals in the peerage who would transfer to no man their right of tendering homage to their Sovereign, which was a sacred and most important part of the ceremony. Ultimately the homage by sponsors was abandoned, and the ancient ceremonial observed.

Will the peers stand on their right with regard to the *basial* part of the ceremony in the coronation of Queen Victoria? We

hope not; although in ancient times it would have been considered little short of *lesa majestas* to have abated one jot of it, even in the case of a female Sovereign.

The anointing is a part of the ceremony more recommended by antiquity than delicacy, and will probably be omitted altogether.

There will be a greater assemblage of Foreign Princes and Nobles at the coronation than was ever known upon an occasion of the same kind. The second son of the King of the French, the gallant Duke of Nemours, will, it is thought, represent his royal parent; the King of the Belgians has chosen the Prince de Ligne as his representative; Prince William of Lowenstein will be the representative of the King of Saxony; the Emperor of Austria will send over twenty Hungarian Noblemen, the Chiefs of Ancient Houses; and Russia and Prussia will be represented by a deputation of their principle *Noblesse*. Town is now more full than was ever remembered; every hotel at the West End is engaged, and the season will be unprecedented in splendour, from the number of brilliant *fêtes* intended to be given by the Nobility in honour of the coronation. Among the many young and handsome individuals who will surround the throne of the young Queen, may we not expect that upon some particular one Her Majesty's young affection will rest?

The crown with which the youthful brow of our Sovereign is to be invested will be a new one, made expressly for the occasion, and in its structure very different from the imperial diadem, having no *coloured* stones whatever, the only jewels in it being diamonds of the finest water, and the golden band, from which the bars spring, representing the national emblems interwoven with oak foliage, the fleur-de-lis being totally omitted. The court tradespeople are now very busy, the orders for new coronets, velvets, furs, and other paraphernalia of a coronation being extensive.

#### GOSSIP AND GAETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

**THE SHORT SEASON.**—There are already murmurs heard in the fashionable circles at the *early* appointment of the coronation, which will occasion the season to terminate long before its usual period. Immediately after the ceremonial, Her Majesty will depart on a tour, and the season will, of course, expire, to the grievous discontent of many beautiful *belles*, who have just "come out," and who hoped for a long career of pleasure and gaiety in the metropolis.

**LADY ADELAIDE FITZCLARENCE**, a beautiful and accomplished girl, is coming out shortly. It is probable that she will be presented at the next drawing room. Earl Munster has taken a box at the opera for his daughter.

**THE STARS AT ALMACK'S.**—The first ball for the season took place on the evening of the first drawing room, and it was most splendidly attended. There is every reason to believe that these *recherche* balls will receive increased patronage, and sustain that distinguished character in fashionable society for which they have been so long famed. The company mostly appeared in rich court costumes; and many of the ladies wore elegant plumes, which added greatly to the *coup d'œil*, when the major part of the visitors had arrived. Many dresses were of the most magnificent appearance, and costly fabrique. We particularly noticed the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, in a costume of black satin and gold lama, and a brilliant tiara of diamonds. The Countess of Jersey wore a dress of cerulean blue satin, tastefully ornamented with silver, blue velvet head-dress, and tiara of diamonds of the purest water. The Mar-

chioness of Downshire, a head-dress of unique taste and novelty, composed of brilliants and pearls, and interspersed with flowers. The Marchioness of Queensberry was particularly conspicuous, from the profusion and costliness of the diamonds. Amongst others, distinguished for the splendour of their costumes and head-dresses, were the Countess of Lichfield, Countess of Cadogan, Lady Louisa Fitzroy, Lady Mary Grimston, Lady Fuller, Lady Donville, Lady Trollope, the Misses Majoribanks, Colville, Donville, &c. The prevailing dress amongst the younger visitors was acrophane and silver, with plumes, diamonds, and pearls. Many distinguished foreigners made their *debut* on this occasion, amongst whom we noticed Prince Lowenstein Walstein, Baron de Worther, Baron de Zandt, &c.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON rides almost daily in the Parks, accompanied by her mother; she looks melancholy, but much better than we expected to see her.

LADY A—— has already given four balls, and means to give another. There are very few such mammas!

THE HEIRESS is regularly besieged. If report speaks truly, the three or four elder sons who are said to have prostrated themselves and fortunes at her feet, have been rightly answered. "I am but what I was before, although I have now become the possessor of great wealth: you did not seek me then!" This is excellent.

SPRING.—The influence that the spring has upon the blood; and indeed upon the general system, is well known, and not less commonly felt. A very frequently remarked effect to this cause is the diminution of both beauty and health that takes place in those most essential attributes of our frame—the *skin* and the *hair of the head*. The first, at this period of the year, generally displays a sallow hue, from the degenerated mass of the fluids, that peculiarly call for correctives; while the hair becomes, from the same cause, drooping, dry, and discoloured. In stating these well-known facts, we beg to call the reader's attention to those admirable and unique discoveries, ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, for the *Skin*; and ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the *Hair*. The many years of public trial, and consequent approval, which these friends to human beauty have experienced, must necessarily give them first-rate claims to notice. Rowland's Kalydor is a mild, innocent, and yet most efficacious preparation, that *dispels all irritability from the skin, gently assists in opening the pores, relieves the secretions, and gradually establishes a white and perfect skin of transparent beauty*. Rowland's Macassar Oil is not less felicitous in its results with the Hair, into which it *infuses fresh nourishment and life, giving it a beautiful gloss, with a graceful tendency to curl!*

LIST OF THE OCCUPIERS OF THE PRINCIPAL BOXES AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE FOR 1838.—The Duke of Grafton, Lady Edward Thynne, Lady Gardner, Lady Knighton, Lady Bridport, Lord Dundas, Marchioness of Breadalbane, Viscountess Powerscourt, Countess of Durham, Prince Esterhazy, Marchioness of Aylesbury, Earl of Liverpool, Countess of Southampton, Duchess of Leinster, Lord Montague, Lady Antrobus, Countess Nelson, Marchioness of Londonderry, Duchess of Buccleugh, the Ladies St. Maur, Lady Conroy, Marchioness of Sligo, Marchioness of Downshire, Countess of Claven, Countess of Mansfield, Duchess of Cleveland, Mrs. J. Drummond, Mrs. Horsley Palmer, Countess of Rosebery, Lady Wombwell, Lady Rennie, Mrs. Mecklam, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, Duchess of Beaufort, Countess de Salis, Countess of Pembroke, Lady Fremantle, Mrs. Captain Watson, Viscountess Maynard, Hon. Mrs. Tollemache, Marchioness of

Lansdowne, Lady Ravensworth, Lord Exmouth, Countess of Sefton, Viscountess Glentworth, Lady Curtis, the Lord Steward (the Duke of Argyll), and the Baroness de Rothschild.

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#### NEW MUSIC.

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STRAUSS has been giving concerts alternately at the Hanover Square and WILLIS'S ROOMS, where his orchestra, certainly a very good one, may be heard to much advantage; waltzes are the chief compositions, and one called the *Nightingale Waltz*, pleased us much, as it seemed to do the audience, who were loud in their demand for an *encore*. *Les bouquets* is also an extremely pleasing composition; and the solo's are all played with great precision, and the *ensemble* of the orchestra is very perfect. We were glad, however, to find the performances were not well attended; the monstrous charge of half-a-guinea for what used to be charged *one franc* in Paris, is too gross to be tolerated, and Mr. STRAUSS will find the English are not such *flats* as he imagines, and if he hopes to succeed, he must play the prices of admission in a *minor* key.

DEVIN'S concert at the Hanover Square rooms had not much to boast of on the score of novelty. The *duet concertante* for oboe and bassoon, played by Barrett and Baumann, was a spirited performance, and the performance on the violin by the young Millanollo is deserving of commendation. The Distin family also sang some of their Tyrolean melodies.

THE ARGYLE ROOMS have also their Tyrolean singers, and the portrait of some young lady is held out at the doors as an inducement to passers by, but seemingly with little effect, the rooms not being very well attended.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS had their annual meeting, when, according to custom, the marches composed for the Society by HADYN and WINTER, were performed with good effect; Mr. Anderson and Blagrove's duet for piano and violin, composed by De Beriot, from the *Sannambula*, was an admirable performance. Mrs. Anderson's spirited execution being much and deservedly applauded.

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#### CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY

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*Alice; or, The Mysteries.* By E. L. Bulwer, Esq. 3 vols.

This is an antidote to the poison of "Ernest Maltravers," of which novel it is a continuation: if read together, there is moral and poetical justice in the work, but, taking the first part by itself, it is an incoherent and highly reprehensible story: vice is exhibited triumphing over virtue, and without being followed by any punishment; and a series of exaggerated representations of character are insisted upon as positive truths. There is the same affectation in "Alice" as in "Ernest Maltravers," but there is more delicacy in the treatment of the subject—the characters are less repulsive, and the *dénouement* is rather more satisfactory than that of "Ernest Maltravers."

*The Courtier's Daughter.* By Lady Stepney. 3 vols.

Lady Stepney is a neat but not very natural writer; her stories have all the semblance of fiction, and are often without the interest of narratives of the kind. The hero of her present



tale is as perfect a sample of the villain class as was ever produced in a melo-drama at a minor theatre, but his adventures are not cleverly wrought. The story runs something in this manner:—The son and heir of a nobleman forms an acquaintance with a low and vulgar youth, named Joyce, and from this connexion springs all the interest of the story. Joyce introduces his high-born friend to a village girl to whom he is upon the point of being married, but the young nobleman is struck by the girl's beauty, and contrives to wean her affections from Joyce, who is enraged at his disappointment, and determines to be revenged. Accordingly, he poisons the mind of the young lord, sets him against the girl, and induces him to desert her, when she sinks into a deep melancholy, and the nobleman marries a lady of a rank suitable to his own. Joyce is appointed steward when his friend succeeds to the honours of his family, and still harbouring his long-meditated scheme of vengeance, he contrives to persuade his master that the Countess, his wife, is unfaithful to him, and brings about a duel with the suspected lover of the Countess. The Earl is dangerously wounded, and while confined to his room, the steward secretly removes his lady to a subterraneous dungeon, where he contrives to keep her for twelve years, and having poisoned the girl whom he loved, he causes her to be interred as the Countess, whose death is publicly announced! It is scarcely necessary for us to comment upon the palpable absurdity of this. What strange ideas Lady Stepney must have of the world. Well, the wounded nobleman recovers, and proceeds to London, in order to drown his care in the delights of the court. He there becomes the observed of all observers, and is appointed ambassador to a foreign court. While engaged upon this mission, his daughter, a fine delicate heroine of seventeen, returns to the family mansion. This is very annoying to the villain, Joyce, who forthwith resolves upon putting her out of the way. But the young heroine is sagacious: she reads the character of Joyce at once, and is upon her guard. It now becomes necessary that a lover should appear upon the scene, for a lady of seventeen—and so clever too—would not be endurable without a lover; and accordingly up starts one in the person of the son of the gentleman whom Joyce had caused his master to fight a duel with. The young gentleman becomes very fond of the young lady, and the young lady becomes very fond of the young gentleman. But Joyce is determined that the young heroine shall have no husband, and resolves upon murdering her while passing through a wood on his way to visit the interesting young damsel at the castle. But the lady, like a true heroine as she is, having received an intimation of the contemplated mischief, disguises herself, and, armed with a pistol, issues from the castle, comes upon the villain and his intended victim at the critical minute, saves the innocent youth, and wounds the old sinner, who subsequently takes poison, confesses all his crimes, and dies. The Countess is released, and restored to her husband; the young lovers are married; and "all live very happy afterwards." Such is the story of "The Courtier's Daughter,"—a fine spring dish for novel readers, though rather difficult of digestion.

*The Robber. By Mr. James. 3 vols.*

Mr. James is favourably known to our literature by his "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c., works of considerable merit and popularity, the reputation gained by which, however, is by no means supported by the production before us. It is strained in its plot, and some of the narratives are tediously drawn out. The scene is laid in England, at the time of Charles the Second;

the hero is a sturdy yeoman, who, upon his return from the wars in the low countries, takes to the road, and becomes a robber. Another prominent character is the Earl of Danemore, who, having been driven from his country during the Protectorate of Cromwell, has taken refuge in France, where he elopes with and secretly marries the daughter of a nobleman, but whom he subsequently repudiates by fraud. Returning to England he marries another lady, and a son is born to him, to whom he resolves to leave all his wealth, to the prejudice of his only son by his former marriage, of which only two persons are cognizant, one of whom is the robber we have adverted to, and who takes charge of the neglected child. A great variety of adventures occur to the parties, but eventually the true heir is recognized and acknowledged by his father, the brother is killed, and the robber dies by his own hand. The conclusion is effectively worked up, but a great part of the rest of the story flags considerably; the excitement of the reader is not kept up, and we become tired of the work long before the best part of it is arrived at.

#### THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The production of the *Lucia di Lammermoor* has been attended with a success almost equal to the *Puritani*, when first performed in this country, and like that excellent opera bids fair to remain long an established favourite with the subscribers. The *Bride of Lammermoor* has furnished the subject, though the *libretto* is not exactly *à la Scott*, but through the three acts adheres sufficiently to the original to enable those amongst the audience acquainted with the story to follow the plot with the greatest ease; where alterations have been made it has been done with a view of giving a greater portion of the music to the principal characters, and rendering it more perfect as an opera than a drama. The opera opens with the discovery by *Ashton* (FAMBURINI) of his sister's love for *Ravenswood* (RUBINI) at which he is very indignant; the second scene is the meeting of *Ravenswood* and *Lucy Ashton* (PERSIANI), where the former states he is about to leave the country; there is then the marriage scene to which *Lucy* has been induced to give her consent by misrepresentations, and the sudden entrance of *Ravenswood* throwing the whole into confusion by his bitter upbraiding of *Lucy* for her inconstancy; and, in the last act, we have *Lucy's* madness after killing her husband, and *Ravenswood* in the last scene stabs himself when he hears of her death. DONIZETTI is a most prolific composer, throwing off his compositions with wonderful rapidity; and, like most quick writers, occasionally very happy in his ideas, the present being, without doubt, one of the best operas he has written; the prevailing character of the music is plaintive and melancholy, harmonizing with the romantic incidents of the drama, and in almost every instance appealing forcibly to the feelings, from the music seeming so much in unison with the sad and melancholy feelings of the unhappy master of *Ravenswood*, the last *aria* sung by RUBINI in the third act, being one of the most beautiful things we have ever heard. Some of the airs in the earlier part of the opera are of a lighter nature, and

are written with much freedom and spirit, an easy and graceful melody running throughout; the portions that pleased us most were the opening *aria* by TAMBURINI, *Cruda Funesta*; the *aria*, by PERSIANI, *Perche non ho del vento*, which opens with a beautiful obligato passage for the flute; and the duet between RUBINI and PERSIANI (that concludes the first act) *Sulla tromba che riserra*; in the second act, the duet between TAMBURINI and PERSIANI, *Se tradirmi*; RUBINI'S *aria*, *Lo readi, hai tradito*, and the concluding quintet; and in the third act, PERSIANI'S *aria*, *Spargi di qualche pianto*; and RUBINI'S exquisitely plaintive air, *O! bell! alma innamorata*, which is one of RUBINI'S most successful efforts; the beautiful obligato passage for the above that gains so much applause is not in the original opera, but is the composition of Signor COSTA, and is highly creditable to his talents.

PERSIANI is seen to more advantage in this opera than in the *Sonnambula*; her surprising execution and masterly finish have ample opportunities for display, and she proves herself also to have great powers as an actress,—the marriage scene and her subsequent madness being excellently played, drawing forth much applause. RUBINI also threw considerable energy into his part, which seems a great favourite with him, the music sulzing him admirably, and TAMBURINI'S rich manly voice as the *Tiranno*, adds greatly to the success of the opera; we are also bound to mention a Signor MORELLI, who not having much to do, performed that little in a most creditable manner. The chorusses were well drilled, and went with admirable precision. The whole opera is well got up, and cannot fail of having a long and prosperous career, and rewarding the liberal director for the spirit he has displayed in its production.

ADOLPHE ADAN'S charming Opera Comique, *Le Chalet*, has furnished the subject of the new *ballet*, and a very good one it makes. The music is preserved with much care, and the various well-known airs with which the opera is interspersed, have undergone very little change; we were much pleased with the way the air *Liberte, chere liberte*, is transferred to the cornet or piston, the effect of which is very good. Our readers are familiar with the story, which is the same as DONIZETTI'S opera of *Betty*, so recently criticised in this work, that we need not repeat it; BELLONE was the peasant girl, who finds it so difficult to make up her mind to marry, and both played and danced with much ease and vivacity, and COULON as the boisterous Serjeant, and COSTOU as the love-sick swain, performed with much spirit; the dances were novel and graceful, and the grouping extremely well managed. The *ballet*, though short, is interesting, and will prove a favourite throughout the season, with some little change in one or two parts.

GRISI made her first appearance for the season as *Desdemona* in *Otello* to an overflowing house, when she was received in the most rapturous manner from all parts of the house, and the token of welcome was also most liberally bestowed upon LABLACHE, whose recent calamity seemed to be felt by the audience. GRISI was in excellent health and spirits, the only change seeming that she was a little stouter than we remember her last year; her voice, however, seems to us to improve each season, gaining in power and richness, and nothing could be more beautiful than her manner of singing the *aria* in the third act, *Avvisa a pie d'un salicè*, it was replete with feeling and expression; indeed, we can imagine nothing more beautiful than GRISI'S manner of singing this *aria*. RUBINI was also in excellent voice, and LABLACHE and TAMBURINI gave the duet *No piu crudale*, in their best style; at the conclusion of the opera, GRISI was loudly called for, and the manner in which

she was received must have been highly flattering to her. The *Puritani*, cast the same as last year, will continue to draw immense houses; the ever charming *polacca*, *Son vergine cazosa* is alone sufficient to repay the price of admission; but all the music of this opera is first-rate, and we are glad always to see the house so crowded when it is performed, as we know it to be a special favourite with the Subscribers. By a judicious arrangement on the part of the management, stalls may now be procured at the Box office of the theatre, as a few have been reserved for the public instead of the whole number being allotted to the Subscribers.

It is stated to be M. LAPORTE'S intention to give a series of concerts on his own account, limiting the appearance of the singers to these concerts; if this be true, it is a great gain for the public, who will be certain of having concerts in much better style than they have hitherto been accustomed to, as M. LAPORTE is too liberal a caterer not to give them in the best manner they can be, and the advantage of having them all under his direction will be a guarantee to the public that whatever is promised in the *Programme* will be given, and most of our Subscribers know full well that at Benefit Concerts this is but very rarely the case. We wish the undertaking every success.

We have seen it not less truly than forcibly remarked that in every age genius has had stumbling-blocks thrown in its path, and found the greatest difficulty in fighting its way to popular appreciation. But when the summit is gained, and the popularity awarded, men in general are more than willing to pay homage to lofty intellect. They make an almost religious feeling of their admiration, and pour it out with a fervour, designed probably to expatiate their first indifference and coldness. When the death of Æschylus was announced, a whole people saddened, Sophocles appeared in mourning, and the actors performed without their customary crowns. When Tasso in travelling from Rome, was detained upon the road by his companions' terror of a powerful bandit, the latter sent reverential greeting to the great bard, with proffers and assurances of safe conduct for him and his in every direction. When Ronsard, the Father of French Poetry, won the prize at the floral games, the city of Thoulouse changed the votive meed of a simple Eglantine to a Minerva of massy and solid silver. When a Scottish Princess saw a poet asleep, she approached and kissed him, notwithstanding that he was excessively ugly, and then said, "I do not kiss *the man*, but the mouth which uttered such lovely things!" And we all know how

"The great Emathian Conqueror did spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

In short, to say nothing of *posthumous* veneration, it is clear that, during their lives, men of genius (their supremacy once admitted) are everywhere hailed with cordial and spontaneous homage. It is, therefore, not a matter of surprise or wonder that the greatest of dramatic artists of modern times, the first great actor of the modern stage, is held in high esteem by all the thinking and virtuous portions of the community. The great efforts which Mr. MACREADY has made, and is making, to redeem the character of the British drama from the disgrace into which unprincipled and ignorant men have thrown it, have

called forth the warmest testimonials of admiration and esteem from the greatest and best of mankind. A play at Covent Garden Theatre is now instructive as well as entertaining, and the theatre may be pronounced a school-house of morality, where the finest lessons are taught, and wisdom and virtue are enforced.

We witnessed with great pleasure and satisfaction, the production of Lord Byron's tragedy of *The Two Foscari*, at COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. Its success far exceeded our expectations, even with our knowledge of Mr. MACREADY'S powers, and our confidence that it would be produced in a most classic and perfect style. Byron's tragedy is scarcely in itself dramatic; it affords a good opportunity for fine acting, and of this Mr. MACREADY has availed himself with admirable effect. There is but little plot in the tragedy, as is, no doubt, well known to our readers, but of that little an immense deal was made by the actors, all of whom seemed to be influenced by a kindred spirit to that which filled the mind of the great actor whose genius gave such powerful reality to the leading character (the *Doge*) as we never before witnessed upon the English stage. Mr. MACREADY'S acting was equal to Byron's poetry; full of grace and truth, of simple elegance, and intense passion, unbroken and undisfigured by vulgar rant and traps for the applause of the injudicious. The character of *Jacopo Foscari* (the son of the *Doge*, whom the latter endeavours to save from the cruel vengeance of the Council, and finally expires upon his bier) was creditably sustained by Mr. ANDERSON; the only fault we can find with whose performance was a perpetual tendency to whine. Whining is as bad as ranting, and this promising young actor should endeavour to remedy his error. The part of *Marina*, the wife of *Jacopo*, was taken by Miss HELEN FAUCITT, who played it with considerable effect; but she pitched her voice too high throughout; she was too noisy, too outrageous; she should profit by the temperance of Mr. MACREADY. Mr. WARDE, Mr. ELTON, and Mr. G. BENNETT are deserving of praise for the great pains they took with the minor characters to which they were appointed. The tragedy was perfectly successful; indeed, we never knew the success of a piece more decided; it was announced for repetition in the midst of a perfect storm of applause.

A new operetta, called *Windsor Castle; or, The Prisoner King*, has been produced at this theatre, but the music was of a very indifferent character, and the piece was dramatically ineffective.

On Easter Monday, after the performance of SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of *Macbeth*, a new melo-dramatic spectacle was produced, bearing the title of *Sinbad the Sailor; or, the Valley of Diamonds*. The piece, as the title indicates, is founded upon the adventures of Sinbad, as recorded in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; the dramatizer, Mr. SERLE, whom we cannot compliment upon his performance, for it is crude and vulgar, and more like the opening of a Christmas pantomime, than a light and elegant Easter spectacle. The grotesque dancing of the large-headed dwarfs, created a great deal of laughter in the galleries, and the scene of the Valley of Diamonds is deserving of every praise, for no expense seems to have been spared in the production of the desired "effect."

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. CHARLES KEAN has appeared in the character of *Shylock* since our last; we paid considerable attention to his performance, but could not perceive any cause for altering in the slightest degree the opinion we have already expressed of this young actor's abilities. The Easter entertainment at this house is one of the most stupid and vulgar things we ever witnessed; it is a kind of "Astley's" perfor-

mance, and by no means so good. The endeavour is to represent some of the eccentricities of an eccentric Marquis; but they have already been exhibited in the print-shops, and little or no interest is attached to them. The idea of leaping over a five-barred gate in a drawing-room was a strange one, and as it had been actually done for a wager, it excited a sensation; but the imitation of it upon the stage was absurd. There are a profusion of very bad puns introduced in the piece, and some other vulgarities are perpetrated by the performers.

A new "grand romantic opera," entitled *The Gypsy's Warning*, the music by Mr. JULES BENEDICT, has been produced at this theatre, and with some degree of success. The story of it was absolute nonsense, the music is of a rather better character. Still we cannot pronounce Mr. BENEDICT a great musician; he has studied in the German school, but he imitates the heaviness of the German masters without being able to produce their harmony. Some of his orchestral effects are good; but the opera is too dull to be very attractive. Miss ROMER, PHILLIPS, and TEMPLETON sustained the principal characters. Mr. BENEDICT formerly accompanied on the piano-forte the recitative of the singers at the San Carlos at Naples.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre, having been repaired and elegantly decorated in the style of Louis Quatorze, was reopened on Easter Monday, under the management of Mr. WEBSTER, who raised the theatre so highly in the estimation of the public last year by his excellent direction. The piece selected for the opening was SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S excellent comedy of *The Love Chase*; Mrs. NISBETT'S character (*Constance*) being sustained by Miss ELPHINSTONE, a pupil of KNOWLES', who had obtained a very high provincial reputation. Miss ELPHINSTONE has many qualifications for the stage; in addition to great personal beauty, she has much dramatic talent, and by her personation of the difficult character of *Constance*, we were much gratified, and led to form expectations of her future histrionic assumptions. The part of *Mustor Waller* was taken by Mr. GLOVER, his first appearance in the metropolis, and who acquitted himself very satisfactorily. He is a talented and gentlemanly actor, and was frequently applauded. A Miss COOPER appeared as *Lydia*, and gives much promise of future excellence. In the *Willow Green*, we had again the great pleasure of seeing Mrs. GLOVER, who has, we are happy to say, recovered from the effects of her late accident, and is as lively and entertaining as ever. "May she live a thousand years!" The after-piece was a drama, originally produced at the Adelphi, called *St Mary's Eve*, in which Madame CELESTE performed with her usual ability and success.

OLYMPIC.—Madame VESTRIS is about to leave England for America, and has brought out a vaudeville, called the *Drunca's Levee*, a spirited little thing, in which she nightly takes leave of the English public. The other performances at this theatre do not call for notice.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mrs. HONEY commenced an engagement here on Easter Monday, in a burletta, by HAYNES BAYLY, called *My Album*, a light unpretending piece, in which she acted and sung very delightfully. A piece, called *The Brothers*, gave Mrs. STIRLING a good opportunity for displaying her versatile talents. Another novelty, bearing the title, *Hero and Leander*, is an effective "show" piece; its principal characters supported by Mrs. HONEY and Miss JANE MORDAUNT.

ADELPHI.—The *Groves of Blarney* is the title of a new piece which has been produced here with some success. Mr. POWER sustains the principal character, and to his humourous acting chiefly, the success of the drama is to be ascribed.

## FINE ARTS.

**DIORAMA.**—The subject of the painting is Tivoli, taken from the terrace, and presenting a different view from any we have previously seen, and one we think admirably chosen for dioramic display; there is some truly beautiful painting in the picture, which is finished with much care and skill. The Chevalier Bouton has been very successful in imparting the soft and sunny glow of an Italian landscape, and particularly in the appearance of the sky; some of the newspapers have questioned the appearance of the ground and herbage, but would these wiseacres wish an artist to paint an Italian view as though it were an English scene? This is sheer nonsense; the view is from nature, and we can vouch its accuracy. The waterfall is extremely well managed, and the bridge and ruined walls are remarkable for the spirit and freedom with which they are touched off; altogether, the present view is one of the best we have seen even here, and likely to prove very attractive; the Basilica of St. Paul, which we spoke so highly of last year, remains; its surprising effects continuing to excite so much admiration as to render any change unnecessary.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY is now open to the public every day until the 7th of May, and then only the four first days of the week. Several additions have been made to the collection, but the rooms in which they are placed are a disgrace to the country. Several of the pictures named in the catalogue as painted by different masters, have been proved to be incorrectly described; and a curious circumstance has been related with regard to those marked as Watteau's.

**BURFORD'S PANORAMA.**—The new painting is a view of Canton, said to be from the sketch of a native artist. The subject is interesting, and painted with all the skill usually displayed by the Messrs. Burford.

**PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY.**—The printsellers have been multiplying these portraits beyond all royal precedents, but we should think with very little profit to themselves, since there is not one that bears even a fair resemblance. Her Majesty is much handsomer than any of her portraits have made her, and must be greatly amused at the trash that is constantly being produced by the printsellers.

**PANORAMA OF SAN SEBASTIAN.**—A view of San Sebastian has been opened in Maddox Street, taken from sketches made by Colonel Shaw; the space is so very confined that the purposes of illusion necessary to such exhibitions are scarcely served. The picture has merit, as a painting, and had the room been less confined, we doubt not would have made a very interesting exhibition.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

## WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

It is the most pleasurable part of our duty to record the happiness of the beautiful and young, and sure we are that there is no happiness in life superior to that which young hearts feel when they stand before the nuptial altar, and in the face of heaven record their vows of truth and love. It is with much gratification, then, that we announce that the following weddings have taken place since our last publication.—In the Cathedral Church, Kilkenny, JOHN WYNNE, Esq., of Haslewood, in the county of Sligo, to Lady ANNE BUTLER, second daughter of the Marquis of ORMONDE.—At Munich, in the Catholic chapel,

and afterwards at the house of the British Charge d'Affaires, CAJETUN FREDERICK, Baron DE TOUTTHONES, Chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Bavaria, to JEMIMA MONTGOMERY, eldest daughter of JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.—On the 8th inst., GUILDFORD ONSLOW, Esq., son of the Hon. Colonel ONSLOW, of Alresford, Hants, to ROSA ANNE, daughter of General ONSLOW, of Stoughton House, Huntingdonshire.—At Charles Church, Plymouth, EMILY, third daughter of Captain Sir J. J. GORDON BREMER, R.N., of Compton, Devon, to ALFRED HOWARD, Esq., of Melbury Terrace, Dorset Square.

We have now to state that among the deaths in high life which have occurred, is that of MARY, Duchess-Dowager of ROXBURGHE, who expired, at Richmond, on Monday last, after a very short illness. Her Grace was the daughter of BENJAMIN BECHENOE, Esq., and was married in June, 1789, to WILLIAM, fourth Duke of ROXBURGHE, who died on the 22nd of October, 1815. On the 19th of August, 1826, the widowed Duchess re-married with the late Hon. JOHN TOLLEMACHE, second son of the Countess of DYSART, but leaves no family. We have also to state that the Dowager Viscountess STRANGFORD died at Clifton on the 5th inst. She was the eldest daughter of the late FREDERICK PHILIPS, Esq., and was married on the 4th of September, 1779, to LIONEL, fifth Viscount STRANGFORD, by whom she was mother to the present Viscount. Her Ladyship was in the 82nd year of her age.

## OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the interesting contribution of Lady Mary B——, but which came too late for insertion in our present number. Certainly in our next.

*Eleva* declined with thanks.

We have deprived one of the articles in our present number of its introductory *tale*, because it would have been distasteful to our readers. We are sure that our esteemed correspondent will not be angry at the omission.

*Esperance.*—Be constant to thy motto, and try again.

Rejected:—*Lines to my Love; R.; Monralto; and Love's Last Adieu.*

*A. A. A.*—Why so inquisitive? We can have no objection to state that the lady named is an occasional contributor; but the article alluded to is not from her Ladyship's pen.

The *Lines to Fidele* are very humorous; but not suitable for "The World of Fashion."

*Giulio* should never take pen in hand again, in the way of romance; his *Tale of Love* is enough to "fright the isle from its propriety."

*Eloise.*—We have read the *Trobadour* with much pleasure; but although the ideas are original and good, and the article is full of interest; the versification is very faulty. We are frequently compelled to reject the articles of talented correspondents, who might be successful in *prose* sketches, but whose poetry we cannot submit to our subscribers.

*Crab* deserves a *horsewhip*. We have sent his letter to the lady's brother.

Under consideration:—*A Maiden's Faith; Lavinia; The Last Hours of Love; Adventures of a Danseuse; Sappho; and L. E. V.*

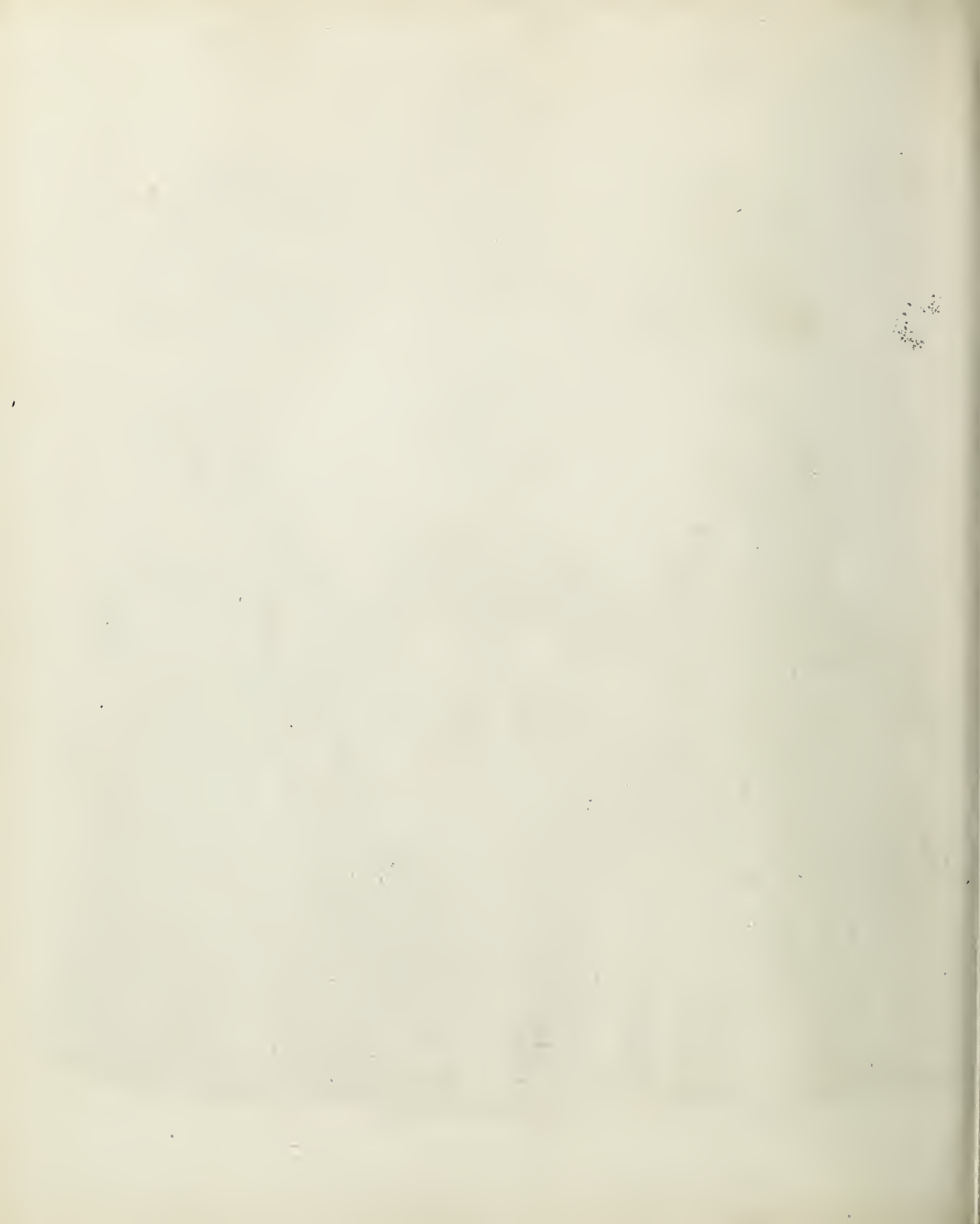




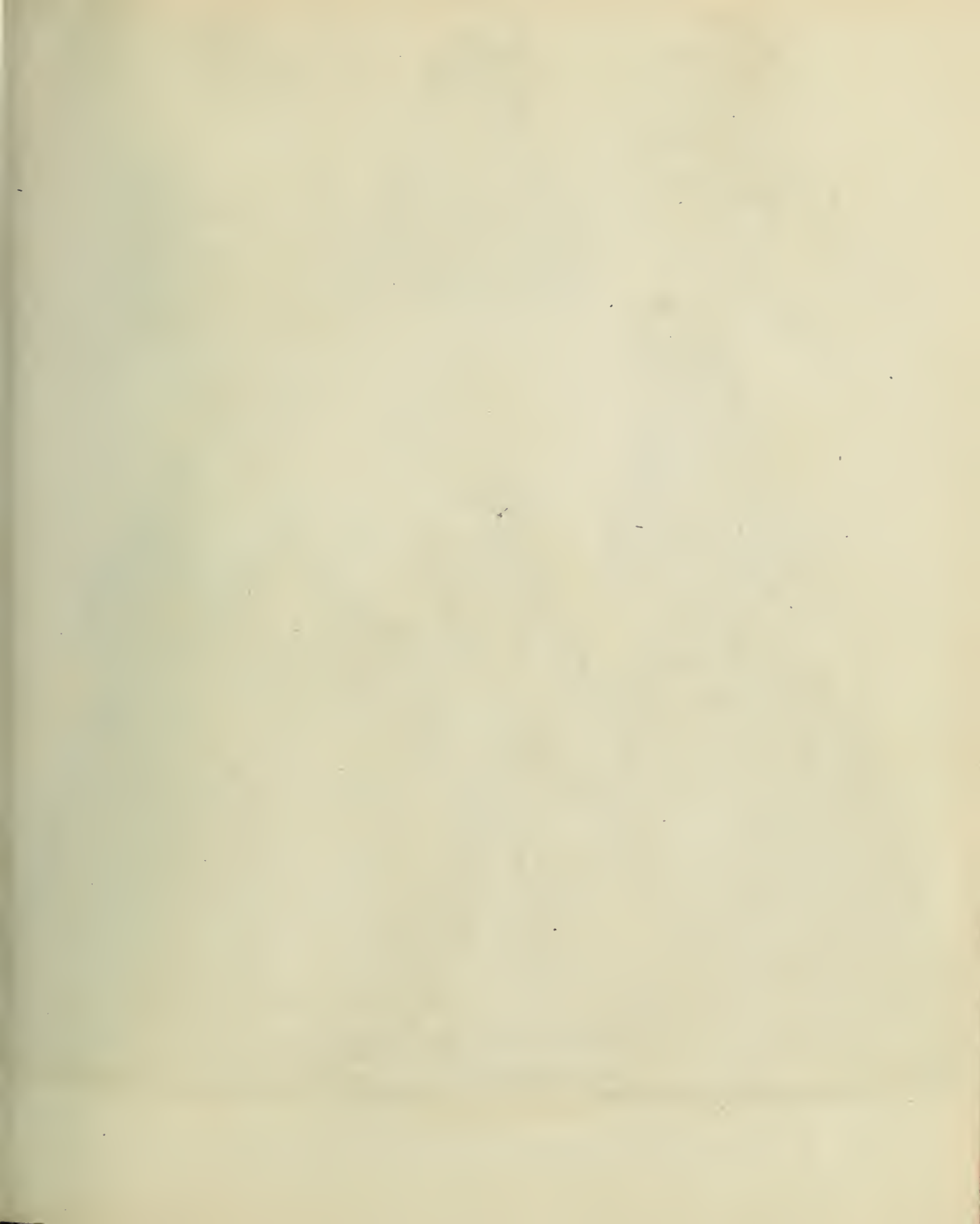
Portraits of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the Duchess of Sutherland.  
In the Fashions for May, 1838.



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





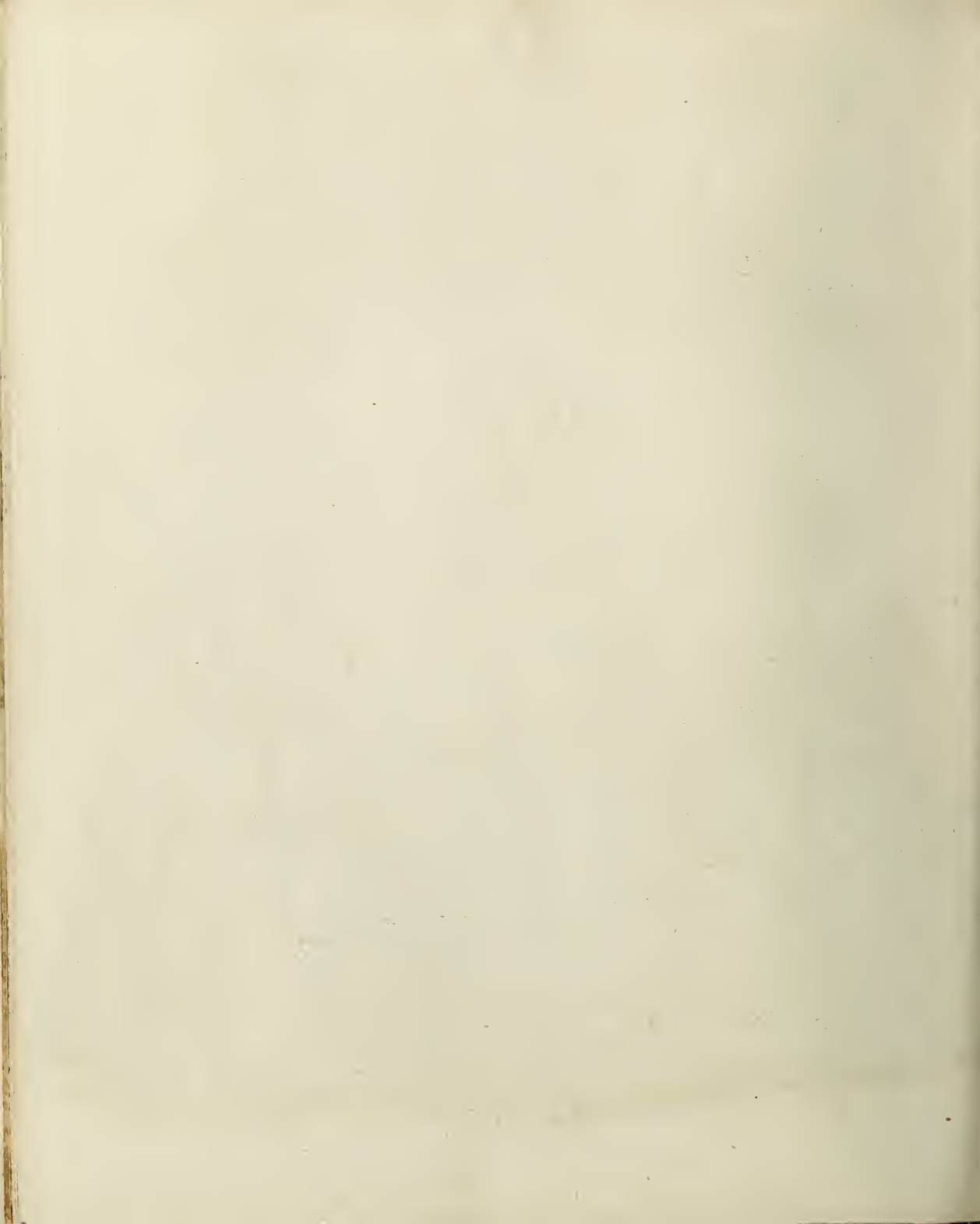




The Latest & Newest Fashions 1850 Evening & Morning Dresses



The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses



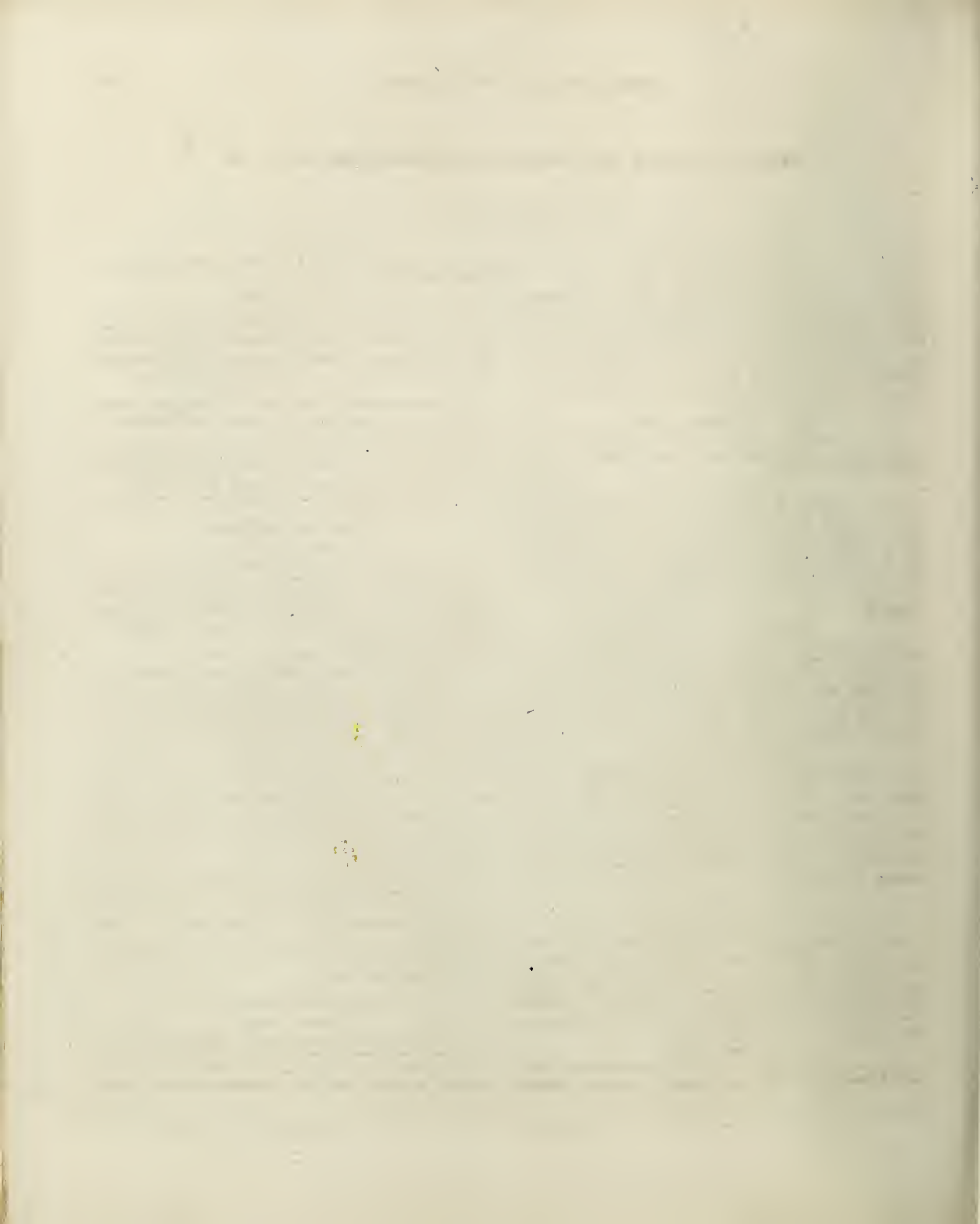




*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Morning Dresses. 151*





## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1838.

PLATE THE SECOND.  
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Grey silk pelisse robe, the *corsage* made with a breast lappel, and folds down the front; has the folds and the lappel trimmed with black lace, which is continued *en tablier* down the front of the skirt; Victoria sleeve, also trimmed with lace. Hat of lemon-coloured *moire*, the interior of the brim trimmed with *rouleaus* of ruby velvet and blond lace, intermingled; the crown is decorated with straw-coloured ribbon, and a *gerbe* of flowers.

## YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Nankeen trousers. Jacket of Bishop's violet merino, made *en blouse*, and trimmed with gilt buttons. Black cravat, and cambric frill.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of black *pou de soie*, lined with straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; it is open in front, displaying a jaconot muslin dress, embroidered round the border; the *corsage* is tight, and the sleeves demi-large. The hat, of white *pou de soie*, is trimmed in a very novel style, with a rosette of blond lace on one side; it has long floating ends, and a flower in the centre; *coques* of ribbon under the brim completes the trimming.

## MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Robe of one of the new green *Pekinets*; the border is trimmed with a very novel kind of fancy silk trimming, for which we refer to our plate; half-high *corsage*, and *pelerine fichu*, which, as well as the double *bouffant* sleeves, are trimmed to correspond. Rose-coloured *moire* hat, a round open brim descending very low at the sides; the trimming consists of flowers, and ribbons to correspond.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

5.—EVENING DRESS.—Blue silk robe; *corsage à la Dubarry*, trimmed with a blond lace drapery and rose ribbons. Small round cap of blond lace, ornamented with roses.

6.—HALF DRESS BONNET of *oiseau pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and exotics.

7.—EVENING DRESS.—Pea green *pou de soie* robe; *corsage à la Pompadour*. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a gold *bandeau*, and white roses.

PLATE THE THIRD.  
EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Grey *pou de soie* robe, open in front, and trimmed down the sides with white satin *bouillonnée*, formed by knots of crimson velvet; the *tablier* is composed of rich lace over white satin; *corsage* pointed, and cut low, with short sleeves, both trimmed with lace and knots of velvet. Head dress: a bonnet *à la Chantal*, of crimson velvet and white satin, ornamented with *coques* and floating *brides* of ribbon.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin tunic, over a petticoat of the same, both trimmed with *chefs d'or*; *corsage à la Sevigné*, trimmed

*en suite*. Head-dress: a *pouff* of scarlet gauze, striped and fringed with gold.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Green taffetas robe; the border is trimmed with a flounce; the *corsage*, high behind, with a small collar, is very open in front, displaying a high *chemisette*; the sleeve is demi-large. Head-dress: a *bonnet à la Babet*, of *tulle*, ornamented with flowers and ribbons. Apron of *Soie de Constantine*.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—MORNING DRESS.—High dress of canary *moire*, with a double fall of lace round the neck. Bonnet *à la Paysanne*, of *tulle*, simply trimmed with ribbon.

5.—Back view of a head-dress of hair, ornamented with a gold *ferronière*, and a band of white satin fringed with gold twisted round the knot of hair at the back of the head.

6.—Back view of a head-dress of hair adorned with flowers.

PLATE THE FOURTH.  
MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Peignoir* of *gris laçande mousseline de laine*, lined with green sarsenet, and trimmed down one side, and round the border, with a *rouleau* of the same. The *corsage* is of the usual form, but the sleeves are of the demi-Venetian kind. *Colerette* of embroidered muslin. Cap a *demi-cornette* of spotted *tulle*, trimmed with pink ribbon.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *poussiere Pekin*, the border is trimmed with a triple flounce, which is edged with green *pou de soie*. *Mantelet* of white *pou de soie*, made with a *pelerine* lappel, which, as well as the border of the *mantelet*, is embroidered in a rich wreath of flowers in coloured silks. Hat of pink *pou de soie*, full trimmed in a very novel style, with blond lace and ribbon.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of *rose noisette gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made *en amazone*, has the collar and lappel faced with cherry-coloured velvet; the *ceinture* and knots which fasten the dress down the front correspond. Sleeve *à la Duchesse d'Orleans*; drawn bonnet of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with field flowers, and a veil of gauze blonde.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—HALF DRESS BONNET of blue *pou de soie*, trimmed with a white *aigrette*, and a sprig of white roses.

2.—HALF DRESS BONNET BOUILLONNEE of *tulle*, trimmed with roses.

3.—MORNING CAP of English lace, a small round shape, trimmed with green ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.  
CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of rose-coloured *pou de soie*; the *corsage* tight to the shape, with long sleeve made close to the arm, but rendered very full at the upper part by three falls of trimming arranged in hollow plaits, and descending very low *en Sabot*.

*Mantelet* of the material of the dress made *en écharpe*, descending in a point behind, and with long floating ends; it is bordered with a full trimming, corresponding with that which borders the front of the skirt on each side. *Colletette en fiché* of English point lace. The bonnet is composed partly of rice straw and partly of green *taffetas*; it is trimmed with green ribbons, a sprig of foliage, and blond lace.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Blue crape robe, over *gros de Naples* to correspond; the border is trimmed with two flounces, surmounted by a third, which is disposed *en tunique*, and the trimming continued round the lappel of the *corsage*, which is cut low, and in the heart style. Long sleeves *à la Duchesse*. Hat of white *pou de soie*; a round and very open brim, trimmed next the face with a band of pink gauze ribbon, and shaded roses; the edge of the brim is finished with a *rûche*, and the crown decorated with *ruban royal*.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Indian green *taffetas* robe; the *corsage* is high and plain; the sleeves of the demi-gigot form, but *bouillonnée* at top. The dress is decorated all down the front with a trimming of a very novel description, for which we refer to our print; it is composed of *rouleaus* of cheesnut coloured *pou de soie*; the bottoms of the sleeves are ornamented *en suite*. Embroidered muslin *colletette*, trimmed with lace. Pink *pou de soie* hat of rather a large size, decorated with ribbon to correspond.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

4.—OPERA PELERINE AND CAPUCHON.—The first composed of back satin, is trimmed with a lozenge border of velvet, and fastened by knots of ribbon. The second, also of black satin, is lined with cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with black ribbon.

5.—CARRIAGE HAT of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with blond lace, a wreath, and a *gerbe* of lilac.

6.—A side view of the dinner hat.

7.—OPERA COIFFURE AND PELERINE.—The head-dress is composed of black lace; forming a cap in front, but open at the back of the head; it is decorated with flowers, velvet, a gold *chef* and pink ribbon. The *pelérine* is blue *velours épinglé*, lined and trimmed with swans'-down.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse of rhubarb-coloured *gros de Naples*; a tight *corsage*, with a *pelérine en cœur*, trimmed with two *volans*, one of which is continued down the front of the skirt; tight sleeve, with a full *mancheron* of a new form. Drawn bonnet of pink *pou de soie*; the crown is trimmed with ribbon, and the interior of the brim adorned with blond lace and cherry-coloured roses.

## HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Blue *pou de Soie* robe, of the demi-*redingote* form; the skirt is trimmed with ribbon; *corsage à Revers*, and Victoria sleeve. Small round cap of *tulle*, profusely ornamented with pink ribbon.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of one of the new *mousselines de laine*; the form is that of a wrapping pelisse; a tight *corsage* of the shawl form, trimmed, as is also the skirt, with a flounce festooned with green; demi-large sleeves, ornamented with a *navet de page* of flowered ribbon; *ceinture en suite*. Drawn bonnet of white *pou de soie*; the interior of the brim is trimmed with flowers, the crown with ribbons, and festooned drapery.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1838.

Notwithstanding the cold and rainy weather so ungenial at this season, several elegant novelties have appeared in summer fashions. We have given the most striking in our prints, and we now hasten to lay before our fair readers, the result of those observations on the *modes* which we have been studiously employed in making for the last month. We will begin with those novelties in carriage dress, which may be considered the most decidedly worthy the attention of our fair readers; and first in the list are the

MANTELETS ANDALOUSE.—They are composed of India muslins embroidered in the richest manner, and lined either with citron, rose-coloured, or lilac silk; the trimming consists of lace *en application Française*; it is very broad, and of a beautiful pattern. We do not know from whence these elegant *mantelets* have derived their Spanish name, for their form does not, strictly speaking, entitle them to it; but assuredly nothing of the kind that has yet appeared, can be more graceful or more advantageous to the figure.

MUSLIN SHAWLS may be fairly placed next to the article we have just described. Let our fair readers figure to themselves, a large square shawl of the finest India muslin, encircled with a broad aperture of that kind stiled *rivière de jour*, on which is strewed the most beautiful embroidery in relief; the corners are magnificently embroidered in very large patterns. The shawl is entirely encircled with rich broad white lace, set in very full. At present those elegant envelopes are lined with silks of light colours, but as the weather gets warm, they may be worn without lining, and will form the lightest and most elegant of all the summer shawls.

BONNETS.—We may cite as among the simplest, but most in request, of carriage bonnets, those composed of coloured silks, and covered with clear muslin, very lightly embroidered; the whiteness and transparency of the muslin has a singularly pretty effect over the coloured silk. These bonnets are trimmed with ribbons, the folds of which are intermingled with very rich lace; and several that we have seen are finished with a *violette en application*. These bonnets will be fashionable during the summer, but adapted only in the very highest quarter, because, notwithstanding their simplicity, the very expensive materials of which they are composed, renders their price excessive. Next to them in elegance, and much less expensive, are those of white, or light coloured *pou de soie*. The crowns are ornamented with a wreath of Spring flowers, from which a *gerbe* falls on one side of the brim; the interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, and flowers arranged in the lightest and prettiest stile we have yet seen; a narrow band of lace passes plain across the forehead, and is intermingled with very little fulness among the flowers; this kind of trimming though not in itself exactly novel, has an air of elegance and *recherché*. We have seen a few rather close bonnets of rice straw, simply trimmed with ribbon; they are decidedly smaller than the others, and are remarkable only for an air of neatness, and almost quaker like simplicity.

HATS.—It must be confessed that the materials of hats this summer do not afford much novelty, at least, as yet. Italian and rice straw, *pou de soie*, and crape: such are the only summer materials that have appeared. The two first, and crape, are the most in favour; indeed, crape is likely to enjoy a vogue that we do not remember it to have had before so early in the season. The brims of hats are neither so large, nor so wide as they were in the winter; the diminution is greater over the forehead than

in the rest of the brim, for it is still very long at the sides, and advances very far on the cheeks, which is generally speaking very unbecoming. The colours most in favour for crape hats, are rose straw and white; the edge of the brim is bordered with a band of satin of about an inch in breadth each way, and a *niche* of *tulle* is placed upon it. This satin band adds to the solidity of the hat, and produces besides a very pretty effect; *panaches* of shaded marabouts complete the trimming. Rice straw hats are trimmed with large sprigs of either white or red roses.

**FLOWERS.**—Although the whole domain of Flora is laid under contribution, there are nevertheless some flowers more in request than others. We may cite among the most fashionable, honey-suckles, moss-roses, violets of different kinds, heath-blossoms, the small wild daisy, snow-drops, and the wild geranium; but of all the flowers that have appeared, perhaps the most elegant is the *russe cotunus*, they are composed of the *brides* of marabouts. Nothing can be more lighter or more delicate than these flowers on a rice straw, or a crape hat.

**SILKS.**—We must own that materials as yet do not exhibit much of novelty; they are in fact those of last year, rendered in a great degree, however, novel by the arrangement of the patterns.

**LINGERIE.**—The most novel form for collars, are those cut in the horse-shoe shape, so as to follow the shape of the *corsage*. *Fichús* richly embroidered will replace *canesous*; they descend like them to the waist, but they form a collar behind. As the cuffs of sleeves are now very deep, a good many *manchettes* are made of a very simple form; they are, in fact, of the plain cuff shape, turned up over the bottom of the sleeves when the latter is quite tight; the *manchette* is frequently very deep, and laid on flat; they are embroidered; and finished at each edge by a row of narrow Valenciennes lace.

**PELISSES** are likely to be very much in favour during the early part of the season; we refer to our prints for some elegant models. At present they are made of silk only, and a good many are trimmed with a bias band, which encircles both the bottom and the sides of the pelisse. We have it, however, from very good authority, that as the weather gets warmer, muslin pelisses very richly embroidered all round the border, and not lined with silk will be adopted by many *élégantes*; we have seen one of these dresses, which we consider the most elegant model that could be devised for them; it is clear muslin embroidered all round, in a very rich pattern, and with a very great deal of open work, which has very much the effect of lace. The *corsage* is made *en peignoir*, but with a double pelerine pointed both in front and behind; the upper part of the sleeve which sits close to the arm, is trimmed with three worked flounces, the remainder of the sleeve is full nearly to the wrist, where it is terminated by a richly worked band. Speaking of sleeves, we must observe, that although at this moment it may be looked upon as definitively settled that sleeves will be worn large, as at least that those absolutely tight are to be abolished, several ladies have been seen in carriage dress with sleeves fitting close to their arms, but we must acknowledge that these ladies were of high rank, so that they might be supposed rather to set fashions than follow them; and also that they had very beautiful arms. In order to give our fair readers a just idea of the most elegant dresses that has yet appeared of the pelisse kind, we shall cite as

**MODELS FOR SPRING PELISSES** of *écru gros de Naples*, figured with poncean spots; the *corsage* is tight, and closed, as is also the front of the skirt by very small knots formed of four *coques* of ribbon; it is striped and shaded in pon-

cean and *écru*. The sleeves are the most novel that we have yet seen; the lower part is made tight, the upper part full, but the fulness is confined in puffs of a moderate size, and in contrary directions, by very small knots of ribbon corresponding with those of the *corsage* and skirt. From the tasteful quarter in which this dress has appeared, we think we may venture to say, that it cannot fail to become a general favourite. The other pelisse is composed of pearl grey pekin, figured in marsh-mallows; it is trimmed round with a garniture of the same, festooned with marsh-mallows' silk; this trimming very narrow towards the top, encircles the bottom of the *corsage*, forming a point, and descending on the front of the skirt, which is open, it increases in breadth so as to form a deep flounce at the bottom. Tight sleeves ornamented with three full trimmings descending and forming a *Sabot*. Before we quit our descriptions of out door costume, we must say a few words upon the

**VICTORIA PARASOLS FOR OPEN CARRIAGES.**—They are perfectly calculated for that purpose, of a very small size, and with folding sticks, so that they may be used to shade the face as a fan; they are composed of *pou de soie chine*. Some are trimmed with fringes; others have an embroidered border—all are pretty. As to the sticks, which are of wrought ivory and of antique patterns, they really are of uncommon beauty. These *bijoux* of parasols, as a fair young friend of ours' calls them, are, as may be supposed, of a very high price.

**PROMENADE PARASOLS** are something smaller than those of last year. Some are of shaded, and others of striped silk. We may cite as the prettiest those composed of *Pekinets* of a white ground with coloured stripes or patterns.

**FASHIONABLE COLOURS** are several new shades of grey, *poussière*, *écru*, lilac, azure blue, cherry, pink, straw-colour, and the greatest variety of shades of green and rose that we have ever seen.

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#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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The Summer Fashions may as yet be said to appear slowly; the weather, though fine, is far from warm; we see, however, with pleasure, that simplicity and taste, those best handmaids of Fashion, have presided at the creation of the *modes de printemps*. Our Fair Readers will be persuaded of the truth of this assertion, partly by the models given in our prints, and partly by the details we are about to lay before them.

**CHAPEAUX DE PROMENADE.**—It may be regarded as a settled thing, that during the whole of the summer promenade, hats and bonnets will have the briens smaller, and descending more over the face than those worn in winter. Those of *traille d'Italie* will enjoy the highest vogue, that is to say, those of extravagant price, for we have seen some as high as twelve hundred francs, and even more. The style of trimming of these hats offers nothing remarkable; in many instances a rich white ribbon carelessly tied at the end is their only ornament. Others are trimmed with either white or straw-coloured ribbon figured in green, and a long ostrich feather tipped to correspond with the ribbon. Some are trimmed with spring flowers, but these hats are comparatively few in number. Grey of various shades appears to be very much in favour for silk hats. We have *gris argent*, *gris fauve*, and *gris roussis*; there are also different colours with fancy names, which all have a tendency to grey, though the colour is not expressed in the name. These hats are

always of *pou de soie*, and generally trimmed with *taffeta* ribbon, either striped or plaided, in different shades of green.

**MANTELETS.**—Let not our Fair Readers start at the word, it is no longer of the rich *mantelet* of velvet or satin that we are about to speak; their reign is over for the present, but they are succeeded by others suitable to the season; for it cannot be denied that the *mantelet* seems to be adopted as a part of our national costume. Those that we now speak of are *pou de soie*, trimmed either with swans'-down, which is expected to continue in favour during the whole of the month, or perhaps longer; or else with black or white lace. We have also seen some of *organdy*, embroidered round the border in coloured cashmere worsteds; these latter are singularly beautiful, and are expected to continue in favour during the whole of the summer.

**SUMMER SILKS.**—Although printed muslins and *mausselines de laine* will be very much in *negligé*; yet silks are expected to be still more in favour, at least in the early part of the season. We subjoin a list of such as are proper for *negligé*:—*Gros de Tyndango*, a striped and shaded silk; *Gros de Messine*, a simple, but very elegant material; *Gros de Sidan* and *points d'Armenie*; both are silks of a light and simple kind; they are particularly well calculated for home *negligé*. We may cite among the new *foulards*, those called *Ada*, *Azan*, and *Pekinet*. Speaking of *foulards*, we may venture to predict that they will continue their vogue during the summer; in fact, they are expected to be very fashionable. We may add to our list the *Chines de Syr*, *de Canada*, *de Crimee*, *Cyane*, and *Nagais*.

**SUMMER SHAWLS.**—Those of China crape are expected to be the most in favour this summer; they are, without dispute, the most elegant of all the fancy shawls that have appeared for some years. They are embroidered in superb patterns of quite a novel kind; instead of being figured in the loom, they are embroidered in silk, and without any wrong side, which, of course, renders them exceedingly expensive. We have seen some white ones, embroidered in sprigs of roses, most beautifully shaded. We have seen also some *ponceau* shawls, embroidered in black. The greater number, however, of those that have already appeared are plain, embroidered in silk of the same colour.

**REDINGOTES** are generally adopted in promenade dress, and are expected to continue in favour till the weather becomes very warm. *Corsages* for these dresses are all made with flat backs and fronts either of the lappel kind, or else made with large firm plaits, which descend from the shoulder-strap to the waist. There is no *ceinture*, but one or two pipings which attaches the *corsage* to the skirt. We have not observed the smallest diminution in the width of skirts, but they are certainly worn a full inch shorter than they were a month ago, and they are expected to diminish still more in length during the summer.

**SLEEVES.**—We have no remarkable changes to announce in sleeves; those of *redingotes* are still made for the most part demi-large, retained at the bottom and the top by tight pieces. Several have the lower part made tight almost to the elbow, and closed near the hand by three or four small buttons.

**PELERINES** of the same material as the *redingote* are expected to be very generally adopted in *negligé*; they are made very open in front, short on the shoulder, and falling in long rounded points behind.

**EVENING NEGLIGE.**—We may announce with certainty that India muslin will be this season in very great favour in evening dress, both for robes of *grand parure* and *negligé*. We shall cite the most fashionable form of the latter; the *corsage* is cut low and square, but with the shoulder-straps rather higher than

usual; it is edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and encircled with an *entredeux* of open work; the fullness of the *corsage*, which extends the whole length of it, forms a *gerbe*, descending in a point to the *ceinture*; the sleeves are trimmed at the top with *two volans*, each surmounted by a coloured ribbon passed through the muslin, with a ribbon to correspond in the hem of the flounce; the centre of the sleeve is full, but from the elbow to the wrist the fullness is retained in four places by ribbons passed through casings, and forming knots at the side. The skirt gathered in at the waist is trimmed with a very deep flounce, surmounted by a full casing, with a ribbon drawn through it; two similar casings ornament the bottom of the flounce. These robes are always worn over white silk slips; there is in the form of the robe, and also in the trimming something at once novel, and elegantly simple.

**MODES DE LONGCHAMPS.**—We shall place under this head the most striking novelties that have appeared in that brilliant promenade during the three days that it continued; observing to our Fair Readers, that we have selected only those that we can confidently announce as decided summer fashions.

**RIDING DRESSES.**—The prettiest were of blue *pensée* or blue cloth; the *corsage* buttoned from top to bottom with a single row of buttons; a velvet collar and tight sleeves. Pantaloon of *coutil*, either white or *écru*. Cravat tied in the same manner as a gentleman's, and a large brimmed hat with a veil.

**CHALES ET MANTELETS EN FILET** have again made their appearance, but with a modification which renders them more elegant than last year; they are trimmed with broad lace also *en filet*. This kind of lace has also appeared in coloured silks, and has been employed to trim both *mantelets* and shawls.

**CHAPEAUX DE LONGCHAMPS.**—Those of *paille d'Italie* and *rez*, have appeared in great profusion; both have the *bavolet* turned up behind; the brims *écasées* and moderately large. The number of silk hats was also very considerable, particularly of those new colours more or less inclined to grey; the crowns were trimmed with feathers, and the interior of the brims adorned with small cherry-coloured flowers. We may cite among the most elegant of the silk hats, one of rose-coloured *pou de soie*, trimmed round the crown with a *chaperon* of rose-colored curled feathers; there was very little ribbon employed, only a band and *brides*. A few hats of grey *feutre* have been admired; they are trimmed with a flat feather, which placed on the left side winds round the crown; it is grey, but shaded with blue or cherry colour; a small *coquille*, corresponding with the plume, completes the trimming.

**REDINGOTES ET ROBES DE LONGCHAMPS.**—We may cite among the most remarkable of the first, one of *taffetas glue rose et gris*, *corsage à revers*, trimmed round with antique points. Another of *pou de soie*, narrow stripes, shaded in *écru* upon a water ground; the trimming was a *chicorée* of the same material, which encircles the border, mounted on the front of the skirt *en tablier*, and ended almost in a point under the *ceinture*; the *corsage* made partially open, and with a very large lappel, was trimmed to correspond, and the sleeve tight just below the shoulder, and full from thence to the wrist, had the fullness partially confined by a *chicorée*, wreathed round it in a very novel and fanciful manner. We may refer for the most elegant of the robes to the centre figure of our third plate, and the first of our fourth. The materials in general were those summer silks of which we have already spoken. Several were trimmed with *bias* flounces. With regard to the forms, all that are actually novel we have given in our prints, but truth to say, there has been as yet very little change.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE ;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND ;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF DURHAM.

“ Through all his thread of life already spun,  
Becoming grace and proper action run ;  
The peace of virtue's equal hand so wrought,  
Mixed with no crime, and shaded with no fault.”

The high official situation to which the Earl of DURHAM has just been appointed, has attracted to that noble Lord a more than ordinary degree of public attention ; and the particulars of his life and of his family cannot fail to be read with interest. The Earl of DURHAM has long been distinguished as a statesman, and the appointment of his lordship to the office of Governor-General of Canada, at a time like the present, when that colony is in a state of rebellion, and it requires uncommon talents to restore peace and satisfaction to the North American subjects of her Majesty, shews that the government have a very high opinion of the noble lord's abilities, and, indeed, it is pretty generally understood that the appointment was at the suggestion of the Queen herself. Be this, however, as it may, the fitness of Lord DURHAM to execute the duties which will devolve upon him, has not been questioned either within or without the doors of Parliament, and it is much to be hoped that his lordship's mission will be productive of all the good effects expected by the government to result from it. The family of LAMBTON is one of the oldest in the kingdom ; the regular pedigree can only be traced from the twelfth century, many of the family records having been destroyed in the civil wars, but the previous residence of the family, at Lambton, in Durham, is well proved by attestations of charters and incidental evidence, from a period very nearly approaching to the Norman conquest. From ROBERT DE LAMBTON, feudal Lord of Lambton Castle, who died in the year 1350, lineally descended JOHN LAMBTON, Esq., born in 1505. He was married to AGNES, daughter and co-heiress (with her sisters, ISABELLA, wife of R. CONYERS, Esq., of Hordon, Durham, and MARGARET, wife of T. TROLLOP, Esq., of Thornley), of ROGER LUMLEY, Esq., of Ludworth, niece of RICHARD Lord LUMLEY, and great granddaughter of King EDWARD the Fourth, (through his natural daughter, ELIZABETH PLANTAGENET, wife of THOMAS LUMLEY, eldest son of GEORGE Lord LUMLEY). Thus it will be seen that the family, by this marriage, became connected with royalty. Mr. LAMBTON died in 1552, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, ROBERT LAMBTON, Esq., of Lambton, who took to wife the fair FRANCES, daughter of Sir RALPH EURE, Knt., and sister of Lord EURE ; but no circumstances at all noteworthy occurred in the life of this gentleman, or in that of his son and successor, RALPH LAMBTON,

who married ELEANOR, daughter of THOMAS TEMPEST, Esq., of Stanley : we shall proceed, therefore, to speak of the son of the last-named gentleman, WILLIAM LAMBTON, Esq., who flourished in the time of King CHARLES the First, and gave much assistance to that monarch in his troubles. He was a colonel of infantry in the King's service, and obtained the honour of knighthood in the year 1614. He was twice married ; in the first instance, to JANE, third daughter and co-heiress of Sir NICHOLAS CURWEN, of Workington, in the county of Cumberland, by whom he had a family of one son, HENRY, and two daughters. Lady LAMBTON died in 1638, and Sir HENRY WIDDINGTON, secondly, CATHERINE, daughter of Sir HENRY WIDDINGTON, Knt., and had, besides other children, WILLIAM, who also entered the King's service, and perished in the battle-field while defending the royal cause ; and THOMAS, who also served King CHARLES, and received the honour of knighthood. The father of this brave family himself perished at the celebrated battle of Marston Moor, on the 2d of July, 1664, and was succeeded by his eldest son, HENRY LAMBTON, Esq. The lady of this representative of the House of LAMBTON was MARY, daughter of Sir ALEXANDER DAVISON, Knt., to whom he was married in the year 1635, and by whom he had a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, WILLIAM, (born in 1640) was representative of the county of Durham in seventeen parliaments, but he died unmarried in 1724. The second son, HENRY, was a barrister at law, and he also died unmarried, in 1702. The third, JOHN, who was born in 1650, died unmarried in 1722. The youngest was the only son who entered the “ holy estate of matrimony,” and to him we therefore proceed as the continuator of the line.

His name was RALPH LAMBTON, and the lady of his affections (to whom he was married in 1636) was DOROTHY, daughter and co-heiress of JOHN HEDWORTH, Esq., of Harraton. Hence the name of HEDWORTH, which is borne by the family at the present time. RALPH died in the year 1717, leaving, besides four daughters, the following sons : HENRY, M.P. for the county of Durham, who succeeded to the estates of his uncle WILLIAM, but died unmarried in 1761 ; HEDWORTH, a major-general in the army, and who also died unmarried in 1774. WILLIAM, another old bachelor, who succeeded his brother HENRY, and died unmarried in 1774 ; and a younger son, JOHN LAMBTON, a wiser gentleman than any one of his brothers, for he did not remain in a state of bachelorism, but loved and wedded one who became the comfort of his life. He married SUSAN, daughter of THOMAS, Earl of STRATHMORE. He succeeded to the estates of his brother WILLIAM, and became owner of Lambton Castle ; he was a major-general in the army, and colonel of the 68th foot. He died in the year 1794, leaving the following family.

1. WILLIAM HENRY, born November 16, 1764.
2. RALPH JOHN.
3. JANE DOROTHY.
4. SUSAN MARY ANNE, who was married in 1790, to JOHN WHARTON, Esq.

His successor was the above-mentioned WILLIAM HENRY, the father of the present Earl of DURHAM. He represented

the county of Durham in the House of Commons, of which he was a distinguished member. His lady was ANNE BARBARA FRANCES, daughter of GEORGE BUSSEY, fourth Earl of JERSEY, to whom he was united on the 11th of June, 1791, and had surviving issue.

1. JOHN GEORGE, now Earl of DURHAM.
2. WILLIAM HENRY, born March 27, 1793, married, in 1824, to HENRIETTA, second daughter of CUTHBERT ELLISON, Esq.
3. HEDWORTH, M.P., born March 26, 1767.
4. FRANCES SUSAN, who married, first, the Hon. HENRY FREDERICK HOWARD, who fell on the field of Waterloo; and, secondly, H. F. COMPTON CAVENDISH, Esq.

Mr. LAMBTON died on the 30th of November, 1797. His widow subsequently married the Hon. CHARLES WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

We have now to speak of his eldest son, JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON, Earl of DURHAM, and Baron DURHAM, of Lambton Castle, in the county palatine of Durham, Governor-General of Canada. His Lordship was born on the 12th of April, 1792, and was married first on the 1st of January, 1812, to Miss H. CHOLMONDELEY, of whom he was bereft by the hand of death, in July, 1815. Two daughters were the issue of this marriage, FRANCES CHARLOTTE, born Oct. 16, 1812, and GEORGIANA SARAH ELIZABETH, born March 2, 1814. His Lordship, on the 9th of December, 1836, again became a bridegroom, the lady to whom he was then united being LOUISA ELIZABETH, daughter of CHARLES, second Earl GREY. His Lordship had the following family.

1. CHARLES WILLIAM, born Jan. 16, 1818.
2. GEORGE FREDERICK D'ARCY, born Sept. 5, 1821.
3. MARY LOUISA, born May 8, 1819.
4. EMILY AUGUSTA, born May 17, 1823.

But death has deprived his Lordship of most of those bright blossoms, which gave such promise of ripening into human perfection: his lordship's domestic sorrows are great; he has seen his children growing in beauty and virtue, and seen them die—suddenly snatched as it were from his home and heart.

The portraits of the fair and young  
Still hang upon his walls;  
But the father's brow a sadness wears,  
On his heart a shadow falls.  
A herald from the spirit world,  
May tell its spirit tale,  
Why cheeks and lips, erst bright and red,  
Are livid now, and pale.

His Lordship having represented the county of Durham in Parliament for several years, obtained the coronet which his wealth and talents rendered him so well deserving of; he was created Baron DURHAM, in Jan. 1828, and subsequently Earl of DURHAM. We have already alluded to his Lordship's appointment in Canada: he will be accompanied by the Countess of DURHAM, and their surviving daughter, in his mission.

His Lordship's arms are as follows:—*sa.* a fesse, between three lambs, passant; *ar.* crest, a ram's head, cabessed, *ar.* horned, *sa.* Supporters; two lions, the dexter *gu.*, the sinister *az.*, each ducally gorged, *or.*, supporting a staff gold, therefrom banners of the second, the dexter banner charged with a cross patée, and the sinister with a lion passant, gardant of the third. Motto:—" *Le jour viendra.*"

Lord DURHAM's seats are Lambton Castle, Durham, and Copsie Hill, Wimbledon.

## GRACE CAVENDISH;

OR, THE BRIDAL OF THE BETRAYER.—*A Tale.*

"The flower in ripened bloom unmatched,  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
The leaves must drop away!  
And yet it were a greater grief,  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it pluck'd to-day!  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair."—BYRON.

Woman in her purity and loveliness is truly said by the poet to be the choicest object in the creation. It is, indeed, an exquisite sight to see woman in the flush of youth and innocence, just stepping out of girlhood and into the world, of which she is to become the ornament or the disgrace; for the best and the worst, the most virtuous and the most debased, have each had their time of innocence and glory, when full of angel thoughts and firmest holiness, their aspirations have arisen from the divinity of their young hearts and have worn the hue of heaven. There is a glory surrounding woman in this state of innocence, the contemplation of which makes the happy heart happier and the sad one sadder; it throws the one into the momentary forgetfulness of the perishableness of all earthly things, and causes it to dream of eternal life, and love that shall never die; and a thousand bright and beautiful fancies take possession of it, while in the other such contemplation inspires sorrow for the perishableness of beauty, and awakens that intense yearning for the purified state of existence where there shall be no death—where all that is young and bright and beautiful shall never fade or perish, but the angels' faces and the voices of sweet seraphs shall continually exist in the full glory of loveliness, and divested of the base material part; the enjoyment of this life and light will be the pure and hallowed enjoyment of the soul.

It gave this happiness to the happy, and this sorrow to the sad to look upon Grace Cavendish, the young and beautiful child of a village curate, in one of the green valleys of the West of England, a worthy man, who not only taught his flock the way to everlasting happiness, but also by his example showed the sincerity of his belief, and the truth and efficacy of his precepts.

Grace Cavendish was just turned of seventeen; she was tall for her age, but her figure was slightly and delicately formed; and her footsteps were so light as to be almost noiseless as she passed along. Her features had now acquired their decided formation, and truly did they seem to be a sculptor's exquisitely embodied idea of female beauty. Her fine open brow was shaded by dark luxuriant tresses, upon which were reflected the brightness of her large dark eyes, fringed with their long lashes, which gave so touching an expression to her countenance.

Grace Cavendish was lively among the happy, but she could listen to the sorrows of the sad, and apply the balm of sympathy and commiseration to the afflicted spirit. She was the idol of her little village, and her reverend parent as he viewed her progress in beauty and goodness, and heard the prayers that were constantly breathed for her prosperity, in the fullness of his heart poured out his thanksgivings to heaven for the possession of such a child.

We have said that Grace Cavendish was just turned of seventeen at the commencement of our little narrative. She was one

day engaged in the benevolent task of administering to the necessities of an aged couple at the extremity of the village, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and a gentleman in a sporting dress entered the cottage for shelter from a storm which had commenced with much severity. The stranger was struck by the personal charms of Grace Cavendish, and long after the storm had subsided did he remain in the cottage engaged in conversation with its inmates, although the sole attraction was the curate's daughter. At length she rose to return to her abode, and the stranger, rising at the same time, asked permission to accompany her. Grace declined this offer; but he was going the same way with herself, and they proceeded therefore together.

On their arrival at the curate's dwelling, the good old man was observed sitting in the porch watching the glories of the setting sun; he arose as the stranger approached, and the latter extending his hand, said, "I am happy to renew my acquaintance with the Reverend Mr. Cavendish."

"Sir!" exclaimed the pastor, looking first at the unexpected visitor, and then at his daughter, who observing her father's perplexity, said "This gentleman was at the cottage to which I have been, and ———"

The gentleman interrupted her. "My dear Sir," he said, "I can well understand your surprise; twelve years make a great difference in our personal appearance, but twelve years ago, Mr. Cavendish would not have made a stranger of Bernard Hatherleigh."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the old man, regarding the stranger attentively, "My young Lord Hatherleigh!"

"The identical little boy whom you used to give apples to when he had done well; though terribly severe, as this poor hand, if it had a tongue, could tell, in hours of indolence."

"My Lord!" exclaimed the curate.

"Nay, Mr. Cavendish," observed Lord Hatherleigh, "pray do not 'my lord' me. I have enough of that in town. I arrived here last night for the purpose of ease and recreation; therefore, plain Bernard, now as ever, or else, if your humanity cannot overcome your notions of rank, call me nothing at all." And taking the hand of the reverend pastor, he shook it warmly and affectionately, while Grace, who had some confused recollection of a playfellow in her childhood, turned away her face to brush away some tears that had involuntarily started into her eyes.

And this stranger, then, was Lord Hatherleigh—the young and titled man, who as a boy ever delighted in frequenting the house of his gentle schoolmaster, and being the playmate of the then thoughtless and romping Grace. Oh, the wild sports of these merry urchins then! Now the boy had succeeded to the title and estates, was a peer of Parliament, an attraction in the circles of fashion, and Grace, the romping girl, had become the beautiful and thoughtful woman, with sufficient of the girl to realize a picture of youthful innocence.

Lord Hatherleigh had recognised his old companion in the cottage to which the rain had driven him for shelter, and all his old regard for his village partner was revived; nay, indeed, he felt a stronger interest in her welfare, and though he had determined upon remaining incog. at Hatherleigh Hall, he at once resolved upon seeking an interview and declaring himself to his old master and friend.

Lord Hatherleigh became a frequent visitor at the house of the village curate; he attached himself to the playmate of his childhood; he threw aside all the reserve of rank, he despised the conventionalities of society; he was again upon the scene

of his happiness; "the light of other days" appeared to be restored, he had passed through the scenes of splendour in which false hearts preside, and he had come again to the pure fount of nature, and now "looking creation in her holy face," he felt that he was wiser, and better, and happier; and he had no further wish than to live and die in such scenes, and with such companions.

Lord Hatherleigh was sincere in his professions of superior regard for the scenery and the living objects of his childhood's home; but the events of life alter our opinions and our beliefs materially, as far as worldly things are concerned. The objects of our delight at one time are our aversion at another—so frail are we—so erring is the mind—the great mind—upon which we pride ourselves! Lord Hatherleigh believed that he could not be happier than when roaming over the green fields with his beautiful companion, Grace Cavendish, or listening to the morality of her exemplary parent: yet the time was not very far distant when he was destined to spurn that beautiful companion, and leave her young heart desolate, in shame, and despairing.

Suddenly the good old curate died, and Grace Cavendish was alone in the world, and exposed to all its temptations. She was loth to quit her childhood's home, and Lord Hatherleigh, graciously bestowed up her the cottage wherein she was born, and delicately refrained from visiting her until such time as a distant relation, whom she intended should reside with her, had arrived. The present of the cottage was made by Lord Hatherleigh as a tribute to the virtues of the exemplary curate, and Grace had no hesitation in accepting it, for Lord Hatherleigh had already whispered words of eternal love into her ear, and the scruples which her natural good sense had raised upon the point of the difference in their respective ranks, had been overcome by the deep devotion of the young nobleman.

It was the love of Lord Hatherleigh which alone consoled Grace Cavendish under her sad bereavement; she believed that he was sincere, and although death had taken from her her first protector, she felt assured that heaven had raised up one that would be a protector and guide through the world's varied maze. And Lord Hatherleigh's thoughts were then pure and virtuous as the maiden's heart.

But a change took place, a sad and devastating change. Parliamentary affairs called Lord Hatherleigh away from the scenes of his happiness and the companionship of his beloved. And when the hour of parting came, they felt how dear they had become to each other, and how necessary was the presence of each to their individual happiness. There is no time in human existence more productive of melancholy feelings, with the exception of the hour of death itself, than that of lovers' parting. Although they know that they shall meet again, that the separation is but for a time, that the duties fulfilled which exacts the sacrifice, the departing one will hasten back to happiness; still there are fears of accident, of estrangement, and even of death, which embitter the parting hour, blanch the cheek of youth, bring tears upon their eyelids, and cause the lips to quiver, and the voice to be scarcely audible. They who have loved and parted, know full well the anguish of separation, and such may conceive the feelings of poor Grace Cavendish, when she became aware of the firm possession which Lord Hatherleigh had taken of her heart, and yet knew that they must part.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening when they sat together in the little cottage parlour, looking out from its jasmine-covered casement, and Lord Hatherleigh told Grace Cavendish that he should depart for London on the following morning;

"But I will soon return, dearest," he exclaimed, pressing the white hand of the orphan to his lips, "and then we shall again be happy." Grace replied not; her heart was too full; she saw in Lord Hatherleigh one who had been most kind to her father in his dying hours, who had continued his kindness to her, an unprotected orphan—and her gratitude, struggling with her love, would have prayed her lover not to leave her even for a day—she could not speak; but her tears were eloquent, and Lord Hatherleigh felt their force, and pressing her to his bosom assured her that his absence would not be long, and that upon his return their nuptials should be solemnized.

They met in innocence, but in guilt they parted. In a moment of thoughtlessness the beautiful orphan was despoiled of that immediate jewel of the soul, which, poor though she was, elevated her to the height of Lord Hatherleigh himself, and made her his equal. They parted in silence, and in shame.

Within a week Grace Cavendish received a letter from Lord Hatherleigh, full of the tenderest protestations; and Grace humbled and degraded in her own opinion as she was, and as she felt she must be also in the estimation of her lover, derived some consolation from his letter, and that night sleep closed her eyelids for the first time since her degradation. She pressed the letter to her heart, and falling upon her knees in an agony of grief, mingled with hope, she poured out her thanksgivings to heaven, where the tears of the penitent and the breathings of the contrite heart are ever received and rewarded; and that night she slept, and dreamed of happiness. But despair returned with the morning light; there was no pleasure now for Grace Cavendish in the sweet breath of morning, the sunshine on the hills, the perfume of flowers, and the song of birds, in which she had once delighted; she turned from them all, for all seemed to rebuke her, and to taunt her with the abject condition to which she had fallen.

The opening of her life had been bright and beautiful; but a change had come over the path of her existence; and the once beautiful, gay, and innocent Grace Cavendish was now oppressed with care and grief; a recluse, burthened with her own thoughts; conscience-stung; moving like a guilty being, and startled by the slightest noise.

The love of Lord Hatherleigh did not appear to be diminished; he constantly wrote to her, and always expressed his anxiety for the arrival of the time when they should meet to part no more. This constancy gave some relief to the orphan; but all the letters of her lover, and all his oft-repeated protestations could not remove from her mind the apprehension of his inconstancy and desertion. When she was innocent, she felt that she might deserve his love; now she knew that she had forfeited all claim to it.

It was about three months after the departure of the young nobleman that Grace received a letter in a strange hand, and when she opened it, she discovered that it was dictated by Lord Hatherleigh. He had been compelled to employ an amanuensis, in consequence, he said, of the great fatigue, occasioned by the pressure of public business, and beseeching the orphan to admit his secretary to their mutual confidence, repeated all his protestations of affection. But this time he expressed no anxiety for the occurrence of their nuptials.

The orphan pondered on this strange letter;—she was amazed by it. She had feared the inconstancy of her lover, and yet when this proof of the justness of her fears came, she found excuses for him, would not believe the fears her heart suggested, and clung to the thought with wild and frantic devotion that Lord Hatherleigh still was true.

For two months more this correspondence was continued, and the orphan's hopes were gradually expiring, and she was resigning herself to despair. She saw the gulf before her, and prepared to meet her fate with calmness. Secluded from the world, refusing all communion with her fellow-creatures, whose looks she feared more than her own thoughts—though the secret of her shame was unrevealed—she passed her lonely hours in penitence and prayer.

The session being over, Lord Hatherleigh quitted London and repaired to his country seat in the neighbourhood of the orphan's home. But what a different man was he who returned, to the Lord Hatherleigh who went away. He was an altered man. He had been led into the gaities and dissipations of the metropolis, and gradually his heart had become estranged from the young orphan whom he had betrayed. He sought an interview with Grace upon his return; she received him. Let us pass over that interview, in which the severest pang the heart of the orphan had endured was inflicted; in which the once honourable and high-minded Hatherleigh appeared in the light of a coarse insulting master, blighting the hopes which the orphan cherished that he would fulfil his promise, and repair at the altar the wrong which he had done her. Let it suffice that the orphan turned from the serpent with scorn and indignation, and flying from his presence, locked herself in her chamber, and in an agony of tears and suffering, prayed for protection from heaven.

She never saw her betrayer after that hour. The suddenness with which the fact of his infamy had come upon her, destroyed her. She never held up her head again, nor ever did she come forth from that chamber to which she had flown from the presence of the once-loved but now despised Lord Hatherleigh. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and the last hours of the dying orphan were cheered by a light from above, and though friendless as she was in the world, and oppressed as she was by her own consciousness of error and self-degradation, she felt comforted and assured that her prayers had not been breathed in vain, and that freed from the trammels of earth, she would repair to a brighter and better world, where the soul, purified and redeemed from sin, enjoys eternal bliss. Such were the last hours of the betrayed; and, when death came, the king of terrors found the orphan resigned and prepared, and when she laid lifeless upon her couch, the smile, which was still visible upon her lips, betokened the serenity and peace of the moment when the soul was freed of the erring but repentant girl.

Lord Hatherleigh, after being repulsed by the orphan, left the cottage, returned to town, and soon forgot her. He was engaged to marry his cousin, the Lady Clara Hatherleigh, who had captivated him with her coquetish airs, and the preparations for the wedding had already commenced. The wedding day arrived, and a beautiful sunny day it was; a day fit for a wedding of young and happy hearts. The arrangements at Hatherleigh Hall were upon a scale of great magnificence; there were a numerous company of visitors; and the tenantry were all rejoicing, because they were to have a feast in honour of the event. But Lord Hatherleigh himself was sad. The affianced bride had been at the Hall for a week before Lord Hatherleigh's arrival from London, which was on the night before the wedding, and as he passed the cottage, wherein he had once breathed vows of eternal love to Grace Cavendish, conscience accused him of his ingratitude! He looked up to the chamber-window of Grace, and through the little muslin curtain perceived a solitary light burning, and the shadow of a female figure. He believed it to be Grace, and was about to ejaculate



her name ; but recollecting the occasion of his return, he sighed deeply and proceeded to his destination.

Alas ! it was not Grace Cavendish whose figure he had seen. She was lying in that chamber, dead.

On the morning of the wedding-day there was the intimation conveyed to the hall, that the minister was in waiting at the church to perform the ceremony ; but Lady Clara was so affected by the novelty of her situation, that she could not possibly summon resolution to quit her dressing-room. Lord Hatherleigh had been to her door and entreated ; the bridesmaids had alternately laughed at her emotion and been angry with her ; and at last the minister was compelled to send word that as he had other duties to perform, the marriage could not possibly take place that day unless the parties came immediately. This intimation had a surprising effect upon the nerves of the Lady Clara, who thought that she was now able to go through the solemn ceremony. Accordingly the bridal procession was formed. But instead of the merry wedding peal saluting their ears, when they arrived at the church, they were startled by the dull heavy sound of the funeral bell. The last solemn rites were to be paid to the dead also on that day, and the delay occasioned by Lady Clara's affectation had caused the funeral train to arrive just before the bridal party.

Lord Hatherleigh met the minister at the porch, and expressed his surprise and anger at this extraordinary circumstance. The minister mildly stated the facts as they stood. Lord Hatherleigh replied, " then let the wedding be solemnized immediately, that we may escape from this melancholy scene."

" My Lord !" said the minister, " under this sacred roof their is no respect of persons. I have a duty previously to fulfil. The last solemn rites must be performed to the dead.

" Whose funeral is this," exclaimed the young nobleman, " which interrupts my nuptials ?

" My Lord !" said the curate, " 'tis that of poor Grace Cavendish !"

Lord Hatherleigh started as though a serpent had stung him, and at that moment another stroke of the funeral bell sounded to him as a voice from the grave, accusing him of the guilt of his poor victim's death. He turned away, scarcely knowing what he did, and passing into the church sat silently, with his head resting upon his hands, until the funeral service was completed. Then came his wedding ; and what a wedding ! As Lord Hatherleigh stood before the altar, it might have been noticed, if the attention of the spectators had not been engrossed by the bride, whose hysterical sobs and affected emotion were of a most extravagant character, that there was an unearthly wildness in his eyes, and that when called upon to pronounce the responses, he spoke them in a tone which indicated the absence of all consciousness of what he was doing. And when the ceremony was over, and it was expected that he would have led his bride from the altar, he remained transfixed to the spot, gazing upon vacancy.

" Come," said a friend, smilingly admonishing the bridegroom.

" No !" cried the frenzied Hatherleigh, " I will rest here." The wild unearthly tone in which the words were uttered, alarmed the assembly. The bride shrieked, and was conveyed from the church in a fainting state. And it was now evident to all that reason had abandoned her throne in the brain of Lord Hatherleigh. He clung to the altar rails, and madly called upon the name of his young victim ; " Grace Cavendish !—my bride, my lovely bride !" he exclaimed, " Come to me ; my only love !—I cannot live without thee !—I have used thee wrongfully, but

all may be repaired. Grace Cavendish ! my innocent love ! See, I am at the altar, waiting !—Grace Cavendish ! my beloved, I will live and die with thee !"

Alas ! no Grace Cavendish replied to this frantic address ; she who bore that name was at rest in the silent grave.

Physicians were sent for to Hatherleigh Hall, and they pronounced the bridegroom mad. His violence increased, and it was found necessary to resort to severe measures of restraint. For many months did he remain in this state, and then death released him from his sufferings. He died with the name of Grace Cavendish upon his lips.

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### DECEIVERS.

Bright as the gems in the golden mine,  
Fair as the morning beam,  
Men's faithless vows with brilliance shine,  
But vanish as a dream !  
Oft times forgot as soon as made,  
And many a thoughtless girl betrayed.

Beneath a mask they are concealed,  
A mask of pleasing hue,  
But soon the secret is revealed,  
And full exposed to view ;  
Deceitful as the stormy wave,  
Dark and gloomy as the grave.

The vow of constancy they make,  
With a deceitful smile ;  
Fully determined to forsake,  
They promise to beguile ;  
They sigh, shake hands, and bid adieu,  
But soon forget their recent vow.

Unstable as the tempest's blast,  
Their bark is borne aloof,  
By rolling waves, till tossed at last,  
Upon the raging surf ;  
Love once despised, will then impart,  
The pang of sorrow to their heart.

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### BEAUTY.

Oh, beautiful art thou my love,  
Oh, beautiful art thou,  
Thine eyes are tender as the dove's,  
And bright like stars that glow  
So sweetly from yon realms above,  
Upon this world below.

Ah ! could I gaze for ever on  
That face and form so fair,  
And call thee mine and mine alone,  
What trouble then could sear  
The heart which thou had'st made thy throne,  
The bosom thou wert near ?

J. F.

## THE WOLF'S HEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

"Is this a Gossip's tale?—

By mine honor, no;—for I can vouch its truth."

*The Alcaid.*

"Don't tell me more; I have heard quite enough. What matters it now? I am a ruined man, lost in honor, lost in reputation, and lost in all a man deems worth preserving. I say, tell me no more; your words are not of comfort. No more, I say—"

"But, Walter Marden, hear me. Ruined we are, and lost, I fear, for ever, in the world's repute; but do listen to me. I have been a patient wife for nearly twenty years. I have watched and toiled in your behalf, and whether rich or poor, you are still my husband. Now, you will listen to me, Walter, will you not—only a moment."

"Well, speak on; since I must—why patience is no virtue—say on, and spare me your curses; perhaps I like them the less that I have deserved them. Speak on."

"It is of our poor boy, I would speak. You loved Henry once; he is so good, so patient, seems to forestal your every wish—"

"Well, well; he does."

"You remember, in an angry fit, that once you struck him with an adze upon the breast; he spoke not then, though the iron had entered in his flesh, and the scar will be there even to his dying hour. You have ruined him now, he does not complain; why, therefore, bear your malice still against him."

"I bear no malice, now; let me see him, and then let us leave this cursed spot together,—a beggar, and a ———; no matter what, the world is before me, and I will play a bold game, whether to lose or gain."

The mother anxiously sought her son, but she sought in vain; he had disappeared—gone, none knew whither; without her blessing—all she had to give. His father had driven him forth in a moment of wild frenzy, and when his mother interceded in his behalf she had little thought that her cup of misery, filled almost to the brim, had still more of bitterness in store. Her only son was lost to her; the only joy the world had left her 'midst her sufferings, for, until now, she had not felt them in all their keenness. One consolation had remained, but even that was now lost to her for ever. The poor woman hid her face within her hands, and her loud convulsive sobs moved even the stern heart of her husband, until he advanced towards her, striving after his fashion to administer consolation.

Walter Marden had been a merchant of some repute, in Cornwall, and had started in the world with every prospect of success; he had married a good and virtuous woman, who had loved him, alas! for her own happiness, but too well; and whether in sunshine or in sorrow she had not complained, however much she felt that she was an injured woman. Marden had not prospered in the world, the fair means of growing rich that presented themselves in his business were not sufficiently quick for him; he strove by speedier means the road to wealth, and lost all, became a beggar, alike in worldly goods, in honor, in reputation, and all that holds man to man in social intercourse; he was an outcast to beg or starve for aught the world cared, but still were there many ready to assist the wife; in all her misery she had still preserved the esteem of the world; but, poor woman, neither prayers nor entreaties could prevail upon her to leave her husband. The loss of her son was a heavy blow

to her, since she could gain no tidings of him, and she felt that he was now lost to her for ever.

In following the fortunes of her husband, she left her native town. Misery for years was their only companion, her husband sinking deeper, year by year, in crime. In vain she prayed, besought him to turn from his evil courses, told him how in some place unknown he might begin the world anew, and rise again to be respected. She spoke to one callous to every feeling, but still she could not force herself from him, and wherever the evil destinies of Walter Marden led him, his wife was still his hapless companion.

Henry Marden, thrust from his father's house, in a moment of excited feelings, had taken his way to the port of Falmouth, which he entered just as a vessel was on the point of starting; she was bound for the Indies, and the captain was anxiously looking for one of his crew, no where to be seen, unwilling to lose the favourable wind, and ill able to spare the missing man, he offered a tempting sum to any one who would take the absentee's place. The fishermen shook their heads, and laughed at the idea as preposterous. The captain's eye, however, rested upon Henry Marden, an active youth, then in his seventeenth year, and addressing him, "What say you, my man, you are young; the offer is a sudden one; the road to wealth lies before you; many a man has a chance once in his life to rise to wealth, this is yours; come, what say you; will you go?"

"I will," replied the youth.

"Spoken like a man," replied the captain. "Your hand upon the bargain. It seems an honest one," said he as he grasped it in his own; "now, mark my words, this is the luckiest hour of your life."

"May heaven send it so," answered the youth, and a passing thought reminded him of his unhappy mother. "Should I ever become rich, what happiness will it be to me to raise you once more in the world, my poor dear mother." He had little time, however, for reflection; the vessel was unmoored, and in a few minutes stood out to sea with a fair wind, and in the course of a few hours his native land had faded from his view.

The captain was so pleased with his readiness and his earnest endeavours to make himself useful, that he determined to become his friend, and on his arrival at the destined port, recommended him in the highest manner to a merchant as a confidential clerk. He soon gained sufficient to become a trader on his own account, assisted by his former master, and a few years prosperous trading made him a man of some wealth. He had remitted, at various times, sums of money for his mother, but his agent had been unable to learn any tidings of her. This preyed upon his mind, causing him much anxiety, from the sudden manner he had quitted her, so that he determined on leaving his affairs for some time, to be managed by his partner, during his return to England, and endeavour by every exertion in his power to discover her, and place her in comfortable circumstances, for he too well judged that his father could never prosper, and that nothing could prevail upon his mother to leave him. He accordingly embarked for England in the "good ship Mary and William," and everything seemed to promise a prosperous and speedy voyage.

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In one of the most bleak and inhospitable parts of Cornwall, where the stunted vegetation betokens the wealth that lies beneath, but which nature has denied to the surface, and where one is led to wonder how the population are sustained, since nature has been so little of a prodigal disposition in the necessaries of life, however richly she may have given them mineral wealth, is

a remarkable headland, called the Wolf's Head; there are several clusters of rock stretching out to the sea, which at high water, and especially during the spring tides, are scarcely perceptible, and are extremely dangerous to those unacquainted with the coast, from the distance they extend. From the Wolf's Head the land gently shelves down until the beach affords something the appearance of a bay, having a deceitful air of security to weather bound vessels. The beach has several cottages, inhabited chiefly by the miners; and one, a small mean-looking inn, where refreshments were supplied to the miners, and occasionally to wayfarers, was called after the distinguishing feature of the place, "The Wolf's Head;" it was inhabited by a man, who added to the profits of his inn by working occasionally in the mines, his wife carrying on the little business of the inn.

The customers of the Wolf's Head had retired to their respective homes, buttoning well up their frieze coats to keep off the wind and rain, for though their distance was short, the storm raged with awful violence, driving the rain along like a sheet of water, the wind howling and moaning, so as to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious miners, who were glad to be home and sheltered from the weather in good time.

It was about midnight as the landlord of the Wolf's Head, after starting from a reverie in which he had indulged for some moments, threw a log of wood upon the fire, which, crackling and blazing, seemed to set at nought the awful storm without, and exclaimed to his wife, who was sitting at the opposite side of the rude hearth, "This is, indeed, a glorious night, Ellen!"

"Oh, Walter, do not speak thus, consider those who are at sea such a night as this!"

"Why, that is just what I am considering!"

"May heaven be merciful to them!"

"I'll tell you something; I mounted the Wolf's Head today, and looking around me I saw a vessel straining every point to keep from off the rocks; she had both her anchors out, but what of that? she can't ride through the night; the wind is dead upon the shore; and, had she twenty anchors, she must go to pieces!"

"And every soul will perish, unless Heaven be merciful to them; oh! it is dreadful to think about."

"By her look and build she is in the India trade, and carries a rich cargo; if she goes to pieces our fortunes are made."

A gust of wind, more violent than any that had preceded it, shook the Wolf's Head, until the startled couple almost fancied it was about to be levelled with the ground; and a pause of a few minutes ensued not unmingled with horror on both sides, a silent and fervent prayer only escaping from the woman.

"That has done the business," exclaimed the man; she can't stand that though she were the "Flying Dutchman."

The woman listened anxiously a few moments, seeming as if something more than the wind had caught her ear; "Surely," she exclaimed, "I heard some one crying for help."

"You did," answered the man, "then she is on the rocks; give me my mining axe; quick, I say."

"No, no; not that—take a lantern, it will serve them better."

"Thank you I'm a fool," he replied, and snatching his axe, he hastily quitted the cottage."

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" she exclaimed, "What are you about to do?"

Walter Marden hastened to the water's edge, and perceived as he had too well judged that the vessel had rounded the Wolf's Head and gone to pieces on the reef; portions of the vessel were violently driven on shore, and as violently driven back by the succeeding waves, until one wave stronger than the rest

had driven a spar further on the beach, and the next wave not reaching it had left it there; Marden hastened towards it, and found a man had fastened himself to it; he was apparently about five or six-and-twenty, strong, but nearly exhausted from the efforts he had made. Seeing Marden approaching, he besought his assistance, lest another wave should bear him back. Marden was about to stretch forth his hand, when he perceived fastened round the neck of the struggling man a small leathern case, which he at once knew must contain property of some value.

"I will help you," he replied, "but first give me the case round your neck."

"You would not rob me, surely? is this the hospitality of my native land?"

"Give me the case, I say; give it me at once, I say, or else—"

"Well, ruffian, or else—"

"My axe shall give it me without further trouble!"

"And you would murder me; Oh, God, that I should have escaped the perils I have, to meet my fellow-creatures in such a form as this."

The man, however, had partly managed to raise himself without assistance, when Marden springing towards him, endeavoured to force the case from him, but failed in the attempt; the shipwrecked man in his endeavours to preserve his property, had fallen on one knee, partly from weakness, and partly from the attack. Marden drew back, and, raising his axe with his whole force, would have directed it against him, but his arm was suddenly restrained from behind—

The clouds had passed away, and the moon shone with unusual brightness on the beach, shewing plainly the work of destruction that had taken place, and Marden saw that it was his wife, who, unperceived by him, had followed from the cottage.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, and angrily disengaging himself from her weak efforts, he raised the axe a second time with deadly intent, when a cutlass blow from a powerful arm laid him prostrate on the beach.

"Take that you sinner do!" exclaimed a rough-looking sailor, whose dripping appearance plainly betokened how recently he had emerged from the sea, "and make the best use as you can on it; I was once before shipwrecked on this infernal coast, and then I saved my traps only for a set of hungry sharks, now this time I only saved my cutlass, and a hungry shark has got that too. I was just in time, your honour; but bless me, how that woman stares at your honour—she seems some how to 'cognize you."

She had, indeed, been looking with fixed gaze on the young man in whose behalf she had interfered, until she with much earnestness, exclaimed "Tell me, I beseech you, is your name—"

"Henry Marden!"

"It is, indeed, my son, my own dear boy!"

"My mother!" he replied, and the two were instantly locked in each other's arms.

"Well this is summat out of the common way," rejoined the sailor, "its quite a nautical drammy."

"And my father!" eagerly exclaimed Henry Marden, whilst his mother, almost with the quickness of thought, flew to the body of Walter Marden, and with a convulsive effort, replied, "He is dead, oh, my poor Walter, is this the end of all your troubles."

"Why you see, Marm," said the sailor, "when I was aboard the 'Dromache,' seventy-four, the doctor says to me, Jim Barnacle, whenever you uses your cutlass, always strike to the centre, and you'll do the business 'fectually—but as I live

here's a lot more of these shipwrecking sinners a-coming, so take care of yourself and let's give 'em the best reception we can ; we can't give them a broadside, but we'll give it 'em alongside, so here goes."

It was, however, only some of the miners who came really to render any assistance in their power, and by their aid the body of Walter Marden was conveyed to the Wolf's Head, and shortly after laid in its last resting place ; immediately after the last offices were over, Henry Marden and his mother left Cornwall with the prospect of brighter and happier days for both ; nor was Jim Barnacle (almost the only survivor from the ill-fated wreck) forgotten on the occasion ; as he returned with Henry Marden to India, where he became master of a small coasting vessel, and was happy enough afterwards to steer clear of all wreckers, "and such like sinners."

### WEEP NOT.

Weep not ! thou hast no cause for tears,  
Thy life is far too young :  
Sorrow may come with future years,  
And all her blighting cares and fears  
May o'er thy path be flung.

Weep not ! till thou hast felt the pain  
That springs from injured love ;  
Yet then thy tears are all in vain,  
They cannot win him back again ;  
*Thy grief they only prove.*

Weep not ! till time bath o'er thee sped,  
And stolen thy youthful bloom,—  
Chequered with grey thy lovely head ;—  
Then, when the roses all are fled,  
'Tis time enough for gloom.

Yet, *weep not then!* thou still wilt have  
That which ne'er knows decay,  
Though time doth take what nature gave,  
And beauty blooms but for the grave,  
Virtue will live for aye.

The ills of life whate'er they be,  
Bring scarcely cause for tears ;  
When hope and joy the bosom flee,  
Bright thoughts of immortality  
Our dreary sojourn cheers.

### TO MY SISTER.

This, Sophy, is thy natal day!—O may thy coming years  
Prove happy as the vanish'd ones—and may no sorrowing tears  
Obscure thy lastrous, laughing eye, no sighs dwell in thy breast,  
No thorns be on thy pillow, to mar thy youthful rest ;  
O ! may thy slumbers be as light as down upon the air,  
And may thy destiny be bright, as hues the flow'rets bear ;  
May every sorrow of thy heart, pass quickly as the wind  
Which passeth o'er the distant seas, and leaves no trace behind,  
Save those which make the mariner more tranquil in the storm,  
Such be the traces they may leave to meet affections balm.

MARY.

### NEVER TRUST TO APPEARANCES.

"All that glitters is not gold ;  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold." SHAKESPEARE.

The above has been my motto, since I came to years of observation and thought. "Never trust to appearances," I would whisper in the ear of the fond (foolish) girl, who drinks in and believes every word "dear George" chooses to utter at her side. The same caution I would give to the purchaser of that black mare ; she's a fine creature to look at, but, perhaps, the white hoof may peep out in a few days, when the colouring has worn off. "Never trust to appearances," I would say to the deaf old lady who feels so grateful to the dark handsome young man, who so kindly assists her over the crossing. He's very polite, but she may miss her purse when she gets on the other side of the road.

"Never trust to appearances," I would urge again to the sincere lover, who fancies the "angel" will be always seraphic, as much so after the wedding as she is now before it.

My motto, however, was not Frank Moore's, when he threw himself into a long stage coach, at the Elephant and Castle. Appearances were all one to Frank, for he took every thing in this world on the sunniest side ; and on this occasion thought the sun could not have sent forth beams brighter in all summer than those glances which shot from the large dark eyes of his opposite fellow-traveller. Of course it was a lady..

She certainly was pretty ; her forehead was perfectly white, her cheek perfectly pink, and her lips (such tempting ones) perfectly red, together with eyebrows arched, lashes long, long jet ringlets, and eyes—such eyes!—of the same hue !

Long before they had rattled past the twelfth mile-stone, they had become as old friends ; no one else was inside, so they had the conversation all to themselves. Frank chatted, and paid the most extravagant compliments to the little beauty opposite ; and she, in return, laughed and displayed her fine white teeth, and declared he was ridiculing her, and then, putting on a pretty demure look, added, "She detested flattery and despised flatterers."

They then turned rational, and told each other who they were, what they were, and where they were going ; what for, who for, and why for ; admired the scenery—a barren black heath ! the day—wet, windy, and cold ! the road—full of ruts, puddles, and stones ! and then they laughed at the mistakes they had made.

Evening was drawing on, and so was the end of their journey. Frank had discovered that the lady's name was Lucy Ashford, and that she had just escaped, for the holidays, from the trammels of a boarding school, and was now going home to her guardian, who had the care of her and ten thousand pounds beside ! She was going to stop at ———, not quite so far as he was going, where she expected "the carriage" to be waiting for her. When Frank Moore took her hand and asked, in a peculiar tone, would she recognise her fellow-traveller when he called on his return back (for it was business brought him that road) she looked down and began counting all the flowers she could on her dress, and then looked up with a sunny smile, and a "trust he did not think her so ungrateful as to refuse seeing him, after his great kindness to a young unprotected girl, and a perfect stranger." A pressure of the little fingers which mingled with his own, was the "return of thanks" he gave to this kind speech. The conversation took a third turn, and this time it was getting romantic.

She liked music ; he adored it. She loved singing ; he idolized it, when it was by a voice he loved. She enjoyed dancing ; so did he, with a nice girl for a partner. She admired a moon-light night ; so did he, with a lady companion, taking a walk. In short, she liked flowers, poetry, plays, sketching, the water, the earth, the sky, the clouds, the stars, the moon, the sun, the winds, gardens, shrubberies, fields, mountains, rocks, land, sea, birds, beasts, and fishes ; she liked anything and everything ! and so did he ! It was wonderful how both their tastes agreed. She had never met with a single soul or body in the whole wide world's range before, whose opinions assimilated so well with hers. No more had he ! She had as yet felt alone—as one—a going by herself, amid the busy plays, acts, and scenes of life's theatre. So had he ! But now *he* felt there was something left to live for in this cold world ; one reward to anticipate, which would urge and encourage him on through the dry unromantic drudgery of business. So said she ! and blushed.

"Then, I may," whispered Frank, "hope that—"

"Oh ! what's that," interrupted the lady, as a violent shock of the coach almost threw them off their seats. Another shock, and down went the vehicle on its side, cutting short Frank's soft speech.

"Oh ! gracious ! my teeth !" shrieked Miss Ashford, as another jerk came, and Frank rather roughly struck her in the mouth with his elbow.

Evening had some time set in, dark and gloomy as it could possibly be in the miserable month of November. The coach had struck against a high embankment of earth, and tipped over. They had no lights, for the town where they usually stopped at for them was some miles distant. A small village about a mile and a half across some ploughed fields, was the nearest refuge they had from the pitiless rain which now poured down in an unrelenting torrent. The only conveyance—their legs ! for the hind wheel had been detached in the overthrow. When they opened the coach, Frank Moore and Miss Ashford were extricated ; and the villagers assembled all laughed at their misfortunes.

It was a fortunate thing that it was dark, for Frank's anger was rising, and he would have knocked some of the merry ones down in the road. He could not see where to strike with effect, but he blustered, and stormed about their rudeness to the lady. At length poor Miss Lucy linked her arm within Frank's, and begging him to be calm, proposed finding their way to the village, across the fields. Frank agreed to this, and away they went, followed by the laugh of all the other passengers, who were going to stay till the guard came back with lights.

The rain beat in their faces, and supplied the means of refreshing them. To all Frank's gentle inquiries, if his lovely companion was hurt ? the lady returned but a low murmured answer ; although he bent his head down to catch the words he could scarcely make out what she said. He fancied that she felt timid at being in such a lonely place, and as he refrained from drawing her arm closer around his own, he felt redoubled respect for her modest delicacy.

Their feet were clogged with mud, and thoroughly drenched and wet to the skin, they at last dragged themselves over the third field, and walked into the only inn in the place. Frank then turned round to the beauty, who had clung to his arm for the last ten minutes, and asked, in his softest tone, how she felt after her *pleasant* walk.

"How ! What ! Who can it be ? Who are you ?" stammered our hero, looking aghast at the lady. Was it *her* ? Was it the little beauty ; the lovely creature ! the angel ! the sweet

girl ? Was this the lady who had been his companion in the coach ? she who had entranced his senses ? Was this his fellow-traveller ? Was it she ?

He could not say that it was ! still there was the very dress he had looked at several times in the course of the day ; the same shawl ; the same bonnet ! But, oh ! how crushed, bent, and broken. But her face ; could it be the same ? A square inch of white here, another of pink there ; one lip with but a tiny red spot on it, the other with none at all ! The rest of her countenance was all of a wainscot colour—polished—varnished wainscot ! And then, the teeth ! Where were they ? Where were those even, shining, pearly teeth ? Where could they be ? Had she swallowed them ? Had he knocked them down her throat when his elbow struck her in the coach ?

The coachman and passengers at that instant came into the house, and the former, politely stepping up to the lady, and with as much gravity as he could assume, asked the unfortunate creature, amid the ill-suppressed titterings of the persons present, if the articles he held in his hand belonged to her ? displaying, at the same time, a long lock of black hair, which *had been* a ringlet ; and a set of the finest ivory teeth the ingenuity of man had ever produced.

The lady uttered a shriek ; and, snatching the lost articles from the coachman's fingers, rushed from the public room and sought refuge in a bed chamber, till the coach was ready to resume its journey.

Long and loud were the jests passed upon the miserable victim of ill fortune.

Frank Moore, of course, determined to stop where he was, and finish his journey some other time. From that time, he seldom judged woman by her *appearance*. A fine complexion raised doubts in his mind that it was not natural ; white teeth, of their being false ; and glossy curls, that they were once the property of the hair-dresser !

Could I have been a small mouse under the coach seat, I would have nibbled the calf of his leg, and squeaked—"Never trust to appearances." M. A. S.

## DRAWING ROOM DITTIES.

By *Caudor Somerset*.

## No. I.

"How wilt thou meet me ?"

How wilt thou meet me

In future days, when to thy altered eyes

Mine image shall arise ?

Wilt thou, then, only greet me

As one—a stranger to thy sight and heart,

Or wilt thou turn away, and scornfully depart ?

How wilt thou meet me,

When to those haunts of fashion I return,

Where first began to burn

The love that still would greet thee

With fond endearments ?—Why should I awake

From dreams I only woo'd and cherished for *thy* sake ?

Perhaps thou'lt meet me

As the fond sunshine meets the faithful brook—

And with a tender look

That tells me thou can'st greet me

With love renewed !—Oh ! bid me, bid me dwell

Once more within my heart, nor take a last farewell !

## THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

Love is poetically described as the highest and best of human passions ; it is supposed to be felt by most people, it is talked of by all people, and yet by very few is it understood. It is omnipotent, mastering all other passions. According to the different operations of love in our bosoms, we are furious or tame, compassionate or revengeful, animated with hope or tortured by despair. By love the proudest of men are converted into abject slaves. By love those who have the meanest opinion of their intellects are inspired with towering ideas and high pretensions. Love levels all ranks ; does away with all distinctions ; even the old miser, when love has thawed his icy heart, throws about his money with wild profusion. Love is certainly productive of the greatest happiness in life, if the individuals in whom it is inspired be capable of keeping alive the fire from which it proceeds ; if that fire be suffered to go out, it can never be relighted ; and it can only be kept alive by holding all the other passions in subjection. Here we arrive at the reason why there are so few happy marriages. Young ladies, as well as young gentlemen, who think the toil of catching hearts a pleasure, take no pains to retain them when they are caught. They can master their passions before marriage, and be very amiable, and gentle, and everything else that is delightful, but afterwards they grow careless and indifferent ; the *temper*, before cunningly concealed, now peeps out ; the little attentions, trifling in themselves, but forming together a powerful fascination, are offered no longer ; the object, indeed, which no pains were thought too great to win, is neglected, and then people complain of their partners, and say that there is no true happiness in the world !

Before individuals who think they know what love is, enter the married state, they should ask themselves—What is it in the object beloved which inspires the belief that that object is better than all the world beside ? You ought to be able to do this ; for it is a very foolish action either to marry without love, or to love without reason. Is it *beauty* ? Beauty is only skin deep, and sometimes covers a heart deformed by vice and ill temper. Beauty is a poor thing, unless it accompanies something far better than itself, and that will long outlive it. To marry only for beauty, would be like buying a house for the nosegays in the windows. Do you prefer the individual because of his or her elegant and attractive manners and accomplishments ? Remember, all is not gold that glitters ; beauty, wealth, elegance, and accomplishments, are very excellent and delightful auxiliaries, but very indifferent principals. In marriage, you require not only what will look well, and please a company, but what will also be to you as the light of your life, and will afford comfort and consolation in hours of care, and trouble, and adversity.

Then, again, it should be enquired whether the individual beloved is of a corresponding age, temper, and habits ; for people may be very good in themselves, who are not suitable to each other ; and two people who have been used to different ways of living must have an uncommon share of good temper and forbearance, if ever they make each other happy in the married life. "Marriage, with peace and piety, is this world's paradise ; with strife and disagreement, it is this life's purgatory."

One of the talented Miss Beauclerks has written some "golden rules," which have much wisdom as well as wit in them. "In early life," says this fair star of the fashionable world, "let your children be instructed in every accomplishment suited to females. If they have not an innate taste for music,

let it be an acquired one. Some men prefer a clever wife to a pretty one. The daughter must not be a proficient in more languages than the mother. Conversations may be carried on in foreign tongues, full of important matter to the young lady and chaperon ; which, if the latter is unacquainted with the language, might be productive of much harm. When told your daughter is lovely, do not contradict that opinion, it seems only like affectation, denying what is really the case ; besides, the world is always very willing to detract from the merit possessed by any individual. Never speak ill of another person's daughter : it can do no good, and appears envious. Every one is lovely in the eyes of their respective admirer. Young ladies should not be seen too frequently by the person you wish to interest in their favour.

'A maid oft seen, a gown oft worn,  
Are disesteemed, and held in scorn.'

"The old adage of 'hot love soon cold,' I have often found to be true. That which has been kindled with haste, seldom retains its heat long. It is absolutely necessary that a chaperon be perfectly well acquainted with the peerage, in all its intricacies and details. The *debutante* should likewise have a slight knowledge of that important work. Shakspeare must have laboured under a temporary aberration of intellect, when he wrote, 'What's in a name ?' Surely the names of Howard, Fitzroy, Russell, Lennox, Montague, &c., &c., will bear the palm over those of Brown, Johnson, Thompson, Figgins, &c., &c. If a girl unfortunately takes a fancy to a man, unfit to be her husband, it must not be noticed. 'Love turns the more fiercely for obstructions.' If the passion increases, talk the subject over lightly—detect some feature he possesses not quite in harmony with the rest of his person—criticise, and laugh at it ; for Addison says, 'Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love, than sober advice.' Beware of younger sons ; they are a race especially patronized by girls, who are not aware of the danger of such proceedings. In general society they are of use to call the carriage, take the mothers to the supper-room, &c., &c."

These witty remarks form an agreeable pendant to the more serious of these desultory thoughts on love and marriage, which may probably have the effect of inducing many to *think* a little before they take that step which can never be retraced.

MIRANDA.

## A D R E A M.

Methought last night I saw a face  
Familiar to mine eye ;  
And fancy taught me then to trace  
A world of constancy.

It echoed thoughts that seemed to flow  
In unison with mine ;  
And memory refuses now  
Their sweetness to resign.

It murmured vows which I believed,  
Of friendship and esteem !  
But wiser heads have been deceived,—  
'Twas nothing but a dream !

COUNTESS OF WOOTTEN.

## FAIRIES AND ROSES.

The fairy's tale was quickly told—  
Of love that could forsake ;  
Of a fond heart that beat too true,  
And then could only break.—L. E. L.

There were no red roses once ; they were all white ;—they were the flowers of innocence, and fairies used to dwell in their sweet bosoms when they made themselves homes of love and studied conjugal felicity. The rich white flowers, bending with their excess of beauty and fragrance, were devoted to the young lovers—married ones—and this was the inducement held out to bachelors to alter their condition ; and a powerful inducement it was, as the clusters of fairy-peopled roses testified.

It was delightful to walk among the flowers then, thus fairy-peopled as they were, for the inmates of the roses took especial pains with their delightful habitations, and roses were more beautiful than they have ever been since, and their perfume more delicately sweet. And the young fairies as they sported in the moonlight could hear the sweet songs of love in the hearts of the roses, and then how the fairy youth and maidens longed each to have a rose to themselves !

It happened that Azilé, one of the most charming of those fairy maidens, was wooed by the Prince Amor, a youth of the blood royal, of exceeding great personal beauty, and vanity equal to it. He was enamoured of Azilé as he had before been of other beautiful fairies, and as he had many a time and oft before found the work of conquest easy, he made light of the triumph he gained over Azilé's heart. The fairy ladies were too easily won by a fine figure and graceful manners, and they were not singular in that respect, as experience in a more enlarged race may show. If ladies were only half as cruel as they have a reputation for being, they would find their lovers kinder. But this is a digression ; let us return to fairy-land.

The Prince Amor was a handsome fellow ; he had travelled far and met only smiles and gladness wherever he went ; he had some lovely companions among the blue bells, and over the land of lilies he held sovereign sway. O ! what delight filled the hearts of the female part of the fairy community, when he would condescend to dance with them upon the green in the beams of the silver moon, or in the softer radiance of the myriad stars which studded the firmament like lamps hung there to illuminate their midnight revels. What it was that made the Prince resolve upon marrying is not positively known ; but having rambled long among other flowers, it is supposed that he wished to repose in the heart of the home set apart for wedded love. He was noticed frequently wandering among the roses, though he took pains to conceal himself, and always sought his opportunity when the rest of the fairies were covered up in their flowers asleep, or sailing through the air on the downy clouds ; and at last he resolved upon uniting his fate with Azilé's, and having a rosy home.

Azilé was a meek and gentle creature ; she would have been the idol of a fairy of her own condition and gentle way of thinking ; but Amor was too much above her, and his thoughts were too wild for constancy ; though he was overpowered with the delights of his new home while its novelty lasted, the beauty and the fragrance of the dwelling soon began to decay in his estimation, and although the devoted Azilé exerted herself to the utmost of her power to increase the attractions of their home, and lured the sweetest song birds to warble at their gate,

and got the night passing fairies to leave the richest dew pearls for her Amor's morning repast, he grew tired of the rose, and even of Azilé.

She saw that his affection was diminishing, and she fell at his feet and wept. Her tears were eloquent, and Amor was moved by them. He resolved to love his Azilé dearer than ever, and to dismiss the thought of wandering from the home, irradiated by the sunshine of her love.

But we all make very good resolutions, only as it would seem to have the pleasure of breaking them. The very next night after this sudden fit of virtue and tenderness, Prince Amor remained away from his home. The fairies had no Parliament, and, therefore, Amor could not escape from his Azilé's rebuke, by saying public business had kept him from home ; but it, happened very fortunately for him, that his father, the king, was in a very delicate state of health, and Amor's absence was readily set down to his filial affection which had fastened him to his sick parent.

But the king recovered, and Amor's stayings-out were more frequent than ever. Now Azilé was very beautiful ; and though the husband of her heart's love neglected her, there were a thousand others ready to offer her the most polite attentions. She was as prudent as she was beautiful, however, and never by word, or look, or thought, gave her husband cause to doubt her constancy. But she could not keep admirers from her door ; nor could she prevent them from expressing their admiration of the beauty and fragrance of the dwelling where her heart and its affections were enshrined ; and frequently would some of the least thoughtful of the fairy gallants come with music at night, and serenade the neglected wife, as she lay in a curled up rose-leaf, looking out, but in vain, for the return of her faithless Prince.

At length some malicious rival whispered these things into Prince Amor's ear, and the Prince being very excitable and credulous ; he became furious. There is nothing more terrible in existence than a jealous husband. Prince Amor was advised to watch his lady closely ; and he, silly fairy, determined so to do.

Now it happened that the brother of Azilé, who had been dwelling in far-away lands, returned to the scenes of his childhood at that very time. He sought his sister's home. He found her, and in tears. He had never seen a tear before in those lovely eyes. "How is this, dear sister?" he exclaimed. "In tears ! You that were used to be so gay, so happy ! What is the cause of this unhappiness?"

For a while the gentle Azilé evaded his enquiries ; but he read the secret in her pale cheek, her equivocating replies when he questioned her respecting her husband, and by degrees he obtained a full confession—that her young heart was breaking.

"As woman's hearts have broken—and still break."

"You shall not remain in this abode of sorrow, sister dear," said the brother of the neglected wife, "You will die of grief."

"But I shall die, brother, in my home of love. I cannot leave it. Though he forsakes me who once filled this home with the light of love, I cannot forsake it ; my heart is fixed upon it. I have made companions of every leaf ; I have found consolation here, for these leaves witnessed my happiness, and while among them I can fancy the joys that are past, and feel a melancholy pleasure in remembering them, and while I remain here, my dreams are happy. No, I cannot—do not ask me, brother, to forsake my home."

"Well, dearest sister, I will not further insist, but I will see Prince Amor to-morrow, and remonstrate with him on his cruelty."

And the brother prepared to take his leave ; he threw his arm round Azilé's neck, and kissed her forehead fervently, and while locked in each other's arms, Prince Amor, who had never seen his wife's brother, and who had watched them from the portal, rushed upon them, and in an instant his dagger was buried in Azilé's heart, and her life-stream covered the leaves of the rose ; and no after shower washed the stain away.

The Prince was soon made sensible of his folly and his crime, and he died by his own hand ; and from that blood-stained rose others sprung, and their fragrance were sweeter than the rest, for they were fraught with the purity and innocence of Azilé—whose constancy and sufferings were long the theme of praise and pity in fairy-land.

AMYNTOR.

## TO MY COUSIN,

ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND.

When the white cliffs of England are fading to view,  
And objects grow dim on her shore ;  
When the waters around thee shall deepen their blue,  
And the partings of friendship are o'er ;  
When the wind woos the sails that shall bear thee along,  
Far, away, from the land of thy birth ;  
When sad silence usurps the gay place of the song,  
And sorrow is seen 'stead of mirth ;  
When those by thy side may affect a bright smile,  
While for sorrow their hearts are in tone,  
Like the sunshine of April, it may dazzle awhile,  
But when past—thou wilt think of thy home.

Of the father who guarded—the mother who lov'd,  
With passion so fervent and pure ;  
So fond—so devoted—thy waywardness prov'd,  
Could none but a mother endure.  
Of thy sister's last kiss, as she bade thee farewell,  
When she tremblingly clung to thy arm,  
And dried the hot tears which, fast gathering, fell  
From her eyes, in this sorrowing storm.

But, O say, who can tell thee what changes shall come,  
Ere thou may'st revisit thy land ?  
Say, what forms shall be gone from thy now happy hearth ?  
What sorrows shall wait on thy hand ?  
Shall the gay joyous faces thou leav'st round thy hearth,  
Be there when the waves bear thee back ?  
Thy fond parents, thy kindred, be still in life's path,  
Or vacancy dwell where they sat ?  
O, there's none can unravel the long thread of fate ;  
To mortal has never been given  
The power to read ought of their forthcoming state ;  
But, William, 'tis written in heaven !

MARY.

REASON.—He that follows its advice has a mind that is elevated above the reach of injury ; that sits above the clouds in a calm and quiet ether, and, with a brave indifference, hears the rolling thunders grumble and burst under his feet.

## THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

She comes ! she comes ! with her garlands of flowers,  
By the laughing zephyrs borne ;  
She hath call'd to the buds in a thousand bowers  
With the earliest blush of morn !  
She hath flung her smiles o'er the gladsome earth,  
And the birds have waked their lay ;  
And the bee hums forth her joy at the birth  
Of May—sweet May !

The sun looks down through a brighter sky,  
The moon rides in deeper blue ;  
And the gems of night watch more lovingly  
O'er those who are met to woo !  
And the maiden's heart hath a wilder beat—  
Her step is more light and gay ;  
And the glance of her eye it is bliss to meet,  
In May—sweet May ;

There's a voice of joy on the heathy hills,  
They 're changing their coats of brown ;  
There's the bubbling laugh of the silvery rills  
As they joyously rush down !  
And the laverock's melody sounds more clear  
When she greets the morning's grey—  
For the sweetest season of all the year  
Is May—sweet May !

Oh ! beautiful May ! thou wert wont to be  
Welcom'd with tabret and lute ;  
And thy pole was deck'd out right merrily—  
But those sounds of joy are mute !  
And the youth that danced on the village green  
Like a dream have pass'd away !—  
Alas ! for the good old times we have seen  
In May—sweet May !

## A BACHELOR'S OFFER.

Tell me, ladies, where to find  
A damsel kind and true ;  
She may possess some strength of mind,  
But must not be a *blue*.  
Her eyes must not be green or grey,  
But either blue or brown ;  
Her nose must turn the proper way,  
Not too much up or down.  
Her teeth must be like rows of pearls,  
Her lips fresh as a rose ;  
Her hair must hang in graceful curls,  
And not in plats or bows.  
I do not wish her to possess,  
For dress, too great a passion ;  
Though all young ladies must confess  
They love the *World of Fashion*.  
Hands, feet, and ancles, all must show,  
A birth of high degree ;  
And with ten thousand pounds or so—  
That is the wife for me.

K. L. K.



# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXI.

LONDON, JUNE 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

### THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF TWO PEERESSES IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—A MORNING DRESS, AND SEVEN HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

### THE COURT.

#### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

Oh! long as may she wear the crown,  
And gracefully become the gem!  
May no dark fortune ever frown  
Upon that regal diadem!  
But happiness in her pure heart,  
Still linger ever fresh and green,  
And virtue all her worth impart,  
To happy England's youthful Queen!

The past month has been a very gay one in the Court of London, the season progressing with uncommon brilliancy; the presence of a young Sovereign at the head of the state is beginning to be sensibly felt, and the good health which her Majesty enjoys, the spirit with which she enters into the gaieties of the palace, the determination which she manifests to uphold the character for magnificence, which the English Court has always enjoyed, are the themes of general conversation. Her Majesty passes the mornings, after the business of the state is disposed of, in equestrian exercises, or carriage drives. Her Majesty has frequently rode out on horseback in the course of the month, attended by a numerous assemblage of ladies, lords, and gentlemen. It is one of the finest sights in the world to see the young and lovely Victoria attended thus by the *élite* of fashionable society. But the two great events of the month were the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, and the birth-day Drawing Room: and the first, as nothing like it has been witnessed in the English Court since the early days of George the Third, calls for detailed notice at our hands. We are assured, by a distinguished nobleman, who participated in the Court enjoyments upon this great occasion, that the scene was one of unspeakable magnificence; that, in fact, it realized a tale of oriental grandeur. A correct account of the rooms has also been furnished to us, which may be considered necessary for us to give, in order

that our readers may be enabled to form something like a correct idea of the gorgousness of the scene. The company, as they arrived, proceeded through the vestibule and statue gallery (the former illuminated by a grand *or-molu* chandelier, suspended from the dome), to the green drawing room, a very splendid apartment, hung with pomona green silk damask draperies, and gold bullion fringe, divided by richly-carved gilt pilasters. This apartment contains several portraits of the members of the House of Hanover, and objects of *vertu* (cabinets inlaid with precious stones, &c.), from Carlton Palace. The ceiling is richly enfretted in white and gold, and suspended from it are five rich cut glass lustres. Thence they passed to the throne room, which magnificent saloon was appropriated as a refreshment room; it was not illuminated so soon as the other apartments, but subsequently presented one of the most splendid rooms of the whole suite. The hangings are of crimson silk, divided by richly-carved gold pilasters, the ceiling to correspond. The alcove, forming an eighth portion of the room, is long, with crimson silk velvet draperies, and deep bullion fringe. Elaborate carved columns support the canopy above the throne, from the proscenium of which project, in very deep relief, massive gold foliage and allegorical figures. The British arms are gorgeously emblazoned at two points of the frieze. A chandelier of great magnitude and splendour descends from the centre, and the *tout ensemble* is reflected a hundredfold by large mirrors, inlaid in folding doors, recesses, &c. Leaving the throne room, the visitors entered the Picture Gallery, which is about 180 feet in length, by 40 wide, and on this occasion was illuminated by five *or-molu* chandeliers of the most costly fabrique. At the principal entrance there are two reclining statues, the most beautiful productions of Canova's chisel, a "Venus," and a "Hebe." This gallery also contains some of the rarest and most valuable paintings of the ancient masters, which, "amidst the gay and festive scene," evinced their powerful influence by attracting the attention of a very large portion of the company, amongst whom the foreign nobility were conspicuous. The gallery has communication with the whole suite, and here we leave the visitors. But we must describe the Grand Saloon or principal Drawing Room, which is supported by Corinthian columns, formed of lapis lazuli, with

gilt capital, and a rich cornice of mythological figures, and foliage in high relief. The ceiling is beautifully ornamented with lozenge compartments, from amidst which are conspicuous the rose, shamrock, and thistle. It was illuminated by a centre lustre, of great magnitude, and another in the semi-dome, over the beau-fronted window. The floor is inlaid with variegated satin and amboyna wood of various colours, resembling Mosaic, the centre forms a radiating star, the corners, the Royal initials. The yellow, or south drawing-room, with the corresponding one, the north drawing room, were appropriated to dancing. Two splendid orchestras were erected, ornamented with white and gold draperies to correspond with the suite of hangings, each illuminated by magnificent chandeliers. The pilasters of red Sienna marble, with gold capitals, were multiplied a thousand-fold by large mirrors. The other apartments were the state dining rooms, the retiring, refreshment, and smaller dining apartments. The several recesses were ornamented with fragrant and scarce exotics, consisting of pænia, camelia, &c. At a quarter past ten her Majesty entered the first ball room, Weippert's band striking up upon the Queen's entrance, "God save the Queen." Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, and other Royal relatives. About twenty minutes afterwards her Majesty, attended by the Lord Chamberlain and the members of the Royal Household, proceeded through the suite of rooms, receiving the homage of the numerous and distinguished guests, which her Majesty acknowledged with her customary grace and affability. Her Majesty opened the ball, and honoured his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge with her hand in the first set of quadrilles, the music of which was from *Le Domino Noir*. Her Majesty danced with infinite grace and animation. Her Majesty subsequently proceeded to the north drawing room, where the Queen's own quadrille band were stationed in the orchestra. During the ball her Majesty danced quadrilles with the following noblemen: Prince Nicolas Esterhazy, the Marquess of Dour, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Morpeth, Lord Fitzalan, Lord Suffield, Lord Folkestone, and Lord Jocelyn. In the interval of the dances her Majesty and the Royal Family sat in a recess at the west side of the room, which was hung with white satin, embroidered in bouquets of flowers, and trimmed with silver fringe, with curtains suspended from the front on each side. The seats of crimson satin and gold were placed on a platform covered with a Persian carpet. At one o'clock, her Majesty and the Royal Family, followed by the company, passed into the supper room, where supper was served at tables extending round the room. Dancing was resumed after supper, and was continued until four o'clock, her Majesty joining in the last dance, and with uncommon spirit and animation. The ladies present were in rich court costumes, and most of the gentlemen appeared in splendid military or naval uniforms. Her Majesty was attired in a magnificent white satin slip, over which was a silver lama tunic, trimmed with silver and white blonde lace; an *agraiffe* on either side with maiden blush roses, studded in the centre with brilliants. Her Majesty wore on her left arm the insignia of the Order of the Garter, also the star in brilliants, and the ribbon of the Order. Head-dress of roses (maiden blush), the centre formed of brilliants, and a small bandalette confined the whole; diamond drop earrings. The Duchess of Kent wore a rich white satin embossed dress, with chenille and silver flowers; blonde founce, with white and silver ribbons.

The second great event of the "merry month of May" was the Drawing Room upon the 17th, the day fixed for the celebration of the anniversary of her Majesty's birth, when all

the rank and fashion in London offered their congratulations at the foot of the throne. The proceedings were in no respect different from those of preceding Drawing Rooms, which have been described by us; but the splendour of the costumes, and the quantity of personages present, served to make this one of the most magnificent court receptions that has ever occurred in the venerable Palace of St. James's. The company began to arrive at one o'clock, and in the course of two hours the centre suite of State rooms were crowded. The costume of the ladies was of the most elegant and magnificent description. The Knights of the several orders of knighthood wore their respective collars. The Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, came in State, with their respective suites. Her Majesty and suite arrived from the new Palace, about two o'clock, and soon afterwards her Majesty received an address of congratulation from the Archbishops and Bishops in the Royal Closet. The Duchess of Kent came in State to the Drawing Room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Royal Highness was attended by Lady F. Hastings, Lady Cust, General Sir G. Anson, Lieut.-General the Hon. A. Upton, Captain the Hon. F. Spencer, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. Caradoc. Her Royal Highness's dress on this occasion was composed entirely of British manufacture. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, came in State, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knesebeck, and Colonel Cornwall. Their Royal Highnesses also entered the Palace by the Colour Court. The Duchess of Gloucester also came in State, attended by Lady G. Bathurst, and Colonel Sir S. Higgins, K.C.H. The Princess Augusta was present at the Drawing Room, attended by Lady M. Pelham and Sir G. Stephenson, G.C.H. The Duke of Sussex was also present, attended by Lord John Churchill. The Queen received the company in front of the throne; the Royal Family were on the left of her Majesty, and on her Majesty's right stood the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Household. On the steps of the throne, behind her Majesty, stood the Ladies of the Queen's Household, amongst whom were the Marchioness of Lansdowne, First Lady in Waiting; the Countess of Charlemont (in Waiting), the Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady Portman, and Lady Barham, Ladies of the Bedchamber; Honourable Misses Murray (in Waiting), Cocks (in Waiting), Dillon, Cavendish, Spring Rice, and Paget, Maids of Honour; Viscountess Forbes (in Waiting), Hon. Mrs. Brand, Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Lady Gardner, and Lady Caroline Barrington, Bedchamber Women. The Pages of Honour in Waiting were Lord Kilmarnock, Mr. Cavendish, and Mr. Cowell. The Queen was much fatigued at the end of the ceremony, but it was evident that the appearance of so many of the Court to congratulate her upon the happy occasion, gave great satisfaction and delight to her Majesty. It was expected that her Majesty would have visited the opera after the Drawing Room; but expectation was, in this case, disappointed.

The real birth-day of her Majesty was celebrated at the Palace, on the 24th, when her Majesty completed her nineteenth year.—There was a State Ball at the Palace, on the same scale as the one above noticed.

Her Majesty has also gratified the Court with a very delightful concert at Buckingham Palace, supported by the principal singers of her Majesty's theatre. All the Royal Family were invited, together with the Foreign Ministers and their Ladies, and a large party of the nobility and gentry. The grand saloon was fitted up for the concert, and the entire suite of State rooms were thrown open on the occasion, with the exception of the

'Throne room, and was illuminated in the same brilliant manner as on the night of the State Ball. A quarter before ten o'clock the company began to arrive at the Palace, and were ushered into the concert room. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Mary Pelham, Lady Georgiana Bathurst, and Sir Benjamin Stephenson, G.C.H., arrived at ten o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses were received in the grand hall by the Honourable Misses Dillon and Paget, Maids of Honour in Waiting; Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Clerk Marshal; Hon. General Sir William Lumley, Groom in Waiting; and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting, who conducted their Royal Highnesses to the State rooms. The Duke of Sussex also arrived early. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, came, attended by Miss Kerr, Colonel Cornwall, and Baron Knesbeck. Soon after ten o'clock her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent, with the rest of the Royal Family, passed from the north or yellow drawing room into the grand saloon. The concert then commenced.

At twelve o'clock, between the first and second parts of the concert, her Majesty and the Royal Family entered the dining room, where supper was served. The sideboard in the recess contained a collection from the Royal service, of large and magnificent shields and salvers, interspersed with gold cups, embellished and enriched with precious stones, tastefully arranged on a back-ground of crimson. The concert gave the utmost satisfaction; the singers being in fine voice, and evidently exerting themselves to the utmost of their power.

The Queen has been several times to the opera in the course of the month, and once to the antient concert.

The Queen Dowager may be said to live in quiet retirement at Marlborough House. We are happy to say that her Majesty continues well.

#### SUMMER.

It comes—it comes—with the bright green leaf :  
 Away with sorrow, away with grief :  
 It brings the fruit on the bended tree,  
 And scatters it round in reckless glee ;  
 It plays on the brow of the maiden fair,  
 And parts with its fingers her raven hair.

It comes—it comes—and it's minstrel's wing  
 O'er the glassy lake is quivering  
 With music, soft as the mellow strain  
 Of zephyrs over the swelling main ;  
 It gladdens the vales and floats along,  
 And stream and mountain re-echo the song.

It comes—it comes—like a fairy sprite,  
 Arrayed in robes of gossamer white ;  
 And the leafy canopies wave on high,  
 With a smile for earth, and a kiss for the sky ;  
 And it strides along in its kingly way,  
 Like shadows that flit at the close of day.

It comes—it comes—and the ripened grain  
 Is wreathing crowns for its golden reign !  
 And the bright eye sparkles with liquid light,  
 Like the star enthron'd on the brow of night ;  
 And the teeming fields their offering bring  
 At the sainted shrine of the Summer king.

#### LORD BURGHERSH'S OPERA.

It always affords us pleasure to be able to record the success of any member of the British aristocracy in works of literature or art; and the high position which Lord BURGHERSH occupies in the fashionable world, renders it a most agreeable task to us, to notice his new opera of *Il Torneo*; a work which clearly establishes the claim of his Lordship to a place among the first musicians of modern times. Lord BURGHERSH may well be proud of his composition; for there is no living author who has produced anything superior to it; and we are sure that if his Lordship would sanction its public performance it would be eminently attractive. The opera was produced at the Hanover Square rooms; and the numerous assemblage of rank, fashion, and professors who were present, by their unqualified approbation proved how well his Lordship had succeeded. The opera was originally produced at Florence, when Lord BURGHERSH was there representing the diplomatic interests of his country. The *libretto*, some of the poetry being from the pen of the accomplished Lady BURGHERSH, is well written, and presents enough of dramatic interest to fix attention and afford the composer scope for the delineation of conflicting passions. The "argument" subject refers to the days of chivalry, and is taken from English history. Alfred, brother to Amerigo, High Constable of the kingdom, having been overcome, and wounded in a duel by an unknown cavalier, was found by Edward, who came up a short time afterward, in such a pitiable state, that, although previously his enemy, he caused him to be conveyed, by the help of his esquires, to his own castle, and lavished on him every care that could relieve him, and restore him to health. Alfred recovered from the wounds he received in the duel, but his haughty disposition could ill brook having been humbled by Edward, nor could he endure to be indebted to him; and being overwhelmed by this feeling, killed himself in the very room where Edward had received him, after having, however, declared in a letter, which he wrote, after this act of desperation that it was the effect of his free will. A certain Ethebald, the secret enemy of Edward, was the first who entered the room in which Alfred was lying dead; he saw the paper, concealed it, and then accused Edward as the murderer of Alfred. Edward, not knowing how to justify himself under the appearance of so much guilt, was obliged to save himself by flight from the rigour of the laws, leaving a young daughter to the care of one of his relations. Alfred left at his death a son, very young, who was received with paternal kindness by his uncle, who concealed him, and kept him in ignorance of his origin and of his relations, the better to protect him from the hatred and the snares of his father's enemies. When grown up he presented him at Court by the name of "The Unknown," and entreated the King to proclaim a tournament in which the young cavalier might display his valour. Edward took advantage of this favourable circumstance to return to London, after an absence of fifteen years, to see his daughter again, of whose fate he was ignorant, after the death of the relation to whom he had confided her. The arrival of Edward in London, on the day of the tournament, and the circumstances that led to the discovery of his innocence, form the plot of the drama.

The orchestra and chorusses were selected from the students, associates, and professors of the Royal Academy of Music, of which Lord BURGHERSH was the founder, and in the prosperity of which he takes the deepest interest. The opera was thus cast:—*The King of England*, Mr. STRETTON; *Helen*, Mrs. H.

BISHOP; *Edward*, Signor IVANOFF; *Alberto*, "The Unknown" Miss F. WYNDHAM. The overture, for unlike the composers of the modern Italian school Lord BURGHESH has written one for his opera, is a very pleasing theme, which is wrought with infinite skill, and in a very agreeable manner. The opening chorus of knights and ladies celebrating the tournament is heroically treated, and introduces a clever *scena* by IVANOFF, who save now and then a little inequality when using his falsetto, rendered it justice. A fine duet succeeds between Mrs. H. R. BISHOP and Miss F. WYNDHAM, which was deservedly applauded. A long *scena*, efficiently given by Miss F. WYNDHAM, precedes an elegant duet, charmingly sung by Mrs. BISHOP and Miss WYNDHAM. Then followed a delightful "*Vieni gentile donzella*," replete with graceful phrases, and instrumented with remarkable softness and beauty. The choral singers gave it with a vivid perception of its melodious bearing, and with a nice observance of the light and shade. The next piece which excited a prodigious *furor* was a round "*Rapido come il vento*" of surpassing elegance. The subject is highly imaginative, and it is carried out with consummate skill. The blending of the four voices with the nicely-balanced orchestral accompaniments would alone stamp the reputation of the noble composer as a melodist and as a musician. It was deliciously sung, and every hearer rejoiced when it was repeated, in obedience to the universal call. A spirited finale closes the first act, in which the different emotions of the *dramatis personæ*, when Edward is arrested for the murder, were all clothed in intelligible phrases. There was considerable approbation bestowed at the close, and from no portion of the company was it more fervent than from the first-rate members of the profession who were present. In the second act the opening duet between STRETTON and Mrs. BISHOP is full of histrionic fire; and judging from the effect it produced, on the stage it would excite no small sensation. Mrs. BISHOP has a lengthened *scena*, well adapted for the passing action, which she gave with an energy of which we had not believed her capable when it is considered that she is a concert singer. One of the most lovely melodies we ever heard, "*Bel raggio di luna*," with harp obligato, was then breathed forth in silvery accents by IVANOFF. The remainder of the concerted music, including *scenas* by Miss F. WYNDHAM and Mr. STRETTON, maintain the favourable impressions raised in the first act. It was indeed quite apparent through *The Tournament* that Lord BURGHESH superadded to the lively sense of the melodious the scientific qualifications of a composer. His themes partake generally of two ingredients, simplicity and agreeableness. His instrumentation is not of the noisy, overwhelming school of the Italian composers of the day. The opera evidently imparted great delight to the company, and the quartet in the first act, and IVANOFF's air in the second would alone have repaid the trouble of sitting out *The Tournament*. FRANCOIS CRAMER and Mr. LUCAS efficiently led and conducted the orchestra. The four artists to whom the execution of the vocal music was allotted not only deserve great praise for their able exertions, but it is justice to add that they have advanced their own "good fame."

We should much like to hear the opera on the stage, as we are sure the effect would be materially increased by histrionic illusion.

The room was crowded to excess. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of CAMBRIDGE were present, with a long list of fashionables.

## DRAWING-ROOM DITTIES.

By Cavdor Somerset.

No. II.

"When night-dews are steeping."

When night-dews are steeping

The lilies in wet,—

When blue mists are creeping

O'er each minaret,—

When moonlight awakens

The BOOLBOOL's soft song,

The memory beckons

My footsteps along;

For my soul, in that hour, revels wildly and free,  
And I rove 'mid the gardens of Fancy with thee!

When the stars, in their splendour,

Light the path of the lover,—

When young maids, grown tender,

Their passion discover,—

When fervency hushes

Prudential urgings,

And love robes in blushes

The cheeks of fair virgins,

My soul quits its cage, and roves gaily and free,  
'Mid the gardens of Fancy, in rapture, with thee!

When the pure moon is gleaming,

And the proud sun hath set,—

When fragrance steals, streaming,

From the night-violet,—

When the mermaid reposes,

Supine, on the surge,—

When the bee 'mongst the roses

Has ceased its sweet dirge,—

My spirit shakes off all its cares, to be free,  
In the gardens of beautiful Fancy with thee!

When nuns tell their beads,

In the dim convent-cell,—

When the monk slowly reads,

To the deep midnight bell,—

When spirits are weeping

O'er scenes, ne'er forgot,—

When thou, dear! are sleeping,

Afar from this spot,

My soul quits its prison, and gaily and free,  
In the gardens of Fancy, finds meeting with thee!

## NOTES ON MUSIC.

Mrs. ANDERSON's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was most fully and fashionably attended, the programme presenting one of the best selections we have seen for some time. Her Majesty's private band performed on the occasion, together with a full band selected from the King's Theatre of Philharmonic concerts, by whom the overture to *Euryanthe* was performed in fine style; the principal attraction, however, was the *beneficiare* herself, who played a new concerto by MENDELSSOHN

in the most finished manner. We are great admirers of Mrs. ANDERSON'S playing, her execution is always neat and finished, and what in most players seems to be achieved with much difficulty and elaborate effort, is generally performed by her quietly and without any apparent effort; she was also much and deservedly applauded in *Benedict*, and DE BERIOT'S duet from the *Sonnambula* with BLAGROVE; and BEETHOVEN'S quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, was also a very spirited performance. HINEMEYER, the new flute player, performed a fantasia of his own composition; he is one of the best performers we have had in this country for many years, and in his brilliant execution and the tone of his upper notes, reminds us forcibly of NICHOLSON. LABARRE also performed a fantasia on the harp, taking one of the old Irish airs as his theme, and working it through the various modulations in the most masterly manner. The vocal portions were supplied by Mlle. PLACCI, Mrs. BISHOP, Miss HAWES, PHILLIPS, and IVANOFF; and the concert afforded much satisfaction to a very crowded room.

Mr. DOEHLER, the new pianist, has performed at several concerts in London; he is put forth as the rival of THALBERG, but though indisputably a very clever performer, he has neither the grandeur nor expression of THALBERG; but, like him, he plays his harmonics very full, using his left hand with much vigour, and freely employing his bass notes in the same manner by frequently taking up the air with them. There is much similarity in the style of playing; but we think his friends do wrong in putting him forward as a rival to THALBERG. He has quite merit enough to rely upon himself, without inducing the public to draw comparisons by injudicious rivalry.

### THE DRAMA.

#### A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Puritani* has drawn better houses this season than when it was first produced, a convincing proof, were any necessary, that the beautiful airs, with which it abounds, are better appreciated now they are so well known; some of the would-be critics sneer at this opera, and talk of the beauties of MOZART, MAYER, and some of the older writers, wishing to restrict the opera boards to the performances of the old operas, but these are only critics who, declining in the vale of years, wish to bring back the opera to the days of their youth, the recollections of which were more pleasing to them; the Subscribers, however, very wisely insist upon the new operas, and the management is always willing to give way to their wishes. *Norma* was revived for the purpose of ALBERTAZZI making her first appearance as *Adelgisa*, the part formerly performed by ASSANDRI; this was a vast gain to the opera, and it could not go otherwise than excellently; ALBERTAZZI has been for some time an invalid in Paris, but her appearance by no means gave any signs of recent illness; she is rather stouter in person, and her voice appears to us rather more mellow, the contralto notes being firmer and sustained with the most exquisite ability. The beautiful air, *Sola*

*furtivo, al tempio*, was beautifully given, and in the duet with GRISI, *se fin al ore*, sung by both in the most perfect manner, the demand for an encore being unanimous.

ALBERTAZZI'S reception on her first appearance was one of welcome from all parts of the house, and seemed at the moment to affect her deeply, as she was not perhaps aware she had so many kind wishers, but she has no lack of admirers, and her quiet unassuming manners, joined with talents of the first order will always ensure her the success she deserves. GRISI'S *scena* in the first act, *Casta Diva*, is one that suits her admirably, and in which the rich powerful notes of her voice are heard to every advantage; she gives it with all the force and grandeur the subject requires, seeming to enter fully into the spirit of the scene. LABLACHE was *Oroveso*, and looked the priest to perfection, whilst the music had the most ample justice done to it. TATI was the *Pollio*, and sang with much taste; but his action is not so much to our mind, were he to reduce its exuberance, his singing, which is really good, would tell much better.

*Don Giovanni* was produced for TAMBURINI'S benefit, with the adjuncts of new scenery and dresses; the cast is even stronger than when the opera was produced last season, and some changes have been otherwise made,—the part played by ASSANDRI being taken by GRISI, and *Zerlina* falling to PERSIANI, who performed with considerable advantage to her reputation, in the beautiful *Batti, Batti*, and *La ci Darem*, she was remarkably successful, giving those charming airs with great feeling and expression. GRISI also was in excellent voice, and in the charming trio, *Proiegga, il giusto, celo*, with RUBINI and ALBERTAZZI, drew forth the most vehement applause. LABLACHE was the *Leporello* and TAMBURINI the gay *Don*, and the whole opera went off with the utmost applause from a house overflowing in every part; in the ball-room scene Mlle. FITZJAMES introduced a Spanish dance, which is one of the prettiest things we have ever seen, and has the rare commendation with such dances, in that it is of an entirely novel character. This lady is the sister of Mlle FITZJAMES now dancing in Paris, in the *Revolt au Serail*, and made her first appearance also in Paris with very great success in TAGLIONI'S part in *Nathalie*; she is light, elegant, and graceful, quick in her movements, and certainly quite competent to be the first *danseuse*; she is much superior to her sister, with whom the would-be critics have confounded her, and were but the fair play, usually allowed *debutantes* in this country, shewn towards her, she would soon convince the public that her talents are of the first order; but when a dancer finds that an opposition has been raised against her, even before her appearance, it can hardly be expected but she must feel her energies are in vain and not have the spirit to exert herself to the utmost. It is no fault of a manager's, that first-rate dancers are not more plentiful, they must wait until their previous engagements are expired. The ELLSLERS are engaged, and will positively appear during the present month; so also was DUVERNAY, but illness prevents her appearing; terms also were offered to TAGLIONI, but no manager would feel justified in acceding to them with the conviction that he must inevitably be a loser to an enormous extent.

*Parisina* is founded on the celebrated poem of Lord Byron, but as our readers are well aware, the nature of the story required considerable alterations to be made before it could be adapted for the stage; and M. ROMANI, the author of the *libretto*, has acquitted himself with considerable tact and judgment. The plot is thus altered:—*Parisina*, the wife of the Duke of Ferrara, is enamoured of Hugo, like the gentle *Dedemona*, for the dangers he had past, and to her is assigned the

task of placing on his head the laurel crown on his triumphant return to Ferrara; the jealousy of the Duke is excited during the ceremony, and in her sleep *Parisina* betrays to him the secret of her love, and he vows the most awful vengeance against them both; an old and faithful servant of the family in order to assuage the anger and jealousy of the Duke, informs him that *Hugo* is his own son; this, however, by no means appeases his resentment, but leads to a violent scene betwixt the father and son, after which *Hugo* is condemned to death, and *Parisina* dies broken-hearted on the body of her lover. The music is by *DONIZETTI*, and is said to be esteemed by him as the best of all his productions, and the very great success it has obtained in Italy has justified him in his partiality; it was also very successful when produced in Paris, in April last; and we have no doubt it will prove to the full as popular in this country as it has been elsewhere. The music, like all *DONIZETTI*'s music, is sparkling; abounding in beautiful melodies supported by novel and characteristic accompaniments, with occasionally passages of exquisite beauty and vigour; we may mention, in particular, the scene in the alcove, where the Duke learns the secret of *Parisina* from herself, which leads to a duet full of warmth and feeling, and where the emotions of jealousy and terror are alternately depicted in the most vivid and fearful manner; there is also a quartet, which is written with considerable breadth and freedom, and which, with the above duet, is certain to rank as the most brilliant and effective things *DONIZETTI* has ever written; the third act is very short, but though short it contains one of the most exquisite *morceaux* of the opera, the truly beautiful air sang by *GRISI*; it is replete with the most intense feeling of heart-broken despair, and like the *Fra poco*, of the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, must be heard to be appreciated; the whole weight of the opera rests upon *TAMBURINI*, *RUBINI*, and *GRISI*, and in their hands it received the most ample justice.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new musical entertainment, called *The Outpost*, has been produced at this theatre with considerable success. The story runs thus:—*Henri*, a soldier of the Imperial Guard, has been left by mistake as sentinel on a bridge at a village on the frontiers of France and Germany, which has been taken and retaken several times. *Henri* maintains his post until he is wounded, and is then succoured by *Bernard*, a German miller, whose life is in turn saved by a French soldier. The mutual obligation is cemented by *Charlotte*, the miller's daughter, falling in love with *Henri*, who is no less smitten, and ejects *Ludwig*, a silly clown, in the good graces of the family. At the opening of the opera the lovers are about to be united, three months having expired since *Henri* was at the outpost, the duties of which, however, he continued to perform. The news is brought that the French are again in that part of the country, and *Bernard* is full of fight for his fatherland. He endeavours to put his friend in possession of the bridge, which is the key of the positions, but is foiled by *Henri*, who, recalled to his sense of duty by a friendly letter of *Pierre*, his sergeant, withstands the threats and remonstrances of his intended father-in-law, as also the endearments of *Charlotte*. At a very critical moment, when war is about to commence, the news is brought of a truce between the contending armies; and the out-post, after being duly relieved, is rewarded for his honour and fidelity by the hand of his pretty bride. It is an interesting little story, is full of dramatic action, and a smart dialogue is thereunto appended. *Mr. HULLAH*, the composer of the *Village Coquette*, and formerly a pupil of the Royal

Academy, claims the deserved merit of having written the agreeable music to this agreeable piece.

We regret to hear that there is a probability of *Mr. MACREADY*'s management expiring with the present season; but we hope for the sake of the British Drama, and for the sake of the intellectual recreations of the public, which *Mr. MACREADY* has done so much for, that the proprietors will prevail upon this great actor again to preside over the destinies of the establishment, for otherwise it is plainly to be seen what its fate must be. If *Mr. MACREADY* does not have Covent Garden next year, who will have it? We are not aware of the man that will be bold enough to incur the responsibility. *Mr. MACREADY* has made a stand against a very formidable opposition. The manager of the other house having found that mere dull spectacle was no longer attractive, made a virtue of necessity, and took to the performance of the legitimate drama, hiring *Mr. CHARLES KEAN* at the immense salary of fifty pounds a-week to lead the tragic business, and *Mr. CHARLES KEAN*, backed by the Court, has done wonders for Drury Lane, the manager of which would go back to nonsense, or worse, to-morrow, if he thought the change would draw more visitors to the theatre. *Mr. MACREADY*, on the other hand, took up the cause of the drama as a branch of the national literature and art, and intent upon raising the character of the profession and of professors of the histrionic art, he determined to give fair salaries to all his company, but exorbitant salaries to none. He made *Mr. CHARLES KEAN* an offer, and a very liberal offer too, it is said. Had young *KEAN* been animated by anything like the spirit which influences *Mr. MACREADY* and his excellent company, would have induced him to accept this offer; but *CHARLES KEAN* preferred the offer of the man of the Bunn-shop, and the Court, nevertheless, continued to patronize *CHARLES KEAN*. Now let us see the difference between the state of the drama as it is and as it might have been had *Mr. CHARLES KEAN* accepted *Mr. MACREADY*'s offer. The man of Drury Lane, who has desecrated the national stage, and done so much to injure the reputation of the national drama, had done all that he could do, and his reign appeared drawing to an end. Had *Mr. CHARLES KEAN* gone to Covent Garden, the rival house must have passed into other hands, and no one would have taken it, but with a view of conducting it upon the same principles which had been established by *Mr. MACREADY* at Covent Garden. Thus the public would have at once been enabled to enjoy the national drama at the two national theatres. When, however, immense salaries are paid to one or two actors, and little or no salaries are paid to the inferior ones, it is impossible that the drama can be satisfactorily represented, because you cannot get talent for nothing, and only very inferior actors will play for very inferior salaries. Look at the state in which *Hamlet* is played at Drury Lane. With the exception of the leading part, one might see the tragedy better done in a barn. But is this the case at Covent Garden? No! There every character is represented with its appropriate effect, and if *Mr. CHARLES KEAN* had accepted an engagement under *Mr. MACREADY*, great things might have been done for the drama, but *CHARLES KEAN* is the rage for the moment, the nine days wonder, and *Mr. BUNN* can afford to pay him fifty pounds a-week, and *Mr. KEAN* is better pleased to receive fifty pounds a-week from such a management as that of Drury Lane, than thirty or forty from such a management as that of Covent Garden.

*SHERIDAN'S KNOWLES'S* play of *Woman's Wit; or, Love's Disguises*, was received with more applause than we ever remem-

ber to have heard bestowed upon a new piece; the plot is not very complicated, and may be briefly told. *Hero* (Miss FAUCIT) is determined upon humbling her somewhat stoical lover, Sir Valentine de Grey (ANDERSON) and as she expresses it, bringing him at her feet like her glove; to effect this she assumes the character of a Quakeress and induces her lover to do the same until he vows eternal constancy to the pretended Ruth, and afterwards, to his no small surprise, she accepts his offer in her own character. There is a second plot, where *Ellen Mowbray* (Miss TAYLOR) under the assumed name of *Eustace* defies to mortal combat her would-be seducer and calumniator, *Lord Athunree* (WARD) in which she is assisted by her lover, *Walsingham* (MACREADY) who is ignorant of her being alive, the combat only being prevented by the officers of justice, and the subsequent discovery of her sex. Miss FAUCIT played with much spirit as the volatile *Hero*, and at others as the staid and steady *Ruth*, and threw into her acting more archness and humour than we had given her credit for. *Walsingham* is an open manly part, and MACREADY played it as no other man could have done. The scene where he endeavours to take upon himself his friend's quarrel was most beautifully performed, and drew down hearty and honestly deserved applause; our only regret was that he had not much more to do. Miss TAYLOR's was a performance of no small merit, and added much to the success of the play; and ANDERSON, as *Sir Valentine* did much to maintain his reputation; he has shewn himself to possess no mean talents, and is daily rising in public favour.

Like all KNOWLES's plays the language is extremely happy, it is after the manner of the older dramatists,—the same quaint sententious style, with now and then some well imagined metaphor or brilliant illustration enriching it like a well set gem; he has, in fact, throughout the play studied the language more than the situations; and some of the speeches, particularly those delivered by MACREADY are replete with beauty, and will, we have no doubt, afford as much amusement in the closet as on the stage.

DRURY-LANE.—A new opera by Mr. JULES BENEDICT has been produced at this theatre, under the title of *The Gypsy's Warning*; but as we have seen it observed, Mr. BENEDICT's music is by no means so fine as his moustache. Mr. BENEDICT has been much puffed; but we cannot find in the music of this new opera of his anything really commendable. It is a mere dull, heavy, noisy affair; destitute of sense, and only great in sound; the bass instruments are largely called into requisition, and O! the mighty work that is cut out for the trumpets, trombones, and ophcleides! If the performers upon those instruments had not particularly good constitutions they would never be able to stand it. The plot is drolly-tragical. A gentleman in black creates a great deal of mischief by practising upon the tenderness of a very soft young gentleman, and eventually the black receives his quictus, and everybody else live very happy afterwards. There are ghosts, trap-doors, murders, and every thing else that is horrible in the opera, horrible stratagems, horrible murders, and most horrible music. But do you call this music? Does Mr. BENEDICT really mean to say that all his accumulation of noise is actually music? If he does he is a very bold young gentleman. "Music hath charms" says the poet, "to soothe the savage breast." But if this be music we should say it hath charms to frighten them. In passing through Indian forests the travellers make frequent use of the gong and the "tom tom" to frighten away the wild beasts; but if the Drury Lane orchestra were to be the travellers, and they had any apprehension of a posse of wild animals

coming down upon them, they might ensure their personal safety by striking up some of the terrible music of *The Gypsy's Warning*, which would be a warning to quit, which the animals would pretty soon turn their backs upon. Another new opera, *Diadeste*; or, *the Veiled Lady*, has been produced from the pen of Mr. BALFE, and of a very dull and dismal character. We could not understand the story of the piece, nor, indeed, the meaning of its name. *Diadeste* is an Italian game, played by a husband and wife as part of a plot of the lady's to cure her husband of a propensity to jealousy; but why it was resorted to, or how it answered the intended purpose, we cannot tell. There are two ladies; one of whom has a husband, and the other a lover. The husband is a jealous fool, the lover a conceited fop; and the ladies lay their heads together in order to cure their two wiseacres of their respective faults by playing them off against each other. Really the patients were not worth the pains bestowed upon them; for a pair of more stupid and insipid personages we do not recollect ever to have met with. The unmarried gentleman, who is professedly a gay deceiver, and who, personated by Mr. PHILLIPS, makes love to the married lady; and she avails herself of this *égarement* on his part to punish him for his infidelity, and her husband for his jealous temper. There is a good scene in the second act, where the fop is decoyed, by a pretended assignation, into the married lady's house; and the husband, upon some information conveyed to him as part of the plot, makes his appearance full of jealous rage, and insists on searching for the paramour. This, which is something like that of the Count and Countess in the *Figaro*, was amusing; but it was the only amusing thing in the piece. Nothing could be more ponderous than the levity of Mr. PHILLIPS in the dashing lady-killer; anybody who knows him does not require to be told that such a part is entirely out of his line. Neither Miss ROMER nor TEMPLETON had anything to act; and the glimmerings of dramatic amusement in the piece occasionally proceeded from Miss POOLE, who played a smart *soubrette*, and from GIUBILEI as a negro servant. Mr. BALFE intended this for a comic opera! Bless him! his mirth is very melancholy. There are some few catching points in his music, but those remind us of "old familiar airs." Indeed nothing can well be worse than this music, unless, indeed, it be that of Mr. BENEDICT's *Gypsy's Warning*. PHILLIPS, Miss ROMER, and TEMPLETON, did all that they possibly could do for the piece; but what could they do for such dull and incomprehensible nonsense!

HAYMARKET.—The Haymarket is one of the pleasantest houses in London. The new decorations are so extremely beautiful that it would be a pleasure to sit down in the boxes were the entertainment less excellent than they are; but when elegance and convenience are before the curtain and the finest dramatic performances behind it, it would be strange, indeed, if the speculation of the spirited and enterprising manager were not successful. The *Love Chase* has been often performed during the month to delighted audiences, and *The Hunchback* has also been played with a similar degree of success. Mr. KNOWLES's play of *The Wife* was represented two or three times, with Mr. WILLIS JONES in the character of *St. Pierre*, but Mr. JONES did not prove highly attractive, and the piece was withdrawn. A new farce, by BUCKSTONE, called *Weak Points*, is one of the drollest of the works of this eccentric genius, and being played in all its characters in a most efficient style it has been a great attraction. We have also been highly gratified by the performance of Mdlle. CELESTE, in a drama called *Suzanne*, a little piece of touching interest, in which this

celebrated *artiste* performs with exquisite tenderness and the most powerful effect. Mr. POWER has also returned to this theatre. POWER is one of the greatest favourites of the public, and his performances are consequently in the highest degree attractive.

The new farce of *The Irish Barrister* was not attractive, though to us it seemed to deserve a better reception than it received; POWER's acting as the *Barber Barrister* was really very clever and original, but could not save the piece. The new drama of *The White Horse of the Peppers*, by LOVER, however, bids fair to do better things. *The Irish Ambassador*, *The Omnibus*, and *The Nervous Man*, with the rest of POWER's favourite characters continue to draw full and fashionable houses every night.

There has been nothing notice-worthy in the performances at the Adelphi, the Olympic and the St. James's.

STRAND.—Notwithstanding there is so much opposition in the field, this little theatre fights its way most manfully; the performances are light, and occasionally neatly written; *The Cannibal* owes its success, however, mainly to HAMMOND's excellent acting as *Chiverton*, and the author ought to feel the obligation; the piece, however, does not flag and is a laughable affair. *The Tobit's Dog* is much better written, and the *Mise en scene* is creditable to the establishment. Miss DALY, Mrs. FRANKS and LEE are all seen to advantage, and play with much spirit. *The Pickwickians* still hold its ground; HAMMOND, in his old part of *Sam Weller*, is quite at home, and contributes much to the amusement of her Majesty's mirth-loving lieges; in the other characters there is little change, and the piece works well throughout. A clever child, named HUTCHINGS, has appeared in *Tom Thumb*, with much success, and seems to bid fair to a popular little actor. The theatre has been very well attended.

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#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

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The marriages in May have been but few; the preparations for the Coronation seem to have put all thoughts of matrimony out of the heads of the young belles and cavaliers of fashion. After the Coronation, however, we may expect to have marriages in abundance to describe; and in this respect the conclusion of the season is to be far more brilliant than the commencement. The eldest daughter of the late Major GEN. and Lady CHARLOTTE MURRAY MACGREGOR. JANE, HELEN CAMPBELL, grand-daughter to the late and niece to the present Earl of CAITHNESS, has presented her hand to the gallant ALEXANDER BOYD KERR, Esq., of the Madras Rifles, and made her home of happiness in his heart. The DUKE DE ST. LEU, the ex-King of Holland, an infirm and aged man, has recently married the Signora STROGGI, one of the most beautiful women of Florence. May and December! Some ladies have strange tastes. We have much pleasure in reporting the marriage of the Countess Dowager of HUNTINGDON to Col. THOMAS NOEL HARRIS, K.C.H., &c., &c., late of the Queen's Dragoon Guards. The triumphs of Hymen have been increased by the happy wedding of the fair ROSA ANNE, daughter of General ONSLOW, of Staughton House, Huntingdonshire, to GUILDFORD ONSLOW, Esq.

We regret to announce the demise of Lord MUNCASTER. His Lordship was a Peer of Ireland, and was born on the 14th

December, 1802. He succeeded his father, LOWTHER, the second Lord, on the 29th July, 1813. By his marriage with FRANCES CATHERINE, youngest daughter of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, Bart., he has left a numerous infant family to deplore his premature demise. A distressing calamity has deprived the world of Miss CAROLINE EYRE, the only daughter of the late Hon. JAMES EYRE, and niece to FRANCES, sixth Earl of NEWBURGH. This lamented young lady, being alone in her room about seven o'clock in the evening, accidentally threw down her candle, which falling on her sleeve it immediately took fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Miss EYRE rushed to the bell, the rope of which broke in her hand, and the door being locked, much time was unfortunately lost before, in her agony, she could get it open and call for assistance. At length she obtained help, and the flames being extinguished, three physicians were immediately called in, but owing to a difference of opinion between them she refused to be bled, and manifested so much patience and courage that they were induced to believe her injuries would be less dangerous than they appeared. Unhappily, this hope was deceitful, and after lingering for several days in the greatest pain, mortification at last ensued and death put an end to her sufferings. Immediately after the accident occurred an express was sent off to her mother, the Hon. Mrs. EYRE, at Marivaux, near Metz, who arrived in Paris only half an hour before her daughter's death. Miss EYRE was universally beloved by a wide circle of friends both in England and France, by whom her death will be deeply felt. In this amiable young lady was centred the hope of continuing the line of the Livingstones and Radcliffes, in the event of her surviving the present Earl of NEWBURGH and his three sisters, only one of whom is married, but has no issue; the Earldom of NEWBURGH being in remainder in the female line. We have also to announce the decease of the amiable lady of Sir GREGOR MACGREGOR; of the Hon. Dame JANE ABERCROMBY; and of THOMAS ANDREW KNIGHT, Esq., of Downton Castle.

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#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

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*Lincoln* will, upon consideration, see the impropriety of publishing his verses to Lady ———. The silent eloquence of her *Ladyship's* beautiful face, which beams from almost every print-shop window, is more persuasive than any written or spoken argument would be. It is a painful subject.

We shall be happy to hear again from *Nemo*.

*Gloriana's* "*Romance of an Hour*" is not adapted for the pages of *The World of Fashion*.

*Louise*.—Yes.

*Amoreux* is a blockhead. How can he hope to be successful in love when he addresses to his mistress such fustian as this:—

"O I am in despair, deep, direful, dark, profound!

The owls of horror hiss at me from every grove,

And here I lie, hopeless, upon the ground,

And shriek and cry for the my cruel love!"

We would recommend *Bedlam* and a *strait-waistcoat* as remedies for the grief of *Amoreux*.

"*Woman's Wit!*" shall appear in our next.

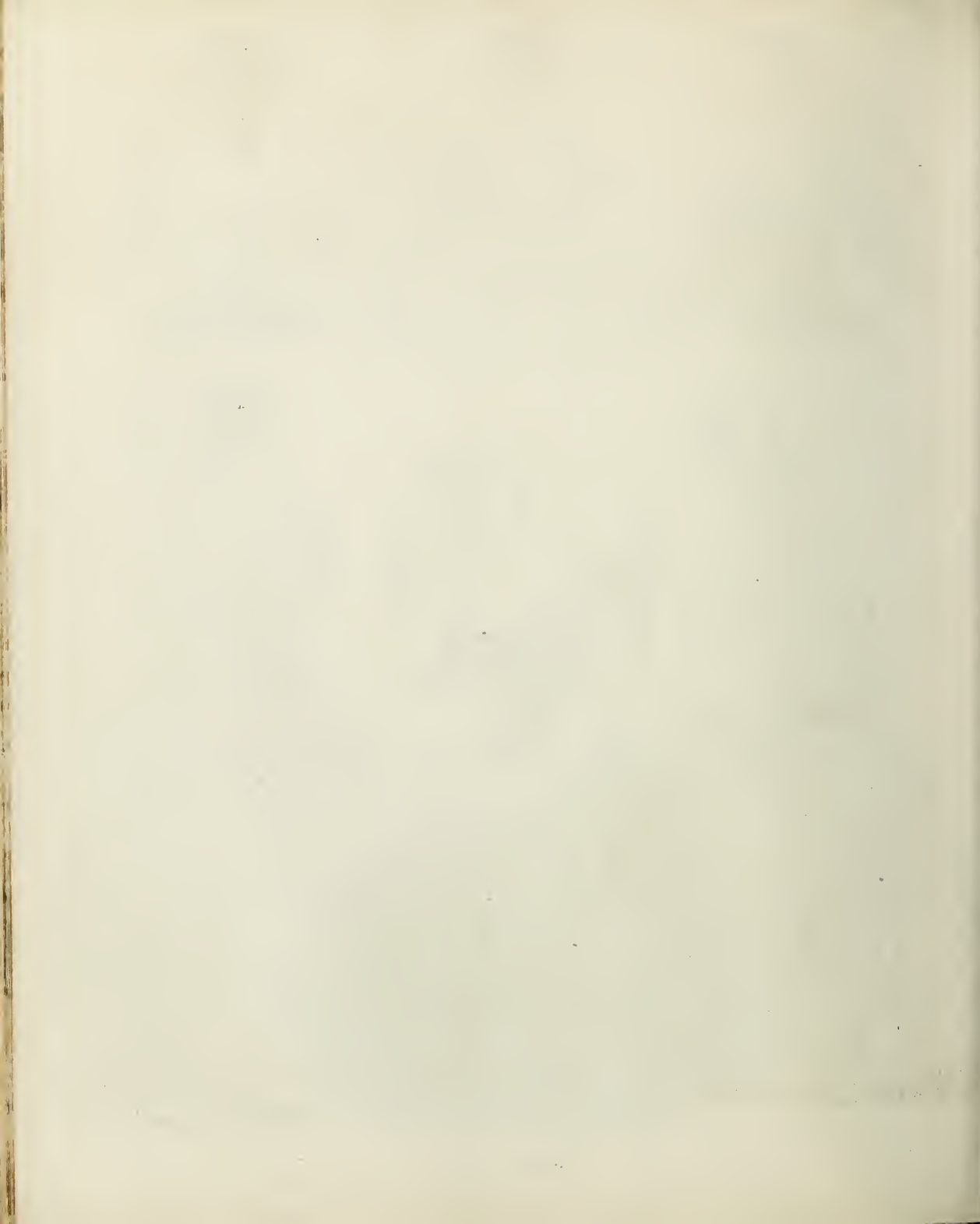
The perfume exhaled by the rose-tinted communication of *Zarah* was of a more agreeable quality than our correspondent's verses, which we are sorry that we cannot possibly insert.

Accepted:—*The Prisoners*; *Love's Tyranny*; and *The Banquet of Hearts*.





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening Dresses. (1)*



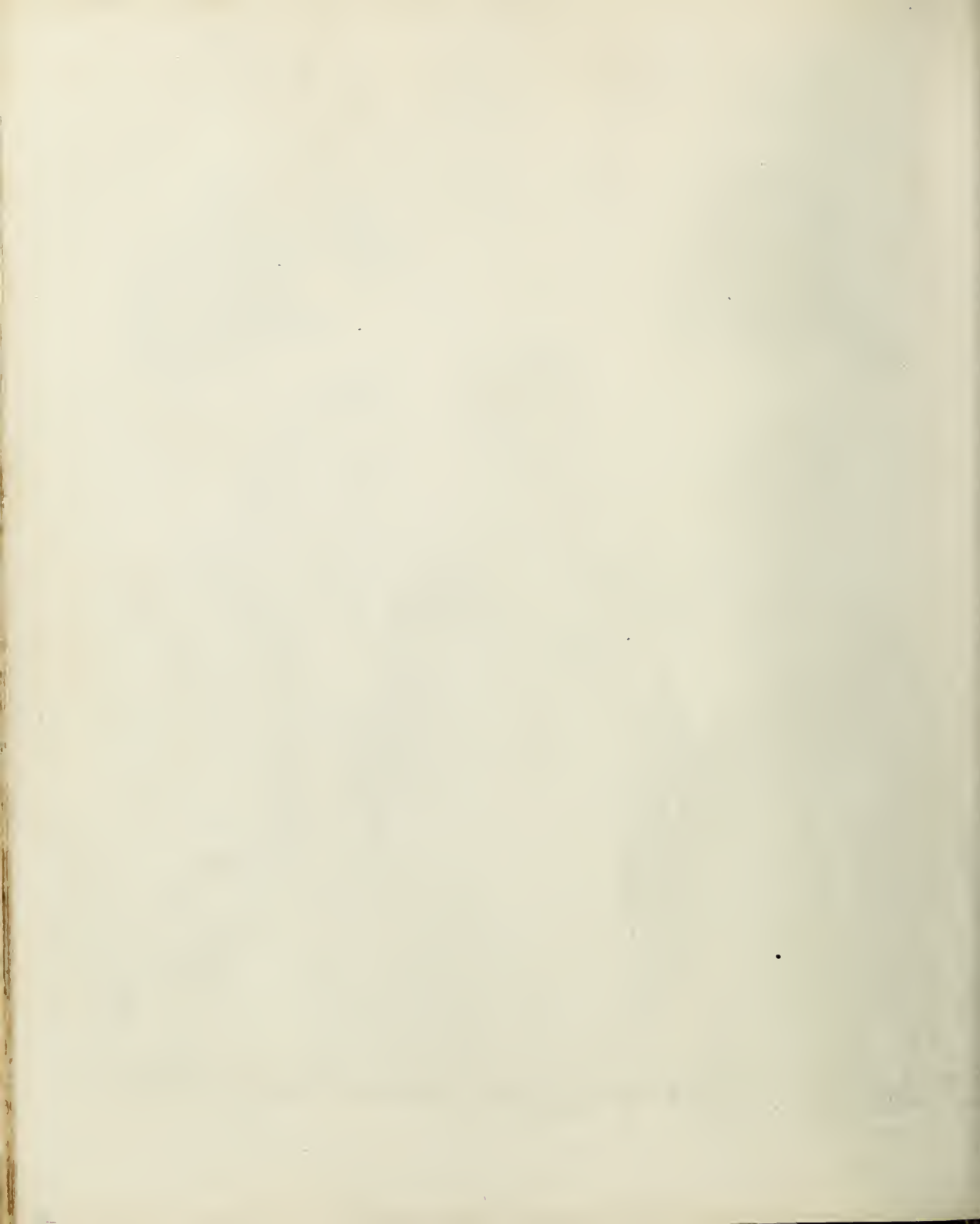




*The Last & Newest Fashions 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*



The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838 Morning Dresses. (3)







*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses. 151*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## EVENING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Robe of *mais pou de soie*; *corsage à trois puce*, pointed at bottom, and trimmed with a *pelerine* mantelet of English point lace, which is ornamented with roses and sprigs of white blossoms; short sleeve, a triple *bouillon*, decorated *en suite*; the skirt is trimmed with a magnificent point lace flounce, the heading of which is disposed in drapery, and intermingled with roses. The hair, arranged in soft braids, is decorated with a wreath of flowers.

FIG. 2.—Green *gros de Naples* robe; a shawl *corsage*; the bust is decorated in the stomacher style, with an embroidery in green silk, and the *pelerine* trimmed with a flounce, with a very novel heading, *manche à l'enfant*; the skirt is trimmed *en suite*. Head-dress of hair, *à la Berthe*, decorated with roses, *epis*, and a white gauze scarf.

FIG. 3 presents a back view of the costume just described, but in rose-coloured crape, and with the heading of the flounces formed of wreaths of roses.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of one of the new pattern *foulards*; the *corsage* half-high and pointed at the bottom, is trimmed with a lappel bordered with black lace; a row of which also encircles the waist, and descends *en tablier* on each side; the centre of the *tablier* is ornamented with knots of ribbon; breast-knot *en suite*. *Manche à bouillons*, the *bouillons* terminated with black lace. Pink crape hat, the interior of the brim profusely ornamented with blond lace, and the crown adorned with white ostrich feathers and pink ribbons.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.—EVENING DRESS.

2.—Rose coloured *pou de soie* robe; a low *corsage* and short sleeves, trimmed with blond lace; the hair disposed in ringlets at the sides, and a *nœud à la Serpente* behind is adorned with a golden arrow.

3.—India muslin robe, trimmed with white lace and straw coloured ribbon. The hair is ornamented with gold flowers, and white ostrich feathers disposed *en gerbe*.

4.—Lilac crape robe; *corsage* and *Mancha à l'enfant*. The hair is decorated with a wreath and *gerbe* of flowers.

5.—Lilac *pou de soie* robe; a square *corsage*, trimmed, as are also the sleeves with *point de Paris*. *Coiffure à la renaissance*, ornamented with gold clasps, and white ostrich feathers.

6.—Lemon coloured crape dress; *corsage plissé*, and tight sleeves, both trimmed with blond lace. Head-dress of hair *à la Vierge*, decorated with a *gerbe* of flowers.

7.—MORNING DRESS of green *pou de soie*; *corsage* half-high, and *pelerine à la Paysanne* of the same material. *Tulle* cap, a round shape; it is trimmed with ribbons and floating *brides* of *tulle*.

8.—EVENING DRESS of India muslin; *corsage plissée*, trimmed with a lappel composed of two folds of muslin and a fall of lace. Short sleeves terminated by lace *manchettes* of a round form. The hair disposed in soft braids at the sides, and trimmed up in a low knot behind, is decorated with a *feronniere* of fancy jewellery, and *gerbes* of white grapes with their foliage.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## A PEERESS IN HER ROBES.

FIG. 1.—The dress is composed of white satin, superbly embroidered in gold round the border; the embroidery rises in the *tablier* style in front, and is terminated at the bottom by a superb gold fringe. The robe is of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine; the *corsage* part superbly adorned with gold ornaments, and fastened round the waist with a superb gold cord and tassels; the back, trimmed with an ermine collar, is loose from the shoulders. The *mancheron*, scolloped in three places, is bordered with ermine. The hair, dressed in full curls at the sides, and three bows brought very forward on the summit of the head, is decorated with gold beads, a gold *feronniere*, and a white rose. Necklace of coloured gems. Cap of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold and ermine.

FIG. 2 presents a back view of the robe we have just described. The under dress is also composed of white satin, but with an embroidery in gold of a different pattern. The hair, dressed in ringlets at the sides, and a soft knot on the summit of the head, is decorated with a superb *feronniere*, gold beads, and a coronet enriched with coloured gems.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of pink *gros de Naples chiné*; it is made in the *pelisse* form; a shawl *corsage*, trimmed *en cœur*, with a *volan* of the same material. Large sleeve, somewhat of the *gigot* form, surmounted by a winged *mancheron*. A double *volans* trims one side of the skirt. Embroidered muslin collar, bordered with lace. Hat of white *moire*, the interior of the brim is trimmed next the face with a *bouillon* of *tulle*, in which roses are inserted.

## HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of maize-coloured *gros de Naples*; the back of the *corsage* is flat, the fronts draped from each shoulder. The sleeve *à la Duchesse d'Orleans*; the flounces are edged with white fancy silk trimming. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce, which is edged to correspond. Worked muslin *collet fichû*, edged with lace. Small round cap of *tulle*, trimmed with blond lace, narrow at the sides, but very full round the corners and back; a few flowers lightly placed and white ribbon complete the trimming.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Printed muslin robe, the *corsage* made half high, is trimmed with a *pelerine* lappel, which is bordered with a

double flounce. Victoria sleeve. A very deep flounce borders the skirt. Breast-knot and *ceinture* of straw-coloured ribbon. Hat of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; a round brim; the interior trimmed in *demi guirlande*, with roses; figured ribbons and a *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers adorns the crown.

PLATE THE SIXTH.  
HOME DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Jaconot muslin robe; a low *corsage*, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a *pelerine mantilla* of English lace. Short sleeve, tight at the top, but descending very full below the elbow. Apron of black *gros de Naples*, trimmed in a novel style with cherry-coloured ribbon. Small round cap of *tulle*, decorated with *coques* and floating *brides* of *oiseau* ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The robe is one of the new *foulauds*; the front is trimmed *en tablier* with a flounce, being narrow at the top, but increasing in width as it descends, and very deep round the border; the *corsage* half high, is draped in longitudinal folds. The sleeve full in the centre, and tight at top and bottom, is ornamented with flounces. Rice straw hat, trimmed with lilac ribbon and white feathers.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—India muslin *pelisse* robe, lined with pink sarsenet, and trimmed round the *corsage* and down the point of the skirt with *bouillonnée*; knots of ribbon are intermingled with it on the skirt. *Demi* large sleeve, also ornamented with *bouillonné*. White crape bonnet, lined with pink, trimmed *en bonnet* with *tulle* and flowers in the interior of the brim, and a *rûche* at the edge of it; knots of ribbon, intermingled with a *tulle* drapery, adorn the crown.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1838.

The summer is now in all its *éclat*, and our prints will testify our assertion that the summer fashions are unusually brilliant. How, indeed, can they be otherwise? when we consider that it is the first summer in which our young and lovely Queen assembles around her a brilliant and splendid Court. We say the first summer, for a great part of the latter was devoted to the Court mourning. The approach of the Coronation too, will render the season more brilliant than any that has preceded it, at least in the memory of any of our fair readers. But let us, without further digression, proceed to state what are the novelties that have appeared since our last number; and first,

PRINTED MUSLINS will be worn in morning *negligé* and half dress; the patterns are small and remarkable both for their novelty and elegance. Those for *negligé* are jaconot muslin, the others are clear muslin, and so beautifully fine and transparent, that they are well calculated for half-dress.

SHAWLS AND MANTELETS.—Those of black silk are still the most in favour; the forms are those that have been so often described; the trimming is generally black lace, which we must observe is likely to continue in favour both for these envelopes, and for dresses during the summer. The first offer a good deal of variety; some are lined with rose or straw-coloured sarsenet, others worn without lining; many are ornamented with rich embroidery, others are quite plain. Some are trimmed with lace; others with bands of muslin that are either embroidered round the border, or scalloped at the edge. Some of these shawls form *mantelets*; others are square. We see them also descend in points, forming scarfs. So that it may be said with truth there are shawls for all tastes and all fortunes. We can-

not say the same of the China crape shawls, for to be fashionable they must be of the rich kind described in our last number.

RICE STRAW HATS.—Some have just appeared remarkable for the smallness of their brims. One that has been generally admired is ornamented with a richly figured white and green ribbon, and a bunch of white grapes; others were ornamented with five roses, *panachées*, or a *voilette*, entirely covering the brim, with a bunch of ears of barley under the *voilette*; others are adorned with *plumes à crête de marabouts*, either poquille, azure blue, or rose. Dyed *marabouts* are also very generally employed for the trimming of these hats.

ITALIAN STRAW HATS.—Although the majority have not the brims cut, there is yet a considerable minority that have, and we have seen some of the most expensive of these beautiful hats that have been submitted to the scissors. We cannot help feeling it a pity, for there is no form which can be given to these hats more graceful than their original one, with the brim partially turned up at the back. We may cite among the most elegant of these *chapeaux*, those ornamented with a head of *asparagus en graine*; the verdure is extremely delicate, and the little red seeds have a singularly pretty effect. The ribbon that trims these hats is twisted round the upper part of the crown and terminates in a knot on one side. The *brides* are attached under the brim; there is no ribbon round the lower part of the crown. Violets of Parma and flowers of the Alps are much in request for trimming the interior of the brims of Italian straw hats.

HALF-DRESS BONNETS.—We may cite at the head of our list of these elegant novelties those that have recently appeared of coloured silk, covered with India muslin, embroidered in *colannes*, *ambesques*, or strewed with sprigs in feather-stitch. The interior of the brim and the *baivolet* are also covered with muslin. Some delicate flowers decorate the interior of the brim, and a triple knot of ribbons with long floating ends placed on one side of the crown completes the trimming. Another bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, lined with cherry colour, had an admirable effect; it was trimmed with a blond lace *voilette*, and a *bouquet* of flowers, tied by a broad white ribbon shaded with cherry-colour. Some crape bonnets, covered with spotted *tulle* have just appeared; the effect is at once novel and pretty, they are trimmed with *roses mignonne*.

COTTAGE BONNETS.—There seems little doubt that these bonnets, of a form very different, however, to their original shape, will be adopted by our *élégantes* during the summer; we mean, of course, in a certain degree, for we think they will be, as the French would say, *une mode à part*. We have seen some in very fine straw, lined with white satin; the crown and brim were in one, but the latter rounded at the corners, and moderately wide, is infinitely more becoming as well as more *distingué* than the original cottage bonnet. Some have no trimming in the interior of the brim, others are ornamented in a very light style with *tulle*. A round and very full knot of ribbon with floating ends is placed at the back of the crown. This is a remarkably elegant and lady-like style of bonnet. Another somewhat different in form, called a *bibi cottage*, has just appeared in rice straw; they are trimmed with dark coloured ribbons; chocolate brown and a new shade of blue are the prettiest colours. The edge of the brim was trimmed with a *rûche*. We must observe that this ornament is now very generally employed for morning bonnets; in effect nothing can be more generally becoming, from the softness it gives to the feature.

ROBES FOR CARRIAGE OR PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—The most elegant robes are those of embroidered muslin,

trimmed with flounces embroidered expressly for that kind of trimming; the sleeves, tight at the top, are all trimmed at the upper part with flounces, and are demi-large to the wrist; the backs of the *corsages* are full, and a good many have the fronts plain; if they are trimmed, they are trimmed in a very simple style, and particularly in such a manner as to leave the bottom of the *corsage* quite disengaged. We shall cite a *corsage* of a half high robe, the waist very long, disengaged from all kind of ornament near the *ceinture*, but on the breast was an oval trimming formed by a band which terminated its points at each end, flat plaits issued from the trimming on each side and met the shoulder-strap. The upper part of *corsages* continue to be cut always rather open *en cœur*. If the robe is composed of silk or muslin; this opening is generally trimmed with one or two rows of lace set on full. We have great reason to believe that pelisse robes of muslin or *organdy* lined with silk will not enjoy the same vogue that they have done for some seasons past; they will, however, enjoy a certain degree of favour, for they are too pretty to be all at once laid aside. A few robes of plain muslin have appeared without any other ornament than a deep hem round the bottom, through which a coloured ribbon was run; this simplicity was, however, redeemed by the *corsage* and sleeves being trimmed with lace, or else a *pelerine mantelet* of lace crossed on the bosom, and the ends descending to the *ceinture*, being worn with the robe.

MORNING CONCERT DRESSES.—We cannot do better than present our fair readers with a few *ensembles* of elegant half-dress toilettes that have recently appeared at some of these reunions; a plain muslin robe trimmed with two *volans*, embroidered in a light pattern, each surmounted by a *riviere* nearly half-a-quarter deep; the flounce is finished at the edge by a narrow scalloped lace. The dress was worn over a *gros de Naples* slip of the palest blue. A large shawl of blue *pou de soie*, with a narrow lappet; the shawl embroidered all round a climbing wreath, and finished with a deep full trimming, cut out in *dents* at the edge. Rice straw hat, trimmed with *follettes panachées de bleu*, and the interior of the brim ornamented with light blue velvet. *Organdy* robe, trimmed with a deep flounce, surmounted by a *bouillon* with a rose-coloured ribbon run through it; the bottom of the flounce finished with two narrow tucks each with a ribbon run through. *Corsage vierge* full all round; the fullness gathered at top into two embroidered bands. Wide sleeves, surmounted by two jockeys; they are drawn with ribbons in the hem, and drawn in at the bottom by three bands of ribbon at equal distances, with small knots in the centre of the arm. White crape cottage bonnet, trimmed with a *rûche* of rose ribbon, and a sprig of moss roses drooping on one side. Robe of changeable silk, lilac and straw colour; the skirt is trimmed with a flounce embroidered in lilac silk. Wide sleeves ornamented *en suite*. *Corsage* tight and half high. *Pelerine mantelet* of embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, and lined with white *taffetas*. Italian straw hat trimmed with a bird of Paradise, and straw-coloured ribbons.

PELISSE ROBES continue to be adopted in half-dress; some few are of muslin embroidered and trimmed with lace; but the majority are composed of *pou de soie* or *gros de Naples*; the back may be either plain or full, but the front is always cut *en cœur*. We may cite as the most elegant of these dresses, those of grey *pou de soie*, closed entirely down the centre with a *rûche chievée* of the material of the robe; a second *rûche* forms a tunic, and reaches *en tablier* to the *ceinture*. *Corsage en schall*, with a lappet trimmed *en suite*. Wide sleeves, the shoulders and wrists trimmed with *rûches*.

VICTORIA SLEEVE.—Such is the form almost universally adopted for long sleeves; the only difference that exists is in the variety of ornaments at the top, and the greater or less width at the bottom. When they are not close at the top they are confined by bands, either two or three in number, nearly to the elbow; the lower part of the sleeve is full.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS are principally distinguished for their simplicity. We may cite as among the prettiest, a cap, or rather a half caul of a cap placed very far back upon the head; it is composed of blond lace, and the front formed of two half wreaths of light flowers, which, descending on each side of the cheeks, droop upon the neck. Small hats of rice straw with *auvent* brims, the interior decorated with flowers; the crowns with shaded *marabouts* are also in favour; and white crape hats still more so. But, perhaps, the prettiest *coiffure* is one that we hardly know how to designate, it is neither a hat nor a cap, but may be said to partake in some degree of the forms of both; it is composed of blond lace, and trimmed with *gerbes* of small roses, partly veiled under the folds of lace.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES OF HAIR.—They are uniformly dressed very low behind, the knot of hair being placed almost upon the nape of the neck. We may cite as the most elegant style of ornament for these *coiffures*, knots of ribbon attached on each side with the ends floating upon the neck and shoulders; a few flowers are tastefully placed. We frequently see a pink *camelia* placed on one side in a tuft of hair, and a corresponding one opposite; roses are often arranged in the same manner. Another favourite ornament is a sprig of heath blossoms, placed very far back, or two *bouquets* of violets of Parma, disposed like *ponpons* on each side of the cheeks.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS still continue to be of the kind that we have enumerated last month, but a variety of new and beautiful shades of these colours have appeared. White is still more predominant.

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NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,  
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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At last the Spring seems to have set in with sufficient warmth to entice our *élégantes* to appear in what may be termed decided summer costumes. Our fair readers will find in our prints a variety of models equally remarkable for novelty and elegance. We hasten, in addition, to give them such intelligence as we flatter ourselves they will find equally useful and gratifying to their taste.

NEW MATERIALS.—We may cite among the most *distingué*, the *poulls de soie chiné*, striped in narrow stripes, which are either shaded or divided by very small wreaths, or else by detached sprigs figured in the silk; *gros de Naples glacé*, striped in marbled stripes—the stripes are narrow and very wide apart: this silk has a very novel appearance and seems likely to become very fashionable. *Gros de Naples à mille raies*, and also *gros de Naples à mille raies quadrillés*, are in very great favour, as are likewise silks *à colonnes mille raies brochées*. Generally speaking, large patterns are out of favour; however, we have not yet passed from one extreme to the other, for the present patterns are of a reasonable size—we speak, of course, of figured and damasked silks. The same observation is applicable to *mousselines de laine*; it was expected that those with large shaded *colonnes* would have again become fashionable, and, indeed, several patterns of the kind have appeared, but they will not be at all in vogue.

**CAPÔTES.**—In order to present our fair readers with those most worthy of their notice, we must have recourse to the *bois de Boulogne*, which is now the fashionable promenade; there we find some elegant bonnets of rice straw, the brims round and of moderate size, the crowns placed very backwards. Some are trimmed with flowers, others with branches of fruit blossoms, and several with branches of unripe currants or tufts of strawberries. We see several *capotes* of *pou de soie*, particularly of white and straw-colour, trimmed with *râches* of the same material round the edge of the brim and on the summit of the crown; a single knot of ribbon on one side of the crown completes the trimming. But, the *capotes par excellence*, are those composed of crape; the most novel are *bouillonnée*, the shape sustained by whalebone; those of rose-colour, azure blue, and white, are most numerous. We have observed that sprigs of lilac, roses, *panachées*, and jessamines, were the flowers most in favour for trimming crape bonnets. We noticed, also, that several were adorned with *bouquets* of shaded *marabouts*; the *bouquets* are placed low on the sides of the crown, so as to droop in the *gerbe* style upon the brims; this style of trimming is remarkable for lightness and grace.

**CHAPEAUX.**—We may cite among the most novel, one of Italian straw, trimmed with a branch of nut blossoms, attached by a lappet of English point lace. A great number of hats of Italian straw have the brim turned up behind in three folds; a good many are decorated with ears of ripe corn, or ornaments composed of *organdy*; where these latter are employed, they are either edged with straw plait or embroidered in coloured spots. A very novel and graceful style of trimming is a *chaperon* of ribbon; it is arranged in an uncommonly novel and graceful style. Hats of French and English straw are expected to be worn, but very few have yet appeared; they are trimmed quite in the spring style, and with great taste. *Violettes de Parme* and white violets will be much in favour, and a miniature lettuce, which is now become a favourite ornament both for caps and hats, will be frequently employed; we must observe that where it is used, it will always correspond either with the hat or the ribbon that trims it. As to the forms of hats we have no hesitation in saying that the brims are considerably diminished in size, they are rounded at the sides, and short in the centre; the crown is thrown backward in a *degaé* and graceful style.

**FANCY SILK TRIMMINGS** are always in favour to ornament robes. We have heard a good deal said *pour et contra* these trimmings, which have been partially revived during the last season, and we have reason to think they will be decidedly in favour this year. We hope so; for, independently of their being very pretty, and adding an elegant finish to a dress, they are very useful in another point of view, they serve to encourage a particular branch of trade, and consequently give bread to many industrious persons. We have seen a pelisse just ordered by a lady of very high rank; it is composed of lilac *pou de soie*, and closed down the side by small *brandebourgs* placed in a *bias* direction, and terminated by glands. Another pelisse, also ordered by a distinguished leader of *ton*, is composed of *gros de Naples*, quadrilled in small squares of lilac and white; the sleeves were very large, and the *corsage* made to the shape, but disposed *en cœur*; both were ornamented with very narrow soft silk fringe, of the two colours of the dresses. One side of the skirt wrapping across a little, and cut in scollops, had the scollops edged with fringe; the effect was very pretty, owing to the extreme lightness of the trimming.

**COSTUMES DE SPECTACLE.**—The re-appearance of *Robert le*

*Diable* and that of the *Domino noir* has attracted all the *beau monde*; we scarcely remember a more brilliant display of toilettes than both representations have afforded. The majority of the robes were of silk; the *corsages* for the most part cut low, were either draped or made *à revers*. Short sleeves composed of *bouillons*, made with little fullness, and put closely together; the shoulders were decorated with knots of ribbon with floating ends; but we observed that they were not near so long as they have been recently worn. The skirts for the most part trimmed with flounces, or rather, we should say, one very deep flounce of the same material as the dress, ornamented with a knot of ribbon of the same form as that on the sleeve; it is placed on the right side and just above the flounce.

**COIFFURES DE SPECTACLE.**—We may cite among the most novel one of the Hebrew kind, which, however, was introduced by a very beautiful Christian. Indeed, we must observe that the *turban à la Juive*, and other head-dresses of the Jewish kind, which during late years have been so very much in favour, were never seen upon the heads of the fair daughters of Israel, to whose style of countenance, however, they would have been much more becoming than to the generality of the *belles* who adopted them. But to return to our subject, the *coiffure* is composed of a narrow circle of plain gold, in the centre of which is a single precious stone of very high price, or else a lozenge composed of twelve different gems; this novel arrangement of precious stones has some resemblance to the *plaque symbolique* of the pontiffs of ancient Israel. We need hardly observe that this ornament is much better calculated for majestic *belles*, or as the French phrase it, for *la beauté sévère*, than for countenances of the *Hebe* cast. We would recommend to those of the latter, the prettiest of all the pretty little caps that have recently appeared; it is composed of blond lace, a small canal formed of a single piece, and a moderately high *papillon coquillé* all round; some knots of shaded blue ribbon ornament the interior of the *papillon* and long *brides* to correspond float upon the neck. The effect of this cap upon a pretty youthful face is positively bewitching.

**FRENCH COURT DRESS.**—We select from a crowd of elegant toilettes, that of the Princess Clementine and of an English lady of high rank. The robe of the princess was of white *gros de Tours*; it was ornamented with two garlands of *girafée*, intermingled with foliage, and forming a *tablier*. The *corsage* and sleeves were profusely trimmed with blond lace. Flowers corresponding with those on her dress were intermingled with her ringlets, a river of diamonds, and a *couronne* formed of emeralds and diamonds completed the ornaments of the *coiffure*, and a superb necklace of diamonds and emeralds, ornamented with three *Sevigné*s finished a toilette of what may well be called royal munificence. The robe of the Countess ——— was of white lace over white *pou de soie*; the robe was completely covered by two immense flounces of English point lace, one of which was attached round the waist and descended to the middle of the skirt, where it met the second flounce which reached to the bottom. This singular dress, notwithstanding its apparent simplicity, was one of the richest at court. The hair arranged *à la Berthe*, was ornamented with point lace lappets to correspond; a superb plume of ostrich feathers, and *bandeau* of diamonds. The majority of the dresses were silk, those of *noire*, either rose or white, were most general; they were trimmed with deep flounces of English point lace. There were also several robes of *organdy*, trimmed with lace. It is the first time that dresses of such extreme simplicity have been seen at court.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE ;  
OR, THE  
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND ;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

“ Son of proud sires, whose patriot blood  
Sent to thy heart its purest flood ;  
What land, what language may not raise  
Its tribute to thy deathless praise ?”

MATURIN.

The name of COMBERMERE is one highly honoured in the English peerage ; its possessor has, by his own valour and intrepidity, by his genius and devotion to the cause of his country, won for himself laurels which will never wither, and established a reputation that will be immortal. He was one of the heroes who, in the long and terrible war which ended in 1814, supported the reputation of Britain, and established its supremacy over the whole world. The family of COMBERMERE is an ancient one, although its present representative is the first member of it who was elevated to the nobility. It is supposed to be of Saxon descent. In the reign of HENRY the Eighth, the family was located at Combermere, in Cheshire, but to the period of the restoration there is nothing notice-worthy in its records. When CHARLES the Second was seated upon the throne, Sir ROBERT COTTON, son of THOMAS COTTON, Esq., of Combermere, by ELIZABETH, daughter and co-heiress of Sir GEORGE CALVELEY, of Lea, in the county of Chester, Knight,—received the honour of knighthood, and subsequently received a baronetcy from the same monarch, by which the title was made hereditary to the family. Sir ROBERT represented the county of Chester in Parliament for nearly forty years ; he married HESTHER, daughter of Sir THOMAS SALUSBURY, Bart., and, dying in 1712, was succeeded by his fourth and eldest surviving son, Sir THOMAS COTTON, who married PHILADELPHIA, daughter and heiress of Sir THOMAS LYNCH, Knight, of Esher, in the county of Surrey. This baronet occupied a private station with much respectability and credit to himself, but was not distinguished in any public capacity ; he died in 1715, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, Sir ROBERT SALUSBURY COTTON, who entered into Parliament, representing the county of Cheshire. He married ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of LIONEL, first Earl of DYSART, but dying without issue, the title devolved upon his brother, Sir LYNCH SALUSBURY COTTON, who represented the county of Durham in Parliament, and whose lady was ELIZABETH, daughter of ROWLAND COTTON, Esq., of Etwall, in the county of Derby. He died in 1775, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir ROBERT SALUSBURY, the father of the gallant officer who has distinguished himself in so many splendid actions. Sir ROBERT was M.P. for the county of Chester, which he represented with credit to himself and satisfaction to his consti-

tents. His young affections were caught by one of the most dazzling of the stars of the fashionable world at that period, FRANCES, the daughter and co-heiress of JAMES RUSSELL STAPLETON, Esq., to whose heart he laid siege, and eventually effected his object. The marriage took place in 1767 ; and now behold the star of fashion in the capacity of wife.

“ A wife-like spirit reigneth in her eye,  
And on her heart the vow, so newly made,  
Is writ in characters that will not die !  
No wayward hopes her wedded thoughts displace,  
A chasten'd meekness hath her voice attuned,  
A glad, sweet quiet settles o'er her face,  
And grief may touch her now—but cannot wound.  
The joys of girlhood with its years are o'er,  
But other joys spring holier in her breast ;  
The doubts of love disturb her now no more,  
The tree hath bloomed—the dove hath found her nest,  
And every hour upon her wifehood cast,  
Hath paused and smiled upon her as it passed !”

A family of seven children resulted from this happy union.

1. STAPLETON, now Viscount COMBERMERE.
2. WILLIAM, in holy orders.
3. LYNCH, who entered the army, and died in the East Indies, leaving a widow, who married (in 1807) Lieut.-General Sir W. LUMLEY, K.C.B.
4. FRANCES, who was married in 1792 to ROBERT, late Viscount KILMOREY, and died in 1818.
5. PENELOPE.
6. HESTER MARIA.
7. SOPHIA, married to Sir H. M. MAINWARING, Bart. Sir ROBERT COTTON died in 1807.

We have now to speak of his eldest son, STAPLETON COTTON, Viscount and Baron COMBERMERE, of Combermere, in the county of Chester, and a baronet, G.C.B., G.C.H., and K.S.F. ; Governor of Sheerness, a General Officer in the army, and Colonel of the third regiment of light dragoons. At an early period of his life he embraced the military profession, having entered the army in 1791, and from that time until the termination of the war, in 1814, he was actively engaged in the various struggles between this country and foreign powers, in many of which he distinguished himself by his undaunted courage and activity. But he was not so entirely devoted to a soldier's life as to be able to dedicate no portion of his time to tenderer thoughts, for we find that he was a slave to beauty, and having been fascinated by the bright eyes of ANNA MARIA, the eldest daughter of THOMAS, third Duke of NEWCASTLE, it may be supposed he wrote verses to her “ lovely eyebrows,” and sung to her such strains as these :—

One hour with thee at close of day,  
When all is still, and none remain  
To watch our words and smiles' free play,  
With alter'd looks or cold disdain ;—  
O ! then is nought so dear to me  
As that one quiet hour with thee !

The day may drag through drearily,  
With few so lone, and none to cheer—  
Yet, tho' it wear so wearily,

It will be gone, and thou be here ;  
And then I know there's balm for me  
In that one quiet hour with thee !

When seated by thy side I feel  
A sweet content of heart and mind ;  
Thy presence every grief can heal,  
And all may frown, so thou art kind—  
O ! then is nought so dear to me  
As that one quiet hour with thee !

He won the fair lady's heart, and their nuptials were solemnized ; but death soon deprived him of the object of his affections (1807). He then pursued with activity his military duties, and on the 17th of May, 1814, was elevated to the peerage, in consideration of his brilliant services, as Baron COMBERMERE. He soon afterwards (June 22, 1814) married CAROLINE, second daughter of WILLIAM FULKE GREVILLE, Esq., and has the following family.

1. WILLIAM, born November 24, 1818.
2. CAROLINE, born in 1815.
3. MELIORA EMILY, born in 1825.

The arms of this distinguished nobleman are *az.*, a chev. between three hanks of cotton paleways, *ar.*, in chief, pendant, from a ribbon, *gu.*, a representation of the medal presented to his lordship after the battle of Salamanca. Crest: a falcon, *ppr.*, wings extended, belted, *or.*, holding in the dexter claw a belt, *az.*, buckled, gold: crest of augmentation, upon a mount, *vert.*, a soldier of the 3d regiment light dragoons, mounted, all *ppr.*, in the attitude of charging the enemy, and over this crest, in an escrol, *az.*, the word Salamanca, in letters of gold, expressive of his lordship's great actions at that place. Supporters: two falcons, wings extended and endorsed, *ppr.*, belled, *or.*, fessed, *gu.*, murally gorged of the last.

The seat of Lord COMBERMERE is at Combermere, in Cheshire, a very delightful and picturesque retreat.

### D U E T.

#### THE LOVER.

Lady-love, lady-love, why dost thou weep ?  
Thy true-love's returned, and sorrow should sleep ;  
I'll touch my guitar, and list thy sweet voice,  
I'll touch my guitar, love, and we will rejoice.

I mourned at our parting, but thought not to prove  
My lady-fair ever inconstant in love ;—  
That falsehood would come from those lips that had sworn  
To welcome me home as the lark welcomes morn.

#### THE LADY.

Oh ! why did they tell me my true-love was slain ?  
And say he was buried on Palestine's plain ?  
Those eyes that smiled on me would ne'er see me more,  
And the form that I worship'd no art could restore ?

Oh ! why did they thus give me up to distress ?  
Oh ! that I had ne'er sworn another to bless ;  
For my true-love, my first-love, is come back again ;  
And duty and love rends my sad heart in twain.

Nottingham.

R. T. MORRISON.

### THE ADOPTED,

By the Author of the Puritan's Daughter.

"Poor boy, the world hath much ill-used thee."

### THE SISTERS OF SEVILLE.

The recent wars in Spain have brought all things connected with that country most vividly before us, and we have become accustomed to dwell with increased interest on all circumstances relating thereto ; the wild untameable disposition of its mountain peasantry, the war of extermination, and bitter and relentless cruelty shewn to the unhappy prisoners, who have fallen into the power of either side, have made a deep and lasting impression on all who have observed the progress of events in Spain ; and though we may look upon the country as the region of romance, where the soft and sunny landscape bears away the palm from all other lands ; where the orange grove sheds its fragrant perfume around ; and where the beautiful and grand blend to render it the most lovely of all countries in the world, yet has all this been thrown away upon its stern inhabitants, who are only remarkable for their cruelty when any popular commotion stirs the angry blood of men into action, and all ties of humanity are forgotten. May we hope that a change may come o'er the spirit of the dream, and better and brighter days be in store for this unhappy land.

Our readers remember during the recent events in Spain, that the decimation of the Chapelgorries excited unusual attention ; the cruelty and injustice of the act was so monstrous that men wondered such things could pass in these days of improvement and civilization. It is to this circumstance our story tends. We need scarcely mention that the Chapelgorries were the *élite* of the Spanish army ; and after that sad event their spirits were broken, and the corps were considered to be so changed in spirit as scarcely to be recognised as the same.

Pietro Rímez was, of all the Chapelgorries, about the most soldier-like and neatest in appearance that an officer could have picked out as a model for his comrades ; he was scarce turned twenty, a very Spaniard in his sun-burnt countenance and glossy hair, and though brave to desperation, yet to his comrades was he the greatest favourite, from his mildness and kind good feeling, that ever prompted him to lend a helping hand to assist or relieve them in any emergency that the frequent changes of a campaign called forth.

There was one circumstance connected with him that excited much attention in the corps ; throughout all the campaigns he had been followed by a woman ; gentle reader, we tell no story of love, of no singleness of purpose that woman in her devotion leaves all the world to follow him she loves the best, and whether in sickness or in sorrow to be near and minister consolation and comfort in the hour of trial and distress ; for Pietro but called the Andalusian Paquita by the name of mother. There seemed something in her affection for her son more than even mothers show ; or, perhaps, it requires the wild and stirring scenes of civil strife and war to call them forth in all their force. She was ever near him in their long and tedious marches, to assist and encourage him ; and her only comfort seemed to be when with him.

It will be recollected that the Chapelgorries were said to have pillaged a church and killed the priest ; the priest was said to have been killed in fair and open fight as an enemy ; that he was slain as the aggressor. Be this so or not, and we believe it was the truth, a terrible blow was to avenge this so called



atrocities, and as none could point out which were the actual culprits on the occasion, it was determined by the general (and by none but a Spaniard could such an act of blood be perpetrated) that the Chapelgorries should be decimated.

The unhappy men were ordered to march some distance beyond the town, and to pile their arms, ignorant of what was to be the result. This they did, unsuspectingly, and upon a given signal the other regiments closed and took charge of their arms. The Chapelgorries instantly perceived that they were betrayed, and strove to regain their muskets, but it was too late; they then learnt to what they were doomed. Lots were ordered to be drawn, and those who drew the unfortunate numbers were to die.

The lots were accordingly drawn in solemn silence, the betrayed Chapelgorries inwardly vowing vengeance against their betrayer. Amongst those whose evil chances doomed them to die, was the general favourite of the regiment, Pietro Rimez. His unhappy mother, who had, as usual, followed the regiment, soon learnt the approaching fate of her son. The suddenness seemed almost to bewilder her; she could scarce believe it was not a dream. To die! she exclaimed; so young, so innocent! What! what had he done? Why was he to be a victim, who knew nothing of their misdeeds, if, indeed, there had been any? Had he been slain in the strife of war she would have grieved his loss, but it would have been with honour; but, as a beast of prey, to be entrapped and slain! A sudden thought, however, seemed to have come across her; the major of the Chapelgorries was a stern man, but little known for mercy, of an abstracted and gloomy disposition, he seemed to avoid his brother officers; it was said something preyed upon his mind, but whether of love or hatred none ever knew; whatever had been the circumstance it had changed his disposition altogether, for there were those who had known him in his youth, a man of different character, even, as they said, to be mild and gentle. The stern unrelenting character of a strict disciplinarian was now the general name he bore in the regiment, and none but the unhappy Paquita would have thought of bending to him for mercy.

She flew to him on the instant, and besought him to listen to her. He acceded to her demand. She besought him that their interview might be in private. To this also he agreed; and they withdrew to some distance.

No sooner were they out of hearing of the rest, than she exclaimed with much eagerness, "Oh! spare my poor boy, he is doomed to die; spare him in heaven's name, and I will worship thee; Oh! spare him to me."

"Woman; I cannot."

"You can; you can: a word from you would do it. Oh! hear me. Do not let him die. One word, and his life is spared!"

"I cannot interfere; it is a stern duty, and it must be performed; why should I interfere for one more than another!"

"He is innocent; he was not near the spot, but say you will save him, do with him what you will, but spare his life, only spare his life."

"I cannot!"

"Say rather you will not!"

"Then do I say I will not!"

"Spoken like yourself, Manuel Adorio, exclaimed Paquita, with bitterness!"

At the sound of this name, not the one he bore in the regiment, the Major started and every nerve seemed to quiver with agony.

"How know you that name," he demanded eagerly.

"Ah, you seem now to listen more to reason; do you remember something more than twenty years ago, you were in

Andalusia young and handsome and courted by all? You see I do know you; will you spare him now——"

"It seems you know me; but I cannot spare him; I pity you, but duty must have its way."

"Duty," said the half-frantic woman, turning her eyes with bitter agony towards the Chapelgorries, you call that duty? there is no word for such an act, or I know none; listen then further to me; you know that in Andalusia the lordly family of Alvez had an only daughter, what can I call her, she was an angel if ever woman was, and you knew it; and more—for you see I know you well, Manuel Adorio, at least you once bore that name. Will you spare my poor boy?"

The Major answered not, but his hand was pressed upon his brow, some bitter recollections seeming to affect him deeply.

Paquita proceeded. Manuel, I will tell you more, you woo'd the gentle Inez in secret—and more will I tell you—you won her, for in private you married her—look at me stern man. I say look at me, and remember who was present then, even the poor degraded being who is now before you; then your wife's maid—but now an humble supplicant for your mercy; then you were the supplicant for stolen interviews—will you spare my poor boy?"

"Indeed I have not the power!"

"I say you have; you are the generals' favourite, he will do all you wish. Save him, I say, and you will think it the happiest day you have known for many a long year; you hesitate—why man your heart is turned to iron that nothing can indent; listen to me then, for if what I tell you now will not, then there is not feeling on earth. You know the Lord Alvez on discovering your secret visits, forced your wife into a convent, and you never saw her more, and there like a sickly flower she drooped and pined for him she loved; for alas! she loved you but too well; poor thing she suffered not many months, as you well know; for she died a victim of her father's cruelty, and I alone to close her eyes in death. Will you spare my boy? Manuel Adorio, oh! spare him to me; think what you felt when you heard of your wife's death, and think what I feel now——"

"Indeed, indeed, Paquita, I have not the power to do it!"

"Man of blood, you have, I say—oh God! he will die, and none will raise a hand to save him. Adorio, you must save him! nay by heaven, I swear you shall—for die he must not, he cannot die. I said," she continued speaking in a hurried manner, "that your wife died in these arms; bidding me, ere she died, to seek you out, and tell you—look, look, they are closed in—there is time, speak the word—quick ere it is too late."

"I would save him if I had the power!"

"The gentle lady Inez said not so, when I left the convent. After death I bore what she had charged me with unknown to all; for years I sought you in vain, but you had changed your name; and when I found you I could not part with my charge, it had so twined itself round my heart, I could not part with it. I loved it more than all the world; more than I can tell you now; oh look! it will be too late; see—see, they have all closed in——"

The Major beckoned to one of the officers, and told him to bring Pietro Rimez before him."

The officer hastened towards them to execute the commands; but just as he arrived at the spot, the report of a volley of muskets told it was too late.

The unhappy Paquita looked pointing in the air with her finger but a few moments; the words could find no utterance; after.

a time, however, she exclaimed, still pointing to the spot, "too late, too late—he is dead." She then turned towards Adorio, her countenance was awful, a deathlike paleness had come over it, whilst her dark eyes seemed almost starting from her head, and with a sad melancholy expression, she said, Manuel Adorio, your wife bade me give you one last sad token of her love, and one you would dearly prize for her sake; poor thing, she little thought she was wrong, but such as it now is, I give it to you; go, man of blood, and seek amongst the dead bodies of the Chapelgorries, until you find one that was once called Pietro Rimez."

"Oh God! what is you mean? You will drive me mad."

"Alas! I fear me much you have driven me so already—but let me tell you all, the poor boy is not my son; he is not born of such lowly blood as mine; he is of noble birth—I say of noble birth; the proudest in all proud Andalusia; the noblest of all Spains' nobles—he is an Alved by his mother's side, his father is Don Mannel Adorio! Seek him I say, and let my words ring in your ears by day or night, waking or sleeping. You might have saved your son, and you would not, do you hear me?—you would not. I care not now what becomes of me; the world is all a blank for I am like yourself lone and desolate!

#### ANSWER TO THE BACHELOR'S OFFER.

*Which appeared in the last number of the "World of Fashion."*

Sir, I have searched my friends around,  
To find a wife for you;  
And one I know whose mind is sound,  
And yet is *not a blae*.

Her eyes are hazel, teeth are white,  
Her lips of coral red;  
Her long brown hair ('tis rather light)  
In graceful curls is spread.

She likes the *World of Fashion* too,  
And seeks to be well dress'd;  
Her hands and feet will likewise do  
To answer your behest.

And having said thus much, I mean  
To ask, Sir, "Who are you?"  
Who seek such beauties for your queen,  
'Come tell me, pray Sir, do.

Say are you tall or short,—or fair  
Or dark?—eyes blue or brown?  
Tell me if curl'd or strait's your hair?  
Is your nose up or down?

But person's nought;—you must possess  
For her some common sense;  
A heart most true, or you may guess  
She'll quickly send you hence.

And now good day—stop, I forget—  
There's fortune in the case;  
She has some fortune, Sir, but yet  
The chief part is *her face!!!*

MARY.

JANE WEST;

OR, WOMAN IN HER GLORY AND HER SHAME.

"Her's a tale

Of shame and suffering. Once, upon her cheek  
The story lived, and you might plainly read  
The burning characters: shrinking shame was there;  
Beseeching looks; painful humility.  
And from her face was gone—hope, save when she  
Glanced, in petitioning beauty, to the skies,  
Seeking relief or pardon." BARRY CORNWALL.

The opera was over, and the house was pouring out all the beings who had been listening to almost heaven's music. The young, the old, the happy, the wretched, the pure, the wicked, the spoiler, and his victim—all side by side, all breathing the same atmosphere, and all discussing with the same (apparent) pleasure, the merits of the performers.

Two young men who had come out among the first, had stationed themselves at one side of the entrance, for the purpose, as they expressed it, "of having a good squint at the girls, as they came out." Some innocent young creatures shrunk from their licentious glances; others allowed a slight smile to escape them; others, with a withering look, and curl of scorn upon their lips, rebuked the insult. At length they seemed satisfied, and, as the doors closed, they strolled away. As they proceeded up the Haymarket, they passed a miserable female object, who was begging of the few individuals that were then in the street. The night air blew coldly, and the poor creature had only rags to cover her. A tattered straw bonnet was pulled down over her face, as if to hide her features from the world's look. A poor little babe was pressed in her arms, covered up as well as the mother could cover it, in a threadbare shawl; but its little murmuring whine told that it was cold and wretched. As the two companions came by, the mendicant muttered something about her wants, but the inner, and younger, one told her "to be off to the workhouse;" and, with a brutal laugh, he was going on; but the female darted after him, and seizing him by the arm, almost shrieked, "Masson! Masson! you must relieve me. You must save this child from perishing of famine; he is starving, and he is your's! You know it! You know it! He is yours; and he is dying!"

Masson was startled: he recognized the female, and immediately slipping his arm from his friend's, and asking him to walk on, he directed an indignant glance at the wretched female, and exclaimed, "Girl! am I never to be relieved from your importunities?"

"I did not seek you," replied the frenzied wretch, "it was your voice that told me who it was." And her tears almost choked her utterance. "But look," she continued, "look at the child; he is gradually dying with hunger; I have no food for him, nor the means of obtaining food, and have I not a right to ask protection from his father? Look at him, George, look at his pale face; his livid lips! O, heaven! my child is dying!" And the wild girl, as she uncovered the infant, thrust it before her betrayer's face.

Masson turned away with a blanched cheek, as the boy opened his little eyes, and uttered a faint cry, when the cold wind blew on him. "Here, take this," exclaimed the libertine, "and never let me see you again;" and he thrust some money into the woman's hand, and turned away with imprecations on his lip, and joined his friend; and he bore with an unblushing brow and

laughing face, the latter's jokes upon the "genteel connexions" of his companion.

Six weeks afterwards, the mother and the child were found drowned in the *Serpentine*.

They were buried and forgotten!

It was a lovely day in June; the sun shone brightly, but not burningly. The lovely flowers seemed to laugh and quiver with joy, as the gentle zephyrs floated over them. There was a rustic cottage, thatched, and a verandah in front, with bright roses climbing up each rugged support; glass doors opened from this abode of peace and bliss, upon a smooth and even lawn, and upon this lawn, under the shade of a spreading tree, were grouped a party of young and happy girls; the world was as yet an unsealed book to them—a bright garden, filled with blossoms which they thought would never fade. Sorrow, to them, was as a phantom, which they had heard talk of, but had never seen. There was also present, one of the other sex, a military officer, dressed in full regimentals, which, as they showed his fine figure and face to the best advantage, gained for him a sunnier smile from each of the merry faces round him, than, perhaps, he would otherwise have won. They were all seated, some on a rustic bench, others on the soft grass; the officer stood by the side of her, to whom, by his attentions, he seemed to be engaged. She was the only child of the proprietor of the cottage; she was not beautiful—not even pretty; but there was something inexpressibly interesting in the paleness of her drooping eyelids, and the joyous look of innocence which spread over her face when she smiled. The laugh, the joke, the song, went round; each dear girl strived to contribute her mite of amusement for the pleasure of all. Presently they stole off, some in pairs, others by themselves; all wandered away, till they met again to laugh and talk. Only the two whom we have marked out remained of them all. He held some bright blue flowers in his hand, and was mixing them among the long curls of her really beautiful flaxen hair.

"Now, Jane, who will dare to say that you are not lovely, when I've arrayed these buds?" whispered George Masson, in his most impassioned tone, into the ears of the guileless maid.

"You know I hate flattery, George;" answered the girl.

"Jane," rejoined her companion, resting for a moment in his task, and suffering the silken curls to fall over his fingers, while he fixed his eyes—those dark searching eyes—full upon the pale face which shrunk and blushed from that look of fondness—deep and passionate—which he knew so well how to assume; "Jane! you cannot love me, or you would not think I flattered."

In answer, the girl looked up with such a gush of fondness in her eyes, that it needed no words to tell him that he was the whole world, and heaven, to her heart!

"He cannot mean what he said;" exclaimed a pale young female, dressed in the extreme of fashion, as she stood at a drawing-room window, looking out into the street, as if impatiently expecting the coming of some one. The room was furnished with every little elegance that extravagance could suggest; nothing seemed to be wanting to complete the splendour of the scene. "He cannot mean it! I will not think so harshly of him. No; he never will abandon me. Me, whom he says that he loves so fondly! so dearly! Me, who forsook such a pure and happy home as I had, for him, where I had the love of so many, but left them all for the love of one! for him! No! no! no! 'tis only his nonsense. I will not frighten myself." And the lady bent her head upon the table, and relieved her anguish by a flood of tears!

Presently the door opened, and a gentleman in a military undress entered the room. The girl looked up, and immediately that she recognized him every tear was dried, and she bounded to his side, with the blood coursing and rushing through every vein 'neath her fair skin.

"Tears, Jane!" said the officer, when he looked at her pale face.

"Yes," murmured the lady, hesitatingly, "I have been low-spirited, but I am not so now; not when you are near." And she laid her head upon his bosom, and peering into his face with a look of as deep devotion as ever woman felt, encircled his arm with both hers, in a fond fold.

For an instant the officer looked upon that pale face, which was upturned to his, like the devoted flower whose face is ever constant to the sun, and he felt a transient remorse; he felt that he was the cause of grief to the kind heart which loved him, but whose innocence he had blasted, and all the good and pure and virtuous feelings which had dwelt therein he had destroyed.

He smoothed the fair hair which was plainly braided over the girl's forehead, and inclining his head, he pressed her burning lips to his.

"Oh! George," she exclaimed, with a smile of joy, "now I know that you did not mean what you said this morning. I thought you would not leave me. Me, who fled from my family, friends and home, for you; cared not for the world's scorn, and was thoughtful only of your love. I will be to you as a servant: let me but be with you and I shall be happy. You cannot—will not—abandon one who for your sake lost her good name, her station in society, the world's—her own esteem, and has become what I am, a creature of sin and shame and suffering. But still, George, I can be happy—very happy—so that you do not forsake me!"

A pause ensued. The officer turned away his face.

"Tell me; tell me, George;" exclaimed the girl, "that what you said this morning were but idle words; that the story of your intended wedding was but an invention to try my love. You do not answer me! George! You are not going to be married—to another!"

"I am;" answered Masson, sternly.

He abandoned her.

The young pure girl, the mistress, the beggar in the Haymarket, the suicide, were one! Each was Jane West!

M. A. S.

THE HEARTS OF THE YOUNG.—If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grew old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings? But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggles with the world, and soon wears away; too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining!

CHEERFULNESS.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred-fold when his better half moves about with a continued scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

## THE "MAN OF EFFECTS."

It is a painful thing to reveal one's own infirmities, and especially when there is so little sympathy to be found for them; indeed, I know not that we are entitled to expect any; and why should we be? We wonder why the world does not sympathise with us, and lament and inveigh against its selfishness accordingly; but let us ask ourselves the question, "Do we sympathise with the world?" The answer will in all probability account for the conduct of others towards us. We are all selfish, one and all, and the feeling is only the more or less apparent according to opportunity, or the cause in which it is displayed, and that is the whole truth of the matter.

Well then, I will unbosom my infirmities at once, and may the lesson they will impart prove beneficial to young gentlemen enthusiasts in the art I had nigh fallen a victim to—the art of "EFFECTS."

Nature, in her manifold blessings bestowed upon me at my birth, had forgotten (or perhaps never intended) to invest me with the organ of "talkativeness." It was with the greatest difficulty that I was prevailed upon to utter my first scream. In my infancy I was shy and reserved, and each succeeding year the distrust in my loquacious power so grew upon me that in my twentieth year I actually turned scarlet in paying a compliment, or even addressing myself to a pretty woman. To add to my misfortunes, I was ambitious—very ambitious of shining in the sphere in which I moved; and more particularly among the fairer portion of my acquaintance; it therefore became my study to combat with this unaccountable bashfulness. I could not brook the idea of being deemed a stupid say-nothing-for-myself youth. I would not suffer myself to be passed over as a mere cypher among my more talkative fellows, and I was too much in love with "worldly opinion" to be altogether heedless of what anybody thought fit to say of me.

Thus a whirlwind of contending emotions arose in my breast, and the consequence was, that, not being able to gain my point over my natural propensity, I became thoughtful and desponding, took to writing poetry (chiefly relating to the moon, eyes, and melancholy) and strove to make up by other and equally powerful means, for my extreme diffidence in all matters in which the tongue bore the prominent part; persuading myself I had that within to lead captive every haughty maiden in the universe; albeit they, as yet knew it not.

I argued that as the spirit of romance was not wholly extinct in the land—inasmuch as I possessed it in no small degree, it was my duty to fan the flame burning at my heart, and, as soon as the idea once took seat in my brain, my whole efforts were bent upon becoming a romantic, ergo, in the acceptance of the term at the present day—an eccentric character.

This was to be achieved by "EFFECTS."

I had one day, by the merest chance, overheard a soubrette remark, that I possessed "a very killing pair of eyes." This, of course, let loose all the springs of my vanity, and a fresh impetus was thereby added to my resolution.

Alas! what bubbles; what card-palaces!—How frail, how perishable are all our projects—what a silly thing is man!

The inexperienced reader will doubtless wonder what is meant by "effects." I will endeavour as briefly as possible to unravel the mystery.

We, that is 'We, the people of England,' are terrible idolaters, and Fashion is our Juggernaut. Now, to be admitted among what is termed the "fashionable class," appearances must essentially be the main object of our study. We are

accordingly anxious that wherever we are seen we should be seen with "effect;" for instance, we should be inevitably and irrevocably disgraced were we to be seen perambulating the Park on foot, or touching the unclassical soil of the 'sister Park' in a walk to or from the Zoological Gardens; whereas, on the other hand, we should rise considerably in fashionable estimation, could our 'set' but perceive us driving the Duke of Bolino, or riding by the carriage of the Ladies Frances and Mary Tumtiddle. Our little Drama should be replete with these "effective situations," or it will most assuredly prove a complete failure. There are, however, numerous "minor effects" which may be brought about in various ways, and to which, as contributing in a great measure to its success, it is our duty to give our serious attention.

To these latter, then, my mind was chiefly turned; and, ever desirous of being thought singular, I endeavoured to shape my course differently from the herd.

Accordingly, with all due alacrity, I entered upon my undertaking, the London season had commenced, and the metropolis was unusually full. I habited myself invariably in black, and being somewhat tall, and exceedingly pale and meagre, by that means, acquired a sepulchral appearance, perfectly in consonance with my design; my hair (a rich jet) was deprived of all right and title to my brow, and suffered to sport to the full scope of my shoulders; my few whiskers were shaved off, and slight mustachios and a large tuft were cultivated in their stead. In the park, I rode a coal-black charger with the air of one superior to my fellows (*mem.* three times with my arm in a sling, to carry an air of interest). At the opera my eyes were never once taken from off the *prima donna* while the curtain was up, and she on the stage, nor from vacancy when it was down, and she—I cannot precisely say where; although I plainly saw who were in the boxes on either side of me, and distinctly heard what they were saying behind and above. At the ball, my position was invariably at the doors of the apartments, notwithstanding the perpetual warnings of stiff-necks and rheumatism (*mem.* once, indeed, this rule was transgressed, by my venturing at a small *soirée* to lean semicircularly over the pianoforte; but that occurred when a maiden relation, whom I cared nothing at all about, was stationed at the instrument, labouring under the fond delusion that she was singing (?) an air from "*I Puritani*."

Weeks passed on; I attended the opera, concerts, balls, in fact, every gaiety the season afforded, and I was in a constant deluge of excitement. One night, I fancied the Honourable Miss Hautleroi my slave; but the next she took no notice whatever of her victor. Another time, I imagined I had wounded the dashing Countess of Rattleville beyond all hope of recovery,—when I met her again, she was healing the smart by a flirtation with Captain Fitz-Puff; but the crisis was yet to come, and that not far distant, so my vanity led me to believe, when I was to be the idol of the other sex and the envy of my own. Could I but make one worthy conquest—an heiress! I was rather in want of ready money too,—and then the triumph! —"*nous verrons.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

It so happened, that as I was fitting out by a few preparatory slumbers and declined invitations, for the tremendous wear and tear of the last month of the London season, the very month in which I had determined upon making the too-long delayed sensation, an old school-fellow, whom I had not met for years, presented himself at my lodgings, and solicited the favour of being chaperoned by me into the fashionable world. Now this individual was in appearance the direct opposite to anything in

the shape of the romantic; his whole manner denoted him to be a lover of the good substantial things of this earth. He was excessively fat, had light-blue eyes and very light-brown hair, and stood only five feet and a half in his shoes. He talked, indeed raved, a great deal about the softer sex it is true, but it was as a jockey talks of his mare; no sentiment, no poetry, no uncharitably feeling—in short, nothing romantic shone forth in his composition. As fate would have it, I immediately undertook the office required—not from relish, but from compulsion; my fat friend had on many occasions been a true friend to me, so I resolved for once to sacrifice myself to another, and accordingly shaking Mr. George Bantam's hand with warmth, we entered together into the vortex of gaiety and dissipation. Could I but then have known how great the sacrifice I had made!—But I anticipate. \* \* \*

The season was just concluded; it was July, and all the world were on the *qui vive* at the prospect of moving to the favoured watering-places. I was reclining, languid and musing, on the sofa, a card for the last grand ball at my feet, when Bantam entered the apartment! What I had endured on that man's account, it is out of the compass of words to describe. I had taken him, at his urgent entreaty, to nearly every *soirée* I myself had attended; and he had bounded into the midst of rank and fashion with all the playfulness of an awkward puppy, emerging for the first time, into a farm yard; nothing could restrain his ardour; he danced, laughed, and talked till the very perspiration rolled down his cheeks, and being perfectly in good humour with himself, he naturally enough thought that everyone must be in good humour with him—the cub! I fancied I beheld looks of disdainful enquiry cast towards him; I imagined that I was pointed out as the introducer, and (why should I longer conceal my disgrace?) I attributed my constant failure in working out my “effects,” to the fact of my being seen with him.

As he approached me, I was struck by the great change which had taken place in his appearance; he had certainly improved, though by slow degrees, from the raw country boor he first presented himself to me, but he now seemed to have undergone a complete and sudden transformation; his hair was drawn (like mine) over the back of his ears, giving to the cheeks a richer display of their plumpness; his eyes glared wildly; his lip as if in scorn at something evidently in his mind's eye; and he had not taken the trouble of shaving; he was habited in a figured dressing gown some inches too long for him; his slippers were down at heel; his stockings were dangling pleasantly over his slippers; in his right hand he held a lengthy Turkish pipe, which he had just been smoking; and in his left a volume of Victor Hugo which he had just been (anything but) reading. It appeared a burlesque on myself!

“Good heavens!” I exclaimed, “George, what have you been doing to yourself?”

“Doing to myself—ha!—!”

“Yes—doing to yourself?—I repeat the question.”

“Studying to be romantic!” was the reply.

I thought he was insane; but on reflection altered my mind; I laughed immoderately and bitterly, as I continued—

“And what has put this motion into your head?”

“You; yourself and ——” he hesitated.

“And who?—or what?”

“No matter!”

“Nay. I must know what co-adjutor I have had in working so important and unexpected an event!”

“You shall know all in good time.”

“Hum—you were at the Apsleys' last night?”

“True.—As you were too lazy to accompany me, I ventured alone!”

“So—so; it was *there*, then—”

“I tell you, it is useless attempting to fathom.—Do you go to the Hasselby's?”

“Why, I have a card for *myself*.”

“Then we will go as usual, *together*!”

And to add to my catalogue of misfortunes, he produced his invitation from his pocket-book.

“Here is *my* card,” said he, “received this morning. A late invitation, but not the less welcome.”

Now the Hasselby's gave the best parties in town. I had meant to attend without his knowledge; it was my last resource—my forlorn hope (for that season at least) and I had wound myself up to a determination of making a desperate push. The identical aforesaid card at my feet had been sent to me a week before, and for a whole week I had been feeding on hope. What was to be done? He *would* go! I resolved upon leaving him on the first favourable opportunity.

“But you will not go in this new character?” I remarked.

“Indeed, but I *shall*; I could not *now* do otherwise,” he replied, with an air of mystery I did not condescend to notice. My resolution was considerably strengthened.

We dined. After the meal I repaired to my toilette, and spent two hours in habiting myself with all becoming care; having hired a French hair-dresser to set in order my streaming locks, and an unfortunate supernumerary of a minor theatre to suggest for my guidance a few most esteemed melodramatic positions. I stood before the mirror in every attitude my dramatic Mentor considered romantic and *effective*; and so pleased was I with my *‘tout ensemble,’* that I positively roared with ecstasy at the prospect of the triumph I *must* achieve.

My delicious dream was of short duration; a slight tap was audible at my door, and Bantam stepped in, habited—oh horrors!—from top to toe as myself! A suit of black closely covered his bulky person, giving him somewhat the appearance of an animated pincushion; his collars were turned down *à la Byron*, leaving for the admiration of the world, a neck which would have done honour to any moderately-sized ox in her Majesty's dominions; and yet now I re-consider the matter calmly, much as I loathed the sight of him then, I do not think he was by any means a “bad-looking fellow.” But enough! The coach was at the door; we entered; and were shortly ushered into the saloon of the Hasselbys.

Oh! it was a most gorgeous and magnificent spectacle, I remember it well, and good reason have I to do so. The superb French clock, representing the trial of skill between Apollo and Pan, was about six-and-twenty minutes to one. I was stationed at the door—when it first struck me that the wealthy, beautiful, and much sought after Arabella Apsley had darted her piercing eyes towards me, more than once. I shifted my position, thrust my hand into my bosom, sighed, and looked up to the ceiling; again she gazed upon me; there could be no doubt that I was the object of her attention. I drew forth a white cambric handkerchief, and folding my arms, dangled it over the left elbow; thinking the contrast of black and white “*effective*,” again she turned those magic orbs towards me, and there was a smile upon her features! I was transported beyond measure. There could be no now doubt but that I had created an impression; and she was the fifth richest heiress in London! I flew down stairs, called ostentatiously for a glass of ice, swallowed it in one spoonful, and inwardly sang over some dozen of French romances. It may be asked, what earthly motive I had for so

doing?" To this I reply, "I am the creature of impulse, and was following implicitly her "dictates;" mayhap it was to refresh myself for further conquests. Again I mounted the staircase, there she was, beautiful as ever, in the midst of a waltz; but—could my eyes deceive me? No! The coarse vulgar arm of Bantam encircled her slender waist! Strauss's melodies ran dizzily through my brain as I watched the intricate mazes of that never-to-be-forgotten waltz. I stood in a complete state of stupefaction, petrified to the spot, when lo! there was a pause,—and the lovely Arabella pointed towards me! Bantam smiled; it was evident *I* was the theme of their discourse. A light, or rather (as it afterwards proved) an *ignis fatuus* burst upon me; she was smitten with me, and he was the tool, the mere vehicle for an introduction; moreover, my habits and employments being so well known to one in whose company I was so often seen, she would hear all respecting me from him. Ignorance is bliss, and never did I feel the truth more forcibly than at that moment. They passed me arm-in-arm, the "gayest of the gay." Would he introduce me? I could have sunk into a nutshell! No introduction, however, took place, and my mind grew gradually more composed; "Beautiful creature!" I inwardly exclaimed, "Thou art mine for ever!"

Two—three o'clock—still at one another's side—most strange, but most conclusive! I motioned Bantam; he tore himself away from the scene, and placing my arm in his, we walked leisurely homeward.

Three lamp-posts were passed without a word. Ere we had traversed so much ground, I had expected to have heard every hint thrown out by my charmer regarding myself; "Odd," thought I, and began, tremblingly, the conversation:—

"George," said I, "you had a lovely partner!"

"Think so? And what is more——"

"Speak!—What?"

"So do I——"

This was accomplished by a vulgar twitch of the arm, he knowingly favoured. My pulse beat high.

"George! there was a meaning in that movement."

"To be sure there was.—Ain't I a lucky dog?"

And the wretch actually attempted to persuade me that Arabella Apsley had fallen a victim to him!

Here then was the solution of the morning's riddle. Love had made him a devotee of romance.—And of what a romance!

I was silent during the remainder of the walk; and, indeed, my fat friend was so busied in describing his extraordinary powers of conquest over females, that I could scarcely have been otherwise.

I gathered this, however, from his loquacity;—Arabella was in the habit, when the weather permitted, of strolling into the gardens of —— Square, where she resided. Now we, *i.e.* Bantam and myself, were engaged with a party the ensuing night for the theatre; and I resolved, on the plea of illness, to slip away from my companions, and, come what might, hazard the chance of a meeting, even though I said nothing. On the following evening everything occurred that my most sanguine anticipations could have required. I escaped from my noisy associates with little difficulty, and wandered towards —— Square. There was a calmness, a repose, in the air quite irresistible. Arabella must come forth to taste of it! After bribing a sentimental-looking Abigail to give me admittance, I entered the garden; and, having reconnoitred a little, stationed myself, bravo-like, against a huge tree in earnest expectation of beholding her in whom my romance was now wholly centered. Suddenly, there was a rustling sound behind me,

and two—no, one fairy form, and one rather unfairy-like, passed close at my side! It was Arabella Apsley, accompanied by what was, doubtless, intended to represent her duenna (*governess* for a maiden of nineteen is unromantic, and savors of boarding-schools and bread-and-butter). She saw me; for I felt the blood mount instantaneously to my cheeks;—whether from cold or not, I cannot positively affirm, for it was in July; but the last-mentioned lady walked considerably faster than her charge, and when they re-passed me, Arabella was much in the rear. This time, the bewitching heiress, seemingly conscious of her loneliness, looked back timidly, retraced a few steps, hesitated, then advanced, blushing, towards the spot where I was standing,—a deeply-interested spectator. She accosted me; "Sir!"

What were my sensations at that word—that one monosyllabic word—"Sir!" She, whom I would have given worlds to address, was now before me—addressing me! My face was crimson; my knees tottered under me. I could have wished the earth "to open its jaws," and devour me!

"It may appear strange——"

"No—no;—n—o—n—o," muttered I, endeavouring to assume what novel-writers term "a peculiarly bland yet manly voice!"

She took no notice of the interruption, and continued:—

"It may appear strange that one in my situation of life should venture to address a perfect stranger;—but, you are romantic——"

I stammered assent to the fact.

"And can, therefore, lend sympathy to me."

I think I said, "I can."

"You will not, then, refuse to undertake the delivery of this." A note was put into my hand.

"No—no—no!—of course—certainly not!"

So, she had written her declaration of love! Modest, yet fondly adoring girl! I took the *billet*, and pressed it to my lips; my white handkerchief was placed before my eyes; I fell on my knees, and poured forth a torrent of everything amiable in human nature; then, seizing what, in my frenzy, I imagined to be her delicate hand, rose to fold her in my arms,—but on drawing down the cambric which impeded my vision, I made the discovery that I had grasped nothing more nor less than the support of that dreaded warning to the canine race, "No dogs admitted." She was gone!

It was dusk. I again sought the streets, and, by the light of the lamp, perused the following. It was written in pencil.

"Arabella Apsley accepts the offer made to her, and will be in readiness at two in the morning,—the time appointed."

The offer made—the time appointed! So I attributed all to the glances of my "killing eyes." They had done all, everything I could have desired; and here, here was the blissful reply. I madly kissed the strip of paper, and was preparing to place it in my waistcoat-pocket, judging it convenient to see about a post-chaise, when some evil genius tempted me to look at the superscription. I did so, and read "George Bantam, Esq., care of ——" my unlucky self.

Yes; Bantam had won the heart of the heiress at her own ball; had followed up the victory the ensuing night at the Hasselby's, had offered the next morning, and had received a written acceptance of his offer but a few hours after it had been made; and I——oh woman, woman! what an extraordinary taste is yours!

I believe I swooned. I believe I laid on the pavement till picked up by a policeman. I believe I never touched a morsel.

of food for three whole days. I repeat, *I believe* all this; *I know* that, very shortly after the occurrence above related, I packed up my "effects," and set out for the residence of an old uncle in Devonshire, whose repeated invitations I had ever treated with disregard, and in whose good graces I so contrived to rise, that, at his death, he left me not only a "wiser and better" but also "a richer" man.

P.S.—[I understand Mr. and Mrs. B. are leading a very pleasant rural life in the county of ———; the former having thrown up his short-lived "romance," and taken to the study of the "agricultural interests," and, also, of the best means of gratifying his wife's every wish, she (so I am told) having settled into a sedate country-gentlewoman. In conclusion, I beg to make one remark, called for by my having seen of late a number of young gentlemen take to wearing mustachios, tufts, &c., to combing their hair backward ("against tide" as the watermen would say) looking with a peculiarly melancholy and suspicious aspect at any innocent individuals who may presume to approach them, and indulging in various other little eccentricities. It is this:—I am the originator of the romanesque habits of *la jeune Anglaise*."] (Signed)

NEMO.

## THE STORY OF LIFE.

*Youth Questioning Age on Life's Mysteries.*

Say what is Youth? 'Tis a radiant day,  
When Folly and Mirth together can stray;  
'Tis a stream of light midst life's dark dye,  
'Tis a sunny cloud on a winter's sky.

And say what is Hope? 'Tis the infant smile  
That promises well, and our hours beguile;  
But like the *mirage* it passes away,  
Or a moment's light on a stormy day.

And say what is love?—for they talk of this  
As a hope of peace, and a thought of bliss;  
Thou art skill'd in words, then answer me pray,  
Shall I find Love true, as the poet's say?

Go watch the wide deep in the wild spring-tide,  
How long will each wave remain by thy side?  
Or watch the lightnings, how have they past?  
Then know 'tis no longer that Love will last.

Say what is Friendship? A sacred thing,  
Alone of the lightest imagining;  
What man may seek for o'er city and plain;  
The light of all lights that's sought for in vain.

Then, tell me, old man, what are time and life?  
Life is a journey of pleasure and strife;  
O'er sunny vallies, and high hills of snow,  
An hour of bliss—an hour of woe.

Go ask yonder ruin, upon the bleak moor,  
What from its bright walls the battlements tore,  
And placed in their stead the ivy and weed?  
'Twill answer 'twas Time, 'twas Time did the deed.

Look on the borders of yonder dark bay,  
A once gallant bark, a shell does she lay;  
Once swan-like she sailed from far clime to clime—  
Say was not her foe the rough sea of Time?

Oh, stay thee! old man—oh, stay! cried the youth,  
Sad are thy stories, if all are the truth;  
Fain would I turn, nor through life's journey go,  
But cannot believe that Time is a foe.

Dear youth, I'd not have thee sad from my tale,  
Hail Hope, Love, and Friendship; if they should fail,  
Could I meet thee in age, when thy dark hair is white,  
Oh, then would I ask if my stories were right.

## WHY LOVE WE THINGS OF EARTH?

Why give our hearts to things of clay,  
Since every tie must pass away;  
Since every pleasure, hope, and joy,  
Must find on earth a sad alloy;  
And pass as swift as shadows glide,  
Or wave upon the ocean tide.

Why love we things of earth?

Yes, all we love must droop and die,  
As sounds upon the breeze flit by;  
Each eye grown dim, each feature change,  
Each smile grow cold, each heart grow strange,  
Each flowret droop, each beauty pass,  
And vanish as doth breath on glass  
Then why love things of earth?

Since life, like day, must have its night,  
As well as evanescent light;  
As shadows, sunshines, clouds, and storms,  
A rose's bloom—a rose's thorns—  
A treacherous sea where all seems fair,  
Though shoals and rocks are hidden there,  
Forget all things of earth!

Forget them—yes, forget them all,  
As you would 'scape some painful thrall;  
As you would shun some precipice,  
Some sea-girt rock, some deep abyss,  
A desert land,—a poisonous flower,  
A treach'rous friend,—a dying hour,  
Forget all things of earth!

We say forget! 'tis hard to tear  
The hues from flowers and leave them bare;  
'Tis hard to hate what once we love,  
Howe'er perverse that thing may prove,  
We may forgive—love may be set,  
But O! we never can forget  
Those passings things of earth!

Then let us blend hopes of this home,  
With thoughts of that which is to come;  
Whate'er of earth is passing by,  
Whate'er may cause us smile or sigh;  
What friends depart, what hearts be riven,  
Shall but remind us more of heaven,  
And tell us of that sunny day,  
When "earth itself shall pass away."

MARY.

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE ;  
OR, THE LADY AND HER PAGE.

“ It is the spirits bitterest pain  
To love, to be beloved again :  
And yet between a gulf which ever  
The hearts which burn to meet must sever.”—BYRON.

Of all the beauties of the sunny land of Italy, the heiress of the ducal house of Clavalla was the chief in the estimation of the gallants of the Italian aristocracy. She was an embodiment of the most poetical idea of grace; Canova might have consulted the rounded lines of her countenance with advantage. Lucia had many lovers, but she gave ear to none, and was therefore accounted proud. It is the custom of the world to call those proud whose characters they do not understand; and Lucia of Clavalla, was considered proud because she disdained to mix with the cold and heartless throng of rivals, whose greatest pleasure consisted in backbiting their friends; and because she rejected the offers made by the richest and handsomest of the youths of the Italian aristocracy for her heart and hand. But who, that had seen Lucia of Clavalla in her retirement, when she quitted the gay and festive scenes of fashion, where so many false hearts are present, and so few that are true and sincere, and saw her listening delightedly to the eloquence of Claudio, her page, accompanying him in his sweet songs, and herself singing occasionally as he struck the music from the golden wires of the harp, who would then have accounted Lucia proud? But no eye penetrated into the private apartments of Lucia; even her family refrained from entering them without permission, and thus the mutual love which existed between the lady and her page was known to none but themselves and heaven.

It was an innocent and virtuous love. Lucia loved Claudio, not for his personal beauty alone, which was great, but for his talents, his modesty, his virtues. She had imagined a lover in her earliest days, in whom all personal graces were combined with intellectual power and moral worth, and she had found the creation of her fancy realized in Claudio. But he was only her page.

She knew that their love would be unhappy; she knew that her high-born sire, the Duke de Clavalla, would never countenance the attachment, and that once known she must bid adieu to happiness. Indeed, Claudio had often spoken of the unhappy nature of their love, but she had as often gently rebuked him for idly picturing ills, and encouraged the passion which it was her duty to check and destroy. But who can be prudent that loves? It is easy to set rules for the heart; but who that has a heart can follow them.

At length an offer was made for Lucia's hand, and her father commanded her to accept it. And now was Lucia conscious of her folly, in encouraging the love of Claudio. She prayed and entreated of her parent to abandon his intention of marrying her to the Marquis Vicenza, but the Duke was a stern and resolute man, and he peremptorily insisted upon her compliance. What could Lucia do? She knew that poor Claudio's heart would break if he were forsaken; yet the honour of her noble house, the happiness of her father, were to be secured, and long was the struggle between pride and love, which terminated in the triumph of the former, and Lucia resolved to see her humble lover no more.

She signed the order for his dismissal from his situation as page, and as the pen made its last stroke upon the paper, she involuntarily cried, “now farewell to happiness!”

With the fatal order to Claudio, his mistress sent him a purse of gold, and bade her messenger tell him how sorry she was to part with him, but that a father's commands were upon her to marry Vicenza, and she should not require a separate establishment.

Poor Claudio was heart-stricken by these tidings; he would not accept the proffered gold, and with the purse was returned all the rich gifts which Lucia had lavished upon him, and with them, also, these lines.

“ Take back thy gifts, thou noble dame,  
Gifts that might courtly homage claim;  
This ring is circled by diamonds bright,  
This chain is flashing with ruby light,  
This emerald wreath once bound thy curls,  
And thy waist was clasp'd by this zone of pearls;  
Lady, such gifts were unwish'd by me,  
And I lov'd them but as bestow'd by thee.

Pledge so splendid I could not impart,  
My poor return was a faithful heart;  
But now that our gifts we each resign,  
Lady, how sad an exchange is mine;  
Thy glittering gems are still gay and bright,  
And may charm a high-born lover's sight;  
But the humblest maid will spurn a token  
Like the heart thy treachery has broken.”

Lucia was gazing with tearful eyes upon these returned gifts, and these passionate lines, and wishing that death would terminate the sufferings of her young heart, when suddenly a heavily-breathed sigh fell upon her ears: she started, and, turning suddenly, beheld the Marquis Vicenza!

She hastily gathered together the precious gems, and hid the letter in her bosom; but the Marquis caught her hand, and sitting down beside her, mildly said, “Heaven forbid, gentle maiden, that I should come between two young hearts, and rob them of their happiness. Accident has made me acquainted with the secret of your love. Be not afraid; confide in me; let me know all your secret. I now know that I cannot become your husband, but should feel most happy if I were permitted to become fair Lucia's friend.”

The manner in which Vicenza uttered these words was so persuasive that Lucia could not doubt the sincerity of his professions; she looked up into his face, and thanked him with her tears.

“You love another,” he observed, “and it would seem from your silence respecting the state of your affections, that his rank is beneath your own.” He paused, and Lucia making no reply, Vicenza continued, “Well, do not despond, dear Lucia, for so I will call you, claiming the privilege of a friend; we are not able to control our destiny, and far be it from my wish to censure the pure disinterested affection of lovely woman. Is your father aware of this?”

“O, no;” exclaimed Lucia, “nor would I for worlds suffer the secret of my hopeless love to come to his knowledge.”

“You think he would be offended: I think so too; but we may both be in error: at any rate I will endeavour to restore to your breast that happiness which I have been the innocent cause of banishing.”

Vicenza departed to seek the Duke; he found him in his library. “We'l, my dear Duke,” he observed, “I have thought of our agreement more deeply, and am not disposed now to fulfil my part of it.”



"How! Marquis! my daughter is——"  
 "Your daughter is not for me, my dear Duke. The fact is, I am a strange fickle being, and, anxious as I was to marry the fair Lucia this morning, I have changed my mind."

"Marquis! Do you intend this as an insult to me?"

"By no means, my dear Duke, and to convince you that I do not, I make you another offer; I will abandon my claim upon your purse, if you will allow your daughter to marry whom she pleases."

The Duke was surprised by the strangeness of this request. He was a man of immense wealth, and of a parsimonious disposition. At an entertainment given by one of his friends, however, he had taken more than his usual quantity of wine, and had sat down at the card table, where he had lost a very large sum to the Marquis Vicenza. The latter had promised to abandon his claim, however, on condition of receiving the hand of the beautiful Lucia. To save his money, the sordid Duke would have sacrificed his child!

Vicenza had now proposed a substitute; and long and animated was the conversation that ensued between him and the Duke; but Vicenza prevailed, and the bond was exchanged for a consent to the marriage of Lucia with her humble lover.

The page was recalled from exile; and Lucia and Claudio were made happy.

"You did not forget me!" whispered Claudio, as he pressed his warm lips to Lucia's cheek.

"Forget you, Claudio!" murmured the happy girl—

"Forget thee! No. For many a day  
 This cheek was pale, these eyes were wet,  
 This faithful heart was wrung with pain;  
 I loved; and I could not forget!  
 Then wherefore breathe that idle word,  
 I could not be the thing thou fearest;  
 Though here thy name was never heard,  
 To me 'twas more than life,—'twas dearest!"

### CONSTANCY.

I asked a bird that was singing,  
 On a blighted forest tree—  
 Why it left the graceful birch to breathe,  
 From this, its melody?  
 And it warbled this answer plaintively,  
 Close to my listening ear—  
 "Should we ever forget the loving heart,  
 The heart that erst was dear?  
 This tree, in its youthful beauty dress'd,  
 Oft sheltered me in its faithful breast;  
 And can I forsake it now, when none  
 Beside may smile on my perished one?"

I questioned a glowing sunbeam,  
 (A truant at evening's close!)  
 Why it passed the gaudy tulip's bloom,  
 To smile on a faded rose;  
 And the bright ray deepened in beauty,  
 As the breeze bore its answer by—  
 "Oh! false is the love and fleeting,  
 That will with its object die!

The balmy breath of my cherished flow'r,  
 Oft cooled my brow in the sultry hour;  
 And can I (like the things of earth) forget  
 The light that cheered, but that now has set?"

Oh! do they not teach us a lesson—  
 That bird, and the glorious sun—  
 To prize as earth's greatest blessing,  
 The heart that we once have won?  
 And not by a cold glance chill it,  
 Then smile on the wreck we see;  
 For sad is the heart of the scorner,  
 Wherever his lot may be.  
 And bird and beam, with their deathless love,  
 Bear type of the spirit that dwells above;  
 Be true to Him, and thine age shall be  
 Cheered, as the forest's blighted tree!

### LOVE'S HAPPY HOUR.

Though sorrow claims affections tear  
 In hours when sad and lone;  
 Though I must weep the memory dear,  
 Of friends for ever flown;  
 There is *one* thought that yet may tend,  
 To bring hope back to me;  
 The thought that I at eve shall spend  
*One* happy hour with thee.

Though Fate my weary steps shall call,  
 Where none may know my grief;  
 Though round my head misfortunes fall,  
 Thick as th' Autumnal leaf,  
 Still blissful dreams will ever blend  
 Their fairy forms for me;  
 Blest with the thought at eve to spend  
*One* happy hour with thee.

Though Fortune, with her winning smile,  
 Desert me in my need;  
 Though in this world—from pain and toil  
 I never may be freed,  
 There is one hope, that in the end,  
 Hath heaven in store for me;  
 The thought that I at eve shall spend,  
*One* happy hour with thee.

I sigh not now—o'er what hath been,  
 Long sunk in Lethe's stream;  
 No change of friends—no change of scene,  
 Can mar my youthful dream—  
 Then blest be fate, which thus could send,  
 Such store of joys to me;  
 And doubly blest, dear girl, to spend  
*One* happy hour with thee.

**GOODS OF LIFE.**—The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend, to observe and tell one of one's faults, whom one has reason to esteem, and is apt to believe.

## THE LAMBTON LEGEND.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read the biographical account of the Earl of Durham, in the last number of *The World of Fashion* with much pleasure; but you have omitted the highly interesting legend which is preserved in the family, and of which, as you may not be in possession of it, I send you a copy, trusting that you will agree with me in opinion, that it will not only complete your biography, but also prove a subject of great interest to all your readers. It is as follows:—The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear, on a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eel, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the "worm well," betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a craig in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well (the worm hill), where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which, grave living witnesses depose that they have seen vestiges. It now became the terror of the country, and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cow's milk, which, was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which, it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudencies, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the Crusader was foiled by his enemy's power of self-union, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the craig in the river, and waited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed Knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream washing away the severed parts, prevented the possibility of a reunion. There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition, that he should slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he had heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed, that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his soon. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror repaired again to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven (or as some account say) for nine generations—a communication which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with.—I am, Sir, your constant Subscriber.

A. E. Z.

*Belgrave Square, May 6th, 1838.*

TEARS.—Tears are the dew of the heart, which waters the parched feelings, and saves the mind from withering.

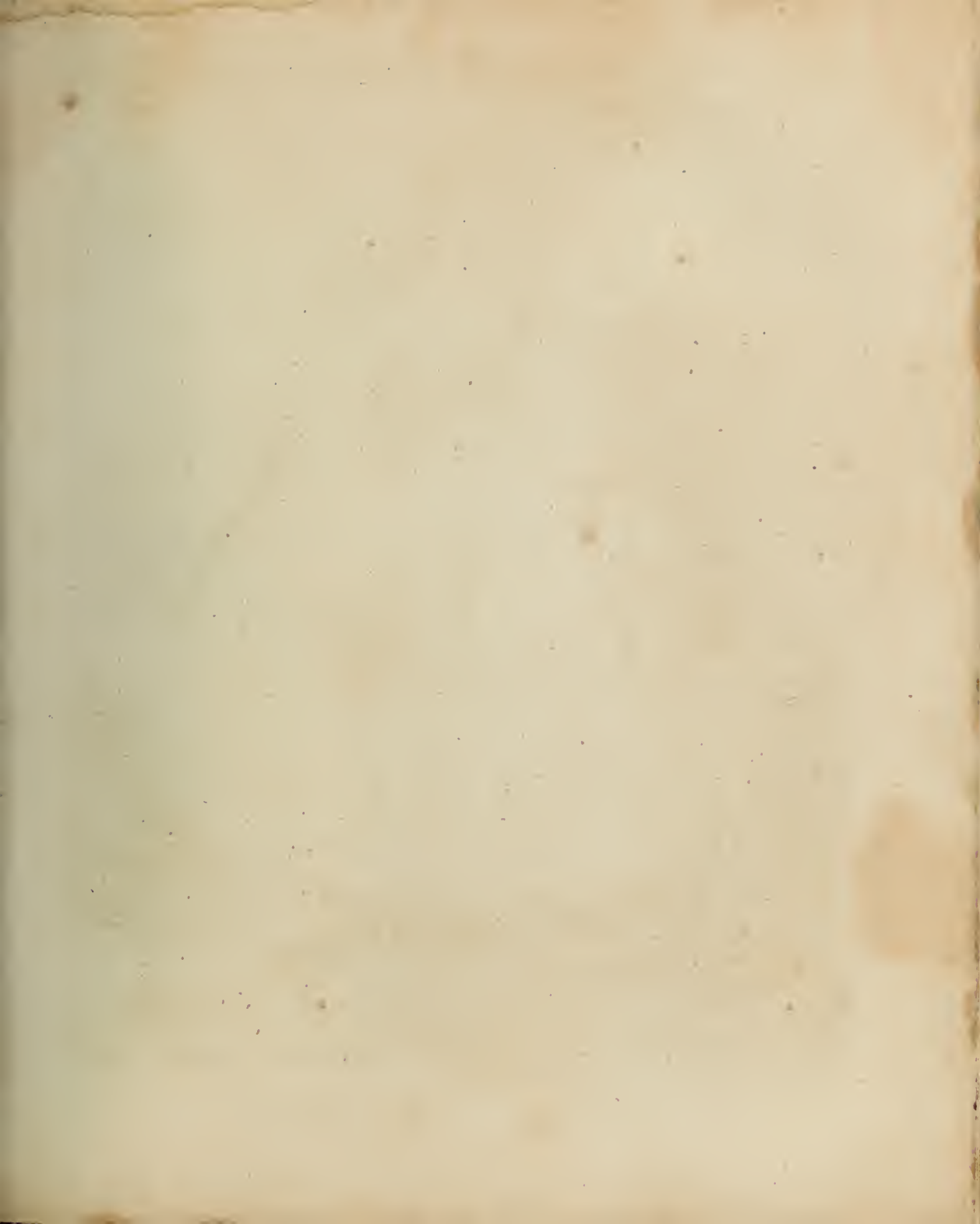
## LOVE.

The saddest lesson which experience teaches man is a knowledge of the true nature of love. It is in vain that the whole course of tale and history assures us of the evanescent, transitory character of this passion—it is in vain that our own observation confirms the truth, and shows us that the sensation is as brief as it is delightful. What man in love for the first time could ever be induced to believe that the delicious sentiment which absorbs or excludes every other feeling of his bosom must sooner or later die a natural death, and be extinguished in its own gratification? True, it may be succeeded by a tender and affectionate attachment, by firm and lasting friendship; but the glory, the enthusiasm, the celestial exaltation of true passion, when it first overcomes us, must pass away. How ridiculous, then, to abuse men for their want of constancy. Could we command our affections who would cease to love? who would throw away the treasure which constitutes his happiness, and which he values more than all the riches of the world? It is in spite of ourselves—in spite of our utmost efforts to recal our first enthusiasm—that we gradually begin to view the one-loved face with indifference, and to feel that her society has no longer a spell for our disenchanting minds. To love is to be blest, and who that found himself in Eden would voluntarily leave it? It is customary to talk as if the inconstant man made a selfish gain by his change of sentiment; but what can he profit by the decay of the sweetest sentiment of our nature? As well rail at the capitalist because he gets rid of his depreciated securities. Alas, it is with a heavy heart that he parts with bonds once the representatives of thousands for a fraction of their original value. But it is with a far profounder sentiment of despair that the man of reflection perceives his warmest and most cherished feelings will not abide the withering touch of time and custom, and that the love he fondly deemed eternal has hardly the durability of an autumn flower.

It is the law of our nature that all passive impression shall become weaker by repetition, and in process of time be entirely effaced. The effect which a beautiful woman produces on a man's mind shares the general fate of all involuntary emotions; and the latter can no more prevent the flight of his love than he can the departure of his youth, health, strength, or any other blessing.

A WORD TO YOUNG WIVES.—It not unfrequently happens that a young married woman is oftener alone than she has previously been accustomed to be; and that she misses the family circle with which she has hitherto been surrounded. Let not this, however, depress her spirits, or render her too dependent on her husband for entertainment. Let it least of all lead her to seek, too frequently, relief in company. One of the first things she should learn is to be happy in solitude; to find, there, occupation for herself; and to prove to her husband that, however she may enjoy social intercourse, and especially desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away.

ANOMALY.—It is a remarkable anomaly, that those who possess the power and disposition to make others happy, are but too frequently uncomfortable themselves; while those who are a perpetual annoyance wherever they go, seem to have a "widow's cruise" of comfort in their own inordinate self-esteem.





*Her Majesty Queen Victoria  
In her Royal Robes*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXII.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

### THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, IN HER REGAL ROBES.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

### THE CORONATION.

"1st. *Gent.*—God save you, Sir! Where have you been?

2nd. *Gent.*—Among the crowd in the Abbey, where a finger could not be wedged in more. I am stifled with the excess of joy.

1st. *Gent.*—You saw the ceremony?

2nd. *Gent.*—That I did.

1st. *Gent.*—How was it?

2nd. *Gent.*—WELL WORTH THE SEEING."

SHAKESPEARE (*Henry VIII.*)

The Queen, Victoria, the sovereign lady of the affections of a great and united people, now wears the crown of her ancestors. The ceremony occurred on Thursday, the 28th of June, in the Abbey Church of Westminster, and never was there beheld at the coronation of any European sovereign a spectacle of so much interest as that which was presented to the eyes of the spectators when the crown was placed upon Queen Victoria's head. There sat the young and lovely sovereign, like a fairy Queen enthroned,

"——— opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people,"

while all the rank and wealth, all the wisdom, virtue, and beauty of this great empire, surrounded the "angel Queen," doing homage not with their lips merely, but with their hearts. It was a glad day for England when Queen Victoria went forth from her palace to the coronation, and thousands and tens of thousands of her delighted and affectionate subjects thronged the streets along which the procession passed; at an early hour all London seemed to be alive, and long before the time appointed for the procession to move, the platforms and balconies in the line were crowded with persons, among whom numbers of beautiful and richly-dressed ladies were conspicuous, exacting the silent homage of all beholders. At ten o'clock, the procession left the palace and proceeded up Constitution Hill, from the top of which Her Majesty was able to observe the preparations for the fair which was to be held in Hyde Park, and on the return

of the procession, a view of that scene of rude gaiety and mirth in full action, was commanded from the same spot. The procession passed along Piccadilly, whilst the liveliest demonstrations of affection fell upon Her Majesty's ears. The merry pealing of the bells, and the shouts of the rejoicing people were exhilarating and truly delightful; and Her Majesty must have felt assured of the security of her empire over her subjects' hearts. From Piccadilly the procession passed into St. James's Street and Pall Mall, the balconies of the club-houses, &c., being thronged with elegantly dressed ladies, and others, cheering and waving their handkerchiefs. The procession then moved along Parliament Street to the Abbey, the approaches to which were lined with covered platforms, almost every seat in which was occupied. We were struck with the extreme splendour and magnificence of the arrangements at the Abbey, as compared with those which were made for the coronations of George IV. and William IV. and Queen Adelaide; and, without meaning to detract from the appropriateness of the former, we are bound to state that those on the present occasion were incomparably superior.

The Peers and Peereses, in their robes of estate, and others, summoned by her Majesty's command to witness the ceremony of the coronation, were conducted to the places assigned to them in Westminster Abbey previously to the arrival of her Majesty; the Lords Spiritual on the north side of the area or sacarium; the Lords Temporal in the south transept; and the Peereses in the north transept. The great Officers of State, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Noblemen appointed to carry the Regalia, all in their robes of estate, and the Bishops who were to support Her Majesty, as well as those who were to carry the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patina, were assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber, adjoining the Deanery, before the arrival of Her Majesty.

ARRIVAL AT THE ABBEY.—On the arrival of the procession at the west entrance to the Abbey Her Majesty was received by the great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the Regalia, and the Bishops carrying the Patina, the Chalice, and the Bible, when Her Majesty repaired to her robing-chamber, constructed on the right of the platform without the entrance. In front of the

grand western entrance to the Abbey, a beautiful Gothic edifice was erected, the style of architecture being perfectly in accordance with the antiquity of the Abbey itself, the characteristic ornaments of which had been studiously observed. The illusion was so complete, although the materials were comparatively frail, that a casual observer would have imagined this modern addition had its date with the Abbey itself. On entering the porch of this edifice the same Gothic character was found to be beautifully preserved; and the groined roof and doors and panels on each side preserved the illusion in a manner most creditable to the artists engaged; while the long vista leading to the nave, with its pillars and other appropriate accompaniments, through which the procession passed, was not less remarkable for its strict adherence to the ancient model. On the right and left of the porch were the reception-rooms of Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family. These chambers were entered through oaken doors, beautifully carved; that on the right was set apart for Her Majesty, and was entered through an anti-chamber, in which her attendants remained. The walls of Her Majesty's chamber were covered with crimson paper, with Gothic panels and cornices, and lighted by two windows, in imitation of lattice, with ground glass, which, while it admitted light, shut out the view of exterior objects. From this chamber a Gothic-arched door lead to a retiring room. The furniture of this room was all of oak, beautifully carved and gilt; and the hangings, carpets, and other fittings, all preserved the same appearance of antiquity. The chamber on the other side, for the reception of the Royal Family, was of the same size and character, but of a plainer description, the walls being of wainscot, and the furniture less gorgeous. Her Majesty, having been robed, then advanced up the nave into the choir; the choristers in the orchestra singing the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord."

#### THE PROCESSION INTO THE CHOIR.

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

Officers of Arms.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household.  | Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household (attended by two gentlemen), bearing the crimson bag with the medals. |
| Her Majesty's Vice Chamberlain, acting for the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, attended by an Officer of the Jewel Office, bearing on a cushion the Ruby Ring and the Sword for the offering. | The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household; his Coronet carried by a Page.                                |
| The Lord Privy Seal; his Coronet carried by a Page.  | The Lord President of the Council; his Coronet carried by a Page.  |
| The Lord Chancellor of Ireland; attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.   |  |
| The Lord Archbishop of Armagh, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.  |  |
| The Lord Archbishop of York, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.  |  |
| The Lord High Chancellor; attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.   |  |
| The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand, attended by two Gentlemen.   |  |

#### PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

- Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her head.
- Her train borne by Lady Caroline Campbell, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household.
- The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Villiers.
- Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her head.
- Her train borne by Lady Flora Hastings, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household. The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Morpeth.
- Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in a robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her head.
- Her Train borne by Lady Caroline Legge, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household. The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Emlyn.

#### THE REGALIA.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| St. Edward's Staff borne by the Duke of Roxburgh; his Coronet carried by a Page.                 | The Golden Spurs, borne by Lord Byron; his Coronet carried by a Page.    | The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Cleveland; his Coronet carried by a Page. |
| The Third Sword, borne by the Marquis of Westminster; his coronet carried by a Page.             | Curtana, borne by the Duke of Devonshire; his coronet carried by a Page. | The Second Sword, borne by the Duke of Sutherland; his coronet carried by a Page.          |
| Black Rod.   | Deputy Garter.   |  |
| The Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, as Lord Great Chamberlain of England; his coronet borne by a Page. |  |  |

#### PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

- His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in his robes of Estate, carrying his baton as Field Marshal; his coronet borne by the Marquis of Granby; his train borne by Major-General Sir William Gomm.
- His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in his robes of Estate; his coronet carried by Viscount Anson; his train borne by the Hon. Edward Gore.
- The High Constable of Ireland The High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Erroll;
- The Earl Marshal The Sword of State, The Lord High Constable of England,
- The Duke of Norfolk Viscount Melbourn; Duke of Wellington, with his Staff; his Coronet carried by a Page. as Field Marshal; attended by two Pages.
- The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his Coronet carried by a Page.
- St. Edward's Crown. The Orb, borne by the Lord High Steward, Duke of Somerset; Duke of Hamilton; his Coronet carried by two Pages.
- The Patina, borne by the Bishop of Bangor.
- The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Winchester.
- The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of Lincoln.

THE QUEEN

in her Royal Robe of Crimson Velvet,  
furred with Ermine and bordered  
with Gold Lace; wearing the Collars  
of her Orders; on her head a  
Circlet of Gold.

Her Majesty's Train borne by

Ten Gentlemen-at-Arms,  
with their Standard Bearer.  
The Bishop of Bath & Wells.

Ten Gentlemen-at-Arms,  
with their Lieutenant.  
The Bishop of Durham.

- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Lady Adelaide Paget.                  | Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox.      |
| Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper.        | Lady Mary Alethea Beatrix Talbot.        |
| Lady Anne Wentworth Fitzwilliam.      | Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope. |
| Lady Mary Augusta Frederica Grimston. | Lady Louisa Harriet Jenkinson.           |

Assisted by the Lord Chamberlain of the Household (his Coronet borne by a Page,) followed by the Groom of the Robes.

The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.

Marchioness of Lansdowne, First Lady of the Bedchamber.

LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Countess of Charlemont. | Marchioness of Tavistock. |
| Lady Lyttelton.         | Countess of Mulgrave.     |
| Lady Portman.           | Lady Barham.              |

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

- |                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Hon. Margaret Dillon.  | Hon. Harriet Pitt.   |
| Hon. Miss Cavendish.   | Hon. Caroline Cocks. |
| Hon. Miss Lister.      | Hon. Matilda Paget.  |
| Hon. Miss Spring Rice. | Hon. Miss Murray.    |

WOMEN OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

- |                     |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Lady Harriet Clive. | Lady Caroline Barrington. |
| Lady Theresa Digby. | Lady Charlotte Copley.    |
| Hon. Mrs. Brand.    | Viscountess Forbes.       |
| Lady Gardiner.      | Hon. Mrs. Campbell.       |

- |   |  |                                 |
|---|--|---------------------------------|
| The Gold Stick<br>of the Life Guards<br>in Waiting;                                       | The Master of<br>the Horse;                      | his Coronet borne<br>by a Page. |
| his Coronet borne by a Page.  |  |                                 |
| The Captain-General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland<br>his Coronet borne by a Page. | The Captain of the Band of<br>Gentlemen-at-Arms; | his Coronet borne by a Page.    |
| The Captain of the Yeomen<br>of the Guard;  |  |                                 |
| his Coronet borne by a Page.  | his Coronet borne by a Page.                     |                                 |
| Keuper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse.  | Lieutenant of the Yeomen of<br>the Guard.        |                                 |
| Ensign of the Yeomen of<br>the Guard.   |  |                                 |

Clerk of the Cheque

- |                                   |                             |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard. | to the Yeomen of the Guard. | Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard. |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|

Twenty Yeomen of the Guard.

THE NAIVE.—Over the naive a substantial flooring had been placed, while, over the side aisles, galleries were erected for the accomodation of 1,500 persons, These galleries were fitted up with seats, amphitheatrically arranged, covered with crimson cloth, the fronts being decorated with crimson drapery and gold trimming; and, still to preserve the illusion and completeness of this part of the edifice, canvass screens reached from the bottom of the galleries to the floor, which were beautifully painted in imitation of masonry. These at the former corona-

tions were left open, and had a most unfinished and slovenly appearance, the whole of this part of the edifice having been left to speculators. Looking forward towards the choir or theatre, a splendid Gothic screen, within which is the organ loft and musicians' gallery, met the eye, assuming all the appearance of solid masonry, and displaying niches in which various figures appeared supported by arches and other architectural accompaniments. Under this screen and supporting the music gallery were a succession of Gothic pillars, which formed a sort of vestibule, through which the procession passed.

THE THEATRE.—Here the full blaze of the magnificent decorations in the interior of the Abbey filled the mind with astonishment. In front was the altar with its splendid Gothic canopy and gorgeous tracery, before which the principal ceremonies took place; and still nearer was the chair and platform on which Her Majesty received the homage of the Peers. Above the altar was the gallery for the reception of the members of the House of Commons; and above this again an additional gallery had been added, in front of which the arms of her Majesty were beautifully emblazoned. On the right and left, at a vast altitude, were galleries for the accommodation of those who had obtained tickets; while on each side of the platform were the seats of the Peers and Peeresces, with those for their immediate friends behind. In the choir were other seats the fronts of which were ornamented with gilt perforated Gothic panels, the lower part being formed of wainscot panels. Above these, again were galleries, the upper ones stretching some distance into the nave.

THE MUSIC GALLERY.—Over the entrance to the theatre from the naive was a magnificent music gallery, containing at the extreme end the organ with its Gothic case of wainscot and gold. The organ was new for the occasion. The seats of the musicians descended amphitheatrically from the top to the entrance of the theatre. The galleries throughout were covered with crimson cloth with gold fringe, the panels of wainscot and gold, the tout ensemble presenting a scene of gorgeous magnificence. The Queen on ascending the theatre passed on the south side of her Throne to her Chair of State on the south-east side of the theatre, being the Recognition Chair, after her private devotion (kneeling on her faldstool) Her Majesty took her seat; the Bishops, her supporters, standing on each side; the Noblemen bearing the Four Swords on Her Majesty's right hand, the Sword of State being nearest to the Royal Person; the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on her left; the other Great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the Regalia, the Dean of Westminster, Deputy Garter, and Black Rod, standing near the Queen's chair; the Bishops bearing the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patina, stood near the pulpit, and the Train-bearers, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and the Groom of the Robes, behind Her Majesty.

THE RECOGNITION.—Upon the conclusion of the Anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury advanced from his station at the south-east pillar, and, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Deputy Garter, moved to the east side of the theatre where the Archbishop made the Recognition, thus:—"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who have come this day to do your homage are you willing to do the same?" he repeated the same at the south, west, and north sides of the theatre; during which time Her Majesty who was standing up by her chair turned towards the people on the side at which the Recognition was made, the assemblage replying to

each demand with loud and repeated acclamations of "GOD SAVE QUEEN VICTORIA;" and, at the last recognition, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat. Her Majesty then resumed her seat. The Officers of the Wardrobe having spread a rich cloth of gold, and laid a cushion on the same for her Majesty to kneel on, at the steps of the altar, the Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded to the altar and put on his cope.

**THE FIRST OFFERING.**—The Queen, attended by the two Bishops, her supporters, and the Dean of Westminster, the Great Officers, and the Noblemen bearing the Regalia and the Four Swords going before Her Majesty, then passed to the altar. Her Majesty, kneeling upon the cushion, made her first offering of a pall or altar cloth of gold. The Treasurer of the Household then delivered an ingot of gold, of one pound weight, to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who having presented the same to the Queen, Her Majesty delivered it to the Archbishop, to be by him put into the Oblation Basin. Her Majesty continuing to kneel, the prayer "O God, who dwellest in the high and holy place," &c., was said by the Archbishop. At the conclusion of the prayer her Majesty rose and went attended as before to the Chair of State on the south side of the area.

**THE LITANY** was then read by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's kneeling at a faldstool above the steps of the theatre, in the centre of the east side thereof, the choir reading the responses.

**THE COMMUNION SERVICE.**—The choir having sung the Sanctus—"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!" the Archbishop began the service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel.

**THE SERMON** was then preached by the Bishop of London. During the sermon her Majesty continued to sit in her chair on the south side of the area, opposite the pulpit, supported on her right hand by the Bishop of Durham, and beyond him, on the same side, were the Noblemen carrying the swords; or on her left the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and near him the Lord Great Chamberlain.

**THE OATH.**—The sermon being concluded (and her Majesty having, on Monday, the 20th day of November, 1837, in the presence of the two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the declaration), the Archbishop of Canterbury, advancing towards the Queen and standing before her, ministered the questions prescribed by the service; which having been answered by her Majesty, she arose from her chair, and, attended by her supporters and the Lord Great Chamberlain—the sword of state alone being borne before her Majesty—went to the altar, where, kneeling upon the cushion placed on the steps, and laying her right hand on the Holy Gospels, tendered to her Majesty by the Archbishop, she took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and to a transcript of the oath set her Royal sign manual, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household holding a silver standish for that purpose, delivered to him by an officer of the Jewel Office. The Queen then returning to her chair, a hymn was sung by the choir, the Archbishop reading the first line, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

**THE ANOINTING.**—Upon the conclusion of the hymn the Archbishop read the prayer preparatory to the anointing, "O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil, didst of old make and consecrate Kings, Priests, and Prophets," &c. At the conclusion of this prayer the choir sung the anthem, "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet," &c. At the commencement of the anthem the Queen arose from her chair, went before the altar, and, attended by her supporters and the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being borne before

her, was disrobed of her crimson robe by the Mistress of the Robes. The Queen then proceeded to and sat down in St. Edward's chair, covered with cloth of gold, and with a faldstool before it, placed in front of the altar, when her Majesty was anointed; four Knights of the Garter, viz., the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Duke of Marleburgh, holding over the Queen's head a rich pall or cloth of gold. The anthem being concluded, the Dean of Westminster took from the altar the ampulla containing the consecrated oil, and, pouring some into the anointing spoon, the Archbishop anointed her Majesty on the head and hands, in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, "Be thou anointed," &c. The Queen then kneeling at her faldstool, the Archbishop, standing on the north side of the altar, pronounced the prayer after the anointing; when her Majesty, arising, resumed her seat in St. Edward's chair.

**OTHER CEREMONIES.**—After this, the Dean took the spurs from the altar, and delivered them to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, presented them to her Majesty, who returned them, to be laid upon the altar. The Viscount Melbourne, carrying the sword of state, delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, and, in lieu thereof, received from him another sword in a scabbard of purple velvet, which his Lordship delivered to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar, and said the prayer, "Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee, and so direct and support thy servant, Queen Victoria," &c. The Archbishop then took the sword from off the altar, and, assisted by the Archbishops of York and Armagh, with the Bishops of London, Winchester, and other Bishops, delivered the sword into the Queen's right hand, saying, "Receive this kingly sword," &c. The Queen, rising up, went to the altar, where her Majesty offered the sword in the scabbard (delivering it to the Archbishop, who placed it on the altar), and then returning to St. Edward's chair, the sword was redeemed for one hundred shillings by Viscount Melbourne. The Queen then standing, her Majesty was invested by the Dean with the imperial mantle, or dalmatic robe of cloth gold, delivered to him by the officer of the wardrobe, the Lord Great Chancellor fastening the clasps. The Queen sitting down, the Archbishop having received the orb from the Dean, delivered it into the Queen's right hand, saying, "Receive this imperial robe and orb," &c. Her Majesty returned the orb to the Dean, who laid it on the altar. The Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household then, receiving from the officer of the Jewel Office the ruby ring, delivered the same to the Archbishop, who put it on the fourth finger of the Queen's right hand, saying, "Receive this ring," &c. The Dean then brought from the altar the sceptre with the cross and the sceptre with the dove, and delivered them to the Archbishop. In the meantime the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksp, had left his seat, and, approaching the Queen, kneeling, presented to her Majesty a glove for her right hand, embroidered with the arms of Howard, which her Majesty put on. The Archbishop then delivered the Sceptre with the Cross into her Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive the Royal Sceptre," &c.; and then the Sceptre with the Dove into her left hand, saying, "Receive the Rod of Equity," &c.

**THE CROWNING.**—The Archbishop standing before the altar, and having St. Edward's Crown before him, took the same into his hands, and consecrated and blessed it with the prayer, "O God who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy," &c. Then the Archbishop came from the altar, assisted by the Archbishops of York and Armagh, with the Bishops of London, Winchester,



and other Bishops, the Dean of Westminster carrying the Crown; the Archbishop took and placed it on her Majesty's head; when the assemblage with loud and repeated shouts cried, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN:" and immediately the Peers and Peeresses put on their Coronets, the Bishops their caps, and the Kings of Arms their crowns; the trumpets sounding, the drums beating, and the Tower and Park guns firing by signal. The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop pronounced the exhortation, "Be strong and of good courage," &c. The choir then sung the following anthem, "The Queen shall rejoice," &c. The Archbishop having pronounced the benediction, the *Te Deum* was sung by the choir, at the commencement of which the Queen removed to the recognition chair on which her Majesty first sat.

**THE INTHRONIZATION.**—*Te Deum* being ended, the Queen ascended the theatre, and was assisted into her Throne by the Archbishop, Bishops, and Peers around her Majesty, and, being so enthroned, all the great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the Swords, and the Noblemen who had borne the other Regalia, stood around about the steps of the Throne, when the Archbishop, standing before the Queen, pronounced the exhortation, "Stand firm and hold fast," &c.

**THE HOMAGE.**—The Archbishop then knelt before the Queen, and, for himself and the other Lords Spiritual, pronounced the words of Homage, they kneeling around him, and saying after him. The Archbishop then kissed her Majesty's hand, and the rest of the Lords Spiritual did the same, and then retired. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge (the illustrious uncles of our lovely Queen), ascending the steps of the Throne, and taking off their coronets, knelt before the Queen; and the Duke of Sussex pronounced the words of homage, the Duke of Cambridge saying after him. Their Royal Highnesses then severally touched the Crown upon her Majesty's head, and kissed her Majesty's left cheek; they then retired. The Dukes and other Peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words of homage, and the rest of the same degree saying after him, and each Peer of the same degree, successively, touching her Majesty's Crown, and kissing her Majesty's hand, and then retiring. During the performance of the homage the choir sung the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made," &c., and the Treasurer of her Majesty's Household threw about the medals of the Coronation.

**THE HOLY SACRAMENT.**—After the anthem the Bishops of Carlisle and Rochester, who had read the Epistle and Gospel, received from the altar, by the hands of the Archbishop, the patina and the chalice, which they carried into St. Edward's Chapel, and brought from thence the bread upon the patina, and the wine in the chalice. Her Majesty then delivered the sceptres to the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, and descending from her Throne, attended by her supporters, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being borne before her, went to the altar, and, taking off her Crown, delivered it to the Lord Great Chamberlain to hold. She then knelt down, and received the sacrament.

"She came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly."

**THE SECOND OFFERING,** which was a purse of gold, was then made. The Queen afterwards received the Crown from the Lord Great Chamberlain, and put it on, and repaired to her throne, receiving again the sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the sceptre with the dove in her left, being there supported and attended as during the inthronization. The service

being concluded, her Majesty, attended by the two Bishops, her supporters, the Great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the four swords before her, and the Noblemen who had carried the regalia then lying upon the altar, descended into the area, and passed through the door on the south side into St. Edward's Chapel, where her Majesty was disrobed of her Royal Imperial Mantle or Robe of State, and arrayed in her Royal robe of purple velvet, by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Her Majesty then proceeded out of the choir, and to the west door of the Abbey, the Queen wearing her Crown, and bearing in her right hand the sceptre with the cross, and in her left the orb; their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses wearing their coronets.

The procession was again formed, and her Majesty commenced her return to Buckingham Palace. Immediately that the Queen was observed to emerge from the Abbey, the acclamations of the populace rent the air; and these shouts of joy seemed to have a great effect upon her Majesty, who was evidently suffering much from the fatigue which she had undergone.

**THE QUEEN'S DRESSES, &c.**—Let us now describe the dresses worn by her Majesty upon this important occasion. The Dalmatic Robe, in which her Majesty was crowned, is nine yards in length; the ground or warp is of the most rich gold-coloured silk, and the shoot consists of gold and silver twist, and rich silks of various shades. The principal surface appears to be massive gold, and the figures, which are bold and considerably raised, are of the most magnificent description. Those of the regal crown, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, are truly beautiful. The eagle, the fleur-de-lis, and other foreign national emblems, are also very prominent and beautifully executed, and do infinite credit to the skill, taste, and judgment of the manufacturer. The Queen's under-dress was composed of rich white satin of gold brocade. The Duchess of Kent wore a similar dress, but of a different pattern.

**THE GOLD PALLS** which her Majesty offered at the altar, were splendid pieces of workmanship. The first was composed of silk, with barred gold ground, and gold brocaded flowers; the second with silver brocade flowers, and both were lined with silver plated tabby.

**THE BACK PIECE OF THE ALTAR AND PULPIT CLOTH** were of purple silk, with gold and silver tissue.

**THE CARPET FOR THE THRONE** was composed of a gold barred ground, with rose-coloured silk brocade.

**THE HANGINGS OF THE ABBEY** were composed of six hundred yards of rich purple satin, brocaded with gold-coloured silk flowers.

**THE CORONATION REJOICINGS.**—It is out of our power to do justice to the rejoicings which this glad event gave rise to. The mansions of the nobility were scenes of most extensive hospitality, and the foreign ambassadors must have been inspired with a lively sense of the magnificence of the British Court, and the wealth of the British Nobility. *Dejeunés à la fourchette* were given on the morning of the coronation at the clubs, to large parties; and in the evening the dinner parties were numerous and brilliant. The illuminations in the metropolis were general and splendid. There were several new carriages launched in honour of this happy occasion. In consequence of the arrival in this country of so many foreigners of high and distinguished rank, to attend the coronation, the ladies patronesses of Almack's have determined to give the ensuing balls on an especial scale of grandeur not witnessed for many years. The grand saloon will be profusely ornamented and decorated.

The rejoicings still continue, and we understand that numerous

entertainments are to be given before the season closes, at the Palace, and in the mansions of the aristocracy. Well may the lines of the poet, Shakspeare, be applied to our young and beautiful Sovereign, whose coronation has caused such general happiness.

“—————She shall be  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed. Good grows with her.  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.”

#### THE COURT.

#### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

“God Save the Queen !

The preparations for the ceremony of the Coronation have almost wholly engrossed the attention of the Court during the month, and although her Majesty has frequently appeared in public, yet the coronation was the subject of superior interest, and having described that ceremony at such length, we need here only state that her Majesty attended the “Eton Montem” (the annual display of the Eton scholars), and Ascot Races on the two principal days ; and that her Majesty has held two levees, and has given another grand ball at Buckingham Palace. A splendid dinner has been given to her Majesty by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, at Kensington Palace. We rejoice to state that our excellent young Queen is in the enjoyment of good health, and that although the ceremonies of the coronation fatigued her much, she is now perfectly recovered, and again mingling, with her accustomed easy dignity and grace, with her loyal and affectionate subjects.

The Queen Dowager is also in good health.

**THE QUEEN'S SINGING LESSONS.**—Among all the occupations of the morning the Queen still finds time to continue taking lessons in singing from Signor Lablache, who had the distinguished honour of teaching her Majesty for some time prior to the accession. The Queen is also in the habit of performing pianoforte duets with such of the young ladies in waiting as are musical ; but her Majesty seldom plays alone.

The Queen Dowager has determined on going to Malta before the equinox, for eight months. Madeira was at one time spoken of, but the preference is given to Malta. Lord and Lady Sheffield, and the Misses Hudson and Hope Johnson, are the only persons yet mentioned as about to accompany the Queen Dowager, who is very well at present, but fears the winter in England.

#### THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE  
OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

“The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give ;  
And they who live to please must please to live.”

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—*Matilde di Shabran* was produced by PERSIANI for her benefit, and we think the selection a judicious one ; the music being throughout excellently adapted to her highly-finished execution. We can scarcely call

the *Matilde di Shabran* an original opera, since ROSSINI has rather on the occasion blended some of his most favourite music with new, the two forming together a combination of more of his favourite airs than are contained in any other of his operas, and what it loses in compactness from want of originality is fully gained in variety ; the music is throughout very light and tasty, but very difficult and requires first-rate *artistes* to give it due effect ; some of the concerted music is particularly beautiful and tested the full powers of the singers. PERSIANI as *Matilde* acquitted herself admirably, giving her portion of the music in the most brilliant and finished manner. ECKERLIN was the *Edoardo*, and though an excellent musician, we thought for some reason we could not divine she scarcely employed her full powers upon the occasion, and was less successful than we expected ; she has since pleaded hoarseness. LABLACHE as *Isodoro* kept the house in constant laughter ; albeit his figure gave but an imperfect idea of starvation, this character affords considerable scope for the display of comic powers, and LABLACHE never allows an opportunity to escape him. RUBINI as *Corradino* and TAMBURINI as the *Medico* were no small support towards the success of the evening, and received frequent and deserved applause.

TAGLIONI'S return to this theatre affords a most convincing proof of the *Impresario's* desire to meet the wishes of the Subscribers, and afford them all the talent in his power ; we have said once before and repeat it now, that the Subscribers ought to give a manager some latitude as to the time he can produce the performers, it is not in his power to control the directors of the other theatres ; he can but make the engagements, deposit the money required by the *artistes*, and expect in return a fulfilment of their part of the engagement ; if this be broken, it is his loss quite as much as the public's, and he ought to have some time allowed him to fill up the void. However, we have TAGLIONI once more as light, as graceful, and as elegant as ever ; still the same light-bounding *Sylphide*, and still the same favourite of all ; in person she seems to be rather slighter, and yet appears in excellent health and spirits. The new Russian Mazurka was in her keeping, an exquisite performance, but it requires all her grace and elegance to make it popular, she was dressed in the true *Russe* costume, which was highly picturesque, particularly the head-dress with long flowing ribbons ; the demand for an encore was unanimous, and was complied with immediately.

CIMAROSA'S lively opera, *The Matrimonio Segreto* has been produced, with some variations, from the cast of last year ; PERSIANI has taken GRISI'S part, and Mrs. SEGUIN the one played by Mdlle. ASSANDRI, ALBERTZZI, and the rest retained their accustomed characters ; the music of *Carolina* suits PERSIANI much better than we had imagined, and she plays it with much spirit, as if it were a favourite part ; the trio *Il faccio un inchino*, was beautifully sang by PERSIANI, ALBERTAZZI, and Mrs. SEGUIN, and was repeated by the general wish of the house. RUBINI'S exquisite air, *Oh sappi amata sposa*, was never better sang ; it is always considered the gem of the piece, and fully tests the powers of the singer ; no one, however, ever made so much of it as RUBINI, and it must be considered as his *chef d'œuvre*, an encore for this *aria* is, however, too much, and the audiences should at least be merciful. LABLACHE and TAMBURINI were, as usual, highly diverting ; and the celebrated dancing duet was received with mixed bursts of applause and laughter.

The new *ballet* of *Miranda ou le Naufrage* is partly founded on *The Tempest*, particularly the opening scenes, and is intended

entirely for the display of TAGLIONI in three different dances ; it is beautifully got up, showy in the extreme, and the grouping and dances are admirably managed ; the first scene of a tempest is singularly well managed, conveying an excellent idea of the storm. TAGLIONI is seen to more advantage in this ballet than in any other in which she has appeared ; her dances are novel and very graceful, and her positions particularly beautiful and effective ; she was ably assisted by BELLON, FORSTER, and GUERRA, some of the scenes require alteration and curtailment, when it will work admirably.

The ELLSLERS are once more with us and right welcome are they. Her Majesty's Theatre has now all the talent in Europe, and the Director has amply redeemed his pledges to the Subscribers and the public.

FANNY ELLSLER'S *Cachuca* is the masterpiece of *Cachucas* ; it is essentially different to all others, and yet far more beautiful, as the original it stands alone and all others must yield it precedence ; the sensation it created in Paris was immense, but we have no doubt it will gain greater popularity here, and always form one of the great sources of attraction, since it will bear very frequent repetition, with the charming ballet of *Fra Diavolo* to display her talents ; what more can be desired ?

TAGLIONI IN THE MAZOURKA.—It is amusing to find in every profession that when science is carried to its highest point of perfection, invention becomes taxed to bestow something like originality to its further progress. TAGLIONI has advanced the ballet far beyond what even the most successful of her predecessors was able to accomplish ; and now, because she can snatch no other grace from art, she turns short in her career, and tries to extract beauty from deformity. Who could have believed that the *Sylphide* would have condescended to win applause by poking in her toes, by rocking her head from side to side, by kicking one heel against the other, and by stamping and stretching like an unbroken colt ? Who could expect to see the mistress of all grace changed into a Russian peasant girl—the Parisian become Cossack—and the Bayadere flaunting about the stage with a stream of red ribbons from her head, and black shoes on her pretty feet ? But so it is ; and, still more strange to say, instead of condemning, we feel it our duty to approve. We are delighted to be relieved for a time from mincing steps—measured by rule—from *pirouettes* whirled in solemn gravity, and from *entrechats* which tire from repetition. Everything that is national is good—it is cheerful, hearty, and soul-stirring, and we welcome all that can be produced on the stage, from the war dance of New Zealand to the roundabout of Crim Tartary. The Bolero and the Cachoucha are superb ; the Tarantella is delicious ; a Scotch reel makes the head giddy with delight ; an Irish jig sets the brain on fire ; and even the Chinese grand march might be introduced with good effect. SAN ROMAN, two seasons since, gave us a foretaste of this Mazourka. She called it the "Cracovienne," and we confess our inability to decide whether it belongs to Russia or to Poland. All we know is, that the pretty head-dress which TAGLIONI wears was selected by herself at Warsaw, and that the Mazourka properly belongs to that land which furnishes political emigrants to Europe. Call it what we may, it is danced by TAGLIONI, and we bear testimony to its success. It commences by TAGLIONI rushing from the wing and bowing to the Lords and Ladies of the Court, who are assembled to receive her. This bow is effected by the head being pitched over the right toe, and the left leg being kicked into the air. Then it proceeds by the dancer advancing to the lamps, and by turning in her toes till they touch each other, and by knocking one heel against its

fellow. Next, TAGLIONI stands with her knees fast together, and she waves her head from side to side, we presume in maiden coyness, and then she sweeps round the stage, alternately stamping and stretching till her course is run and the Mazourka concluded.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. KNOWLES'S play of *Woman's Wit* has been performed every night, to admiring audiences ; and the beautiful acting of MACREADY and Miss TAYLOR, in the two principal characters of *Walsingham* and *Helen Mowbray*, has constantly elicited the loudest testimonials of approbation.

DRURY-LANE.—There have been several benefits at this house, at one of which (Miss H. CAWSE'S) a new opera was produced, entitled *Dominica* ; but it was so very stupid an affair as not to require further notice.

HAYMARKET.—WEBSTER is indefatigable in his endeavours to please the public. Mr. POWER, Madame VESTRIS, and CHARLES MATHEWS, have drawn crowded houses every night they have performed. A new farce, by BRICKSTONE, called *The Irish Lion*, is one of the pleasantest of that merry author's writings.

STRAND THEATRE.—The *Rake's Progress* and other revivals have been principally played here since our last ; the only novelty being the *Lady of the Lyons*, not the 'Lady' of Mr. Bulwer, but some less renowned dramatist, equally skilful in his way, which is to produce laughter by the ludicrous and burlesque ; it is very smartly written, and HAMMOND, as *Clod Millnot*, plays with great spirit and humour, his semi-sentimentalisms are truly happy, and the effect he produces reminds us strongly of the original *Claude*, which is the great aim of burlesques ; the parodies interspersed are good and full of point ; to give the plot in pieces of this nature is always difficult, they are meant to follow close upon the original, and the nearer they approach the more successful the dramatist ; it is, however, well worthy a visit.

#### NOTES ON MUSIC.

We have selected the following from a variety of new music, as possessing most claims to the notice of our readers.

"*La mest' anima*," TADOLINI ; Boosey.—This is a very brilliant cavatina by Tadolini, the conductor of the Italian Opera, at Paris ; it is a composition of great merit, and has more meaning than we are accustomed to in such pieces ; the allegro pleases us very much, and though showy, is not so very difficult.

"*L'Eco di Scozia*," TADOLINI ; Boosey.—This is by the same composer, and is also written with much ability, but seems to us more adapted for Rubini's voice, for whom it was written, as those notes in which he is most successful are constantly recurring. There is an accompaniment for the corno, which, in concerts, must be very effective. We have been much pleased with these compositions of Tadolini, who is new in this country, and, we have no doubt, will soon attain deserved popularity.

"*Mignon, divertissement, piano*," MARSCHAN ; Boosey.—A divertimento on waltz movements, the *valse* character prevailing throughout, except in the introduction ; it is tasty, brilliant, and by no means difficult, being well adapted to amateurs.

"*Sechs steyrische national walzer*," MARSCHAN ; Boosey.—Six Styrian waltzes, arranged for the piano-forte, principally in the same key ; they are of the true German character, having all the spirit of nationality about them ; the harmony is, throughout, very good. No. 4, however, is our favourite, and is well suited for waltzing to. They are a timely publication, as waltz movements are now all the fashion.

"*Swiftly o'er the Brenta bounding*," G. F. HARRIS; Boosey.—A ballad; the poetry by R. BERNAL, Esq., M.P., the melody of which is tastefully arranged and flows easily; the compass is not very high, and will suit most voices.

"*Adieux de Marie Stuart à la France*," VERRI; Boosey.—A true French romance, written both with spirit and feeling; the bass is very effective, being worked out with much skill. To those who are fond of singiag French romances this will prove a great favourite, and be a pleasing change from the general run of hackneyed melodies.

"*Medora's song*," TUSON; Allcroft.—The melody of this song is replete with feeling and expression, and for a contralto would tell with excellent effect; the words are the well-known ones by Lord Byron, and the key of F, in which it is set, suits admirably with them; it will doubtless prove a favourite.

"*I'll weep for thee ever*," BELLINI; Allcroft.—Set to one of Bellini's most successful compositions, and one almost unknown to amateurs, the present publication will tend, in a great measure, to raise it to greater popularity. The key of A, in which it is set, is a great favourite for the voice.

"*They told me to forget her*," R. H. BISHOP; Allcroft.—A pretty ballad, in E flat, the melody of which is plaintive, and the accompaniments worked out in a masterly manner.

"*Strauss's Waltzes*."—All the music shops teem with waltzes and gallopes by Strauss, every music seller considering himself at liberty to take advantage of his popularity, and put forth anything they choose as "Strauss's Waltzes," (one of the Foreign houses being the only one, who originally published the Vienna edition long before Strauss came to this country). We have been informed, two only, "*Le Bouquet*" and "*Les Mosaiques*," are really sanctioned by him; and these, in the orchestra, with the peculiar effects introduced by him, are truly beautiful; but as an arrangement for the piano they are very different affairs, and we do not advise ladies to risk their credit as piano forte players, by performing music so well known for its singularity, on an instrument by no means adapted for any of the effects. We are informed, Strauss intends very shortly publishing his waltzes himself, when they will be sold at a much lower rate than at present; we have heard in what manner they are to be published, but do not wish to anticipate his own announcements, as the arrangements are not yet completed.

VACCAI's new opera, *Marco Visconte*, is in course of publication, and a list of the different *morceaux* has been sent to us, but as we have not yet seen them we are unable to speak as to their merits.

MUSARD has also produced quadrilles from *Parisina*, and MARSCHAN some new gallopes; but we cannot say more of them than they have been published in Paris.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.

These performances proceed with spirit at the Colosseum, which has been fitted up with much taste for the occasion. ALEXANDRE, in the *Coche d'Auvergne*, is truly clever and humorous, and Mlle. ELIZA FORGEOT has considerable talents independently of being a very pretty girl. *Monsieur Jacques, le Mari, de la Dame des Chairs, Zoe, Clemence*, and other light vaudevilles, have proved the source of attraction. The company is very respectable; and, were the *entr'actes* rather shorter, the evening's amusement would be sufficiently agreeable.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

The coronation has thrown every other event of the month into the shade; even the duel between M. de MELCY (the husband of GUILIETTA GRISI) and Lord CASTLEREAGH, in consequence of a love-letter addressed by the latter to the fair vocalist, and in which the young nobleman was wounded in his pistol arm, which at any other time would have created a great sensation, was but little regarded; the all-engrossing subject being the event which is fully described in our previous pages. We have only sufficient space remaining to state, briefly, that since our last publication the following marriages have taken place. LUCY, the youngest daughter of the late ROBERT RAY, Esq., of Montague Place and the Grove, Edmonton, to CLAUDE WILDE, Esq., eldest son of Mr. Sergeant WILDE, M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, GABRIEL STONE POOLE, Esq., of Bridgewater, to MARIA, youngest daughter of Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT; and CHARLES WYKEHAM MARTIN, Esq., eldest son of FIENNES WYKEHAM MARTIN, Esq., of Leeds Castle, Kent, to MATILDA, second daughter of the late Sir JOHN TROLLOPE, Bart., of Casewick, Lincolnshire. We have also heard from the East Indies that on April 18, Captain T. BAILLIE HAMILTON, 1st Regiment of Light Cavalry led to the altar ANNA MARIA, second daughter of the late WILLIAM REYNOLDS, Esq., of Milford House, Hants.

The fashionable world has been deprived of the following individuals by the hand of death. The Dowager Lady SOUTHAMPTON to DULCIBELA CECILIA, youngest daughter of Sir EARDLEY WILMOT, Bart., M.P.: and the Hon. RICHARD WESTENRA, second son of Lord ROSSMORE, by his Lordship's first marriage.

#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

*Craven* will perceive that we have not neglected his communication. Many thanks.

*The Experience of a Chaperon* wants the conclusion. We cannot decide till the whole of the article is before us.

The reply to *Mary* from *The Bachelor* would not interest our readers. If our fair correspondent be desirous of possessing the last rhymes of *The Bachelor*, we will send them to her with pleasure.

We have received the packet from Malvern; but too late for the insertion of any of its contents in our present number.

*The Lines on Lady Cavendish dancing* want finish.

R.—We cannot enter into the discussion of a subject of so much delicacy. Innocent or guilty, the lady's sufferings are already great.

*A Little Affair at Devonshire House*, should be authenticated. It is a pretty story, if true; and "*la belle*—" being as amiable as she is pretty, we hope that it is true.

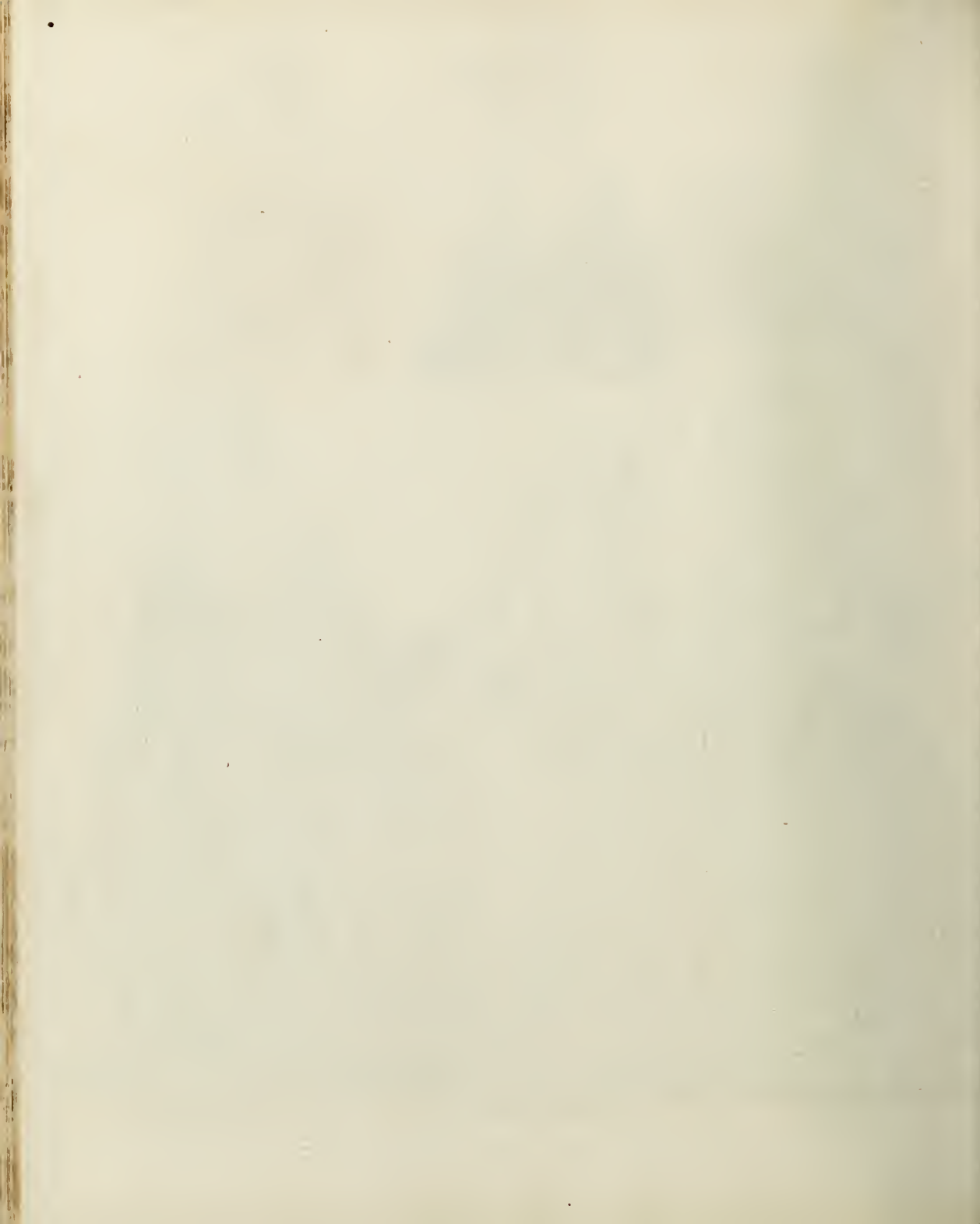
Declined:—*Rosamund Travers*; *The Day after the Ball*; *Lines to Thyrza*; and *The Convent Bell*.

We cannot accept the favours of *Nemo* otherwise than as gratuitous contributions.

We are compelled to postpone "*The Musical Enthusiast*" in consequence of the opening of one of the tales in our present number being very like it.



*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838 Morning Dresses.*





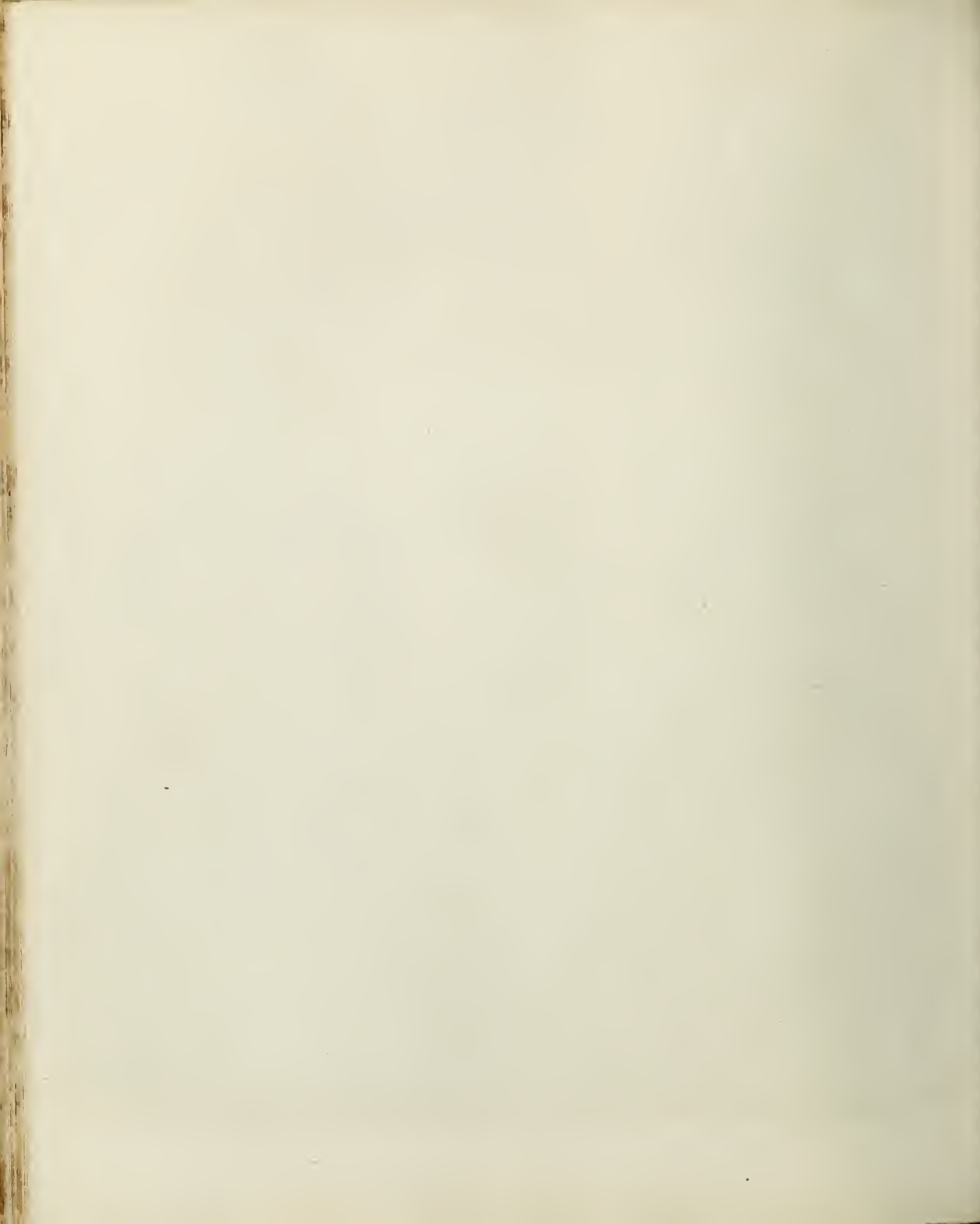


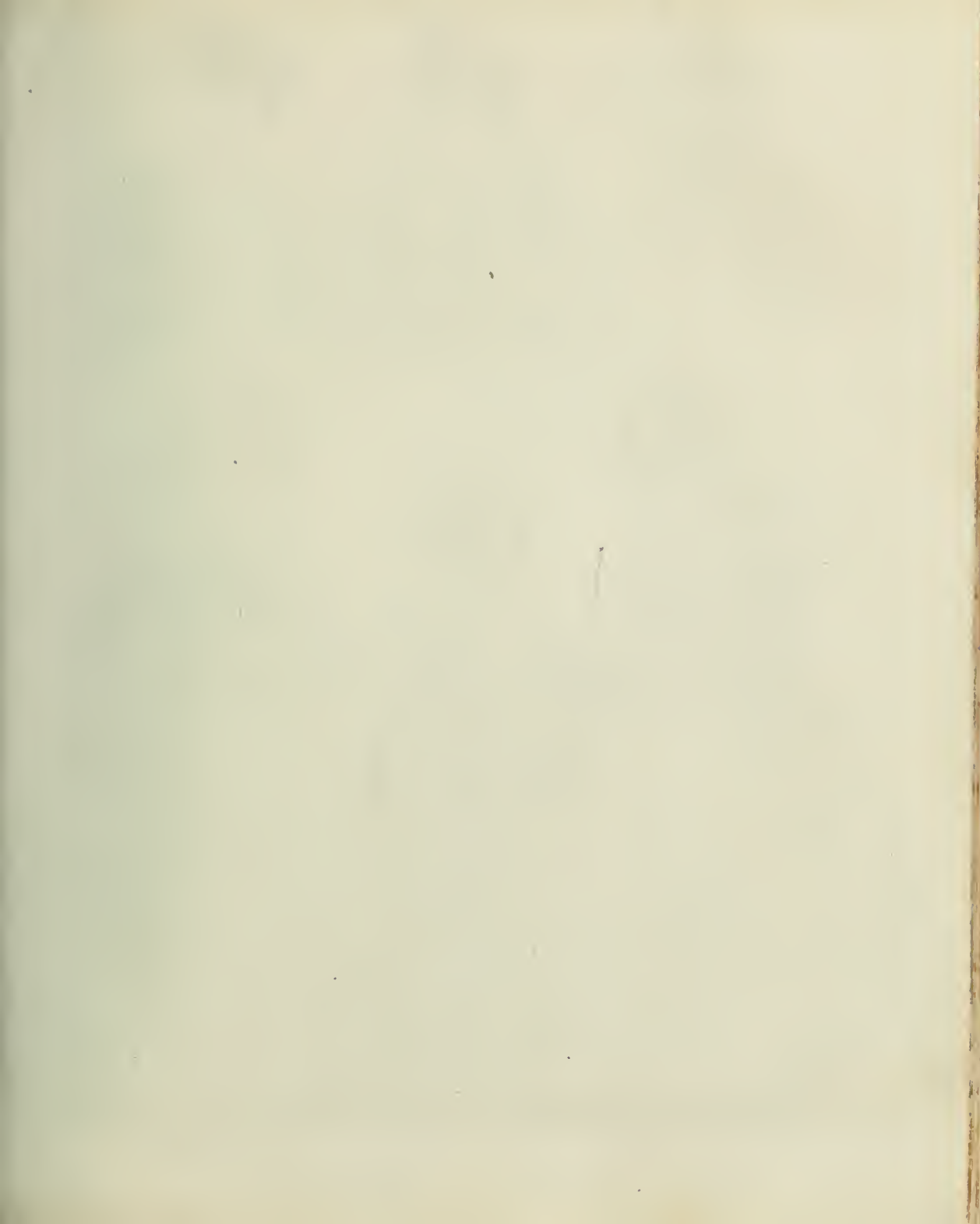
*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*



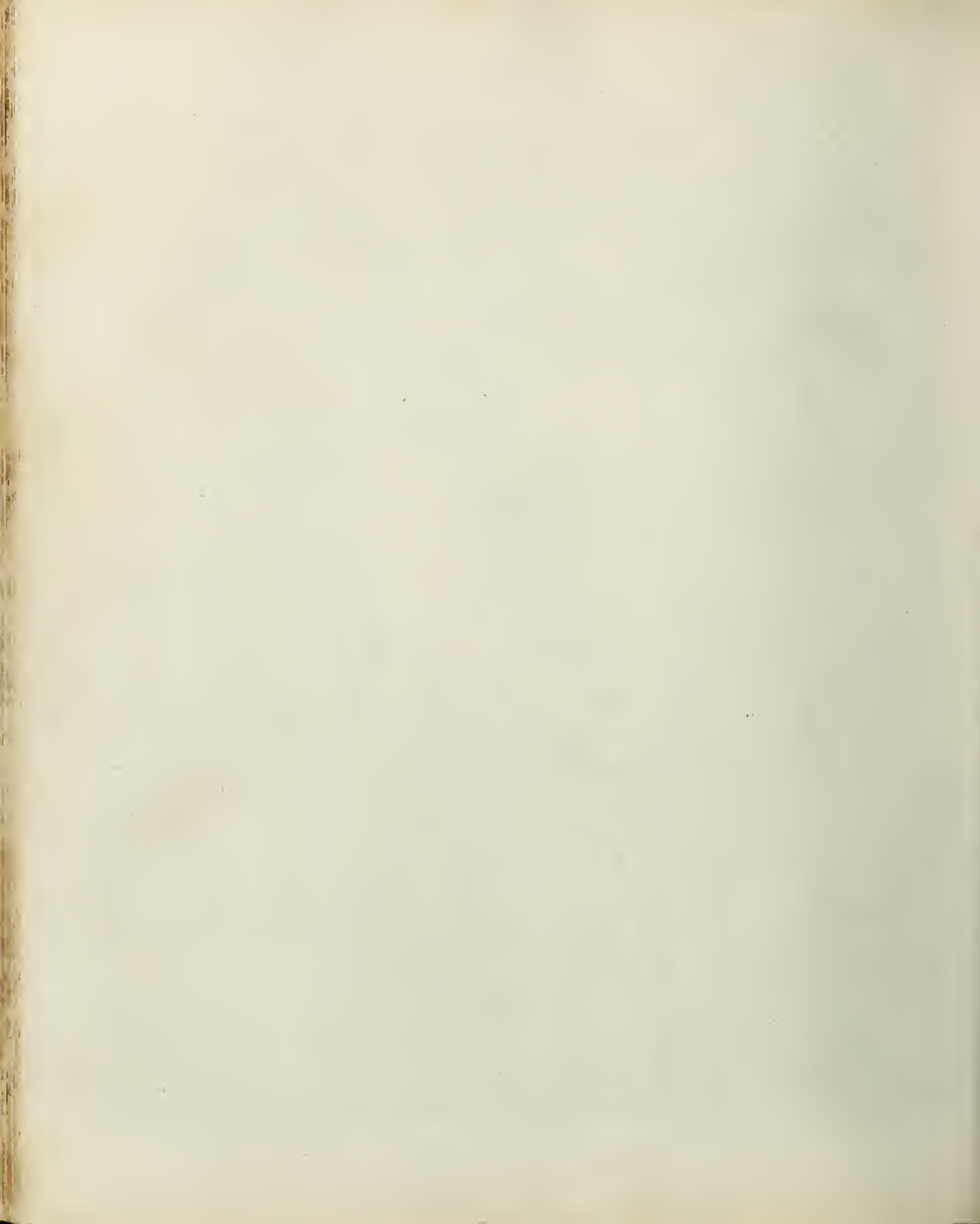




*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Pou de soie* robe, a blue ground, shaded in stripes of blue and fawn colour; the skirt is trimmed *en tunique*, with a fold of the same material. A tight *corsage*, partially covered by a *pelerine* composed of *tulle*, ornamented with *rouleaus* of blue *pou de soie*, and edged with blond lace; demi-large sleeves. Drawn bonnet; it is a *demi bibi* of white crape, trimmed with white roses.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of pink *organdy* over *pou de soie* to correspond; it is trimmed down each side of the front and round the border with two *bouillons*; they are interspersed with knots of cherry-coloured ribbon, and so disposed as to form a tunic; they extend upon the *corsage* in the form of a heart; knots of ribbon ornament the breast and shoulders. The lower part of the sleeve is full, the upper part confined by *bouillons*. Italian straw hat, trimmed in a very novel style, with rich straw-coloured ribbon and roses.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Drab *gros de Naples* robe. *Mantelet* of changeable silk, green and lilac; it is a *revers* hat of *oiseau pou de soie*, trimmed in a light style with ribbons to correspond, and flowers.

## THE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES

Give front and back views of carriage hats and *mantelets*.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## PUBLIC BREAKFAST DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Clear muslin robe, lined with pink *gros de Naples*; a shawl *corsage*, trimmed with a pointed *pelerine*, turning over in the shawl style, and bordered with lace. Large sleeves, surmounted by *mancherons*, bordered with lace, and trimmed with knots of ribbon. The front of the skirt is trimmed in a very novel style, for which we refer to our plates, with lace. Rice straw hat, profusely decorated with roses and white ribbon.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *maize* coloured striped and figured *gros de Naples*; the border trimmed with *brais*; the sleeves are decorated *en suite*, and very small ones form a heart on the *corsage*. The bonnet is white *pou de soie*, trimmed with white ribbon and blue bells. A scarf of either muslin or silk is added for the promenade.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Lavender silk robe, figured with black, the flounce that trims the border is surmounted by a *rûche* of black antique lace; tight *corsage* and *pelerine croisée*, which, as well as the sleeves, are trimmed with lace. Rice-straw hat with a round

and very open brim, the trimming consists of an ostrich feather for the crown, a half-wreath of roses, and a *coque* of ribbon for the interior of the brim.

## THE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES

Give views of morning dresses and an evening costume, with the robe and *coiffure* decorated with *nœuds à la Fontanges*.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Saffron-coloured *pou de soie* robe, striped with green; the *corsage* made tight to the shape, and quite up to the throat; the sleeves somewhat of the *gigot* form, with *mancherons*, trimmed with green lace. Morning bonnet of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with blond lace, flowers, and a curtain veil of *tulle*.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Green *gros de Naples* robe; lace *fichû mantelet*, of a perfectly novel form, lined with pink *gros de Naples*, bordered with lace, and fastened down the front with knots of ribbon. The bonnet of *organdy*, lined with pink, and embroidered in feather-stitch at the edge; the trimming consists of lace and ribbon.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Robe-redingote* of lilac spotted silk; the skirt, which wraps a little on one side, is trimmed with a row of lace and knots of ribbon; the *corsage* is made quite up to the throat, and disposed in folds on each side; the sleeves are trimmed with *nœuds de page*; *collarete en cœur* of clear cambric, embroidered. Bonnet: a *hibi* of pale straw-coloured *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

## THE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES

Present a home dress; a carriage bonnet of *organdy*, trimmed with sprigs of foliage; and a social party dress, of India muslin, with the *coiffure* composed of *coques* and ends of rose ribbon.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A white muslin embroidered dress, looped up at the right side with bows of pink satin ribbon; the sleeves possess much novelty, being puckered in a peculiar fancy style. Leghorn bonnet, ornamented with yellow corn flowers.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Blue *gros de Naples* dress, spotted with pink; it has two flounces headed with a wreath of silk, the same material as the dress. A drawn white silk bonnet, ornamented at the right side of the face with a small wreath of roses and green leaves, and at the left side of the crown it has a light bunch of roses and green leaves.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dove-colour *gros de Naples* dress; plaited with two full rows, and headed with bands of the same material. A pink *gros de Naples* bonnet, cut in quite a novel style, and ornamented with a full-blown rose and green leaves.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 4.—Back view of a full dress.

FIG. 5.—Front view of the above.

FIG. 6.—A dinner dress.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A blue *gros de Naples* dress; a splendid shawl of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with a fringe and gold border, extremely elegant and attractive. A rose-colour *gros de Naples* drawn bonnet, with a wreath of roses round the crown.

## WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A rose-colour *gros de Naples* pelisse; the sleeves are quite new and pretty; the front of the pelisse has some fancy ornaments, which give to it much effect and novelty. A white *gros de Naples* bonnet, trimmed with rose-colour ribbon. Feathers are worn with this style of bonnet.

## WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A yellow primrose tunic, trimmed with white lace. A rose-colour *gros de Naples* drawn bonnet. A new style of parasol, made of feathers, gives this dress a very fascinating appearance.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 4.—A pink *gros de Naples* bonnet, trimmed with a *rouleau* of the same round the crown.

FIG. 5.—A white muslin dress, trimmed with lace and yellow ribbon. A very pretty cap, trimmed also with yellow ribbon.

FIG. 6.—A white *gros de Naples* drawn bonnet. Dress of blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with lace.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1838.

Never, at least in the memory of any one now living, was London so brilliant as at the present moment. The coronation of our lovely young Queen has drawn to her capital not only all the grandeur of her own kingdom, but also a great number of illustrious foreigners. We have, consequently, a greater choice of costumes, and more interesting intelligence of fashions than this month ever produces under ordinary circumstances. We will begin with what is most worthy of our fair reader's attention in

**BONNETS.**—The most elegant are of blue crape, covered with English point lace; the *brides*, which are composed of lappets terminating in points, form knots in the interior of the brim, and the ends depending from them have an elegant effect. There are also several bonnets of *crêpe tissé* trimmed with an intermixture of lace and flowers which has an elegant effect. Nor must we forget the drawn bonnets which have been introduced during the month; and which from the beauty of the materials, and the taste displayed in making them up, are *parfaitement distingué*. We may cite as the prettiest *negligé*; those composed of *ecrué* or straw-coloured *pou de soie*, and trimmed

with flowers of the *epine vinette*; they are *ponceau* and extremely small, they are particularly becoming to *brunettes* who have not much colour. We know nothing more elegantly simple for half-dress than a drawn bonnet of white *organdy*, trimmed with white ribbons, and a *boquet* of blue bells placed on one side; two smaller *boquets* of the same flower placed *en gerbe* in the interior of the brim complete the trimming.

**HATS.**—The preference which Her Majesty gives to rice-straw has decidedly increased their vogue. We may cite among the most elegant that have recently appeared, some hats that had the interior of the brims trimmed with points of English lace, intermingled with flowers, and the crowns adorned with willow *marabouts*, shaded either with pink or blue. Others are adorned with *panachés* of *marabouts*, and several are decorated with long flexible sprigs of flowers which winding round the crown from one side to the other, droop *en gerbe* in a very tasteful and novel style. We may cite among the most remarkable of the Italian straw hats one so extremely fine that it had all the suppleness of silk; the brim, which was of more than the usual size, was ornamented with a *gerbe* of *epis* placed with much lightness and taste, and retained only by a *coque* of straw-coloured ribbon. The interior of the brim was trimmed with two knots formed of English point lace lappets.

**SHAWLS.**—Those of down, soft and silky as their name, are likely to be very fashionable. Those entirely white are the most elegant, the deep fringe of the lightest possible description which encircles them is surmounted by a *filet d'Or*. Shawls of changeable silk, trimmed with black lace, are very much in request also, but the shawl *par excellence* for carriage costume is of white *moire*, trimmed with broad rich white lace.

**PERUVIAN PARASOLS.**—This is a fashion which will never become common; they are composed of feathers and are, consequently, very expensive; the effect is novel and striking rather than elegant.

**MORNING DRESS.**—Muslin robes, lined with silk had began to decline in favour, but they are now more in request than ever, since it has been observed that Her Majesty frequently appears in them. *Mousselines de laine* of plain grounds, embroidered in coloured silk, have been seen in half-dress upon ladies distinguished for the elegance of their taste in dress; the embroidery is of a very small pattern, in two or three different colours upon a light ground, either grey, chamois, or pea-green. Plain silks seem to be getting more into favour than they have been for some time, and muslin very richly embroidered, has lost nothing of its attraction. We may cite among the most elegant *peignoirs*, those of Jaconot muslin embroidered; the pattern is very full of open work, and the *peignoir* is trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. White robes are a good deal trimmed with founces; indeed, considering the width of the skirts, which are quite as ample, if not more so than ever, the number of founces has a most ungraceful effect. Some are trimmed with three exceedingly deep ones, others have a greater number, but narrower.

**MORNING CAPS.**—A good many are composed of real lace, and some also of *tulle*, or fine muslin, trimmed only with knots of ribbon. In some instances, however, flowers are adopted, but they are always of a very small kind. Morning caps are a little larger than those worn in the evening, and they are brought much forwarder on the head.

**PUBLIC BREAKFAST DRESSES.**—We cannot do better than present our fair readers with some *ensembles* of toilettes that have lately appeared at the public breakfast given by a noble Marchioness. We shall commence with that of the



**COUNTESS** —.—A robe of clear India muslin, lined with blue *pou de soie*, and trimmed with a very deep flounce of English point lace; an open tunic worn over the robe was of the same materials, and trimmed *en suite*, *manchettes* and *mantilla* to correspond. Blue crape hat, covered with point lace, trimmed with lace lappets, which are arranged in a knot on one side, and descend in floating *brides* and a *panache* of white *marabouts*, shaded with blue.

**LADY** —.—A white India Jaconot muslin robe, embroidered in feather-stitch, and trimmed with a very deep lace flounce. Half-dress hat of Italian straw, the interior of the brim decorated with *gerbes* of moss roses, and the crown ornamented with white ostrich feathers so placed as to droop upon the shoulders. A black *écharpe à Elizabeth* completed the dress.

**Mrs.** —.—A pelisse robe of white watered silk, trimmed with blond lace, disposed *en tablier*, on the front of the skirt; it was narrow at the *ceinture*, but it increased in breadth as it descended, and turning back round the skirt it formed a very deep flounce; the *coiffure*, composed of a lace scarf, arranged *en petit bonnet*, was placed very far back, and ornamented simply with a half wreath of white roses, the ends of the scarf floats over the neck and shoulders.

**ARTIFICIAL FRUITS AND FLOWERS.**—We see within the last few days the fruits of the season very much in request for trimming, both for public promenade and evening dress hats. They are more employed for rice and Italian straw, than for silk or crape. We may cite as the most in request, bunches of strawberries with blossoms and fruit, mulberries, raspberries, currants, &c., the beauty of the foliage and the brilliant colours of the fruits, affords a striking contrast to the pure white of the rice straw, and the delicate yellow of the *païlle d'Italie*.

**EVENING HATS** are of a very small size, and the brims quite *évasée*. Several are of rice straw, but the majority are of crape; the favourite ornaments for these hats are *marabouts*, and *marabouts* knotted with ostrich feathers. There has also a singularly pretty ornament appeared within the last ten days, it is a fringe of *marabouts*. We may cite as one of the most elegant hats of the season, one of white crape trimmed with it; bands of crape supplied the place of ribbon, and a crape scarf disposed in plaits round the head, floated on the right side, the ends were trimmed with this fringe.

**EVENING DRESS.**—Tunics continue as much in request as they were during the winter, and are quite as elegant in embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, as those that we had in winter of crape, trimmed with flowers. A good many muslin tunics are encircled with a broad *riviere à jours*, and trimmed at the bottom with a lace flounce. The sleeves are *à la Jardinière*, and the *corsage* half high, both profusely trimmed with lace. The robe, which is also of muslin, worn under the tunic, is bordered with lace. The effect of a tunic may also be produced by lace placed *en tablier* on the front of a skirt, and which increasing in size on the front of the *corsage* forms a heart.

**ROBES FOR THE CORONATION.**—Nothing can exceed the splendour of the materials of these dresses; some are of *moïre* or *Pekin* figured in the *Pampadour* style, others are of superb patterns, either quadrilled or *chiné*, strewed with flowers in light green, straw colour, &c., &c., grounds. Brocades, damasks, and silks of a slighter kind, but magnificently wrought with gold and silver are also in preparation. A majority of the trimmings will, we are assured, be of gold and silver blond lace.

**FASHIONABLE COLOURS.**—Light hues are almost the only ones in request; emerald green and several other lighter shades, rose of various tints, straw, *gorge de pigeon*, lilac, various shades

of grey, *écru*; and more fashionable than any we have yet cited, Victoria blue, it is that delicate shade which Her Majesty has been observed to prefer, and which is so becoming to a fair complexion.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Simplicity is at present the order of the day, but in truth it is a simplicity of a very costly kind, for the muslin robe and the straw bonnet frequently very far exceed the price of the most splendid winter toilette. We have given in our plates some of the most elegant models of this style; we shall add to them the description of the latest novelties that have appeared, beginning with some of the most elegant

**CAPOTES.**—The brims are still smaller than last month, and a good many are made to descend over the forehead in *négligé*; they are encircled with a *rûche de tulle de soie* at the edge of the brim, and round the *bavolet*; this is one of the most tasteful and becoming *coiffures* that we have seen for undress. We may cite among the *capotes*, the most remarkable for simplicity, in half-dress, those of sewed straw of the very finest kind; they are trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons and black lace, disposed round the crown in such a manner as to form a drapery at the top, and then turn and mingle with the knots of ribbon, which are placed very low on one side. We may announce with confidence that black lace is, and will continue to be, during the summer, decidedly in fashion for every part of the toilette, for which it can be introduced. *Capotes* of embroidered muslin continue their vogue, and even increase it; they are specially dedicated to the country, as being lighter and more dressy than those of sewed straw; the embroidery is of the most elegant kind, and shewn to advantage by the lining, which is generally rose or straw-coloured *pou de soie*. We have seen some, however, lined with white, which, though less showy, is more simply elegant. The trimming consists of field flowers and rich ribbons, both rather profusely used. *Voilettes en applications* are also employed for the majority of these *capotes*, but we have seen several simply finished at the edge of the brim with a row of excessively fine narrow lace, set on almost plain round the edge of the brim, and that of the *bavolet*; this is a style of trimming which we must protest against, for, though in reality expensive, owing to the beauty of the lace, it has a mean appearance; the *voilette*, on the contrary, gives an elegant finish to the bonnet.

**CHAPEAUX** of Italian straw, are, if possible, more in vogue than ever. We may cite, in particular, those of the *demî-grand* form, which are decidedly in favour for half-dress. A good many are trimmed with *marabouts*, and a still greater number with field flowers; the latter are very much the mode, but we must observe that they are adopted only for carriage or promenade dress, for ostrich feathers, *saules pleureurs*, and *panaches* of plain *marabouts*, are the ornaments most adopted for dress hats. Rice-straw hats also have lost nothing of their attraction; feathers are more in favour for trimming them than flowers. We see a few, but very few, with the interior of the brims decorated with lace, blond, or *coques* of velvet; but the majority are ornamented with small field flowers, knots of carnation-coloured *chenille*, or *gerbes* of cut ribbons.

**CHAUSSIERES DE FANTASIE.**—We do not recollect a season in which they have been so much in favour; *guetres* or *brodequin-guetres* of *coutil*, *poul de chevre*, or different kinds of silk, are very generally adopted. The toe part of the *brodequin* is always of varnished leather.

SHAWLS are more worn than we remember them to have been, generally speaking, at this time of the year; but that is easily accounted for by the temperate weather we have had. China crape ones of a very large size are in particular request, though not so much so, those of Cashmere with a *chef d'Or*, and a fringe of Cashmere *peigne* of nearly a quarter of a yard in depth. China crape shawls must be either white or red; those of Cashmere are always white; the *chef d'Or* which divides the tissue from the light and beautiful fringe, produces a most elegant effect.

PEIGNOIRS-REDINGOTES.—Those of white muslin are the most in favour; they are, in truth, among the number of elegant summer toilettes that good taste must always approve, and that Fashion has sanctioned for the last two seasons; they are ornamented in front in the *tablier* form, with two *rouleaux* of ribbon bordered with a deep lace; the *corsage*, which is high on the shoulders and at the back, is open *en cœur* in front, and drawn in a full *gerbe* from the shoulder-strap to the *ceinture*; the upper part of the sleeve is composed of a tight piece, which reaches considerably below the shoulder, and is terminated with two *volans* of very deep lace, falling low over the remainder of the sleeve, which, we must observe, is demi-large nearly to the wrist.

RIDING DRESSES so seldom afford us any novelty that we have great pleasure in laying before our fair readers the innovations that have lately been introduced: and first,

RIDING HATS.—Those in the shape of a man's hat are now entirely laid aside; two different forms, each of a becoming kind, have replaced them; the one has the brim turned up, and is trimmed with a cockade of ribbon, and a *bouquet* of feathers; the other is a velvet *casquette*, which is very becoming when worn with the hair disposed in platted braids, or soft bands; either style of hair dressing is, we must observe, better calculated for fair equestrians than curls. A third kind of riding hat, or rather, bonnet, will, it is said, be adopted by several of our *élégantes*, in the course of the summer—we mean *capotes* of sewed straw, trimmed with ribbon, and a single feather on one side.

RIDING HABITS.—The *corsages* differ, for though they are always tight, some are made buttoned from top to bottom, and others with large lappels; frilled shirts are indispensable with these latter; the jackets are short and not very full, the skirt is of the usual width and length, and the sleeves tight. The cloth that these habits are composed of must be of a very slight kind, either black, blue, or dark *Persée*. The pantaloons must be of *satén fil blanc*. Habits made with the *corsage* closed down the front have it fastened with *pattes* buttoned and placed at regular distances, through which the high shirt is seen; it is plaited like that of a man's, and trimmed with lace, which forms at the same time a frill and a *collarette*. The sleeve is tight, and the jacket very long. These habits may be made in *casimier*, or in merinos double. We have seen some also with the skirt composed of either of these materials, and the *corsage* of velvet.

SUITCHES are really *bijoux*. Some are a mixture of black silk and gold thread; others, more rich and elegant, though less novel, have a gold head. The most elegant and tasteful, in our opinion, are those that have the heads of chased gold, encircled with coloured stones.

HALF-BOOTS AND GLOVES.—The first are of varnished leather, mounted in *coutil de laine*. Gloves of Swedish leather always hold the first rank in *négligé*; and as a riding dress, however elegant it may be, must always be considered as *négligé*,

those gloves have a decided preference. Gloves of yellow glazed kid are next to them. We see a few, but very few *élégantes*, with black gloves, but they are not by any means fashionable.

CRAVATS are worn by several ladies with riding dresses. We see also in them an innovation, for they are now all of a fancy kind; they are either *foulard taffetas glacé*, cambric, or lace.

EVENING DRESS ROBES are now entirely of the demi-toilette kind, and almost invariably of light materials, as *organily* embroidered in colours, or *mousselines de laine* embroidered in *au crochet*. We see several robes of that description with the ground embroidered, and others that are only worked above the flounce and on the border of it. The trimmings of the sleeves and all the other accessories of the robe must correspond. A pretty style of trimming for white dresses consists of seven or eight very narrow flounces, either of the material of the robe or of plain or worked *tulle*; sometimes these flounces are cut in round scallops, which are overcast in colours; the effect is extremely pretty. *Ceintures* uniting the *corsage* to the skirt are quite out of favour; when the *corsage* is *busqué* and pointed, we see the point a little rounded; it is to be hoped that this fashion will stop where it is, for if the point is more rounded, not only the grace of the *corsage* will be destroyed, but even the most slender waist will lose much of its beautiful symmetry.

SLEEVES.—Short ones are so much in favour, even in *demi-négligé*, that many *élégantes* have adopted half sleeves of muslin or *tulle*, to be drawn on occasionally; they are always wide; some are finished at top and bottom by an embroidered band, to which, in some instances, lace is attached; others are decorated with ribbon. They may be made either plain or dressy, according to the fancy of the wearer.

CAPS.—There is a perfect rage for *petits bonnets*; small enough, indeed, they are, for they hardly cover the back of the head, and ought rather to be called *coiffures* than caps; the *papillons* that used to decorate them are now replaced by garlands of flowers, or a *melange* of blond, lace, and ribbon, which forms a kind of *torsade*. *Tulle*, embroidered in application, offers an admirable imitation of *point d'Alençon*: it is very much employed for *bonnets à carbe*.

COIFFURES EN CHEVAUX NATTES A LA CLOTILDE seem lately to divide the vogue with ringlets. Gold pins with large heads are more than ever in favour for these *coiffures*; they may be placed either over each temple, or else employed to retain the *nattes*; a narrow band of velvet, a small plait of hair, or a very narrow gold chain completes a pretty simple style of head-dress.

NŒUDS A LA FONTANGE.—We need scarcely remind our fair readers that this mode dates from the days of Louis XIV., it has lately been revived not only for head-dresses of hair, but for other parts of the toilette. A *nœud à la Fontange* may be employed either to retain the draperies of a robe, or placed at the *ceinture*. When they are used to decorate the hair, they are placed on one side, and the long ends fall upon the shoulders.

FLOWERS.—Field flowers are at present more employed than feathers for head-dresses of hair, the *lizeron*, the *fleur d'Avine*, and different kinds of *bruyères*, are all in favour. The wreaths called *chaperons* have regained all their vogue. Another and more novel style of ornament is a wreath, in which the flowers are placed at considerable distances from each other, the spaces between being filled by the hair disposed in small bows or curls; this style of *coiffure* has little besides its novelty to recommend it, in our opinion.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THE  
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;  
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF CLANCARTY.

The scene on which we gaze,  
Recalls life's summer morning dream;  
The music of departed days  
Still murmuring in the stream;  
While love and friendship's voices long  
Have passed to silence—like the strain  
Breathed in some sweet heart-touching song  
We never hear again.

The family whose name graces our present article is of French descent, and of considerable antiquity; for in pursuing our inquiries for the purpose of this biography, we find that the surname, Trench, was derived from the seigneurie of La Tranche in Poitou of which it was formerly possessed. Thus, we see, that although now so intimately connected with "Erin's green isle" the family was originally located in France, where its representatives maintained a very honourable position. The first of the family who left his "fatherland" for the purpose of establishing himself elsewhere, was FREDERICK DE LA TRENCH, who left France in the year 1575, and coming to England, took up his abode in the county of Northumberland and there remained. The grandson of this French emigrant removed to Ireland in the year 1631, having become the possessor, by purchase, of extensive lands in the county of Galway. This individual was named FREDERICK TRENCH. He established himself in Ireland, and his son and grandson succeeded him in the possession of the estates. But we pass over these and come to his great grandson, RICHARD TRENCH, of Garbally Castle, who was born in 1710, and came into possession of the hereditary estates in 1752. He was a man of influence, and represented the county of Galway in Parliament in 1761. The lady whom he led to the hymeneal altar was FRANCES, only daughter and heiress of DAVID POWER, Esq., of Corheen, and of his wife, ELIZABETH KEATING, and by this fortunate marriage he became possessor of the united fortunes of the families of KEATING and POWER. This was, indeed, one of the most lucky members of the family, and at his death he left immense property to his son and successor, WILLIAM POWER KEATING TRENCH, who also represented the county of Galway in Parliament, and after discharging the important duties of a legislator of the Lower Chamber for a period of twenty-nine years, he was called to the Upper House on the 25th of November, 1797, being then created Baron KILCONNEL of Garbally, in the county of Galway. He was further honoured in January, 1801, by being created Viscount DUNLO and BALLINASLOE, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, and, the favours of the Sovereign coming thick upon him, on the 11th of February, 1803, he was

raised to an earldom by the title of Earl of CLANCARTY in the county of Cork. This title was derived from ELENA MAC CARTY, from whom he was descended. The said ELENA being the wife of JOHN POWER, daughter of CORMAC OGE MAC CARTY, Viscount MUSKERRY, and sister of DONOUGH MAC CARTY, Earl of CLANCARTY in the time of Charles the Second. His Lordship acknowledged the fascinations of the fair ANNE, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable CHARLES GARDINER and sister of Lord MOUNTJOY, and offering suit to her, the lady smiled acceptance, and the noble pair were united in the silken bands of Hymen on the 30th of October, 1762. Twelve children gathered, like olive branches, round the happy table of Lord CLANCARTY and his lady; their names were as follow:—

1. RICHARD LE POER TRENCH, the successor to the titles.
2. POWER, who was born in 1770; he entered holy orders, and became Archbishop of TUAM. He was married in 1795 to ANNE, daughter of WALTER TAYLOR, Esq., of Castle Taylor, who died in 1824.
3. WILLIAM. He entered the naval profession; and married SARAH, daughter of JOHN CUPPAGE, Esq.
4. JOHN, in holy orders.
5. ROBERT LE POER, who received the honour of knighthood for his gallant services in the field. He married LETITIA SUSANNAH, youngest daughter of ROBERT, first Lord CLONBROCK, and died in 1824.
6. FLORINDA, who was married in 1782 to Lord CASTLEMAINE.
7. ANNE, married in 1789 to WILLIAM GREGORY, Esq., of Coole, in the county of Galway.
8. ELIZABETH, married in 1825 to JOHN M'CLINTOCH, Esq., of Drumcar, in the county of Louth.
9. HARRIET, married in 1805 to DANIEL TOLER OSBORNE, Esq., eldest son of Sir HENRY OSBORNE, Bart.
10. FRANCES, married in 1806 to HENRY STANLEY, Earl of Rathdown.
11. LOUISA.
12. EMILY, married in 1810 to ROBERT LATOUCHE, Esq., and died in 1816.

The first Earl of CLANCARTY departed to the "spirit land" from this sublunary world, of which he was an ornament, in the year 1815, when his eldest son succeeded to his honours.

RICHARD LE POER TRENCH, Earl of CLANCARTY, in the county of Cork; Viscount DUNLO, of Dunlo and Balinasloe; Baron KILCONNEL, of Garbally, in the county of Galway, in the peerage of Ireland, and a peer of the empire as Viscount CLANCARTY, and Baron TRENCH of Garbally. His Lordship was born on the 19th of May, 1767. He was near thirty years of age before he looked with "eyes of love" upon any "bright particular star" in the circles of rank and fashion. But at last his affections were engaged by HENRIETTA MARGARET, daughter of the Right Hon. JOHN STAPLES, and he attached himself to her with love's passionate devotion. And now to him

The beauteous lady is as early light  
Breaking the melancholy shades of night;  
When she is near all anxious trouble flies,  
And his reviving heart confess her eyes.

And on the plain, when she no more appears,  
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears;  
In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze  
Dances in vain among the trembling trees;  
In vain the birds begin their evening song,  
And to the silent night their notes prolong,  
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field  
Does wonted pleasures in her absence yield.

And now we find the happy pair standing in "holy church," and there the vows are pronounced by which they are united for ever. The following family resulted from this union:—

1. WILLIAM THOMAS, Viscount DUNLO, born Sept. 21, 1803.
2. RICHARD JOHN, born March 22, 1805.
3. ROBERT, born in 1809.
4. LOUISA AUGUSTA ANNE.
5. HENRIETTA MARGARET, who was married in 1805 to THOMAS KAVANAH, Esq., of Borris, in the county of Kilkenny.

6. EMILY FLORINDA.

Lord CLANCARTY obtained the peerage of the United Kingdom by creation; the barony on the 4th of August, 1815, and the Viscounty on the 17th of November, 1823.

Heraldry.—Arms, quarterly; first and fourth, *ar.*, a lion passant, *gu.*, between three fleurs-de-lis; *az.*, on a chief of the third, the sun in splendour, *or.*, second, *ar.*, a bend eng. *sa.*, on a chief, *gu.*, three escalops of the first; third, *ar.*, a saltier *az.*, between four nettle-leaves, *vert.* Crest: an arm in armour, embowed, holding a sword, all *ppr.* Supporters; dexter, a lion, *gu.*, semée of fleur-de-lis, *or.*, sinister, a stag, guardant *ppr.*, holding a banner per chief, dancettee, *sa.* and *ar.*, being the arms of LE POER, between the antlers, *sa.*, a cross, *gu.* Mottoes: To the crest, "*Dieu pour la Tranchée qui contre.*" Under the shield, "*Virtutis fortuna comes.*"

The seat of the Noble Lord is Garbally Castle in the county of Galway.

DRAWING-ROOM DITTIES.

By *Cavdor Somersel.*

No. III.

"It is not in the starry night."

It is not in the starry night  
Of chilly climes and Northern skies,  
That LOVE is seen, an urchin bright,  
With rosy lips and laughing eyes,  
And smiles, whose sweet imploring light,  
Win all that WISDOM most denies!

A changeling here, in beauty less,  
And void of all such winning grace,  
He needs no aid from curl or tress,  
To hide the witchery of his face;  
And glances, that should much express,  
Are dull, or dumb, in this bold place.

In Eastern climes, upon his brow  
Sits Beauty, dangerous, eloquent;  
And on his altars always glow  
Bright fires, that never can be spent;  
No smoke above, no fume below,—  
All warm, and clear, and innocent!

WOMAN'S WIT;  
OR, LOVE IN WRINKLES.

The women say Anacreon's old,  
They tell him what his glass hath told,  
That time hath whitened his flowing hair,  
And left his temples thin and bare;  
But be I bare, or clothed my crown,  
Or be my tresses white or brown,  
I care not; this I know full well,  
And this my harp's last tone shall tell,  
When age's cares come crowding on,  
And warn the old man to be gone;  
More needs be then in loves' soft sway  
To spend the twilight of his days;  
For ah! full soon that twilight fades,  
In night's unliv'd, unliving shades.—ANACREON.

Sir Barnaby Merrivale was a fine hale hearty old gentleman with a fair florid complexion, and always dressed in the first fashion, kept the latest hours, read the most fashionable books, played the newest music, and frequented the gayest clubs. He was, in fact, a man who had determined never to grow old, if he could help it. His memory was conveniently short, and never retained anything the recollection of which would imply his existence at any very distant period. Whenever he was referred to upon matters which it might be supposed he had some knowledge of, he would not speak of his own experience, but said he had heard his father or grandmother speak of the circumstance. He was a bachelor. He might have been married over and over again no doubt, but he was afraid that successful as he might be in hiding his own wrinkles, he would not be able to conceal the years of his wife, and people might count years from his wedding-day. He was constantly at the opera and theatres, never failed in his attendance at levees, and was the most marked in his attentions to the ladies at the drawing rooms. In fact, he wished people to believe that he had discovered the secret of renewing youth, and that he should never become old. But though he took pains to conceal the ravages of time, he was not insensible of them; he could not shake off the aches and pains which gradually crept on him, and all the cosmetics in the world could not wash away the wrinkles upon his forehead. The exertion necessary to make himself appear youthful and interesting were also very great, and at last having passed the age of sixty, he began to think that it was high time he passed out of the chrysalis state of bachelorism, and that it was advisable to become a married man.

But where should he look for a wife? A lady of his own age would not do. He must have youth and beauty. And just as he resolved to fall in love with somebody, it happened that his nephew, Ensign Fitzharris, of the Guards, became enamoured of the young and beautiful daughter of a widow lady whom he had made acquaintance with, in a ramble to the western counties. Ensign Fitzharris was the nephew and ward of Sir Barnaby; his father had died on the field of Waterloo, and having the highest confidence in his brother's honour and integrity he had bequeathed his infant boy to his care, and rendered his fortune dependant upon Sir Barnaby's pleasure.

Sir Barnaby was very kind to Augustus Fitzharris, except in dull heavy weather, when he was vexed to see the youth growing up to manhood; because he was well aware that as his nephew progressed nearer to the top of the hill he must himself be getting to the bottom. But these angry moments were not very

frequent, nor were they of long continuance, and the worthy old bachelor always made up for his peevishness by the generosity and kindness with which he behaved to his ward. Upon the young officer's return from the west he made Sir Barnaby acquainted with the state of his affections, and also informed him that Mrs. Montague and her daughter were coming to town shortly, when he should have the pleasure of introducing them.

Sir Barnaby was not displeased at this; he thought his nephew too young to marry, but he determined to throw no obstacle in the way of his union. But when the ladies arrived an extensive revolution occurred in the thoughts of Sir Barnaby; he was charmed, delighted, enraptured, bewildered by the loveliness of Ella Montague, the destined bride of his ward. He had never before seen any human being possessed of such great attractions; and when she spoke, her words were music; her figure was symmetry itself; her mild blue eyes were full of the highest poetry, and expressed unutterable things; her smile was sunshine. Sir Barnaby was never so miserable in his life as when he gazed upon this charming creature and knew that she was beloved by his nephew.

And then he began to consider whether the attachment might not be broken off; in a short time he came to the conclusion that such a thing was possible; he gave it a little more consideration, and then found that such an event was in the highest degree probable, and at last, so deep were his speculations and so sound his arguments, that he considered himself a very great blockhead for supposing for a moment the heart of so intelligent and lovely a creature as Ella Montague could be retained by anything so boyish and fickle as Ensign Fitzharris. "No!" he exclaimed within himself, and his face gathered up into the most bland and self-approving of smiles; "No! the charms and virtues of Ella Montague are not for that idle thoughtless boy; but for sage and mature experience. I will marry her myself."

Accordingly, this fine old English baronet exerted his abilities to make himself agreeable to the lovely Ella Montague; and he succeeded so far that Ella began to regard him with the affection of a daughter. The baronet was delighted beyond measure to find he was so favourably received by the young beauty, and he exerted himself more energetically than ever to please her. O! the sweet strains that he played upon the piano in the absence of Augustus, and the sweeter looks which he darted at the object of his heart's passion when some words of more than usual tenderness occurred in the song. At last he made up his mind to declare his passion, to exhibit the inward fire that was consuming him—in common parlance, to "pop the question."

He took a favourable opportunity. Ella was alone, Mrs. Montague and Augustus had gone to the opera; Ella had a cold and could not accompany them, and the baronet took that opportunity of calling at her house. The conversation between the young lady and the elderly gentleman was very animated; they discoursed first of the opera, then of the subject of the opera, then of music, from that they passed to poetry, and love was the next subject as a matter of course. How eloquently did they discourse of love! The baronet fancied that he knew as much about love as the beauty, and the beauty fancied that she knew a great deal more than the baronet; and there they sat for an hour, Ella on the damask sofa on one side of the fire, and Sir Barnaby in an easy chair on the other, ever and anon illustrating his discourse by very significant glances at his opposite companion; who, poor simple beauty as she was, was too much occupied with the thoughts of the happiness she would

experience in her union with Augustus Fitzharris to be able to understand the meaning of the baronet's glances. How, then, shall we describe her surprise, her astonishment, her strange emotions, when the worthy old baronet, fancying that he had brought the conversation to a proper pitch, arose from the fauteuil, and throwing himself suddenly upon his knees before her, seized her hand, imprinted upon it a thousand kisses, and told her all the secret of his love!

Let it suffice, that the lady found her indisposition suddenly increase to such a degree, that she was compelled to rise from the sofa, and retire to her chamber, wishing the baronet a very good night.

"Stay, Miss Montague—dearest Miss Montague—idol of my heart!—one moment stay!"

"My cold is very severe, Sir Barnaby," replied the beauty, concealing her embarrassment as well as she could, "pray excuse me; good night, Sir Barnaby."

And the graceful Ella Montague swept, swan-like, out of the room, leaving the baronet upon his knees; who then began to think that he had committed an error; but the flame of love raged within him, and he determined to take a terrible revenge.

"If she will not marry me!" he muttered between his teeth, "she shall marry nobody. I will not give Augustus a farthing."

It happened that Mrs. Frilley, Miss Montague's maid, overheard this terrible exclamation, and immediately conveyed it to her mistress.

The next day Augustus was told of the scene that had occurred. He was surprised and indignant. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "he has the power to put his threat into execution. My father so left his property that I cannot obtain a shilling without the permission of the baronet."

"And who has possession of your father's will?" enquired Ella.

"Sir Barnaby," was the reply.

"Then we will see if woman has not wit enough to get over this obstacle to our happiness," said Ella; and entreating her lover not to be jealous, she acquainted him with a little plot which she had devised, and of which Augustus heartily approved.

They were to dine with the baronet that evening. When the party met, Sir Barnaby was evidently confused and uneasy, but Ella, giving him her hand with a smile, apologized for her apparent rudeness on the previous night, and assured him that nothing but sudden increased indisposition could have induced her to retire. And she suffered her hand to remain pressed within his, while the gloom of his countenance passed off, and again a smile played upon his fair and florid cheek. "Kind Miss Montague," was all that he ejaculated; and when he saw that at dinner she placed herself at his side, he was extremely happy; he made several mistakes in carving, but these errors are not to be described, being but the usual inadvertencies of persons in a similar state to Sir Barnaby's at that moment.

Ella attached herself to the baronet all that evening, and neglected the Ensign; and, indeed, so marked was her indifference that Mrs. Montague took occasion to speak of it in the hearing of Sir Barnaby, whose extasy was heightened when he heard the young beauty declare that Ensign Fitzharris must not presume to think that she would devote to him alone her attention and conversation. Mrs. Montague was amazed at this; but Sir Barnaby was rapt in Elysium!

After that, Sir Barnaby and Ella rode out in the park together, and without either Augustus or Mrs. Montague; and now the worthy baronet felt assured that he was beloved by the object of his elderly affections. "She would never appear in public with

me alone," he said to himself, "if she did not feel for me the same enthusiastic regard as I feel for her." Ensign Fitzharris now took occasion to remonstrate with his uncle upon his attentions to Miss Montague, which he declared had begun to attract public notice; but Sir Barnaby treated his nephew very cavalierly; told him that he did not care for the world, nor for any body in it; that Ensigns in general were impertinent puppies, and Ensign Fitzharris the most impertinent of the whole; flourished his white silk pocket handkerchief, whistled "di tanti," turned upon his heel, and glided out of the room.

That night Ensign Fitzharris took Mrs. Montague to the opera again, and Sir Barnaby Merrivale, availing himself of the golden opportunity, visited his charmer. She had never before seemed half so beautiful; she had taken more than ordinary pains at her toilet to set her beauty off to advantage, and Sir Barnaby was enraptured. The moments flew as they conversed together, for Sir Barnaby told his "soft tale of love," and Ella responded to all his gentle enquiries in the way desired. Her words gave him the full assurance that she had discarded the Ensign from her heart, and had made up her mind to take Sir Barnaby for her partner until death should disunite them. This point settled, the mind of the baronet was relieved, and the conversation became more general. Sir Barnaby talked of his wealth and projects for their future happiness, and Ella took occasion to advert to the death of the Ensign's father, and his will. Sir Barnaby spoke highly of his brother's martial valour, and his wisdom in bequeathing his fortune to his son, subject however to the pleasure of himself, Sir Barnaby.

"Dear me," said Ella, "what a strange restriction; but it was proper and just."

"Very proper and strictly just," observed the baronet, "Augustus is a wild intemperate youth, and would squander the fortune in gaudies and dissipation. He is a wild boy, sweet Miss Montague, and if in his thoughtless career he should happen to take unto himself a wife—a step which we would decidedly object to,—why then you know—" continued the elderly gentleman, looking into the fair face of Ella with a kind of happy chuckle, then you know, the whole of his fortune becomes ours! Is not that thought delightful!"

"O it is, it is!" exclaimed Ella, "But are such the terms of his father's will?"

"Precisely," said the baronet.

"I have a strange curiosity to see so remarkable a document," observed Ella.

"O! you cannot," rejoined Sir Barnaby, with a sudden apprehension, and in a tone quite different from what he had before been speaking in.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Montague, "*Sir Barnaby!*"

She said no more, but her expressive looks rebuked the baronet for his refusal to gratify her wish. That look subdued him.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, "Forgive me—I was for the moment forgetful of whom I was speaking to; in a matter of such moment we cannot be too cautious. Your curiosity *shall* be gratified when you next honour me with your company at my house."

"Nay, dear Sir Barnaby," replied Ella, and a smile again played upon her countenance, "I may not be so curious at another time; but just now I feel a great, very great, desire to look at so remarkable a will. However, if you think proper to refuse my request, let it be so!"

"Refuse you, my adored!" cried Sir Barnaby, "Can I refuse you anything!" and starting upon his legs, he expressed his willingness to go and fetch the will immediately. Ella smiled

her sweetest smile, and extended her white hand, which he seized and kissed with great fervour; then snatching up his hat, he speedily made his way out of the house.

Immediately after he was gone, the bell was rung, and presently Ella and her maid, Frillet, were in deep consultation, the result of which will appear in the sequel.

In half an hour Sir Barnaby returned, and after exchanging words of tenderness, the baronet carefully drew the important document from his pocket and laid it before the delighted beauty; who, with tears in her eyes held the parchment in her hand, and exclaimed, "Now, Sir Barnaby, you have made me the happiest of earth's creatures!"

At that signal—for it *was* a signal—a shriek was heard outside the door: cries of "fire," resounded through the mansion; the door was burst open, and the domestics rushed into the room with looks of terror and affright, crying "Fire! Fire!" and knocking down the baronet, who had started upon his legs at the first outcry, run wildly about, covering the retreat of Ella, who speedily made off with her prize. In a moment the street-door was heard to close, and a carriage drove off, and then another servant entered the drawing-room, just as the rest were helping the baronet up, and apologizing for their rudeness, to say that the alarm of fire was false. The room was quickly cleared of all but the baronet, who first looked for Ella, and then for his deceased brother's will; but neither the one nor the other was to be found. The baronet stormed and raged; tore down one bell-rope in tugging at it, and then tore down the other out of spite. Mrs. Frillet attended the summons.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Just gone out, Sir Barnaby!"

"Gone out!" shrieked the baronet, and glancing first at the window, and finding it was too high from the street to allow of a jump being taken with safe consequences, started out of the room, leaping down three stairs at a time, and presently he was at the doors of the opera.

"Is Mr. Fitzharris in my box?" enquired he of the box-keeper.

"He has been, Sir Barnaby," was the reply, "but he was called out, not ten minutes ago!"

In vain were all the enquiries of the baronet; he wasted half the night in search of the fugitives; Mrs. Montague knew nothing of the contrivance, and the baronet, indeed, did her the justice to believe her innocent—and so she was of all but the knowledge that Ella, having safely deposited the will in her young lover's possession, had returned and gone to bed, more dead than alive.

All the next day did the baronet pass in inquiries, but no tidings could he learn of either his nephew or Miss Montague, but on the day following he received a note apprising him that the nuptials of Ella Montague and Augustus Fitzharris had that morning been solemnized at the parish church of St. George, Hanover Square.

The upshot was that the Ensign obtained his lady and her fortune, and Sir Barnaby, determined to have a wife, married Mrs. Montague, contenting himself with the fifty instead of eighteen.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—He who enjoys the prose of life only, and not its poetry, has at best a poor and imperfect enjoyment; it is as though he was placed in an autumn, rich in harvests, but with no birds to give life or expression to its scenery.

## FORGET THE PAST.

Forget the past! 'Twere vain to try;  
My thoughts will dwell on scenes gone by:  
The time—the place—when first we met,  
Are things I never can forget.

Can I forget that calm still night,  
When, by the moon and stars so bright,  
You told me all your hopes were set  
On one you never would forget.

But you are changed, and I must bear  
The trials others may not share:  
The withered heart and vain regret  
Are things we seldom can forget.

## S A P P H O.

The very air was music; for the breath  
Of that rich voice and lyre had scarcely died  
On the soft summer breeze, that seemed to play  
Sadly and lingering with the silver song,  
Whose tones should not have perished. Hearts were there  
Tranced in their breathless homage; and deep eyes  
Spoke of a worship too intense for words,  
That dared not yet find utterance, lest the spell  
That held them mute were broken. She, the while,  
That syren, gazed with eye and heart unmoved  
On those who hovered round her, as if life  
Hung on her smile or frown: fast from her cheek  
Faded the crimson current; and her eye,  
Solately lit by inspiration's beam,  
Drooped 'neath the half-shut lid, that mournfully  
Closed on the flattering crowd that held for her,  
The lone, the left, the sick of soul, no hope  
For that deep-rooted weariness. One arm  
Fell, in its listless languor, on the lyre,  
Unrecked of now, alas! by her whose soul,  
Alone could wake those strings of living fire,  
To breathe impassioned music; little they  
Who gazed upon her in that hour, had dreamed  
Of the deep, dying heart, that in its core  
Held but one thought and word:—Alone! alone!  
Loving, yet loveless, on the earth she stood,  
Her heart's rich tide of hoarded tenderness,  
Poured with the lavish trust that woman still  
Yields where most unrequited. O'er her, now,  
That dream of fond and faithless love came back;  
And the deep swell of voices, fraught with praise,  
Broke, with a bitter mockery, on the void  
Left, where its hope had faded. Blank despair,  
And reckless desperation, self distrust,  
And vainer accusations, held by turn  
Tumultuous empire o'er the soul, that now  
Melted no more in melody. Even thus,  
Compassed by vassal crowds, the stern resolve  
To pass from love and life alike, was born;  
And on that darkened spirit, like a gleam  
Of distant sunshine, did the promise break,  
That bade its depths be dreamless.—ANNI.

## THE COQUETTE.

Love is oft a fatal spell—  
A garland of the cypress tree,  
A weeping willow wreath may well  
It's emblem be!  
An April day of sun and shower—  
The glow—the chill of hopes and fears,  
An ague of the heart—a flower  
That blooms in tears.

"What a lucky girl Lucy Ellison is, to be sure;" said Ellen Kingston, standing at the chimney glass, arranging her long black curls.

"In what way do you consider Lucy to be so particularly fortunate?" asked her sister Harriet, who was quietly sitting at work.

"In what way! Why, in having such a handsome fascinating fellow as Arthur Willoughby to attend her; and she so plain!"

"Mr. Willoughby, you see, displays his sense, Ellen, in not choosing a wife for her face and person; but her disposition and mind."

"Well, we shall meet them both to-night, at Mrs. General Tarrington's, and I shall try if I can't entice him from her side, and obtain a few pretty speeches as well as Lucy Ellison;" and the thoughtless girl laughed as she turned from the glass, at her sister's "horrified face," as she called it.

"Ellen, think of what you are saying; remember the misery you occasioned to your cousin Sophia!" rejoined Harriet.

"They were married, though, after all."

"Yes, they were;—but look at the unhappy days and months they both experienced, all through you, Ellen; in short, you are nothing less than a flirt!"

"No, no, no; let me put you right, my dear little saint; you are a prude, and in the high road to old maidenhood; while your humble servant is composed entirely of livelier materials, and cannot live without excitement." And the wild thoughtless girl swam out of the room, laughing, and humming "*Di piacer*," while Harriet endeavoured to devise some plan to acquaint the destined victims of her sister's intentions.

That evening Ellen Kingston bestowed extra pains in adorning her person; and as she entered the parlour, where her father and sister were waiting for her, Harriet turned away with a sigh, and thought Ellen's face had never appeared so lovely before. There was a witchery in it when she smiled; and her eyes glanced darker and deeper as she shook back the silken ringlets which drooped over her face, and bent forward to take a last look in the mirror at her finished form.

As they entered the drawing-room, filled with the happy and the gay, the two sisters looked quickly round, both searching for the same persons, although with very different intentions. Ellen was soon surrounded with a number of those vain conceited animals, who fancy that a girl upon whom they bestow their ridiculous conversation ought to think herself honoured by the notice, and who are strenuous in their exertions to make each lady whom they deign to address, believe, that only in her company can they live or breathe! How I detest such puppies! Ellen, though laughing and talking to all around, kept her eye fixed upon the door. Harriet had been taken away by her father to the card room, so she had no opportunity to defeat her sister's plan. In a short time Mrs. and Miss Ellison and Mr. Willoughby were announced. Ellen looked with an anxious eye upon the tall graceful girl who leaned on the arm of Arthur

K.

Willoughby: she had always accounted her plain, but on this evening she could not but acknowledge to herself that Lucy Ellison looked remarkably interesting. The natural excitement a young mind feels when entering a room filled with company, had flushed her usually pale cheek; and the same amiable smile which might ever be seen on her lip, gave an animation to her countenance which rendered her anything but "ordinary," as the coquette had hoped to find her. Ellen was too good a mistress of her feelings to allow her vexation to be observed by the gay and festive throng, and, assuming a lively air, she smilingly bowed to them as they passed her group to the upper end of the room.

Dancing was shortly commenced, and as Lucy Ellison's health was too delicate to allow of her exerting herself in the amusement, Arthur Willoughby sought Ellen for a partner.

If there was one amusement more than another which Willoughby admired, it was this. Ellen was aware of this, and therefore, exerting herself without the slightest appearance of doing so, she excited the enthusiastic admiration of her partner.

Arthur Willoughby possessed a good heart, but a vacillating disposition: he fancied that he preferred the relying, gentle, and retiring Lucy, to all other women in the world; that true happiness was to be found only in the paradise of home; but, nevertheless, his dark eyes shone brighter, and his face wore a gayer look, in lighted rooms, and he felt more at ease by the side of a dashing brilliant girl in a crowded assembly, than in the quiet home of Lucy, with no other companions than herself and excellent mother; when Lucy, sweet girl, would listen with all a woman's fond enthusiasm to every word he spoke, and believed that she was loved. Her heart, insensibly, had become entirely his.—For,

"———You know not when  
A woman gives away her heart. At times  
She knows it not herself. Insensibly  
It goes from her! She thinks she hath it still—  
If she reflects—while smoothly runs the course  
Of wooing: but if haply comes a check—  
An irrecoverably—final one—  
Aghast—forlorn she stands, to find it lost,  
And with it—all the world!"

That evening Ellen Kingston succeeded in her artifice; and though many were the self-condemning thoughts which ran through Willoughby's mind, he could not shake off the spell which the heartless girl had thrown round him, for there was a witchery in her every look, and every time they met, more firmly did she rivet his chains. The victim struggled, but could not break from the toils that were flung round his senses, there was a brilliancy of fascination in Ellen which dazzled him. From that evening poor gentle Lucy Ellison was neglected, and though the uncomplaining girl never upbraided her faithless lover, the sight of her brought remorse to his mind, which, however, was quickly forgotten, when again at the side of Ellen Kingston. Her sister Harriet talked and argued with her, and the only answer she could gain was, "Mr. Willoughby studied his own inclinations; she never asked him for his love."

And Lucy was forsaken, and the artful Ellen became the bride of Arthur Willoughby. They left England and settled in Germany.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years had elapsed: Harriet Kingston had long been a wife and mother. Poor Lucy Ellison had sunk into the quiet grave. As long as Willoughby continued unmarried, she had

relied upon the hope of his repentance, and again returning to his faith; but when the news came of his nuptials with her rival, her spirits sank, her heart withered, and the grave embraced her!

Harriet had not heard from Ellen for five years, when, one evening, a gentleman was announced, and presently Arthur Willoughby stood before her. Lines of sorrow and suffering marked his face, and his once black curls were now mingled with silver hairs. A little girl about eight years old accompanied him; and as she gazed upon the child's face, Ellen seemed again by her side.

Long and sad was the tale which Willoughby had to tell of ten years!

When the novelty of wedded life wore off, Willoughby began to feel the want of that deep-trusting love which he had won from Lucy Ellison. The pride he felt at first in calling Ellen his own, gradually diminished and decayed, as circumstances drew out her character of the selfish, vain, heartless coquette. Ellen, on the other hand, begun to be weary of having only one face to look upon; one voice to listen to: she longed again to listen to the sound of flattery which had breathed round her before marriage. Her husband perceived her growing apathy; they became disgusted with each other; and he, to drown his thoughts, took to gambling. She flew to company. Three years passed in uninterrupted dissipation; his affairs became embarrassed; the lost Ellen, to avoid Poverty, forsook her home, husband, child, and took refuge in the arms and establishment of a young English nobleman. This blow recalled Willoughby to his senses; he was now the only being whom his child had to look to. He settled his affairs, and sought his native land. And now, the once gay, proud Willoughby, craved the protection of Harriet for his child. This was cordially granted. Willoughby wept over the grave of Lucy Ellison, and then retired to another clime, and died! Nothing more was heard of the wretched Ellen, the author of this misery.

M. A. S.

#### THE LOST ONE.

O, could I hear that voice again,  
Which once so listless I could hear,  
Not e'en a seraph's lofty strain  
Could make such music to my ear!  
O, could that smile its warmth impart,  
Which once e'en coldly I could meet,  
What ecstasy would thrill my heart,  
That light of love and truth to greet!

But now, alas! regrets are vain,  
And tears no healing balm can yield;  
Thou art beyond the reach of pain,  
Where woes of earth are ne'er revealed.  
This thought a holy transport gives,  
Though from my stricken heart must flow  
A tide of grief while memory lives,  
And gloom surround my path below.

Could we but measure by the past  
The value of the present hour,  
And cherish joys too bright to last,  
As the soft light, the tender flower,—  
How many pangs of keen regret,  
How many bitter tears were spared:  
And, though the sun of joy were set,  
The peace of resignation shared!



## THE POISONERS :

AN ANECDOTE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The highly-coloured incidents of romance are often surpassed in interest by the realities of life, and we may search in vain in the novelists' pages for such monsters in human shape as occasionally start up into existence, awaking the wonder and indignation of society. Among these, the Marchioness of Brinvillier stands remarkable for her crimes. This infamous woman was daughter of the *Sieur Civil Dreux d'Aubrey*, and was, in 1651, married to the *Marquis of Brinvillier*, son of *Gobelier*, president of the chamber of accounts in France, who had a yearly income of twenty thousand *livres*, and to whom she brought a portion of two hundred thousand. The *Marquis* soon afterwards became acquainted with a young man of a distinguished family, *Gedur de Sainte Croix*, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of *Trassy*. He was a well-formed handsome man, but of profligate habits; his acquaintance with the *Marquis* obtained for him an introduction to the young *Marchioness*, whose affections he endeavoured to alienate from her husband; and in this he was but too successful. The *Marquis*, however, died shortly afterwards, and then no secret was made of the connexion subsisting between them. Their conduct, however, gave so much uneasiness to the honourable and high-minded father of the *Marchioness*, that he procured a *lettre de cachet*, had *Sainte Croix* arrested, and thrown into the *Bastille*. During his imprisonment there, he became acquainted with an Italian, named *Exili*, from whom he learned the art of preparing poisons. What it was that induced this wretched man to take to such a study is not very clear; it would seem that he had conceived a hatred for the whole human race, and had formed the resolution of destroying as much human life as he possibly could; for on his release from the *Bastille*, after a year's imprisonment, and *Exili* being released about the same time, he took the Italian into his house, devoted himself to the art until he became perfectly master of it, and then he instructed the *Marchioness*, and sent her forth upon a mission of destruction. That they had a hope of profiting by their diabolical business is, perhaps, beyond a doubt; but we scarcely think that the mere expectation of gain could have led them to it. The cause is to be found in a settled depravity of heart and mind. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that the *Marchioness* entered into the project with earnestness, and carried the designs of her paramour into terrible execution. When she had herself acquired the principles of the art, she assumed the character of a man, and went about distributing food to the poor, nursing the sick in the hospitals, and giving them medicines, but only for the purpose of trying the strength of her poisons. When she had become satisfied upon this point, she conspired to destroy her father, and by a heavy bribe prevailed upon *Sainte Croix's* servant to administer the poison to him, and also to her brother and her sister. She got the villain into a situation in her father's household, and it seems that he immediately began to put his horrible work into execution. The infernal contrivance succeeded with her father and brother, but to the former the poison was given ten times before he died. The son died soon after. The daughter, *Mademoiselle d'Aubray*, however, was saved, by reason, perhaps, of her being upon her guard; for a suspicion soon arose that the father and son had not come by their deaths fairly, and their bodies having been opened, the presence of poison was detected. But the *Marchioness* was not suspected, and she would have escaped had not an accidental circumstance brought the proceeding to light. The villain,

*Sainte Croix*, when preparing his poisons, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but one day while thus engaged, his mask dropped off by accident, and he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. As he had no family, the authorities caused his effects to be examined, and among them there was found a small box, to which *Sainte Croix* had affixed a written paper, requesting that after his death it might be delivered to the *Marchioness de Brinvillier*, or in case she should not be living, that it might be burnt. Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened than this request, and that being done, there was found in it a great quantity of poisons of various descriptions, with labels attached to them, on which their effects, proved by experiments on animals, were set forth. As soon as the *Marchioness* was aware of the death of her accomplice, she was very desirous of obtaining possession of this box, and endeavoured to get it by bribing the authorities; but, as she failed in this, she thought it best to secure her safety by flight. She therefore immediately left France and came to England. Shortly afterwards one of their accomplices, *La Chaussée*, laid claim to the property of *Sainte Croix*, but he was immediately arrested, and being subjected to rigorous examinations, he confessed to many acts of poisoning, and for his participating in the crimes of the *Sainte Croix* and the *Marchioness*, was broken alive on the wheel.

Pursuit was now made after the *Marchioness*, for evidence had been obtained against her, and an officer named *Desgrais* came to England in search of her. He found, however, that she had quitted this country, and eventually discovered her in a convent at *Leige*. To entice her from this privileged place was the first object of the wily official, and to effect this he assumed the dress of an *abbé*, found means to get acquainted with her, acted successfully the part of a lover, and having engaged her to accompany him on an excursion of pleasure, arrested her, and forthwith conveyed her to Paris. The effects of the convent were seized, and among them was found a paper written by her own hand, containing a full confession of her crimes. She there acknowledged that she had not only procured the deaths of numerous persons, but had set fire to houses, and perpetrated other enormous crimes. She endeavoured to escape, but failed, and then resigned herself to her fate, the contemplation of which, however, did not affect her in the least. While in prison she played at *piquet* to pass away the time. She was tried and convicted, made a public confession of her crimes, and "became a convert," as her confessor called it, and went with all her wonted firmness to the place of execution, where, when she beheld the sea of living faces gazing upon her, she cried aloud, in a contemptuous manner, "You have come to see a fine spectacle!" She was immediately afterwards beheaded, and burnt. Thus perished one of the worst fiends that ever appeared in the human form.

LOVE.—If there be anything thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection. All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. We do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many religionists have traced their theology, that so many moralists have wrought their system, from love. The errors which they originated have something in them that charms us, even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—What a divine guide would be human reason, if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other!

## THE POACHER'S CHILD.

Car un baptême est un feta  
Pour des parents, pour des amis.

*La Dame Blanche.*

"Pardon me, your Reverence," said Babet, as she finished her rincing and wringing at the wash-tub, "pardon me, your Reverence, but I must finish my work."

The good curate seated himself by the fire-side, and with his cane placed the embers together, nodding to Babet to proceed with her labour.

"Your Reverence knows that poor people must work, and you are so good as not to mind me. It would grieve me much at the christening to-morrow if my child's clothes were not as white as your Reverence's surplice, and then how kind of you to obtain us a god-father; our ill-luck pursues us everywhere, one refuses for one reason, and another for another, and so on to the end of the chapter; but what is the true reason we are unlucky, and people think it will fall upon them to lend us a helping hand; 'tis the world's way."

"Well, well," replied the Curate, "I have done my best for you."

"Your Reverence has, indeed, and to think of a Garde du chasse for a god-father," and then she ran to the wicker cradle, lifting therefrom her child, and gazing at it with all a mother's fondness, "Is he not a fine boy, so strong, so healthy, and only three months old—he is very like his father;" and after pressing it twenty times to her lips, she replaced it in its cradle. "With your Reverence's kindness we will bring him up to fear the Lord, to be honest and industrious, and should it please Heaven to spare us many years, Jacques and I will labour to leave him something to work his way in the world. Jacques proposes to make him a lawyer; but your Reverence knows they are all dishonest, like that little Picrepoint the notary's clerk."

"No, not all, Babet, there are always exceptions."

"What does your Reverence think of a doctor, now?"

"Why I think, Babet, that there is plenty of time to consider, without turning it over now; but by the bye, Madame Boncœur has sent you fifty francs to make merry with, and that your child's christening may not be altogether unlike your richer neighbours."

"The good kind Madame Boncœur," exclaimed Babet, "she is always seeking to do good, would to Heaven there were more like her in the world; but as your Reverence knows——"

The opening of the cottage door prevented Babet from finishing her speech, for the new arrival was no other than M. Georges, the Garde du chasse and intended god-father: after nodding to Babet, bowing to the Curate, and placing his gun with much care near the fire-side, he began to excuse himself for coming so late, it was all the fault of those rascally poachers, they have the impudence even to let their ferrets loose under my very nose, and I cannot make out for the life of me who it is, the Marquis says the rabbits are going off the estate in a most unaccountable manner, and so say I; here have I been all day looking after the rascals, and now I have such a plan to catch them," and he chuckled as he thought of his scheme. "I have made the pretext of having finished my rounds for the day, and they think I am gone home; no such thing, I mean to return immediately, and I know I shall catch them in the very act, and if

they do not go to the gallies say my name is not Georges, that's all."

"No, no, Monsieur Georges," said Babet, all pale and trembling, "you would not be so cruel; think that poor people must live. And then to deprive a poor child of its father for the sake of a few paltry rabbits, you would not have the heart."

The Garde du Chasse however rubbed his hands with delight at his stratagem, and feeling the genial warmth of the fire, only replied, "let me catch him, that's all, Madame Babet."

Babet looked anxiously through the window in hopes that her husband would return to calm her anxiety, but it seemed to no purpose, and she saw, too, that it was in vain to restrain the Garde du chasse by entreaties and thought she might succeed better by stratagem.

"Why, M. Georges, you cannot surely think of running away before Jacques comes back, you know you promised to come and arrange with him what name the child should have, I know you have a preference."

"I have, I have, Madame Babet. Why you see as Garde du Chasse I think the child ought to be under the protection of Saint Hubert and Barbara, what think you? but I must talk it over with Jacques, and there is plenty of time for that to-morrow, and I cannot stay now under any circumstances;" so he seized his gun and balancing it in his hand said, "Hubert would be an excellent name—quite in character."

"Surely, M. Georges, you would not think of going out such weather?—Why it will be raining in torrents directly. Did you ever see so black a cloud, and hanging just over the hills ready to fall: do look at it."

"It does look very black," replied the Garde du Chasse; but, however, you know, I do not care about the weather."

"Why you will be wet through and through, and then to-morrow you will be as hoarse and as croaking as a raven. Think of a god-father singing the responses in a husky voice, and such a voice as you have M. Georges—only consider."

"Ah, very well, Madame Babet, but I must go."

"Well, if you will go, at least you must take a glass of wine to keep the cold out, you know, that St. Bric, Madame Boncœur sent us; a glass of that will do you no harm. Come one glass to keep out the cold."

Babet had touched the weak point of the Garde du Chasse, and he relaxed into a smile; a glass was soon swallowed and found very good, and another succeeded equally good, and the Garde du Chasse found himself so comfortable that he remained until Jacques returned home. He was laden with a large sack, evidently full, and came home singing merrily, but he no sooner perceived M. Georges than he threw his load quickly on the bed, and by the action the folds being loosened, something alive escaped from the opening. Luckily for Jacques, the Garde du chasse was so busy explaining the means by which he intended to surprise the poachers that it quite escaped his attention, and the ferret, for such it was, creeping betwixt the curtains of the bed was at once lost to sight. The conversation between Jacques and the Garde du Chasse soon became warm and animated, the former accusing the game laws as harsh, unjust, and tyrannical, whilst the other replied in their favour, and insinuated that he need not go far to find a poacher, and perhaps not much farther to find the proofs of his being so, and rising from his seat, approached the bed, asking what Jacques had got there. The other quickly interposed, replying that it was nothing of any consequence, denying that he was a poacher, and swearing by his saint that it was true.

At this moment a piercing shriek escaped from the child, and

the anxious mother flew to the cradle, reprimanding her husband for profaning the saint's name in such an unholy manner, in which rebuke the Curate also joined; the infant did not repeat its cries, and the disputants calmed themselves, turning the conversation in a different course.

The evening, however, grew late, and the worthy Curate, after arranging for the morrow, and promising the bells should ring a merry peal in the morning, took his departure, accompanied by the Garde du Chasse.

No sooner were they gone than Jacques opened his sack and drew forth some rabbits, "I have been both lucky and unlucky to-day, Babet; I have found plenty of these, but somehow or other I have lost my ferret. What can have become of it, I wonder where can it be? but perhaps to morrow I shall find it in some of the holes." And with that assurance they retired to rest.

Babet awoke several times during the night, and her astonishment was great that her infant slept so quiet; this at last alarmed her, and rising, she lighted the lamp, and with anxious hand removed the clothes; in so doing, the ferret sprung from the cradle—poor Babet! what a sight for a mother to behold! the piercing cry of the child had been its last; the ferret had escaped to the cradle, and completed the work of destruction upon the poor child.—Babet was childless.

#### THE BANQUET OF HEARTS.

Bring forth my steed, the Monarch cried,  
And buckle my keenest sword to my side;  
Let my quiver be charged with pointed darts,  
For I want for a banquet a score of hearts:  
And the blow I must deal when I'm most unseen,  
Though the victim will show where King Death hath been.

From his regal seat the phantom springs,  
And mounts his steed, and opens his wings,  
His dart's point tries, and then away  
He goes in search of his banquet prey;  
A sound he hears—'tis a passing sigh,  
But the monarch exults, for a guest is nigh;  
He reins his charger and follows the sound,  
And soon the destined prey is found.  
On a silken couch is a maid so fair  
That even King Death might wish to spare:  
But love blazed wild in his steadfast eye,  
And withering Hope turned away with a sigh:  
And the maiden's sigh, and the matron's start,  
Told quickly Death's arrow had pierced her heart.

Away with his prize the victor flew,  
And another sad object met his view;  
A poet was burning his midnight oil,  
And his cheeks were pale with fretful toil;  
Hurrah! cried Death with grim delight;  
Thy music shall grace my feast to-night.  
The bard raised his languid eye to heaven,  
And as he gazed his heart was riven.

To the halls of wealth Death wings his flight,  
Where revellers are in the deep midnight,

To the festive board so rich and rare,  
He goes, and mingles poison there,  
And with exquisite joy the monarch laugh'd  
As he drugged the cup which the nobles quaff'd;  
The poison mounts to the revelling brain,  
And Death is conqueror again.

To the miser's house he straightway goes,  
And to him the barred doors all unclose;  
The sordid wretch no rest can take,  
Throughout the night he keeps awake;  
Restless on his couch he lies,  
Death stalks before him and he dies.  
Joy! cries the King, as he views the corpse,  
I take the heart, and who'll feel the loss!

Still onward careering he swiftly flew,  
But call'd to his aid a skeleton crew,  
Who, arm'd like their chief in his fiercest might,  
Swept o'er the plains to the field of fight.  
Let the duty be mine, the phantom cried,  
To hurry the chief from his new-won bride;  
For just as he sinks in victory's arms,  
Half mad with the sight of her virgin charms,  
I'll strike down the arm that carries his shield,  
As I bid the fresh trophied chieftain yield;  
And thus in his sun-shiny moments foil'd,  
The conqueror's bridal King Death hath spoil'd.  
But merrily speed ye my phantom horde,  
To bid me the guests to my festive board;  
And say, in my canopied halls to night  
The viands are fresh, and the wine is bright:  
But warn, that if once they tread on my shore,  
Back to earth's regions they come no more.

Away on their skeleton steeds they swept,  
When mortals in treacherous safety slept:  
Unalarm'd they dreamt of no chilling fear,  
Nor knew they the murderer's arm was near:  
Away sped this grisly spectre host,  
Their arms up aloft in defiance tost:  
For they knew full well at their trumpet call  
The bravest on earth with the sound would fall.

Midnight had chimed, and the guests were bidden,  
The spectre legion its round had ridden;  
Ten thousand have crowded that court to-night,  
That never will visit again the light.  
King Death was on gloomy canopy raised,  
On every column the torches blazed;  
Dimly in distance the chamber was traced  
Till distance itself was in gloom effaced;  
The viands were spread, and the cups were crown'd,  
And jollity roaring in mirth went round;  
Each brimm'd a flagon of poison there,  
A draught from dull Lethe to drown their care.  
"Charge quick your goblets," cried Death with a grin,  
"Fools as ye are, drink the health of Old Sin,  
'Twas he built my throne when the world began,  
And gave as my subject apostate man:  
Bear witness, ye guests, in this festive hour,  
That King Death has preserved the gifted power."

## FLIRTATION.

A STORY OF THE OPERA.

Farewell! And must I say farewell?  
 No; thou wilt ever be to me  
 A present thought; thy form shall dwell  
 In love's most holy sanctuary;  
 Thy voice shall mingle with my dreams.

"Brava! Exquisite! Delicious!" exclaimed Sir Claude Clash, tapping his white-gloved fingers together, and throwing himself back in his chair. "What enchanting harmony!"

La Grisi was executing one of her bewildering solos in *Parisina*.

"Why, Vernon! Vernon!" he continued, glancing round at his companion, "What *are* you looking at so intently? You do not seem to have heard one note."

"O—yes—I am attentive!" rejoined Lord Vernon Alphonson, but without removing his eyes from the object upon which they were fixed.

"Indeed!" rejoined Sir Claude, "and pray why do you keep yourself concealed behind the curtain; and *who* is it that engages your attention?" and he applied the longnettes to bring the parties in a distant box closer to his sight.

"He presses her hand!" exclaimed Lord Vernon. "This is beyond endurance!"

Sir Claude had just discovered that the parties in the opposite box were Lady Emily Deloraine and the Marquis of Petiton; when, turning round to enjoy his joke at the expense of his friend, he discovered that he was alone, Lord Vernon having departed. Sir Claude did not further concern himself about the matter, but turning his attention to the stage again, his soul was again absorbed in the music, the indications of which were murmured "bravas," and the frequent collision of his white kids.

"Ah! Vernon! exclaimed Lady Emily Deloraine, as Lord Vernon entered her box, "Who would have thought of seeing you here? I thought you were with your regiment at Dover."

"I arrived in town this afternoon," was the cold reply of the young lover.

"Well!" rejoined Lady Emily; "but—What is that, Marquis?" turning round to Petiton, as a burst of applause followed some musical effect. "Dear me, Vernon, you have caused me the loss of one of the beauties of the opera. Do sit down, and I will talk to you after the opera is over."

Lord Vernon sat down, in obedience to the Lady Emily's commands. But although the lady addressed herself several times to the Marquis, and the Marquis replied in a way that evidently gave satisfaction to the Lady Emily, she never turned her head towards her lover, Lord Vernon, and when he spoke to her she answered snappishly.

The opera ended, and Lady Emily begged the Marquis to see after her carriage.

"Well, Vernon," she said, after the Marquis had gone, "What is the reason of this abrupt visit to town?"

"It was my intention to stay in town."

"And what has caused you to determine otherwise?"

"I should think that the cause was not unknown to the Lady Emily Deloraine."

"Why, what upon earth——" exclaimed the lady, when the conversation was interrupted by the return of the Marquis, with the intimation that her carriage stopped the way.

"Adieu—adieu!" she cried, kissing her fair hand to Lord Vernon, "the Marquis has promised to see me to my carriage. Lady Deloraine sees company to night. You will come? Adieu." And away flitted the young beauty, light as a butterfly on the wing.

The rooms at Lady Deloraine's were crowded that night, and amid the gay and glittering throng the Lady Emily, the daughter of the wealthy hostess, looked in vain for the one object to whom, notwithstanding her levity and seeming indifference, her heart clung to; and in his affections that heart had made its home. Lord Vernon was not there. Hour passed after hour, and no Lord Vernon. To be sure the Marquis was flitting about her, like a painted butterfly, but now his attentions made the coquette uneasy, and she wished that he was in reality a butterfly, that she might annihilate him with her fingers. Fatigued and melancholy the Lady Emily retired to her chamber; she dreamed of happiness and Lord Vernon; she awoke to disappointment and regret.

Upon her table lay a sealed note. It was addressed to herself. She knew the hand, and breaking open the envelope, she took the letter in her trembling hand, and read as follows:—

"I cannot part from you, Lady Emily Deloraine, without one word of kindness, though I have no reason to hope that any word from me will be acceptable, or excite the slightest sympathy in your breast. I have encouraged wild hopes, and formed opinions that were erroneous. It is my own fault that I am deceived. I do not blame you, Lady Emily; even in this hour of my despair I pray for you, and for *all* who enjoy your confidence—your affection. May you be happy; and though you have not been able to regard me in the light I would be regarded, though you cannot *love* me, yet in your hours of happiness deign to think kindly of one in whose heart your image will eternally be enshrined. We have passed many bright hours together, and I had fondly hoped that in our conversation and our rambles I had inspired something akin to the wild intense affection which burns in my breast; and when we have wreathed flowers together, and conjectured the sweet language in which the embracing roses whispered their idolatry, I have madly dreamed that in your eyes I have read all the pure and passionate eloquence which our fancy had given to the wreath of flowers. Forgive me; my hopes are presumptuous. Another enjoys the love I thought was mine. I forgive him. My prayers shall be for your happiness. I shall leave town immediately, to join my army in India; it may be many years ere we meet again; we shall be much changed, Lady Emily, then. What may not occur in the interval? You may forget me; I may be a stranger to your thoughts, but no change of scene—no interval of time—can bring peace to the broken spirit of the mistaken, but still idolizing

"VERNON."

Lady Emily's eyes were full of tears long before she had concluded the perusal of this letter. It had awakened her to a consciousness of her folly and ingratitude. Within an hour a note was despatched to the residence of Lord Vernon's father, but it was returned; Lord Vernon had sailed for India.

Lady Emily was distracted. She hated the Marquis, now, for she saw plainly that it was owing to her thoughtless attention to him that she had lost the man who sincerely loved her. But the Marquis continued to tease her with his importunities, and one day he brought her a newspaper, and with an affected smile pointed out to her a paragraph which stated that "The beautiful Lady Emily D—l—r—e was about to bestow her hand upon the dashing Marquis of P—u, one of the handsomest men of the day."

Lady Emily held the paper in her hand and darted a withering look of indignation upon the Marquis, who turned away his face and endeavoured to hum a French air. "Marquis!" exclaimed the indignant beauty, "who has authorized the publication of this falsity?"

The Marquis shrugged up his shoulders and said, "Upon his veracity, he could not tell. Those deuced dogs, the newspaper-people, appeared to have a knowledge of everything that was going on in high life."

"Your Lordship," said Lady Emily, interrupting him, "will contradict this calumny."

"Calumny!" cried the exquisites.

"Calumny," repeated the Lady Emily, and walked majestically out of the room.

Within a month after the occurrence of the above scene, the town was ringing with some scandalous statements respecting the Lady Emily, whose friends were unable to trace them to their source. Lady Emily guessed who was the author of the reports, but it was impossible to fix them upon him, and one by one her friends fell off; her invitations were less frequent, and the house of Lady Deloraine became almost a desert.

The Marquis of Petiton was lounging at one of the windows of his club, when a gentleman dismounted at the door, and giving the reins to his groom, enquired for his Lordship, into whose presence he was immediately ushered. The stranger was Sir Claude Clash. He was the bearer of the following letter to the Marquis.

"MY LORD,—The bearer of this is Sir Claude Clash, who will receive your apology for various calumnies which you have dared to circulate respecting the Lady Emily Deloraine; or, in the event of your refusal, will receive the name of a friend with whom the preliminaries of a meeting may be arranged.

"VERNON ALPHINGTON."

"My dear Sir Claude Clash!" exclaimed the Marquis, giving his *moustache* a twist, and endeavouring to look very much at his ease. "What does all this mean?"

"Lord Alphonington's letter is not obscure," replied Sir Claude.

"No; but—why does he accuse me of—of—"

"Simply, because he has obtained convincing proof that you are the dastardly author of the calumny."

The Marquis quailed under the look of manly indignation which accompanied these words. He promised to send a reply the following morning. The next day passed, however, and no answer from the Marquis had been received. Sir Claude proceeded to the club again, and there he learnt that the Marquis had left town early in the morning for the Continent.

With this intelligence he proceeded to his friend, and found that he had left home early in the day and had not returned. Having no engagement he amused himself in the library, where he had not been long seated, however, when a post chaise which he had heard furiously rattling up the street, stopped at the door, and presently Lord Vernon, pale and agitated, entered the library. He pressed the hand of his friend warmly, but could not speak; his heart was too full.

"The scoundrel is off to France," said Sir Claude.

"I know it," exclaimed Lord Alphonington, "He will never return again."

"What mean you?"

"That I suspected he would seek for safety in flight, and therefore posted a faithful servant at his lodgings, who brought me intelligence of his departure. A post-chaise was speedily

obtained—I followed, and overtook the scoundrel at Canterbury. I horsewhipped him first, and would have torn him to pieces afterwards, had he not done justice to the suffering angel whom he has so foully slandered! Look here!"

And Lord Alphonington produced a written acknowledgment of the infamy of the vindictive fugitive.

The acknowledgment was published in the newspapers, and none knew by whom or how it was obtained, until a light was thrown upon the subject by a communication from the master of the hotel where the scene above described had occurred. A pocket-book had been left behind by Lord Alphonington, but there being no indication of its owner upon it, the hotel-keeper sent it to Lady Emily, who immediately recognized it as her lover's.

Immediately it occurred to her that her lover was still in England, and hovering round her like a guardian angel, and she penned the following letter, and sent it in an envelope to Lord Alphonington's father, with a request to "forward it to his Lordship, whether in India, or elsewhere."

"If Lord Alphonington is in England and has vindicated the fame of her whose affections he had judged too rashly, will he not receive her thanks in person?"

"E. D."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Emily—Dearest Emily," said Lord Vernon Alphonington, as he sat by the side of his beloved, two days after the above note was written, "the joy of this hour more than counter-balances all my sufferings. I could not tear myself from the 'sweet, beloved, and consecrated spot' where you remained; but I determined that your inclinations should not be restrained by any knowledge of my presence. I withdrew myself from society, caused it to be reported that I was in India, yet I have often in disguise been near you, and offered my heart's silent homage at your beauty's shrine. I came forth from my retirement to vindicate your fame. I knew that the traducer could be only he, and I wrung the secret from his guilty heart. And now I am rewarded. I am beloved. I know—I feel that the heart of Emily is mine."

The face of the lady was shadowed by her long dark tresses, and as the lover removed them, he saw the tear-drops falling from her eyes. He suffered the veil of curls to fall again, and a deep stillness succeeded. If there be happiness on earth, then were these lovers happy.

#### S O N G.

I have looked on the stars in the silence of night,  
When their beautiful bosoms were throbbing with light;  
And I thought in those far distant orbs I might see  
A two-fold resemblance to thee, love, and me.

Like thee they are lovely, and gentle, and pure;  
And sweetly unconscious, like thee, they allure:  
But far in the region of angels they shine,  
And we gaze on their glory, and can but repine.

Like me, as they sink to their grave in the west,  
They are lonely, and silent, and vex'd with unrest;  
For my heart, like those orbs, love, is filled with desire,  
With fondness it beats, as they quiver with fire.

THE FREAKS OF FASHION :  
A TALE OF "THE EXCLUSIVES."

The "exclusiveism" of the highest class of the aristocracy has long been a subject of general conversation ; and while it has won the admiration of all who enjoy the advantage of the rigid law, it is much abused by those whom it keeps back and hinders from forming associations which the heart most desires. We are not prepared to follow Lady Blessington in opposing the exclusiveism of the higher circles, although we readily admit that it is sometimes very tyrannical. The late Duchess of St. Alban's occasionally *felt* its existence. All the world knows that the Duchess was originally a stage-player ; that she married Mr. Coutts, the banker ; and thus became possessed of the great wealth which rendered her in the estimation of a young duke worthy of elevation to the peerage. After she became a Duchess, we believe the exclusives gave her no more uneasiness ; but until the Duke of St. Alban's led her to the hymeneal altar, she was frequently annoyed by the rigid rules of the higher-born ladies of the aristocracy—often experiencing the "cut direct" in scenes and circumstances which must have been galling to her in the extreme. It was in 1825, we believe, that she was invited to Abbotsford, by that mighty "wizard of the north," Sir Walter Scott, whose name will never die in any age or country where the sacred fire of literature has blazed.

Kind benefactor of his race !  
The whole world seemed his dwelling place ;  
Where e'er flowed blood of human kind,  
Man did in him a brother find.  
He taught us that the floating air  
Is sweet ; the green earth very fair ;  
That on the mount and on the main,  
That in the forest and the plain,  
Nature's best gifts are richly strewn,  
That peace dwells with the good alone ;  
That man's heart is a holy place,  
And man of an immortal race !

To the "home" of this "enchanter" was the then Mrs. Coutts invited. Sir Walter had visited her in London during the life of the banker, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. The widow was very ostentatious, and travelled with all the pomp and state of an Empress. But although she was considerate enough not to come on Sir Walter with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying to poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts ; her future Lord, the Duke of St. Alban's ; one of his Grace's sisters, a *dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a *Toady*) ; a brace of physicians, for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous ; and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person—she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts, and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, and a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation ; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something of the ostentation

almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity, and merriment ; and we need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying anything that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power, to counteract this influence of the *evil eye*, and something to over-awe it ; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble Dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery, in this mistress of millions. He, soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness) into his armorial-hall adjoining. He then said to her, "I want to speak a word with you, about Mrs. Coutts. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutt's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in a private circle, to practice on her the delicate *manœuvre* called '*tipping the cold shoulder*.' This you agree with me is shabby ; I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing ; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest, Mrs. Coutts, in, this evening, is, to a certain extent a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came ; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful Peeress answered, "I thank you," Sir Walter, "you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good will." One by one the other *exclusives* were engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her Ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train ; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, because he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts, "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts." Mrs. Coutt's brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and as easy as ever she was in her life.

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower ; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves ; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised, as they must be, in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are, perhaps, as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

WOMEN are too apt to run into extremes in every thing ; and overlook the fact, that neither personal beauty nor drawing-room display are calculated to form permanent attractions, even to the most adoring lover.—The *breakfast-table* in the morning, and *fire-side* in the evening, must be the ultimate touch-stones of connubial comfort ; and this is a maxim which any woman who intends to marry should never lose sight of.





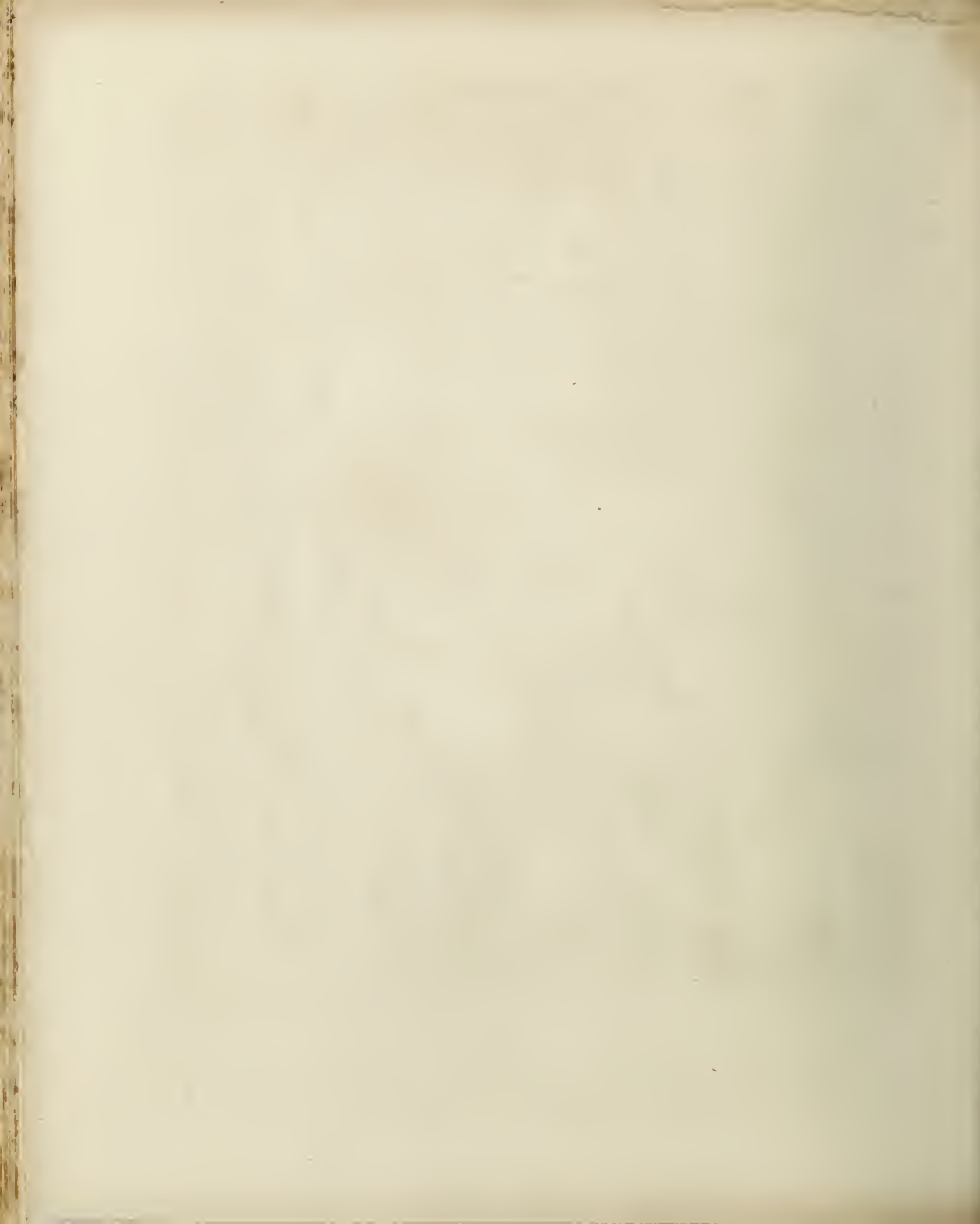
*The Procession of Queen Victoria.*

*to Westminster: Abbey on Thursday June 28<sup>th</sup> 1838.*





*The Coronation of Queen Victoria!*  
in Westminster Abbey on Thursday June 28<sup>th</sup> 1838.



# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURT OF LONDON;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXIII.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1838.

Vol. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A REPRESENTATION OF THE PROCESSION FROM THE PALACE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, EXHIBITING THE CAVALCADE IN ONE OF ITS MOST PICTURESQUE EFFECTS.

PLATE THE SECOND.—A REPRESENTATION OF THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1838.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE COURT.

### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

I saw a pageant!—'Twas a people free,  
And brave, and blest! O, who so blest as they?  
Lords of the land, and rulers of the sea,  
Crowning their monarch whom their isles obey;  
Earth's proudest triumphs hail'd the halcyon day,  
And smiled the Heavens in fair unwonted sheen,  
The bright sun shone with clear and cloudless ray,  
And gentlest shower-drops fell at times between,  
As Heaven itself would weep for joy at such a scene!

In our last month's publication, owing to the circumstance of the great and happy event of the coronation of our young Sovereign taking place at so late a period of the month, we could give little more than the description of the procession and coronation ceremonies: upon the appearance of the youthful Sovereign while engaged in this important and interesting duty, of the manner of the peeresses and spectators, and of the feelings and reflections which the event inspired, we had not time to offer one word of observation; we succeeded in putting our readers in possession of all the particulars of the event itself, and by so doing, we trust that we have elevated ourselves still higher in the good opinion of our country readers in particular, for our account of the procession and ceremonies was not only the earliest that was published, but, also, it was the most complete and correct. We now resume the subject, and, in order that the report of all the particulars of this joyful event may be preserved, and referred to as the most interesting as well as the most ample historical record, we shall describe all the leading incidents of the coronation as they came under our observation. We have already described the crowded galleries (gem-studded as they were with some of the most beautiful faces eyes ever looked upon), that were erected in the line of procession, and the approving plaudits that were showered upon the fair Queen as she was borne onward to the sacred edifice (Westminster

Abbey), where the coronation was appointed to take place. And now, therefore, let us describe the illustrious and noble persons that thronged the Abbey itself. Previously to the arrival of the Queen, the nobility and foreign ambassadors engrossed the attention of the spectators. There were seen, peaceful bishops embracing scarred veterans, aldermen jostling judges, and the orders of the world reversed; a peer rubbing his nose very zealously with his robe as he stood at the end of the nave; paralysis magnificently adorned and supported in by various arms and crutches—the oppressive radiance of the Ladies Shrewsbury and Londonderry; the proposterous appearance of a foreign nobleman, who, covered with fur, and looking as if he had just been sitting to Mr. Waterton for a new nondescript, went dancing up the aisle with a mincing fierceness; the blaze of sun which settled full on the little Lord Mayor, as, with his large Lady Mayoress, he shuffled up the nave; and finally, Lord Rolle, in right, as it were, of his tithe, rolling over as he offered homage, Some sensation was produced by the entrance of the Duke de Nemours, a very tall, thin, fair-haired, well-dressed young man. Anxious and continued whispers of "Which is Soult?" long preceded the appearance of the veteran warrior, who came halting in at last, in the midst of a burst of cheering. He came with memories of his glories round him, and with memories of his old comrades too—the Corsican lieutenant, who had been crowned an emperor—the innkeeper's son, who had flashed forth his little day in the most dazzling glories of kingship—and the sturdy private soldier, whose ambassador was now without the door waiting his turn to enter! Prince Esterhazy, who was literally covered with diamonds, was absolutely detained by several ladies, with whose admiration his Excellency appeared to be perfectly delighted. Some of the peeresses excited a "sensation" by the grace of their movements, the beauty of their persons, and the elegance of their apparel. Among these the Countess of Essex (late Miss Stephens), who had been introduced at the last drawing-room, came up the nave with an unassuming air, half concealing her modest little coronet. Among the foreign female nobility, the Princess Schwartzberg attracted most attention by her loveliness. We were not a little amused at seeing the apparent coolness with which peers and

peers separated from each other to repair to their respective seats, as soon as they reached the theatre, and shall pay a tribute to the conjugal gallantry of the Duke of Richmond, by stating that he was the only one who bethought himself of handing his Duchess to her seat; a fact, chronicled to his honour at the previous coronation.

By the time her Majesty arrived, the Abbey was crowded; the peers were a mass of ermine and senatorial purple, and the splendid costume of the peereses were relieved by diamonds glancing in every direction like fire-flies.

There were the heroes of a hundred fights,  
And lovely women looked on gallant men;  
Warriors of "tented field" and "carpet knights"  
Smiled on bright eyes that sweetly smiled again.

The sounds of the cannon having announced the arrival of her Majesty, every eye was turned towards the nave, along which the procession was to pass. At length the Queen approached—a fairy Queen—holding sovereign power over the whole of her subjects' hearts! The ceremonies then were performed which we last month described. There was no portion of them more interesting than the act of recognition; the earnest manner and solemn tone of the Archbishop when he presented the Queen to the assembled persons, and the beautiful demeanour and gentle looks of the youthful Sovereign formed a most touching and graceful picture. However, the most imposing part was undoubtedly the crowning. No sooner had the diadem pressed the regal brow, than peers and peereses, simultaneously rising, placed their coronets on their heads, the spiritual dignitaries put on their caps, the whole building rang with cheers and cries of "God save the Queen," and salvoes of cannon told to the hundreds of thousands collected without the Abbey, that Victoria I. had assumed that crown, which Heaven grant her long to wear! The scene was proud, thrilling, and magnificent. We must now explain that the greater portion of the Church Service was audible only to those immediately surrounding her Majesty, and that all those parts of the ceremonial which were performed in St. Edward's Chair, or at the altar, could be distinctly seen by these high personages alone, and by those who sat in front of the Commons' Tribune, and of the gallery on either side of it. The peers and peereses being seated in the transepts, were entirely shut out from the sight of the various Oblations and Investitures, and though we enjoyed a full view of the eastern end of the nave where these and other ceremonies were performed, the crowd of Supporters, Prelates, Great Officers of the Crown, and trainbearers round the Queen, hindered us from catching any more than an occasional momentary glimpse of what was going on. What we most coveted to see and hear was the oath; the solemn vow of the Sovereign before the "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Yet to those immediately around who could hear, the interest must almost have amounted to pain. The act must have been trying, and full of sacred awe to the young and pure being thus brought to the footstool of the Eternal Throne; for the mere knowledge that the compact betwixt Sovereign and people was being registered, though only conscious that such was the fact from the formulary, communicated a subdued and chastened feeling to all. We saw her take the pen to sign, but, beyond this, the act was a blank.

The part of the ceremony most fatiguing to her Majesty was, perhaps, the Homage, although it has been much abridged. The interesting circumstance of her Majesty rising from her throne and extending her hand towards Lord Rolle, who had stumbled and fallen on the steps, has been described in the newspapers,

and the reader may form a good idea of the sensation that was produced. The Queen was evidently undecided for a moment, all doubts of infringing etiquette gave way before the gracious feeling of youth, and, rising from her chair, she advanced with extended hand to meet the aged nobleman, and immediately a sudden burst of *rivats* was ringing round us, and we knew that one prayer was in the hearts of all—"God bless her!"

We have now to notice a most amusing occurrence, which seems to have quite escaped the notice of the reporters for the daily papers. During the ceremony of the homage, Lord Surrey, the Treasurer of the Household, flung about the coronation medals, (which, *en passant*, are very mediocre productions), that is to say, when he was able so to do. He had two clear throws before those on the ground floor were well aware of the matter. Two capital handsfull had been thrown to the corner of one of the lower choir galleries, but his fate was then sealed. No gentleman was ever more completely hstled by the swell mob, than Lord Surrey by Peers, Generals, Privy Councillors, Gold Sticks, Pages—*et hoc genus omne*. He fought like a man, and they worried him and each other like a pack of hungry dogs. He managed to throw some half dozen among the Maids of Honour, and a few handsfull elsewhere, but, in general, he could not raise his hands to throw at all. He tugged to get the bag from invading hands, and they tugged to dive into its contents. Half a dozen would be on the ground at once, some tripped up and others down at it, scrambling—all for money, not love. The poor Treasurer puffed, and blew, and entreated, and grew red in the face, and was shoved about as if he were "Xenocrates, or the man with the marble legs;" but so long as medals were to be had, even his Lordship's personal friends seemed to care little about his feelings, or to take it for granted that he had none. This unseemly hubbub all passed immediately behind the throne so that the Queen could not be said to have cognizance of it, and lasted about ten minutes. Fancying they had then got all out of him, his tormentors left him to himself, when he very gallantly stepped up to the Ladies in Waiting on her Majesty, and presented each a medal.

This reminds us of a bevy of beauty! The Ladies in Waiting were eight in number, each dressed in what we should call silver muslin, but which may be silver *lama*, or lutestring, or *tulle*, or any other mysterious fabric, and each wearing a wreath of pink roses. The Maids of Honour, eight in number likewise, and who sat in front of that same bewitching box, were attired in simple muslin—the most delightful dress of all in our eyes—and wore each in her braided hair a coronal of white roses. The remaining eight of this galaxy, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, wore light blue robes over muslin, feathers, and diamonds. A more lovely sight than the twenty-four, each matching each, could not gladden mortal.

One of the prettiest effects, to use the painter's term, in the ceremony, was produced by the Inthronization, or induction of the Queen into the throne; the ecclesiastical dignitaries and state officers marshalled in due degree, and the fair trainbearers grouped behind the chair.

And now, of her, for whom this pride and pomp of circumstance was called into action, and from whom the magnificent army derived all its interest that reached the heart. On her entrance, the Queen looked rather pale, but she moved along the choir and across the theatre to her chair near the altar with composed gait, and, need we add, with gracious demeanour. A bright suffusion—the colouring of the rose—stole over her face during the recognition, which, as the ceremony proceeded, increased to a flush, that told plainly of the heat and fatigue that

she was undergoing; but after the Crowning, this gave place to extreme palor. She was evidently distressed by the weight of her robes and of the crown; but went through every detail of the multifarious formulæ with undeviating grace and self-possession. Her own attire, the various regal robes apart, was blonde lace over white satin; her sole ornaments the golden circlet, as it is termed, which is, in fact, a diamond tiara, a necklace of brilliants, and, beyond all the Orient can produce, the loveliness, purity, and innocence of her own sweet looks and manner. Real ornaments these, partly native to her youth and sex, but, in her, borrowing the fulness of beauty from a spotless and ingenious mind.

Many parts of the ceremony seemed to fix and absorb her Majesty's attention, but it was most of all rivetted during the Sermon.

The Rev. Prelate spoke of the solemn covenant taken that day as a mutual compact, between Sovereign and people, of joint allegiance to God, from whom all regal authority is immediately derived. Whatever the course of Government, there is one duty imperative on all, the acknowledgment of His supremacy by obedience to that temporal power which emanates from, and is sanctified by Him; but this is a double duty, for the Monarch is equally called upon to show his obedience to the Divine giver of his power by governing well. If the subject is required implicitly to obey, the Sovereign should remember that he too has to make a practical acknowledgment of obedience to the Almighty, by keeping his statutes, by doing justice, stopping the growth of iniquity, and protecting the Church of God. He reminded her Majesty that the dazzling height to which she was raised was likewise a fearful one, for it might cause forgetfulness of the "essential equality" of high and low when summoned by the Eternal Judge. Her duty was to seek the promotion of good by example rather than precept, and the snares which beset her high station demanded vigilance from her. If much was given, much was required, for Monarchs were bounden to live not for themselves but for others. The preacher then disclaiming the language of flattery either towards the dead or the living, as unbefitting the minister of God, paid a dignified tribute of respect to the memory of her predecessor, as suggested both by the circumstances of the day, and as justified by the honest and upright intentions which characterised the conduct of one, whose early education but ill prepared him for the duties he was called upon to fill. He then made an affecting transition to the more favourable opportunities enjoyed by the present Sovereign, called to the Throne in the fulness and freshness of youthful hope and feeling; and besought her so to live with the prospect of years before her, as if they were contracted to that narrow span which forces thoughts of eternity. He conjured her to consider that religion was the only sure foundation of all good government; and the upholding of the true Church and true faith the only means of ensuring a nation's abiding loyalty and love. The Right Rev. Prelate then alluded to the glories of Elizabeth's reign, not those that sprung from arts or arms, but those more lasting ones proceeding from internal improvement, from the purification of the Temple, the diffusion of Christian knowledge, and the peaceful blessings of the land. A heartfelt prayer followed, that similar glories might signalise her reign, and the preacher wound up his peroration by repeating the words of the text.

The sermon could be distinctly heard, we should imagine, in every quarter of the pile. Each word carried weight and authority with it, and all was hushed attention. The earnest manner in which her Majesty listened was inexpressibly touching;

at the allusion to her predecessor she bowed her head on her hand as if to check a falling tear; and when the Bishop uttered his concluding petition, one universal prayer was put up by the thousands there, and we close this account with again breathing the fervent wish—that the reign of Victoria may exceed in solid glory, true happiness, length of years, and fulness of honours, that of our most honoured Monarchs whose names now belong to history.

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The sceptre in a maiden hand,  
The reign of beauty and of youth,  
Awake to gladness all the land,  
And love is loyalty and truth!  
Rule Victoria! Rule the Free,  
Hearts and hands we offer thee!

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Having completed our account of the coronation, we proceed to notice the other occasions, in which our young and gracious Sovereign has been seen among her rejoicing people. The gaieties of the court have been upon a scale of unparalleled magnificence, every family of distinction having given splendid entertainments in honour of Her Majesty's coronation, at which entertainments all the eminent foreigners now in London, and also the *élite* of British rank and fashion have appeared. We must first describe the grand state ball given at Buckingham Palace, at the commencement of the month, which was a gorgeous affair. For two hours and a half the carriages kept pouring into the park, and this gave to the centre of the fashionable world an appearance scarcely less animated than that it had on the night of the coronation; for although in artificial fireworks there is a magnificence, perhaps, by which it would be difficult to find any two eyes in the world characterized, yet still what with eyes, and smiles, and jewels, and music, our night was turned into day. The ball was opened at eleven o'clock, his Royal Highness the Duke de Nemours having the honour of her Majesty's hand. Nothing could be more graceful than her Majesty's dancing, characterized as it was by all the modesty and self-possession of the lady, and all the chasteness and elegance of a refined and delicate mind. The Duke appeared careful of nothing but paying the most deferential and cavalier-like homage to his illustrious partner; thus exhibiting that feeling which should always be discovered in the dance by the gentleman. Prince George of Cambridge, who had for his partner, in the first dance, her Serene Highness the Princess of Hohenloe, appeared singularly inspired with the cheerfulness of the occasion, and danced with great spirit as well as elegance. The dancing of the beautiful Lady Wilhelmina, daughter of the Earl of Stanhope, in this quadrille, excited great admiration, as did that also of the not less lovely Lady Georgiana Campbell, the daughter of the Earl of Cawdor. The profusion of flowers which were hung in various parts of the halls and chambers had a particularly charming effect.

Her Majesty danced throughout the evening. After supper there was a Scotch reel, but in which her Majesty had for her partner the Prince of Leiningen. Her Majesty was attired in a blue satin dress, covered with a white blonde. On the left arm her Majesty wore the insignia of the Order of the Garter, also the star in brilliants. Head-dress of white roses, in the centre of a cluster of diamonds; diamond drop ear-rings. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent wore a white satin costume de Cour, with head-dress of diamonds. The Duchess of Gloucester wore a blue satin costume dress, covered with blonde; head-dress of diamonds and blue ostrich feathers;

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a rich white satin dress ; head-dress of diamonds. The Princess Augusta of Cambridge wore a splendid silver lama dress, ornamented with jewels ; head dress of maiden blush roses and jewels. The whole of the elder female nobility, with very few exceptions, wore magnificent plumes of ostrich and appello feathers. The youthful ladies appeared with wreaths of white or maiden blush roses, and very few jewels.

There have been two more state balls during the month, of the same splendid character as the above.

The next event of importance in the proceedings of her Majesty during the month was the review of the troops in Hyde Park, a most inspiring scene. The park was thronged, the nobility and gentry in carriages and on horseback, and the humbler classes on foot, or mounted on temporary platforms. Her Majesty drove into the park in an open carriage, accompanied by her illustrious parent, and attended by the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle. It was her Majesty's intention to have appeared on horseback, being so good an equestrian as to leave no apprehensions ; but she was dissuaded from it by the advice of her physician, Sir James Clarke, on account of the heat of the weather, and her Majesty having felt much pain in her right foot since the ball. Her Majesty was attired in white silk, with a beautiful pelerine of Brussels lace, and a white chip bonnet and plume of feathers. The Blue Ribbon and Star of the Garter sparkled on her breast. Her Majesty was obliged to wear on her right foot an invalid slipper of the softest quilted silk ; but in whatever *chassure* her Majesty appears, the beauty of her feet is admitted to be unrivalled. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, and enjoyed the novelty of reviewing her gallant troops for the first time. It was remarked that when the roar of artillery commenced, the Queen at first, in a sportive mood, raised her hands to her ears, as if annoyed by the reports of the guns ; but as the firing proceeded her Majesty's countenance assumed a high degree of animation. Our lovely young Queen never looked more interesting.

Her Majesty has stood sponsor in person for the infant daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland at the grand christening at Stafford House. There was an assemblage of distinguished personages round the font, which was of massive silver, and was placed in the south-west drawing room. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York, her Majesty naming the child "Victoria." The Queen remained for two hours on this interesting occasion at Stafford House.

Her Majesty has also stood sponsor (by proxy) for the infant son of Colonel and Lady Catherine Buckley, who has been christened at St. James's church by the name of Victor, he being the first male child that her Majesty has given her august name to. The Countess Delawarr was ordered to represent her Majesty at this interesting ceremony. Viscount Folkestone and Earl Delawarr stood as godfathers.

The grand ball at Gloucester House was a brilliant affair. The two drawing rooms, on the west side of the house, were appropriated for dancing, the larger of the two, fronting Piccadilly, was the principal room ; on each side of it was an elevated platform, richly carpeted, in the middle of which was a throne of crimson velvet, richly carved and gilt, which the Queen occupied between the dances. At each side of the throne, on the platform, were chairs of white and gold, for the Royal family and Foreign Princes ; and on either side of the platform were seats for the Ambassadors and their ladies. Behind the throne was an immense looking-glass, extending to the whole height of the room ; and opposite to it, over the mantel-piece,

was another glass of large proportions ; both glasses thus reflecting a large cut-glass chandelier suspended between them from the middle of the room. Full-length portraits of George the Third (in the Windsor uniform) and Queen Charlotte were hung on one side of the room, and opposite to them portraits of George the Fourth and William the Fourth, in the Robes of the Garter. This room is of handsome proportions, and was brilliantly illuminated with a number of branches with wax lights. The draperies were of crimson and gold. The lower suite of drawing-rooms were fitted up with ottomans, sofas, and settees, of dark crimson and gold, in alternate stripes, with gold fringe and draperies to correspond. The whole of the windows of the State-rooms fronting the Green Park were taken out, and the company were enabled to pass from each suite into a Conservatory, which extended the whole width and front of the mansion, and which was erected for this occasion. The background was composed of canvass, striped with red, suspended from above the upper suite of rooms down to the bottom. It was lined with white drapery.

Another grand ball in honour of her Majesty's coronation has been given by a member of her Majesty's illustrious family, at which the fair star of our isle was present. The ball was given at Cambridge House, by the illustrious Duke and Duchess. The suite of state rooms on the first floor were all opened on the occasion, and were fitted up in the most elegant and tasteful style. The ball-room is on the north side of the mansion ; a temporary orchestra was erected here for the quadrille band ; and fronting the orchestra, at the other end of the room, was the platform for the Royal Family, with seats of crimson satin and gold. From the middle of the ceiling was suspended a very splendid chandelier of the largest size ; branches with wax-lights were also placed at the sides of the room. At the east side was the portraits of George the Fourth, in his Robes of the Garter, between a full-length portrait of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, by Raichmann, and a portrait (also a full-length) of the King of Prussia, painted by Kruger. Communicating with the ball-room is the boudoir, a small but very elegant apartment ; the roof is arched and divided into compartments ; the panels and all the mouldings are richly carved and gilt : this room is fitted up with blue and gold furniture. A small gold statue of George the Third in his Coronation Robes—a statue of George the Fourth—miniatures and medallions of Queen Charlotte and the late Duke of York, and the other members of the Royal Family, were among the objects of curiosity and interest with which the tables in this room were covered. One table was appropriated to a very beautiful toilette service of silver gilt. An ante-room, adjoining the west drawing room, completes the suite of state-rooms ; the whole of them were adorned with cornices, richly carved and gilt, and were very brilliantly illuminated with cut-glass chandeliers, lustres, candelabra, and branches ; while in all the recesses, and also at the bottom of the grand staircase, and in the entrance-hall, were every variety of flowers and plants. Her Majesty joined in the dance with her wonted animation, and delighted every person present by the easy grace and dignity of her manner.

There have been several grand dinner parties at the Palace, and her Majesty has held two levees in the course of the month. It was thought that there would be a drawing-room, but expectation on this subject was disappointed.

Her Majesty is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and long may she so continue. The other members of the Royal Family are also in good health.

## GOSSIP AND GAITIES OF HIGH LIFE.

The entertainments of the nobility have been so numerous that we cannot possibly describe them in the way their merits deserve. At the *fête* at Salisbury House, the Countesses of Jersey and Brownlow were particularly conspicuous for the profusion and splendour of their parures of brilliants. The Marchioness of Londonderry wore a head-dress of peculiar taste, consisting of a wreath of wheat ears, composed of transparent diamonds of the purest water, interspersed with small poppies and other delicate *fleurs de blé*. In the course of the evening the youthful and accomplished daughters of the noble host and hostess, the Ladies Mildred and Blanche Cecil were introduced to the distinguished visitors, and created a great deal of interest.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry gave a *series* of entertainments on the day of the review at Holderness-house, in Park Lane. The first was an elegant *déjeuner à la fourchette*, immediately after the review, to which the company, the gentlemen in full uniform, and the ladies in superb morning costume, began to arrive at two o'clock, as soon as her Majesty and suite had left the ground, and continued to pour in until four. In the evening there was a select dinner party, and after that a grand assembly was held, when the noble suite of saloons, seven in number, were brilliantly lighted up, and thrown open to the visitants. There were present nearly five hundred fashionables, including the veteran Marshal Soult and most of the Ambassadors Extraordinary. Lady Londonderry has had one or two grand parties since.

Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh has given a very delightful *fête champêtre* at Montague House. The weather was propitious, and the display on the lawn and terrace was beautiful. The visitants began to assemble at half-past three, and continued to arrive till five. After passing through the four superb saloons, the library, and banquetting-hall, they entered the magnificent room tent, communicating with the state apartments, and thence to the lawn. At four o'clock there was a regatta for a purse of sixty sovereigns, given by the Noble Duke, to be rowed for by watermen on the river. The water was covered with boats of every description.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have given a grand *fête* at their beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. A great number of the Nobility came in carriages and four, with outriders. The whole of the Foreign Ambassadors Extraordinary came with postillions. The grounds belonging to the above delightful residence are so well known to our fashionable readers that a description would become tedious. We can only say that they never appeared to greater advantage than on this occasion, for the weather was most propitious. The *déjeuner à la fourchette* was of a most *recherché* description, and consisted of every delicacy procureable, and the choicest wines were in abundance. The company promenaded in the *parterres* and pleasing walks with which these richly cultivated grounds abound. In a marquee of a large size, placed on the lawn in front of the house, facing the Thames, the fine band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blue) played in excellent style selections from *Malck Adel*, *Les Huguenots*, *Furiani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, &c. At ten o'clock there was a grand display of fireworks on the lawn. A quadrille band then took the place of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, and dancing immediately commenced.

We find it impossible to describe the whole of the entertainments given in honour of the coronation, and we can, therefore, only briefly state that among the festivities of this happy occa-

sion, the following members of fashion's world have distinguished themselves by the splendour of their entertainments:—Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Cadogan, the Foreign Ambassador's, &c.

## THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH LADY.

(By Lady Emmeline Wortley.)

We will sing you a very perfect song, made by a perfect pate,  
Of a fine Young English Lady fair, whose face is her estate,  
Whose features are her fortunes all—Oh! how lucky 'twas that fate

Made this face to be well favoured, so that none could underrate  
This fine Young English Lady fair, one of the present time.

She's made of the vanities in vogue—veils, velvets, vinaigrettes,  
Flounces, feathers, fans, flowers, furbelows, ribands, reticules,  
rosettes,  
Sarcenets, satins, poplins, palmyreens, gauzes, crapes, blonds,  
silks, and nets,  
And her tables strewn with billets doux, cards, knick-knacks,  
alunettes,

This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.,

Behold her when she first sweeps forth, crowned with all her  
conquering charms,

With, perhaps, a choice curl on her cheek, and a pet dog in her  
arms,

With pretty sentences by scores, and with playful smiles by swarms;  
If the nonsense which she talks disgusts, why the smile your  
wrath disarms,

Of this fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

She can ride like any Amazon, like Bohemian trampers walk,  
She can draw in sepia, crayons, ink, oil, water-colours, chalk,  
In the talkee-talkee lingua versed—Oh! ye gods, how she can talk;  
Nay, all tongues, from the Ethiope's lisping prate, to the growl  
of the Mohawk!—

This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

To the opera and French play so gay, our fair young lady goes,  
And then to some late ball, where she may meet with those she  
knoes;

With her one thousand friends, she there exchanges nods and bows,  
While tires her sleepy chaperon quite, who sighs for some repose—

This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

In her opera box enshrined, but seldom turns she to the stage,  
Though the Grisi and Persiani there, the warblers of the age,  
Sing sweetly to that prisoned bird in her very narrow cage,  
For a delicate flirtation 'tis doth daintily engage.

The fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

Then a fine Young English Gentleman, who drives, hunts, fishes,  
skaites,

To our fine Young English Lady fair he with pleasing small-  
talk prates;

But he praises much her cousin's charms, and his approbation  
states

Of Miss Harriet's air, and mien, and face—and oh! how the  
avowal grates

On our fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

What a dolt and blockhead must he be who does not fully know,  
That his suit could never prosper thus—what a witless, brain-  
less bean!

Oh! there's nothing that they hate, and loathe, and abominate  
below,

Like other fine Young Ladies fair with equal charms I row,  
These fine Young English Ladies fair, those of the present time

"Another and another still succeeds!" We have now to notice a splendid entertainment given by the Marchioness of Westminster, at Grosvenor House. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the noble apartments as fitted up for the occasion. The whole suite of splendid saloons were illuminated by magnificent chandeliers and side lights; the ground in the rear of the mansion was also illuminated very tastefully by a profusion of variegated lamps. The band of the Coldstream Guards were stationed on the lawn, and performed throughout the evening a variety of the most favourite compositions, and concluded at two o'clock the following morning with "God save the Queen."

AN INTERESTING REPORT.—It is whispered that the coronation will long be remembered with particularly happy feelings by two distinguished individuals at least. Some time ago a projected union between the heir of an ancient barony and the lovely daughter of a northern earl was said to be off "by mutual consent." Whether the bright eyes of the beauty appeared brighter than ever upon this occasion, or the "faithless knight's" heart was moved to penitence by the solemnity of the scene, we cannot pretend to say; but it is certain that the gentleman's eyes were fixed upon one of the Queen's subjects almost the whole of the time of the coronation, and now—the wedding dresses are being made!

Not less than three of the Maids of Honour, it is said, are about to desert the service of their young Queen for the silken bonds of matrimony. The happy men are to be envied; and the only difficulty, we should imagine, amongst them, would be one of choice. *Apropos*, this rumour having been mentioned at Lady Londonderry's the other night, the Duke of B— enquired if it was known who the fortunate gentlemen were? "Oh!" replied the witty Duchess of S—, "The Grooms in *Waiting* to be sure."

THE SULTAN'S LETTER OF CONGRATULATION.—A subject which has excited no inconsiderable talk in the Court circles is the "Letter of felicitation" forwarded by the Sultan to her Majesty on the occasion of her coronation. It is a remarkable document in its form and substance—it is represented to us as being about thirty-six inches in length, and between three and four inches broad; the penmanship is very careful and elegant, bearing in the margin the signature of the Sultan, with all the titles of the very high and puissant Seigneur, which from time immemorial have appertained to the principal representative of the Ottoman Court. The paper is a very fine manufacture, approaching to vellum in appearance. This letter was put in an envelope, and sealed with the armorial bearings of the Sultan, and the whole enclosed in a crimson cloth *sachet* or bag, somewhat resembling a lady's small reticule. It is richly embroidered in gold and a tassel and string of peculiar beauty of manufacture completes this unique *billet-doux*.

### THE DRAMA.

#### A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The admirers of MOZART have little cause to complain this season that ample justice has not been done to the operas of the immortal composer; *Don Giovanni* and the *Nozzi di Figaro* have been performed more frequently than during any previous season, and with all the

advantages the management could give them, the houses, when the above operas have been played, were crowded to overflowing. COSTA's opera of *Malek Adel* has also been revived, and with all the splendour and magnificent decorations that characterized it last season; we must confess to liking this opera, the instrumentation and the resources of the orchestra are displayed to so much advantage; the music throughout is of a highly pleasing character, and RUBINI's beautiful *aria* in the last act is quite the *morceau* of the opera. Her Majesty was understood to have commanded the revival.

A new *divertissement* by GUERRA, entitled *L'amour vengé*, has been produced, and is intended to display the talents of the ELLSLERS; it is a light tasty affair enough, though by no means short; in *divertissements* we are not much accustomed to look for plots, and the present one is not very complicated. *L'amour* is discovered sleeping by some damsels, and bound to a tree by wreaths of roses; an Adonis, in the person of Signor GUERRA, discovers the prisoner and releases him, and *Love* in revenge lances his shaft into the heart of FANNY ELLSLER, and the piece concludes with some of her most favourite *pas de deux* and *trois*; we have seldom seen FANNY ELLSLER to so much advantage as in this piece; she has a great deal to do; and, whether in her acting or her dancing, was alike graceful and elegant, astonishing and delighting the spectators by her wonderful *tours* and sylphlike bounds; if applause be grateful to an *artiste*, she must, indeed, have had cause to be gratified. TERESA ELLSLER and GUERRA with BELLON contributed much to the success of the *divertissement*, and came in for a due share of approbation.

BALFE's opera of *Falstaff* has been produced with a success that must have been highly gratifying to the composer; the *libretto* is the production of Signor MAGGIONI, and is founded on SHAKSPEARE play of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the principal incidents of which it embraces; the opera was thus cast—GRISI, *Mrs. Ford*; ANNE PAGE, ALBERTAZZI; *Mrs. Page*, CAREMOLI; *Ford*, TAMBURINI; *Mr. Page*, MORELLI; *Fenton*, RUBINI; and *Glorious John*, LABLACHE. All the performers seemed to enter with much spirit into their parts, particularly LABLACHE, who had evidently taken a fancy for the character of *Falstaff*, and by his interpolations of French and English, created no small amusement to the audience; he dressed and looked the character extremely well, added somewhat to his already ample form, and could the words of SHAKSPEARE be rendered "in choice Italian" *Falstaff* would have one of the best representatives it has had for many years.

BALFE has not the reputation of a very original composer, albeit he is a very good musician; his principal success lies in harmonies and his instrumentation, in which he is generally very happy; but too frequently, instead of relying upon the sources of his imagination, he relies upon his memory, and hence his new operas rarely have that air of freshness about them that we are accustomed to look for in such productions; there are notwithstanding some very pretty and attractive *morceaux* interspersed throughout, and Mr. BALFE has put together a very pleasing opera, though it presents nothing that is remarkably striking on the score of originality. GRISI's opening *aria*, if we omit the introduction, is written with much taste, and suits her voice admirably; it was loudly encored; the succeeding *trios* in the same act, sang by ALBERTAZZI, GRISI, and CAREMOLI, was twice encored; BALFE has been very successful in this *trio*, its principal beauty lying in the masterly manner in which it has been harmonized, and the precision with which



it was sung by the *artistes*, it is by far the best thing of the opera. The *finale* to the first act is also well worked out, the scoring for the *solo* and the chorusses being written with much freedom and vigour; the opening chorus of the second act is also a spirited composition, and the introduction to an *aria* by RUBINI, in which he displays all the peculiarities of his style and remarkable facility of execution was loudly encored; there is also a *scena* by ALBERTAZZI, that was received with much applause, and has more of originality about it than the greater portion of the opera.

The opera has been produced with all the advantages the manager could give to insure its success; the scenery is all new and the same may be said of the dresses. The chorusses went very well for a first representation, and we have no doubt the whole opera will work extremely well together, and wind up the season in a manner satisfactory both to the public and the director, since it is an opera that every one will be anxious to see and judge of for themselves.

At the Haymarket, the greatest attractions at the beginning of the month were the united performances of Madame VESTRIS, CHARLES MATHEWS, and Mr. POWER, (three of the most popular of modern *artistes*) previous to their departure for America. The house was crowded every night they performed. WEBSTER is certainly one of the cleverest and most enterprising of managers; he is always on the look out for novelty, and he takes care that his novelties shall be of the best kind. After the departure of the three great "stars" we have named, CELESTE (whose pantomime is full of poetry) and HILL, the American comedian, one of the drollest of actors, were engaged to fill up the interval between that and the period of Mr. MACREADY'S arrival.

A new farce was produced, under the title of *New Notions*, for the purpose of introducing the American comedian in a new character. We admire the abilities of Mr. HILL, and were much amused by his acting in this piece, although the plot (or rather incidents, for of plot there is little or none) and language are of a wildly extravagant character. The leading personage (sustained by Mr. HILL) is an American adventurer, *Major Wheeler*, a "cosmopolite," as he calls himself, which may be translated "a jack of all trades;" and in his eccentricities many of the peculiarities of the American character are displayed. One of his "new notions" is a patent for a flute upon a novel construction, into which a person may blow a variety of tunes, and wax them up, to be let loose at pleasure! The audience enjoyed the jokes (of which the one just described is a fair sample), highly, and the piece was quite successful.

On the same night CELESTE took her farewell of the English stage. She made a very pleasing speech to the audience, in which she expressed in the strongest terms the gratitude she felt for their kind reception, and ended, as she said, with the words of her native country, "*Je n'oublierai pas.*" She has been a great favourite at this house, and made her courtesy amid loud acclamations.

On the 23d Mr. MACREADY and Miss TAYLOR commenced their engagements, when BEN JONSON'S fine old comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* was revived, and with great success. The getting up of this piece reflects great credit upon the liberality of Mr. WEBSTER; and in the acting nothing was left to be desired. Mr. MACREADY and Miss TAYLOR personated the two leading parts, *Kitely* and *Dame Kitely*, admirably well; and they were efficiently supported by all the performers engaged in the piece.

The English Opera company have commenced their perform-

ances for the season, and we highly admire the earnest *con amore* style in which they are conducted; from the money-takers to the first singer, all appear to pull together, and to be determined to leave no means untried of making the speculation pleasant to the public and profitable to themselves. We dislike the cold, and, indeed, cruel manner in which the company have been treated by one or two of the morning papers, the writers in which seem to think that operas are to be written with steam-engine-like rapidity, and that the English Opera company had only to call for a real bran-span "new and entirely original work" — from the brain of BARNETT, ROOKE, or BISHOP, and to have their demands supplied. Certainly, if M. DUPOTER'S doctrine be true, and the singers have only to put themselves *en rapport* with some distinguished musician, to become acquainted with all his original ideas, and acquire a perfect knowledge of the music of their several characters, there is no excuse for the production of MARSCHNER'S *Falkner's Brat*: but our contemporaries, who desire new operas in a minute, should be so kind as to state the manner in which they would wish them to be produced. We are given to understand that the company are conducting their business solely upon their own account; and if this be true, they are much to be commended for their exertions, for *Rob of the Fen* has been produced in a very spirited and excellent style, and though the story is "queer," it is quite as intelligible and probable as the story of those modern BUNN-produced things, which have been described as "interesting," "touching," and "effective," by the very "critics" who find fault with this, solely, as it appears to us, because there is no probability of their being rewarded for their praises, by suppers on the stage, or otherwise. We like *Rob of the Fen* better than any opera that has been produced for a long time on the English stage; and although Mr. F. ROMER has been honest enough to give to MARSCHNER the credit of the composition, we are persuaded that he might take the credit to himself with as much propriety as some of his contemporaries have taken to themselves the credit of various operas which they have given to the English public: so that all the fine indignation of the daily theatrical reporters is expressed, because Mr. ROMER is too honest to claim the merit which belongs to a foreign musician. *The Falconer's Bride* has been so much altered by Mr. ROMER that it may be said to have assumed quite a different character; he has done his work excellently well, and deserves praise for it.

The characters in the new opera are all well supported. Miss RAINFORTH, Miss POOLE, Mrs. E. SEGUIN, and Messrs. FRAZER and E. SEGUIN are heard to great advantage.

A novelty has been produced in the shape of a "dramatic sketch," called *The Queen's Command*, in which a Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, a descendant of the great poet, has made his *débüt* before a London audience. The piece is very sketchy, but interesting, nevertheless; it is founded upon an incident in the life of the great poet, who is represented by his namesake and descendant with very good effect; his personal resemblance to the portraits of the former being striking. He is a clever and talented man; and will, doubtless, by and by, be an ornament to the London stage: he has much to learn in the way of modifying his voice, and much to unlearn in the way of provincialisms and errors of study, but he appears to be a sensible man, and therefore will see the propriety of attending to suggestions which are made in a perfect spirit of friendship, and with the best wishes for his success.

The performances at the Strand Theatre have been of a highly attractive character.

## NOTES ON MUSIC.

*Les filles de l'air*; PILATI: Boosey.—These are six charming waltzes from the popular piece of the same name, arranged for the pianoforte by the composer; they are throughout brilliant, showy, and arranged with considerable knowledge of effect; and we can with safety pronounce them as the best things Pilati has yet composed, and have no hesitation in saying they are certain to be popular.

*Valse du pas de Trois*; PILATI: Boosey.

*Grande Valse à la Suisse*; PILATI: Boosey.—Both the above are by the same composer, and arranged from the ballet of *Le Chalet*; they are light, written with much taste, and form truly agreeable *souvenirs* of the opera; they are also admirably adapted for dancing, as the time is excellently marked—an advantage not always to be found with waltzes arranged for the pianoforte.

*Le bon Garçon*; STRAUSS: Boosey.—These are a set of quadrilles by the celebrated waltz composer, and display, in an eminent degree, those peculiarities of composition for which he is so remarkable; they appear to us much better arranged for the pianoforte than any other of his compositions that we have seen. Like his waltzes, the movements are worked out in the most spirited and original manner, and are entirely free from the general common-place character of quadrilles.

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MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

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"——— A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many gems  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature thee,  
To put forth blossoms in their fullest season;  
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While one that fades, as summer's flush of bloom,  
Succeeds the gentle bidding of the spring."

It is with much pleasure that we record in our pages the following happy marriages that have recently occurred in the fashionable world. The Lady SELINA CONSTANTIA BAWDON CAMPBELL HASTINGS, to CHARLES HENRY, Esq., nephew to the Duke of LEINSTER. The Marchioness of HASTINGS, Countess LOUDOUN, gave away the fair and lovely bride, her daughter, surrounded by six handsome bridesmaids, all dressed most elegantly and alike, in dresses of blush-coloured pink, and *couronnes* with knots of the same colour on their heads. The happy pair set off after the ceremony for Bonnington, Falls of Clyde. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Major JOHNSTONE, of the 42d Royal Highlanders, to FRANCES ELEANOR, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Sir FRANCIS HOPKINS, of Rochfort, county Meath. The Duchess of CANNIZZARO gave a sumptuous breakfast, in Hanover Square, on the occasion. At Lee, THOMAS OAK, Esq., of Greenwich, to Miss LE CREN, of Lee, Kent. At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. WILLIAM CASAUBON PURDON, Vicar of Laxley, Warwickshire, to AUGUSTA LOUISA TAVEL, only child of the late Rev. G. F. TAVEL and of Lady AUGUSTA TAVEL. The Right Hon. FREDERICK JOHN WILLIAM, Earl of CAVAN, to the Hon. CAROLINE LITTLETON, daughter of Lord HATHERTON.

We have to record the deaths of His Grace the Duke of LEEDS, and of Lady HAY.

There are several rumours in fashionable circles of approaching marriages. The union of the Hon. Capt. HOOD and Lady MARY HILL, the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of DOWNSHIRE, will be solemnised the first week in August. A marriage is on the  *tapis*  between the Hon. C. F. PONSONBY, eldest son of the newly-created Baron de MAULEY, and the Hon. Miss PONSONBY, daughter of Viscount DUNCANNON, and sister to the Countess of KERRY. A marriage is said to be in contemplation between the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Lord THOMAS CECIL, only brother to the Marquess of EXETER, and Lady SOPHIA LENNOX, sister to the Duke of RICHMOND. The rumoured marriage of Lord MILTON with Lady FRANCES DOUGLAS, eldest daughter of the Earl of MORTON, will connect the family of LASCELLES with the house of WENTWORTH, the Earl of HAREWOOD being uncle to the Earl of MORTON, and Lady F. DOUGLAS consequently being Lord HAREWOOD's grand-niece. By the marriage of the Hon W. LASCELLES, third son of the Earl of HAREWOOD, with Lady CAROLINE, eldest daughter of the Earl of CARLISLE, the families of HOWARD and LASCELLES are already connected by marriage. The Earl of MORTON is one of the representative Peers of Scotland. Lady FRANCES, his Lordship's eldest daughter, was born in September, 1819, and is consequently in her 19th year. Lord MILTON will be 23 years of age in October next.

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OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

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*Animal Magnetism* is a very amusing story, and it shall certainly appear in our next.

We are happy to avail ourselves of the poetical favours of our Leicestershire correspondent.

There is neither rhyme nor reason in *The Ball Room Story* of Sydney T———.

We misunderstood the purport of *Nemo's* first letter; his second has set us right.

*Lavinia* is really angry without cause; had we received her communication, it would most certainly have been acknowledged; for whatever our opinion may be respecting the merits of a lady's favour, we are always mindful of the good feeling which suggested the offering, and are not so ungallant as to treat it with disrespect.

R. V. R.—It is possible that Lord Castlereagh may have contributed articles to "The World of Fashion," but if so, they have been sent anonymously.

Under consideration:—*A Tale of Five Hours*; *Joyeuse*; *Rosalie Somers*; *M.*; and *Vavasour*.

F. C.—The article upon "Art" is scarcely adapted for our pages. We perfectly agree with the writer, however, with regard to the merits of by-gone artists. Caroline Watson was a great favourite of Queen Charlotte's, and she well deserved the patronage of royalty, for her engravings are exquisitely beautiful, and are to be found hung up in the boudoirs or enshrined in the portfolios of almost every individual of taste. For purity, grace, and depth of feeling, this artist is unrivalled. Her portraits of the Princesses Mary and Sophia are the sweetest things we ever beheld; and in modern art we have nothing surpassing her "On Earth Peace," after the divine picture of Raffael.



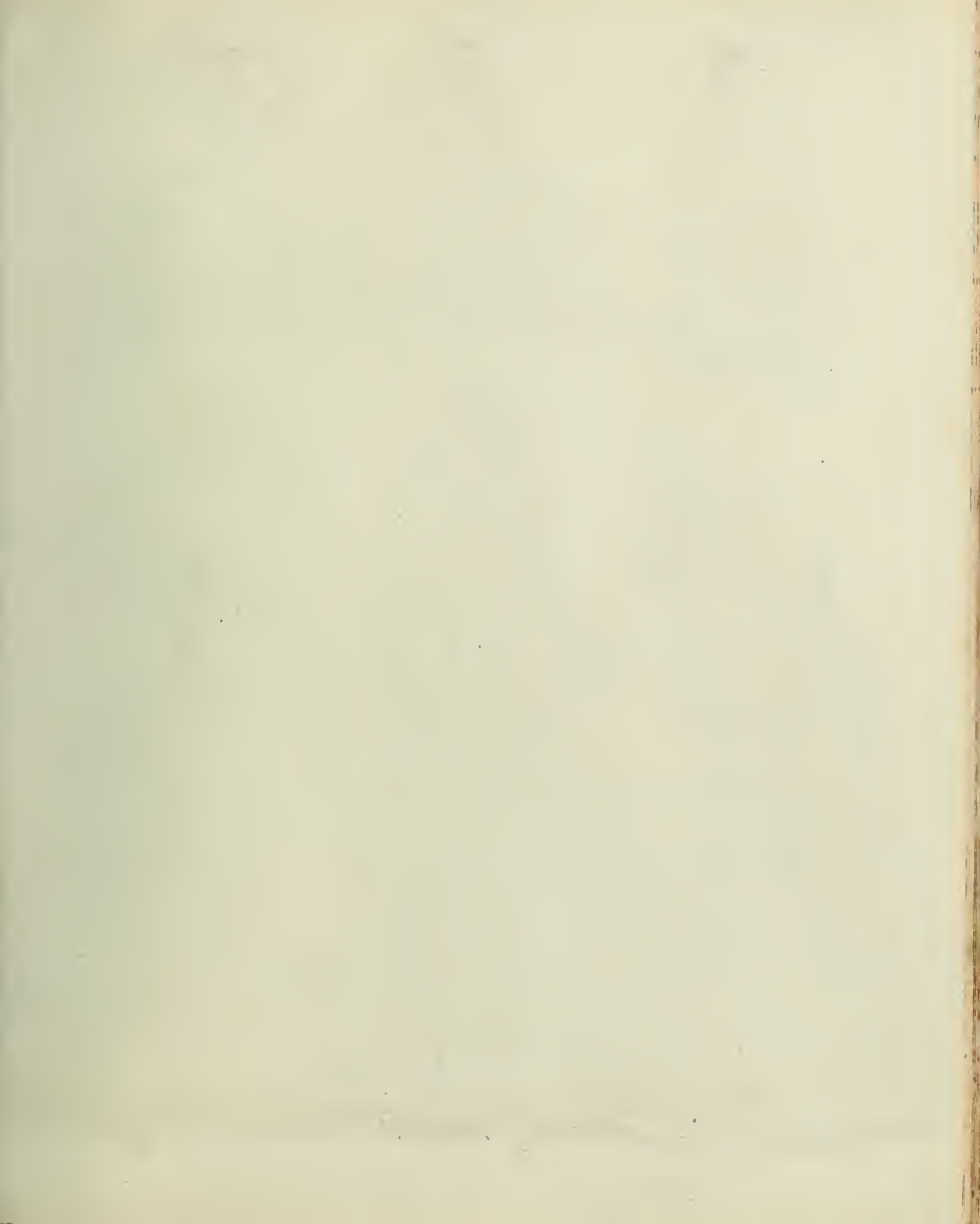


*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses. 11*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838 Morning Dresses*











*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Morning Dresses.*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1838.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Pou de soie* robe, quadrilled in blue and white, and lightly figured in cherry-coloured *mouches*. The border of the skirt is trimmed with *rûches* of white ribbon; there are two rows disposed in waves. High *corsage*, ornamented with a *rûche en cœur*. The upper part of the sleeve is trimmed with two rows of *rûches*, which confines it to the arm; the lower part is full. Embroidered muslin collar. Italian straw hat, ornamented with ribbons quadrilled in cherry colour, black, and white, and a black lace drapery; the interior of the brim is lightly decorated with foliage.

## SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin robe, trimmed with three *volans*, which are edged with Valenciennes lace, and looped by knots of pink ribbon. *Corsage* and sleeves *en peignoir*. *Fichû à la Elizabeth of Organdy*, trimmed with point lace and pink ribbon. Rice straw hat, ornamented with richly figured ribbon and foliage. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a rose on each side.

## DRESS OF A FRENCH LADY AT HER CHATEAU.

FIG. 3.—Robe of pink *mousseline de laine*, spotted with black; the skirt is trimmed *en tunique*, by a pointed band of the same material, and ornamented down the centre by a row of silk buttons. Pointed *corsage*, the upper part forming a *demi-cœur*, and trimmed with a lappel. Demi-large sleeves. Italian straw hat, trimmed with black lace, and black velvet *brides*.

## FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

4.—COTTAGE BONNET of rice straw, trimmed with a *rûche* of *tulle*, a *bouquet* of violets with their foliage, and white ribbons.

5.—A back view of the next figure.

6.—EVENING HAT of rice straw, an *aureoli* brim; the interior trimmed with *coques* of white and blue ribbon, a superb *marabout* plume, and floating *brides*.

7.—CARRIAGE HAT of Italian straw, decorated with black lace and saffron-coloured ribbon.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—India muslin robe; a high *corsage*; the front is disposed in folds. Demi-large sleeves. The front of the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* with lace, upon which a row of twisted ribbon is laid. Lace collar. Italian straw hat, trimmed with roses.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of one of the new muslins; a low and tight *corsage*, trimmed with lace. Bonnet *à la Paysanne* of point lace, trimmed with lappets of the same and green ribbon.

## OPEN CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Under dress of muslin, embroidered round the border. Pelisse of changeable *pou de soie*, open in front; the front ornamented with a *bouillon*, edged with a flounce. High

*corsage*, turning over in the shawl style, and edged with a flounce. Sleeve *à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. Rice straw hat, lined with pink crape, the lining covered with blond lace; a half wreath of roses, and a band and knots of pink ribbon complete the trimming of the interior of the brim. A blond lace drapery, and lappets, decorate the crown.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—EVENING DRESS.—Robe of pink *organdy*, trimmed with white *rûches* and knots of ribbon. Bonnet *bouillonné* of *tulle*, ornamented with roses and *navids* of *tulle*.

5.—A back view of Fig. 1.

6.—A back view of Fig. 2.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—The robe is a printed muslin of one of the new patterns; the border is trimmed with a flounce cut *bias*, and headed by a *rûche*. Pointed *corsage*, and embroidered muslin *pelerine*, trimmed with knots of ribbon. The sleeves are ornamented *en suite*. Rice straw hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with blush roses and a *rouleau* of ribbon; the crown is ornamented with white and cherry-coloured *follettes*.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse robe of pea-green *gros de Naples*, ornamented down the front of the skirt with a cluster of *roleaus*, and rosettes of a new form. The *corsage* is half high, and the sleeve *à la Jardinière*. *Pelerine fichû of Organdy*, and trimmed with the same. Rice straw bonnet, the interior of the brim is decorated with half-opened roses and their foliage; full blown roses with plaided rose ribbon decorates the crown.

## PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Printed muslin robe, trimmed with a *bias* flounce, headed by two narrow double *bias* flounces; the *corsage* low and full. The sleeve is drawn in at the upper part by several rows of gauging; the lower part is full, forming in some degree the *gigot*. White Cashmere shawl, trimmed with white Cashmere fringe, surmounted by two *chef d'Or*. Rice straw hat, decorated with white ribbons, figured with green, and a willow plume *en suite*.

## FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

4.—A RICE STRAW HAT, trimmed with a wreath and *gerbe* of foliage and white ribbon.

5.—ITALIAN STRAW HAT. The interior of the brim is decorated with roses placed very low at the sides; the crown is trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons and two long ostrich feathers.

6.—A front view of the hat of FIG. 3.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe *tunique* of one of the new printed muslins; the tunic is formed by a *bouillon*, through which a blue ribbon is

run; a lace *volan* edges one side of the *bouillon*. Half high *corsage*, ornamented with a *bouillon*; the sleeves fall at the bottom, and tight at the upper part, are decorated *en suite*. Rice straw hat of rather a large size, decorated with a band and *coques* of white ribbon and two white ostrich feathers.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin robe, trimmed with two flounces of the same material. *Mantelet* of changeable *gros de Naples*, bordered with the same, the trimming surmounted by an embroidery in silks to correspond. Saffron-coloured crape hat, ornamented with a bird of Paradise, and a spotted *tulle* veil.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of one of the new quadrilled *mousselines de laine*; a high *corsage*, ornamented with a very full drapery. Sleeve, *à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. Drawn bonnet of white *gros de Naples*; the interior of the brim ornamented with *demi-guirlandes* of roses; the crown trimmed with a sprig of the same flowers and white ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Pantaloon and frock of white jaconot muslin. Scarf-*mantelet* of green *gros de Naples*, edged with white lace, and trimmed with knots of ribbon; the hair is braided and adorned with a rosette of ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

5.—A back view of Fig. 1.

6.—CARRIAGE HAT of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, and trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons, a bunch of violets, and blond lace draperies.

7.—HALF DRESS HAT of rice straw; an aureoli brim, the interior decorated with roses and knots of white ribbon. The crown is trimmed with ribbon.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1838.

The season, which has been in all respects the most splendid that has taken place in the memory of any person now living, is at an end; and our descriptions of gorgeous toilettes must now give place to those simple, but elegant *negligés*, which our fair fashionables adopt, and will continue to adopt during the remainder of the summer. We have given in our prints some of the prettiest that have appeared, and we shall now add such observations and descriptions as may be useful to the generality of our readers.

MANTELETS OF CHANGEABLE SILKS.—Those *mantelets* trimmed either with lace or with bands of the same material, cut out either in points or scallops are very much worn with white robes, both for the public promenade and in carriage dress. We may cite as the most novel those forming a shawl round the bust, and finished with two or three rows of trimming. These *mantelets* have a singularly pretty effect upon white dresses.

SHAWLS.—Those of glazed *taffetas*, either azure blue, pearl grey, *gorge de pigeon*, or cherry colour, trimmed either with rich black or white lace, may be cited as the most fashionable novelty of the season. Those of clear India muslin, lined with pink crape, and trimmed with foreign lace, which we must observe is always of a light open pattern, and surmounted by a *rûche*, are also in great vogue. Shawls are always square, and of a large size; this is in some respects advantageous to the figure, as they drape more gracefully.

FICHUS DE CORDAY.—This is a revived fashion, or rather a modification of a revived fashion; they are now composed of black *tulle*, and bordered either with black lace or blond lace.

We have seen a few edged with a *rûche* of *tulle*, but this has not a good effect; they drop on the bosom, and are tied at the back of the waist, descending in long ends nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

HATS.—Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, those of Italian straw keep their ground. The newest style of decoration for them is a plume of three *follettes-marabout*, or two large poppies, either white, azure blue, or violet. Rice straw hats, trimmed with a square of blond lace, or three rows of blond lace disposed in drapery, are very much in vogue; the effect of this trimming is strikingly elegant. But in our opinion, there is nothing at once so pretty and so appropriate to the season, as white crape hats, ornamented with a *boquet* of three marabout feathers and a rose at the base of the plume; there is something in this style of trimming so light and ariel that it produces a beautiful effect.

BONNETS.—Those of silk are always of light colours; white is very predominant; and blue and straw colour, both of the lightest kind, are also in request, but pink is less fashionable than usual at this season, it is always of the most delicate tinge possible; the most fashionable are of pale pink *pou de soie*, glazed with white. It is not the time of year when the shapes of bonnets alter, but we observe that they appear to diminish in size, though not very much. We see several bonnets with the interior of the brims trimmed with blond or real lace, disposed *en coquille* at the sides; this trimming passes below the brim of the bonnet, and descends in the *demi cornette* style under the chin, where it is attached by a ribbon tied in rather a full knot, the *brides* of the bonnet being left floating. We may cite as the most decided novelty of the month, and one of the prettiest that has appeared, the bonnets of *gaze Iris*, either white, rose, or azure blue; they are of the usual size and drawn; the trimming consists of five roses, which may be either of five different colours, or of five shades of the same colour; the latter are in much the best taste. Nothing can be prettier, lighter, or more tasteful than these bonnets.

RIBBONS.—There is the most marked distinction between those employed for hats in evening dress, and for *chapeaux de negligé*, though both are of a rich kind both for the materials and patterns. Almost all those used in evening dress are white, and the few that are coloured are of the most delicate hues. In undress the colours are vivid, and we observe that plaid patterns are very prevalent.

CARRIAGE AND PUBLIC PROMENADE COSTUMES.—A few *ensembles*, which we are about to select, will give our fair readers a just idea of these elegant dresses. A robe of striped *organdy*, the stripes of straw colour and rather far apart; a tight *corsage*, arranged *en cœur*. The upper part of the sleeve formed of three *bouillons*, descending below the elbow, where they are terminated by lace ruffles, the sleeve from thence to the wrist full, but confined at the bottom by a band. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, cut *bias*. Embroidered muslin shawl, rounded at the corners, trimmed with lace, and lined with saffron-coloured *taffetas*. Rice straw hat, the crown trimmed with azure blue ribbons, and the interior of the brim ornamented with a wreath of blue flowers without foliage; the wreath is very full, and quite encircles the face. Another distinguished toilette is a pelisse robe of white muslin, the front ornamented with embroidery *en tablier*, which is narrow at top, extends over the front of the skirt, and becomes very broad at the bottom; the border of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow scalloped lace. *Corsage en peignoir*, and long sleeves *à la Jardinière*, the lower part embroidered from the wrist to the elbow. Italian straw hat; the

trimming consists of a branch of *épine* with its fruits; the interior of the brim was trimmed with an intermixture of velvet and blond lace elegantly arranged. A third toilette, the simple elegance of which is beyond our praise, is a *peignoir* of very fine Jaconot muslin, striped in rose colour; it is open in front, and the fronts are trimmed with two bands of muslin to correspond; they are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. *Corsage plissée*, and wide sleeves drawn close to the arm by a great number of small casings. Collar and *manchettes* of lace. The under dress of clear muslin, trimmed nearly to the knee by *entre deux* of embroidery. Spanish mantle of black lace. Bonnet of the demi-cottage shape, composed of pink *pou de soie* and fancy straw; the top of the crown and the lining only is composed of the former. The trimming consists only of a *râche* of ribbons to correspond, which encircles the bottom of the crown, and another which edges the brim.

**NEW MATERIALS.**—Although it is not a time of year in which we ought to expect them, yet some have made their appearance in half dress of a very beautiful kind. We may cite as one of the most distinguished, the Arabian *foulard*, an *écru* ground, with an embroidery in Moorish patterns strewed over it; this material of a rich but light kind drapes beautifully; it is a good deal employed for flounced dresses; the flounces being cut in scallops, which are edged with silk of one of the colours of the pattern. Another novelty that promises to remain in favour is damasked muslin; it is certainly rich, but we consider it rather heavy; not so the new printed muslins, particularly the clear ones, which, from the exquisite lightness and fineness of their texture, as well as the beauty of the patterns and colours, really seem to be made of woven hair. Some have grounds of full colours, as brown, or tawny orange spotted in white, or with small and rather singular looking patterns in light green. Others have a white ground, strewed with sprigs of the most delicate flowers. We give a decided preference to these last.

**ROBES IN HALF DRESS.**—We have great pleasure in announcing an alteration that is now taking place both in the length and breadth of the skirts of robes; each had, indeed, become both ungraceful and inconvenient. The length is now reduced to its merely touching the ground, and the width, were trimmings are employed, is considerably diminished. We have reason to believe also, that the present extravagant style of trimming will be greatly reduced. Several half dress robes having appeared, trimmed only with two *volans*, surmounted by a *bouillon*, and a small heading *en râche*. This is an extremely light and graceful style of trimming. The *corsages* of these robes were made half high, and the waist encircled by a *ceinture* of rich ribbon passing once round it, and descending in long floating ends. This is, unquestionably by far the most graceful style of *ceinture* that can be adopted.

**ORGANDY** is now more *recherché* than ever. We see it employed for robes, *mantelets*, shawls, in short for all the departments of the toilette in which it can be introduced. The trimmings proper to be employed for it, when used for robes, are lace, embroidery, and artificial flowers. An attempt is making to bring in velvet ornaments in application, and velvet bands cut in scallops. We do not believe that the attempt will be at all successful, as the material is by far of too heavy a kind to be employed for so light a tissue.

**FASHIONABLE COLOURS** remain the same as last month, with the exception of the change which we have already noticed in ribbons. In all that relates to evening dress, white is decidedly in a majority.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,  
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Although our *élégantes* have quitted Paris for the different watering places, or their country seats. they are not unmindful of *La Mode*, as the elegant toilettes which they either take with them, or order to be sent after them, will fully testify. We have given some of the most distinguished of these elegant *negligés* in our prints; we shall now present our fair readers with a summary account of such others as are most worthy of their notice.

**SHAWLS AND MANTELETS** have lost nothing of their vogue. Several are of a gaudy or embroidered muslin; and some of the scarf kind are of *tulle*, they are trimmed with lace, and lined with taffetas. These shawls and *mantelets*, are usually worn with muslin dresses. But if the robes are composed of *gros de Naples*, or striped silk, or *mousseline de laine*, then the shawls or *mantelets* are of *taffetas glacé*, or changeable *gros de Naples*, trimmed either with lace or fringe. In speaking of shawls, we must not omit to mention one which though much less expensive than the generality, has a very tasteful effect, and is patronized by many elegant women. It is composed of plain muslin, and trimmed either with mock *applications*, or with English net embroidered in a lace pattern.

**CHAPEAUX.**—Their form is decidedly fixed for the season. Those of Italian straw are made in the full width of the brim, which is turned up in two or three folds behind, so as to form a moderate sized *bavolette*, rounded out at the ears, giving a very graceful form to the brim. We may cite among the most elegant of these hats, those trimmed with two long ostrich feathers, placed quite to the left side near the ear, drooping round to the right side a simple *torsade* of ribbons placed *en biais brides*, and a wreath of flowers inside of the brim, complete the trimming. Rice straw, and silk hats, are always of a moderate size: the crowns are profusely ornamented with black or white lace, and the fruits of the season, as mulberries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c. &c.; also a great variety of fruit blossoms, and flowers. Several hats both of Italian and rice straw, are trimmed with field flowers, they are frequently disposed *en guirlande* round the crown; the *guirlande* thick in the centre, diminishes gradually at the sides, and becoming very small at the back, meets behind under a knot of ribbons, which we must note as the only one that adorns the hat, excepting that of the *brides* which tie in a full bow under the chin. A *guirlande* of blue bells, and blue ribbons, as well as blue bells inside of the brim, forms an extremely appropriate and elegant trimming for a *chapeau négligé*.

**CAPOTES.**—Those that we cited last month have lost nothing of their vogue; we see also a great many *capotes* of seeded straw, trimmed with white ribbons, arranged in a rosette on one side of the crown; a *voilette* of point lace, or of *applications* attached to the edge of the brim; a *capote* of this kind is *très distingué*. Without taking anything from its appearance of *grand négligé* we may cite as the most decidedly elegant of all the *capotes* now in *négligé* those of *poilte de ris*, lined with rose-coloured crape trimmed with a *râche* at the edge of the brim, and a plaided or shaded ribbon of rose colour.

**SUMMER RIBBONS.**—Those of different shades of red, are in a great majority, for trimming straw hats of all kinds. Black lace is frequently intermingled with the ribbon, and goes particularly well with that colour. Deep blue is also quite *à la mode*, plaided ribbons vary *avantageusement* this fashion of decided colours.

FLOWERS, LIZERONS, GIROFLEES, almond blossoms, and those of the white thorn, the violet of Parma, blue bells, and ivy, are the favours most employed at this moment for rice straw hats, and also those of *poilée d'Italie*. Speaking of ivy, which by the bye, it is rather a bull to place among flowers, we must observe that we have seen some very pretty trimming composed of it. It is arranged on the brim in the wreath stile, and falls in different sprigs on the side; two sprigs of ivy which ornament the interior of the brim, descend upon the hair, the effect altogether is that of simply elegant kind that is particularly suitable for *capotes*.

PEIGNOIRS continue in request not only for *negligé*, but for *demi toilette*, when they are made in a very simple stile. Some are composed of plain jaconet muslin, others of muslin striped alternately in thick and thin stripes, and a few, but very few, of printed muslin. Where the *peignoir* is for elegant *negligé*, it should be composed of India muslin rounded at the corner, and trimmed with lace. When worn for *demi toilette*, they are either composed of India jaconet, or *organdy*: they have the back and the fronts of the *corsage* very much cut out, and form a heart; broad lace encircles the *corsage*, and trims the bottom of the tight piece which supports the *manche jardinière*.

ROBES PEIGNOIRS.—Some composed of muslin have the trimmings of the front formed of two small *bouillons* through which a ribbon is passed. A narrow lace is set on full at the edge of these *bouillons*, which mounting to the *corsage*, and arranged upon it *en cœur* form the front in the *redingote* style; this trimming is light, simple, and easy to execute.

CORSAGES REDINGOTES.—They are made to silk dresses only, some are made *à revers*, either round in the shawl-lappet stile, or pointed like the lappets of men's waistcoats, they are either trimmed with narrow lace, or with a silver ribbon pinked at the edge. This is a very pretty form of *corsage*, and highly advantageous to the shape.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON CORSAGES.—There is little to notice in their forms; they are always long in the waist, and *très pincés* where they form either a sharp point, or a rounded scallop in front. There are different modes of producing the effect, which is necessary to render a tight *corsage* graceful; we conceive that the best method is that of having the front of the *corsage* cut in three pieces; the shape is thus perfectly marked, the shoulder-straps descend very low; as to the back there is nothing precisely settled with regard to it, it may be either made tight, or drawn in with a little fulness according to the fancy of the wearer. We must not forget to signalise the revival of an old fashion which has lately taken place. Several half dress robes of muslin have appeared with *corsages blouses*, mounted in an embroidered band; the sleeves, which are *à la Jardinière*, are finished at the top by three narrow embroidered bands, and confined at the bottom, by corresponding ones.

SILK AND MOUSSELINE DE LAINE ROBES though not so much worn as those of muslin, are nevertheless very fashionable. Changeable or striped silks are the most in vogue, particularly *gros de Naples* with narrow satin stripes. We may cite as the most distinguished of the *mousselines de laine*, those of *chamée* or *écossaise*. *Redingotes* are mostly of plain silk, as *gros de Naples* or *poa de Soie*; both robes and *redingotes* are very much trimmed with black lace, it has lost nothing of its vogue, and is not likely to do so during the summer.

APRONS.—This pretty accessory to home *negligé* is in greater request than ever. They are made of the richest materials, such as plain and figured silks, satins, and nets; some ladies

have them made with braces trimmed with black lace, or a *chicorée* of the same material as the apron, which forms a singularly pretty trimming to the *corsage*. We have seen some of these aprons of satin *bleu de Roi*, trimmed round with a *guirlande grimpante oppiquée* in velvet of the same colour, the pockets were covered with a scimitar trimming, and finished with a trimming of rich black lace. Other aprons, of a still richer kind, are of blue, green, or pucean Cashmere, trimmed with Cashmere fringe, which is surmounted with an embroidery in black silk.

EVENING DRESS ROBES.—*Organdy* is the material most in favour in evening dress. Several are ornamented with small bouquets of *pensées appliquées* in velvet; this stile of ornament is singularly pretty. We see also some robes both of muslin and *organdy*, ornamented with spots, ears of wheat, and other small fancy patterns in maroon, green, or *grosseille* velvet, this fashion has been introduced by the Duchesse d'Orleans. We should observe that robes of this description are usually trimmed with a flounce to correspond, that is to say, the wreath round the border is similar to the ground of the robe. Flounces continue to be adopted; they are particularly in favour for robes of plain white muslin; they are placed in two or three rows of different breadths, and divided by a broad band of open work. It is fashion that has brought back that of the *entre deux*, and several robes instead of having rows of work on the skirt, are trimmed with an *entre deux* of feather stitch or *tulle* between each flounce. We see also several robes of *organdy* embroidered in silk or worsted, in *dessins renouissance*, and others of muslin embroidered in white cotton and gold.

TUNIQUES are as much in request as they were during the winter, but instead of being of crape trimmed with flowers, they are of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace, or encircled with a broad *riviere à jour*. They are lined with plain silk, either rose or straw-colour, and terminated by a lace flounce, *à la jardinière*, have the tight part at top covered by a fall of lace which encircles the *corsage*.

CHAPEAU DU SOUR.—We may cite decidedly as the most elegant, small hats of rice straw, with round brims turned up on one side by a long plume of *marabouts*, which rises above the brim, and falls on the opposite side. This form so becoming and coquettish, suits admirably with the long tufts of ringlets which fall on each side of the cheeks, or with the tresses *à la Clotilde*, in which a rose or a sprig of flowers is sometimes fixed. Lace lappets also are generally employed to ornament these elegant *coiffures*. They are intermingled with flowers, feathers, or ribbons, in such a manner that they fall on each side of the neck.

MARABOUTS are now more than ever in favour; they are, indeed, stiled summer feathers, and certainly they harmonise admirably with this delightful season, by their light and graceful appearance, they are almost the only feathers adopted for dress hats.

COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX continue to be worn very low behind, in evening dress, and to be arranged in full tufts of ringlets at the sides of the face, or in soft bands which descend rather low on the cheeks. Flowers or ribbons are the ornaments of these *coiffures*; a singularly pretty stile for these *gerbes* of roses, which looping back the ringlets on each side of the forehead, droop over them before the neck. The hind hair is disposed in soft braids; it is ornamented either with a simple knot of ribbons, or the hind hair is braided with ribbon in a very novel and tasteful manner.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE ;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND ;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF LOVELACE.

“ Pilgrim of many cares untold,  
Lamb of the world's extended fold ;  
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears,  
Sweet promise of extatic years ;  
How could I fairly bend the knee,  
And turn idolator to thee !—BYRON.

Such were the words addressed by one of the greatest poets of modern times to his only child, now the wife of the Noble Lord whose name stands at the head of this article ; and who, however talented he may be, is better known as the husband of the immortalized “ ADA,” than by the honours to which by birth he was entitled, and those additional ones which the Sovereign has just conferred upon him. The surpassing genius of BYRON has caused his daughter—“ sole daughter of his house and heart”—to be regarded with general interest, and we are sure that the noble Earl of Lovelace, properly appreciating the merits of the departed poet, will not consider that any disrespect is meant to be offered to himself, when his amiable partner is considered before him. ADA BYRON, whom the noble poet has immortalized in “ burning verse,” is the wife of the Earl of LOVELACE, heretofore Baron KING, but advanced to the earldom upon the happy occasion of the Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen VICTORIA. The Earl is a descendant of the celebrated philosopher, JOHN LOCKE ; his ancestor, PETER KING, Esq., being the maternal nephew of that distinguished character. The said PETER was an eminent barrister in the reign of Queen ANNE, from whom he received the honour of knighthood. In 1714 he was appointed to the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, in which office he so well satisfied his Sovereign as to cause him to be rewarded with a peerage. This latter occurrence took place on the 24th of May, 1725, when he was created Baron KING, of Ockham, in the county of Sussex. Subsequently it was deemed advisable to appoint his Lordship to the Lord Chancellorship, in which important station he remained till within a year of his death, which took place in 1734. His Lordship was married to ANNE, daughter of RICHARD SEYS, Esq., of Boverton, in the county of Glamorgan, by whom he had four sons (all of whom came to the title in succession) and two daughters. His immediate successor was his eldest son JOHN. This nobleman was for many years out-ranger of the forest of Windsor. He had no family, and at his death, which occurred on the 10th of February, 1789, his brother PETER came into possession of the title. This nobleman did not marry, and WILLIAM was his successor. But this nobleman was as indifferent to the fair sex as his brother, and also died unmarried ; but the next Lord

KING, THOMAS, who came to the title in 1767, was more susceptible, and felt that man was not by nature formed to be alone.

And youth's wild hopes and warm desires,  
Came thronging to his throbbing breast ;  
And love began to kindle fires  
That blazed more fiercely than the rest.  
The stolen kiss, the plighted word,  
The whispered spell when none were nigh,  
The voice that, trembling to be heard,  
Gave answer in a modest sigh,

were things which he believed to be among the most delightful of those associated with earthly thoughts ; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he became a votary of Hymen. He was married in 1734 to WILHEMINA CATHERINA, daughter of JOHN TROYE, one of the Sovereign council of Brabant, by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters. His Lordship died on the 24th of April, 1779, and was succeeded by his eldest son, PETER, who married in 1774, CHARLOTTE, daughter of EDWARD TREDCROFT, Esq., of Horsham, in the county of Sussex. He had six children :—

1. PETER.

2. GEORGE (who was born in 1783, and married in 1808 to Miss TREDCROFT, daughter of NATHANIEL TREDCROFT, Esq.)

3. FREDERICK, born in 1815.

4. HENRY, born in 1819.

5. CAROLINE, born in 1809, and

6. GEORGIANA, born in 1811.

His Lordship died in 1793, and his eldest son, PETER, became seventh Baron KING. His Lordship was married to HESTER, daughter of HUGH, first Earl FORTESCUE, and first cousin of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, by whom he had a family of four children, besides the present Earl of LOVELACE, viz.—

1. PETER JOHN LOCKE, born January 25, 1811.

2. HESTER.

3. ANNE EMILY.

4. CHARLOTTE LOUISA.

Upon the death of his Lordship, his eldest son, WILLIAM, was his successor. This Noble Lord was born on the 20th of February, 1805, and soon after his succession to the title he led to the hymeneal altar the amiable lady who is immortalized in the poetry of her gifted parent, and who appears to have been loved with all a father's fond enthusiasm by that eccentric genius. His verses to her upon the morning of her birth are extremely beautiful.

Dear babe ! ere yet upon thy years  
The soil of human vice appears ;  
Ere passion has disturbed thy cheek,  
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak ;  
Ere that pale lip is blanched with care,  
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,  
Would I could wake thy untuned ear,  
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou—oh, my child !  
Of travail on life's thorny wild ;  
Of all the dangers—all the woes—  
Each tottering footstep which inclose ;

Ah ; little reck'st thou of the scene  
 So darkly-wrought that spreads between  
 The little all we here can find  
 And the dark mystic sphere behind !  
 Little reck'st thou, my early born,  
 Of clouds which gather round thy morn ;  
 Of acts to lure thy soul astray,  
 Of snares that intersect thy way ;  
 Of secret foes, of friends untrue,  
 Of fiends who stab the heart they woo ;  
 Little thou reck'st of this sad store,  
 Would thou might'st never reck them more.  
 Oh ! could a father's prayer repel  
 The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell ;  
 Or, could a father hope to bear  
 A darling's child's allotted care ;  
 Then thou my babe shouldst slumber still,  
 Exempted from all human ill ;  
 A parent's love thy peace should free,  
 And ask its wounds again for thee.

The apprehensions which are breathed in the above lines were dissipated in the course of years, and the beloved ADA has passed among the roses of life's garden, inhaling their fragrance, but experiencing none of their thorns. She grew to maturity without having any care to trouble her, and is now one of the happiest, as she is also one of the most amiable and exemplary of wives.

Upon the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation Baron KING was advanced to the earldom, and is now styled Earl of LOVE-LACE, Viscount OCKHAM, of Ockham, in the county of Surrey, and Baron KING, of Ockham. His Lordship's arms are *sa.*, three spears heads, erect *ar.*, embued *gu.*, on a chief ; *or.*, as many poleaxes ; *as.*, their edges to the sinister.—Crest : a dexter arm erect, couped at the elbow, vested *as*, thereon three ermine spots, fesse *or.* ; cuff, *ar.* hands ppr. grasping a truncheon ; *sa.*, the top broken off, the bottom capped of the third. Supporters : two English mastiffs, regardant ppr. each gorged with a plain collar, *gu.* Motto : *Labor ipse voluptus.* His Lordship's seats are Ockham Court, Surrey ; Yartie House, Devon ; and Meyness, Somersetshire. His Lordship has travelled in the East, and his publications display a spirit of research and a depth of knowledge but seldom met with in the works of the ablest travellers.

S O N G .  
 BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

'I dreamt !—and thou wert by my side,  
 And we wandered as of yore ;  
 Where the limpid streamlets softly glide,  
 Or break upon the shore.

'I dreamt !—I listened to thy song,  
 No sound but thy voice heard ;  
 As the wind impelled our bark along,  
 So still no leaf was stirred.

'I dreamt !—I hung upon thy arm,  
 I thought thee all my own ;  
 But faded soon the flattering charm,  
 I woke !—I was alone !

THE QUEEN'S LOVER.  
 A CORONATION TALE.

Love knows no rule, and never knows Love less  
 Than when obedience we'd exact from it.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The cloud which hung over England during the reign of the first Mary, dispersed when the young and beautiful Elizabeth ascended the throne of her ancestors, and a calm succeeded, which was the more enjoyed by reason of the rage and tempest which had preceded it. Elizabeth was at Hatfield at the time of Queen Mary's death, and thither several of the state councillors proceeded to salute the Princess, and congratulate her upon her accession ; and on the same day, with the great joy and full consent of both houses of parliament, she was solemnly proclaimed Queen of England. Elizabeth was twenty-four years of age at this period, and was gifted with all the graces that can adorn the female person. Just arrived at womanhood, she stood, a matured and exquisite rose, in the garden of England, while the nation rung with the glad voices of her rejoicing people. The Queen immediately removed from Hatfield to the Charterhouse, in London, and thence to the Tower, where she was royally attended, and at which place she assumed her full state as Queen of merry England.

Preparations were immediately set on foot for the coronation, and the nobility and merchants, and indeed all classes of the people, seemed by their activity and the extent of their arrangements to do honour to the occasion, to be glad of the opportunity of showing the sincerity of their affection for the young and beautiful princess, upon whom the cares of sovereignty had devolved, and of demonstrating the strength of their attachment to her throne. The citizens busied themselves in decorating their houses, and preparing pageants for the entertainment of the royal maiden, whilst the richest velvets and cloths of gold were in request among the wealthy. All hearts were glad, and the rejoicings were measureless. All things being in readiness, upon the 14th of January, 1559, two months after accession, the virgin Queen passed, with great triumph and sumptuous shows, through the city of London towards Westminster. Passing through the streets in this triumphal state, her bright eyes reflecting the joy of her young heart, she testified her benign acceptance of the approved loves of the citizens, and assured them that she lacked no will, nor, as she hoped, power, to be to them as gracious a sovereign as ever reigned in the land, and that for the public good, if occasion required it, she would spend her dearest blood.

On the following day the coronation was solemnly performed. The assembled nobles of the land gazed with an expression of supreme delight upon the young and lovely object who knelt before the altar ; and " stern bold barons" as they were, their hearts must have, nevertheless, been forcibly impressed by the beauty and solemnity of the occasion. Among these barons bold was the Lord Hunsdon, one of the bravest and most gallant soldiers of the time, and by his side stood his nephew, Edward Harrington, a youth of extreme manly beauty, who had been educated in the country, and had come to court at the suggestion of Lord Hunsdon, who hoped to be able to push his fortunes there.

Ere the ceremony was concluded, the eyes of the beautiful Queen, which had previously been cast down to the earth, were slowly upraised, and the first object their glance fell upon was the youth, Edward, who stood by his uncle's side gazing with intense and passionate emotion upon the saint-like creature,



upon whose brow the English crown now shone, and in whose praise the notes of the organ were pealing, and the voices of the choristers were raised on high. The eyes of the Queen met those of the entranced Harrington, and the face of the royal beauty was quickly averted, to conceal the blush which that ardent gaze had called to her cheek.

The ceremony over, the Queen and the court retired. It was noticed that the eyes of the crowned beauty lacked their wonted fire, and that her cheeks, on which in the morning had appeared the rose-hue of health and happiness, were become pale, and that her whole appearance betokened languor and discomfort. But people ascribed this change to the fatigue which the young Queen had undergone, and little dreamed that a cause which threatened their happiness, and the whole nation's welfare, had arisen in the Queen's heart, and which was destined to embitter the after-hours of her life.

Up to that moment when the eyes of Edward Harrington met hers, the heart of the young Queen had been insensible to love; she had known nothing of the passion; she had read of love, and had heard of others suffering its pangs, but her thoughts had been too much occupied with the other affairs of life to think of wedlock, and no individual had come before her to awaken stronger feelings than those of friendship and esteem. But from that moment when the fine manly countenance of Edward Harrington met her view, her heart was absorbed in wild entrancing love;

"That pure feeling life only once may know."

For a while she combated the young affection. She had made enquiries, and ascertained that Edward Harrington was in humble circumstances; that he had his fortune to seek; that his mother, the sister of Lord Hunsdon, had made an imprudent match with an individual of a rank far beneath her own, and that what fortune she was herself possessed of only enabled them to maintain the station of creditable country gentlefolk. The young mind is ever ready with contrivances to overcome obstacles to love; and Elizabeth devised plans for the elevation of her favourite. "Though he be poor," she mentally said, "Heaven has given me the power to advance his fortunes; and I can raise him to such a height that the greatest princess on the earth may not disgrace herself by marrying him." Such were the tenour of her thoughts, when she contrived one day to engage the Lord Hunsdon in private conversation, and artfully made the opportunity for him to speak to her of his relation.

"I am so well persuaded, my lord of Hunsdon, of the good will you bear me," said the Queen, "and so sensible of the services you have rendered to my country, that there is not a nobleman of the court in whose welfare I would take a more lively interest."

Lord Hunsdon availing himself of this opportunity, intimated that he had a relation, a young man in humble circumstances, whom he had brought to court in the hope of obtaining for him some employment there; and that if her Majesty was pleased with his own services, he should consider any honour bestowed upon the young man as a reward paid to himself.

"Indeed!" said the Queen, "The young man must be rarely gifted, to win such disinterested friendship. You should bring him to court, my lord; fortunes are not made in the shade."

Within a week, Edward Harrington had been introduced to the Queen, and shortly afterwards he obtained the appointment of the Queen's secretary. At this time the King of Sweden, anxious of forming an alliance with England, proposed to his son John, Duke of Finland, a match with the fair star of our isle, and the latter, entering into his father's views, came over to England in an assumed character in order to observe the

young Queen, and satisfy himself as to her beauty before he offered himself as a suitor for her hand. He arrived in the English court under the name of Count Harlt.

The Queen abandoned herself to the new passion which had taken possession of her young heart; she loved with all a woman's wild idolatry, and never thought of consequences. She believed that, being a queen, she had the power to gratify her every wish, and built up a temple of happiness in her heart, of which her secretary was the idol that she worshipped. She believed that nothing could prevent the realization of her dreams of bliss; she could heap honours upon her secretary, titles, fortune, and so make him worthy of her throne. She argued as woman, and forgot that she was a queen.

For Queens, though they have as fond hearts as ever warmed the breasts of woman, must stifle feeling at the bidding of state councillors; must regulate their hearts according to state policy; must look, and speak, and act, only as they are directed; and even sacrifice their best affections, should circumstances require it, on the altar of their country.

And Elizabeth dreamed not that while she was heaping honours upon her young favourite, and tightening the strings by which he was bound to her heart, that she was preparing her own cup of misery, which she was destined to drain to the dregs.

Edward Harrington saw that the Queen loved him, yet, with that delicacy which is the characteristic of true love, he avoided her romantic attachment; and though his own heart beat in unison with his Queen's, he saw the gulf which lay between them, and for the sake of her whom he loved, endeavoured, by his perfect humility and self-denial, to save her from falling into it.

The parliament at this time came to the resolution that it was highly necessary, in order to perpetuate the happiness which the accession of so enlightened and excellent a sovereign had occasioned, that she should marry; and an intimation was made to her to that effect. This was the first awakening stroke which fell upon the mind of Elizabeth. At that moment she knew that she could not marry Harrington; he was but her secretary; and to marry any other would have been worse than death. Her temper was quick and fiery; and moved to anger by the resolution of the parliament, she broke into her council-room, and, fire flashing from her eyes, she gazed upon the astonished councillors, and cried, "Which of you have put the parliament upon this matter? Where is the varlet that would dictate to England's Queen, tutor her affections, and hold her up to her faithful people as a heartless puppet, to be moved as her council, or her parliament, only pull the strings?"

The few members of the council present, gazed upon the Queen with speechless wonder, and the venerable and excellent Bishop of Carlisle (he who had crowned the Queen, the Archbishopric of Canterbury being vacant at the time), approaching her Majesty, besought her to temper her wrath, and entrust to her council the cause of such emotion.

The Queen, casting upon them a look of withering indignation, exclaimed, "I will not marry!" and instantly left the chamber.

The good Bishop of Carlisle, entreating the nobles present to bear with the infirmity of woman, and keep this strange proceeding a secret in their own breasts, followed the Queen with almost noiseless steps into her private chamber, where he discovered her upon a settle, in an agony of tears; and Harrington, who sat at a table in the middle of the apartment, and who had been speaking in a soft low voice, cast his eyes upon the papers before him as the Bishop entered, and pretended to be busily engaged in writing.

The Bishop paused upon the threshold; the soft low murmur

from the lips of Harrington had met his ear, and that strange sound, together with the tears and agony of the young Queen, raised in him suspicions of the state of Elizabeth's affections, which were associated with feelings of dismay and apprehension.

"May it please your grace——" said the venerable prelate, advancing towards the Queen, and speaking in a voice of tenderness and compassion. Elizabeth upturned her face, and looking upon the placid countenance of the Bishop, she extended her hand towards him, and cried, "Oh, my lord Bishop of Carlisle, forgive my rudeness; and my rashness! I am oppressed with care; distracted. I have no friend. You will befriend me? I know you will. When you put the crown upon my head at Westminster, I felt my heart clinging to you as to a spirit from heaven, delegated to be my instructor—my protector—my guide!"

The venerable prelate knelt and kissed the young Queen's hand, and a tear fell from the old man's eyes as he ejaculated, "Be comforted, dear innocent; if aught that I can say, or do, can bring comfort to your Majesty——"

The Bishop glanced towards Harrington, who immediately arose and left the room.

"Dare I speak my thoughts?" enquired the Bishop.

"Aye; as boldly as to heaven," replied Elizabeth.

"And though my words should fall as heavily upon your heart as the decree of heaven to the sinful, your Majesty will not reckon me presumptuous, nor——"

"I will bow to the justice which decrees the stroke."

"Your grace, then," he mildly but firmly rejoined, "is much to blame for what you have done."

"What have I done?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"That which, unless the members present at the council be loyal, and discreet as well, will set England in a blaze; may wrest the crown from your fair brow, and prematurely terminate a reign which has commenced so gloriously. Listen, Princess; the words you have spoken this day, would, if reported to the people, give such a handle to the disaffected spirits of the time, that the consequences cannot be reckoned upon. There is one man of the council whom I suspect, Lord Wardour. He is a disaffected man, and has some Scottish partisans whom any untoward proceeding would increase the number of; and already is the news abroad of your hostility to the universal wish of the parliament, and the protestant people."

"My lord Bishop!" exclaimed the Queen, "you have filled me with alarm; and yet—I—I cannot marry."

"But you can speak gently; you can so shape your reply, that even while you deny the general request, you may keep the people bound to you. But let not word or look escape you which may excite suspicions such as—pray pardon me—exist within this breast."

"Suspicions, my Lord Bishop! of what?"

"Of that which your Grace would fain conceal from all the world, but cannot. Princess! We are human, and all are subject to the infirmities of human nature; heaven forbid that I should visit with anger the natural impulses of the heart; but virtuous and honourable as such feelings which now rend your bosom would be in a private station, they must be sacrificed in the Queen of England."

"Sacrificed!" shrieked the Queen.

"Sacrificed!" echoed a voice from behind the settle, in which the Queen was seated.

Elizabeth and the prelate turned towards the place whence the sound came, and there beheld the foreign stranger, the Count Hailt, who, with a triumphant smile upon his countenance, stood gazing upon the trembling Elizabeth.

He had been a listener, not only of the conversation between the Queen and the Bishop of Carlisle, but also of that more interesting one between Elizabeth and her secretary, which had preceded it.

Elizabeth glanced indignantly at the foreigner, and with a proud and scornful look passed towards the door. As she stood upon the threshold, she turned towards the Bishop, and requested him to follow her to her private closet.

As soon as she was gone, the Bishop, addressing the foreigner, said, "You are master of the Queen's secret?"

"Aye, my Lord Bishop," exclaimed the Count, with a smile of exultation, "and a pretty secret 'tis. Your beautiful Queen is enamoured of her dainty secretary!"

"Well," rejoined the Bishop, "and supposing that to be the case; what use do you purpose applying your knowledge of the circumstance to?"

"I am not yet positive;" said the foreigner. "The fact is, my Lord Bishop, I am very much in love with your Queen myself." And he ran his fingers over his whiskers, and put on a look of exquisite assurance.

"You, Count!" rejoined the Bishop.

"I am not quite what I seem," the other rejoined. "To keep you no longer in the dark, I am no Count. I am the son of Gustavus of Sweden; and have no objection to save your Queen from the folly which she contemplates, by marrying her myself."

The Bishop refrained from expressing the feeling which the effrontery of the foreigner had excited; and merely replied "If the Duke of Finland be a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, his overtures should be made in the usual form, and then, doubtless, they will receive all the consideration which they are entitled to."

The Bishop immediately quitted the apartment, and rejoined the Queen in her private closet.

"Madam!" exclaimed the venerable prelate, "this hour is rife with danger; yourself, your crown, are in peril. I blame not your heart's young affection; but any known partiality for a youth so humble as Lord Hunsdon's nephew, would prejudice the nobility against you, and such are the circumstances of the times, so unsettled are men's minds, that the worst consequences may be apprehended."

The Queen hid her face in her handkerchief, and answered only with her tears.

The Bishop continued, "Even now, the parliament are expecting an answer to their resolution, touching your marriage; their wishes point to some magnate of the land, of ancient family and power, or to some puissant foreign prince: they would be appalled by the name of——"

"Spare me, spare me!" exclaimed Elizabeth, catching the prelate's arm.

The holy man proceeded, "The foreigner who overheard our conversation just now, is aware of the secret. He is the Duke of Finland, and would be a suitor——"

"The miscreant!" ejaculated Elizabeth, with characteristic impetuosity, "The listener! I could tear him piecemeal."

"You will meet your parliament, and make a kind reply?" said the Bishop.

"I will meet my parliament!" ejaculated the Queen. "But since it seems that Queens must not have hearts—affections—sympathies—I will be all a Queen. They may not let me marry whom I love; but neither will I marry for their pleasure."

The spirit of her father, Harry the Eighth, shone in the beaming eyes of Elizabeth, as she stalked majestically across the room. "It shall be done, my Lord Bishop," she continued,

"the sacrifice shall be made; and Elizabeth will live and die the virgin Queen!"

Within the same hour, Elizabeth stood before her Parliament, and the graciousness of her manner, the gentleness of her speech, and the modesty and firmness with which she expressed her desire to remain free from the cares of the married state, that her thoughts might be engrossed by the affairs of the kingdom over which she had been called upon to preside, charmed the assembled legislators, and attached them the more firmly to their youthful sovereign. A rumour was already afloat of the Queen's attachment to a poor gentleman; but the fervour with which she declared her anxiety to remain unfettered by the trammels of matrimony, stifled this rumour in its bud.

The next day the Duke of Finland made his offer in form. This was his answer from Elizabeth, "The Duke of Finland is at liberty to quit the English court whenever he pleases."

The Bishop of Carlisle and Elizabeth were together in the Queen's private closet for above an hour on the following day, when a court was appointed to be held, at which several distinguished warriors and enterprising youths were to take their leaves to oppose the French forces which had descended upon Scotland. The struggle between love and duty which had taken place during that interview were evident in the pallid cheeks and lustreless eye of the young Queen, when she came forth from her closet, leaning upon the prelate's arm.

The nobles and chivalrous youths were all present in the audience-chamber, some to receive instructions, and others new honours to urge them to increased exertions in their career of glory. Among the latter was Edward Harrington, no longer the secretary of the Queen, but an adventurer in the field of Mars—a soldier. He was to receive the honour of knighthood from Elizabeth.

She knew *he* was in her presence, and dared not look around, lest her eyes should meet his, and the virtuous resolution she had formed be at once destroyed by his glance, and love—the wild intense passion which pervaded her heart—should triumph. The ceremonies proceeded, and the young soldier came and knelt at Elizabeth's feet. Who can describe what passed then in the breast of England's virgin Queen? The object of her heart's idolatry was at her feet; she was about to dismiss him—and perhaps for ever; yet she dared not intimate by word or look the interest she took in his welfare. There were those about her who watched her countenance; Wardour among them, and his confederates; but they detected nothing which could indicate the delirious passion raging in Elizabeth's heart. The Queen rose superior to the woman.

The sword fell gently upon the young man's shoulder, and in a firm and steady voice, Elizabeth cried, "Rise up, Sir Edward Harrington."

But as the young man rose, nature prevailed. Happily, however, only the ears of Harrington and of the venerable Bishop of Carlisle caught the murmured words—"The sacrifice is performed. Harrington, we meet no more on earth, but I will live and die *your* bride—thine—only thine!"

The hand of the Queen was extended, and the lover pressed it with silent devotion to his lips; a tear bedewed it, and in a moment Sir Edward Harrington was gone.

England and Elizabeth were saved; the hopes of Wardour and the Scottish conspirators were destroyed, and the throne of the young Queen was established. Sir Edward Harrington, reckless of life, perished on the battle-field; and Elizabeth, true to her vow, lived and died "the virgin Queen."

\* VICTOR \*

## THE TENOR IN TROUBLE.

— Let me but see my danger,  
And I will face it.

## THE BRIDE OF ARDENNES.

In one of the principal cities in Germany, where music is the supreme delight of sovereigns and subjects, and where the gay science reigns paramount over all other pleasures and engagements, Rossini's beautiful opera of *Guillaume Tell* had been prepared at a most unlimited expense; and, according to the managers' announcement, the whole resources of the establishment would be employed on the occasion. The Stanfield of the theatre had done wonders in eclipsing himself, and the decorations of the first act were spoken of as something exceeding all previous displays of the scenic art—it was the representation of a practicable bridge thrown across two immense rocks, the abyss beneath presenting an appearance truly awful, and the scene where the deliverer of Switzerland pursues the flying satellites of the tyrant across the bridge was expected to create an immense sensation, and the papers of the following morning would doubtless be most eulogistic on the wonderful effects produced.

It was the manager's benefit; everything had gone on capitally at the rehearsals; the choruses were perfect, the band quite in order, and nothing could, in fact, promise better. The eventful evening came at last; the house was crowded to the very ceiling—such a house had scarcely ever been seen—and the manager bowed, smiled, and smirked, at the congratulations offered to him on every side. The overture commenced; the six double basses played the opening movement with the most rapturous applause, and the trumpets were so well in unison at the march succeeding the *ranz des vaches* as to draw forth a great amount of approbation from Mynheer Grolman, the editor of *der cut and slash* journal, a thing that had hardly ever occurred before. However, all things in this world are not perfection, nor was the happiness of the manager, for no sooner was the overture finished, and the prompter at the bell ready to ring the curtain up, the choruses in order at the wings ready to enter in the most picturesque fashion, than word came to the manager that Mynheer Cornelius Pipini wished to speak with him. This is always an awful summons to a manager at such a time; it forebodes an increase of salary, a benefit at half the usual cost, extra wax candles in the dressing room, or something out of the common way; but, however, go he must, and to his no small surprise instead of finding the hero of Switzerland in a costume the most picturesque imaginable—a mountain peasant with a little hat stuck on one side—he was dressed like an everyday being, in frock coat, velvet waistcoat, white trousers, and dirty boots; the director, as well he might, stared with all his eyes, but he saw only half his misery, for the words of the "liberator" were truly awful, more terrible even than his own stage thunder, when thumped with unusual force.

"My dear Sir!" he exclaimed, "Very sorry! Great grief! In despair, &c., &c., but you must return the money; you must indeed; cannot play to-night!"

"Return the money! Can't play to-night!" re-echoed the manager; "My dear sir, the thing's impossible! Who ever heard of such a thing as returning the money?"

"My dear sir, I know nothing of impossibilities; but you must return the money, for play I cannot. I cannot indeed!"

There is a peculiar tact on the part of managers in dealing with their *artistes*, that would be worth adopting on the part of

ministers, who have unruly subordinates to deal with, and on the present occasion the manager, after a few moment's reflection as to the best means of extricating himself from his dilemma, replied, with seeming *nonchalance*, "Well, my dear sir, since it must be so, it must; and I will get Mynheer Crackini to play the part." And to the utter astonishment of the director the first tenor nodded assent to the arrangement.

This Crackini was a sort of double without a voice; or something approaching a clarinet with a bad reed; undertaking little parts on emergencies, and considered himself well off when escaping sundry sibilant symptoms of disapprobation.

However, nothing else remained to be done; the curtain was drawn aside, and the manager advanced to the foot lamps, with sundry bows to all parts of the house, evidently perceiving that a storm was brewing and, like one of his own avalanches, ready to fall anywhere but where it ought. "Ladies and Gentlemen! [hissing] ("Order, order! Hear him, hear him.") Ladies and Gentlemen! ("Order, order! Silence, siler ce!") It is with extreme regret I have to inform you—"("No, no! Order, order! No apology!") that M. Pipini is unable to perform this evening, and M. Crackini has, at a very short notice, obligingly undertaken his part."

The storm now burst forth with awful fury; hisses, groans, catalls, and noises impossible to describe, were mingled in one discordant burst. Let any of our readers imagine M. Laporte coming forward to announce Grisi's sudden indisposition, when announced for *Ninetta* in the *La Gazza Ladra*, but that Madame Castelli had obligingly undertaken the part, to prevent disappointment; some such scene as our readers can imagine, occurred on the present occasion.

"Pipini, Pipini," resounded on all sides of the house; "Where is Pipini? Let him appear. He is not ill. He can play very well." And a gruff voice exclaimed with much vehemence and passion, "He dined at my ordinary to-day, and he was well enough then, I know. What is the matter with him? Is it a sudden indisposition?"

"Why it is not exactly a sudden indisposition."

The storm here recommenced, and the manager looked inexpressible things on all sides of the house; the usual shrug of the shoulders was of no avail; his lips moved, but moved not the audience, until the storm had almost spent its fury, and he contrived to make himself heard.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" ("Shame, shame! Order, order! Return us our money!") The last was touching a tender point, and with more vehemence than he had yet assumed, he replied, "It is in my power to explain to you the correct reason of M. Pipini's not performing this evening, if you will but listen to me." ("Hear him, hear him! Sit down! Order, order!") and the pit gradually quieted itself. The manager directed the curtain to be raised, and pointed to the practicable bridge in the most significant manner, but the audience looked, "and still their wonder grew," for they nothing understood.

"Explain, explain!" And the storm was on the point of recommencing, when the director replied that "The fact was thus: M. Pipini was the father of four children, and the husband of an attached and amiable wife; and, moreover, gentlemen, he is—as most of you know—extremely short-sighted; that bridge, gentlemen, requires the best sight in the world to traverse it, as it is very narrow, and the height considerable. M. Pipini feels that his responsibility, as the father of a family, will not allow him to run the risk of passing it: this is the difficulty."

An English audience would have laughed at such an explana-

tion, but in Germany things are not the same, and the audience therefore began to consult with each other on the case, until some one cried out, "Let him put on his spectacles," and the whole audience caught up the sound, "Let him put on his spectacles; he can sing just the same."

The manager joyfully retired behind the scenes, upsetting in his haste the unlucky Crackini, already attired as the mountain hero, and telling him he was not wanted for the part; and flew rather than ran to the dressing room of Pipini; "My dear fellow, it's all arranged for you; the bridge is as firm as possible and there are four men with a blanket below; there can be no danger, for you are to play in spectacles.

Pipini threw himself into the manager's arms, and in ten minutes he was dressed, and *William Tell* traversed the perilous pass with most heroic fortitude, and a pair of tortoiseshell spectacles, amidst the reiterated and rapturous applause of the audience; and so much did he feel himself at home in them, that the spectacles were continued during the whole of the opera.

We have since been informed that he has performed the character of *Achilles* in a magnificent pair of gold spectacles, (a present from the grateful manager), so as to add considerably to his reputation: and that it is in contemplation for him to appear, next season, at her Majesty's theatre, when the usual indulgence will be requested, and we have not the slightest doubt that when asked for it will be immediately granted.

#### THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

*Translated from the German of Gunther.*

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Comrade, let us joyful be,  
Ere our youth be past;  
Let not age's winter come  
To wither with his blast:  
Days and hours wait not,  
Have no wreath at last.

Our young life hastes away  
Swift as morning light;  
Grief ever can remain,  
Joy takes rapid flight:  
Let then revelry be ours,  
Heed not time, but crop the flowers.

Tell me where are they  
Who, for a few short years,  
Like us were glad and full of hope,  
Forgetting life had tears?  
For on a distant, barren shore,  
Their bones lay whitening, Ocean's roar  
Their monument uprears.

Who of his fathers would enquire,  
May ask of the cold grave stone,  
The bones which mouldering lie beneath,  
Will cry with warning tone:—  
"Enjoy your youth while yet you may,  
Ere the evening of life's summer day  
Closes, and all is gone!"

## THE OLD MAID BEWITCHED.

"Why should I blush to own I love?  
'Tis love that rules the heavens above!"

H. K. WHITE.

Miss Winkey was a confirmed old maid;—she had filled up a nook in this pleasant merry world for upwards of thirty-five years, and of all the friends of her girlhood some had faded away into the cold grave, the rest had married;—all, of both sexes, had met with partners, either in death or matrimony—the cold pillow of the grave or a warm companion with whom to divide the toil of dragging through life's muddy lanes, and to share the pleasure of bounding over fresh meadows and plucking the flowers of happiness, till they should gain the common resting-place, the tomb!—the common home of the noble and the beggar, the fair and the deformed, the sinful and the good. But Miss Winkey was still alone and single; and without even the shadow of a chance of ever being doubled. It was not known for a certainty that she had ever had an offer! No one had heard of such a singular thing. Had the question ever been "popped" it is very probable that she would have made the world acquainted with the circumstance by some ingenious method or other. I cannot say how it is but most virgins maintain that they have had the honour of being the object of some fond youth's idolatry. By their own shewing, they are not single for lack of offers;—no, indeed, they might have been married over and over again; and married well too; but they "preferred a life of single blessedness." Dear, happy, blessed, amiable creatures they are! It is affirmed by some that no girl passes into old maidenism without having had *one* (if not more) declarations made to her; but leaving this interesting question to be discussed by our fair readers, let us revert to Miss Winkey, who would not acknowledge that the fire of love had ever been lighted in her maidenly bosom, no not even when she had gained the sober age of twenty-eight. But there was not wanting censorious persons to insinuate that this denial was only to advance her in the good opinion of a fair-faced, fair-haired gentleman, of a romantic turn, who thought there was nothing in the world like "first love," and sighed for some fair creature of earth's mould, whose first fresh glowing affections his own graces should inspire. Miss Angelina Winkey, it was said, cast "sweet eyes" at this romantic youth; but what that youth's sentiments were with respect to Miss Winkey I cannot presume to say; it is sufficient, however, to know that he fluttered round her shrine, and paid to her all those thousand little indescribable but delightful attentions which young ladies expect from young gentlemen all the world over; but which, it is said, that this particular romantic fair-headed youth paid to all young ladies who were foolish enough to accept them; for, in truth, he was a terrible flirt. Well, he continued this game for two years and more, and never came to an offer; and so our lady friend at thirty was Miss Winkey still; and then the lover took wing; and five years afterwards Miss Winkey was found remaining in her much beloved state of "single blessedness."

She was now residing with her brother, his wife, and daughter, in a very comfortable, neat, pretty little villa in the Regent's Park. The former were a pair of nothings; they were of the common race of married people, quiet and genteel, simple, respectable, and dull. The daughter, however, was a madcap, just let loose from school, with her head one quarter filled with what she was sent to school to learn, and the remaining space in her cranium crammed with all the nonsense which school-girls

talk over amongst themselves, and teach those who have not already acquired such interesting knowledge,—love, conquests, admirers, compliments and so forth, with the usual mixture of contempt and ridicule for those of their own sex who have passed the dreaded year of thirty, and are laid up on the shelf of old virginity, standing no chance of swinging in the noose of matrimony! Miss Winkey was, of course, pounced upon as a fair object for the mischievous propensities of the madcap to be exercised upon; but for the first six months after Clementine had left school no opportunity offered for a single prank. At length the hour of annoyance arrived.

"Does this letter belong to you, dear aunt?" asked Clementine, as she abruptly entered the room, where Miss Winkey was reclining on an ottoman, with her *bright* auburn tresses (it would be so unromantic to say "red hair!") streaming over the witching pages of Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

"Let me see, my dear," said Miss Winkey, taking the letter and reading the direction,—"*Miss Angelina Winkey*;" there was nothing else. "Where did you find this letter, Clementine?"

"In the garden, aunt; just down by the wall."

"Well I can't think how it should have come there," said the lady, putting the letter into her bag as she rose and left the room for her chamber.

When she was fairly out of hearing, her dutiful niece clapped her hands and fairly jumped with glee. "Well, I did not think she would take it so easily. My gracious! what fun!" And the wild girl flung herself on the sofa, and laughed till she was completely exhausted. "I must not miss the meeting for anything. Nine o'clock it said," and then having recovered from her fit of merriment, she added, as she ran from the room, "I must take care that papa does not find me out; or I shall catch it finely!"

Miss Winkey when she reached her room, carefully locked the door; then, with equal caution, she fastened the closet, and looked under the drawers, dressing-table, and bed, to make certain that no one else was in the chamber beside herself, she then drew the sealed treasure from her bag! It was a moment of thrilling anxiety! Her cold thin fingers trembled when she broke the seal; for she could not possibly guess what might be inside;—rudeness or kindness, insult or love, something or nothing! Her eyes ran over the contents, and we all know how quickly we can understand at first a letter when its contents are pleasing, to what we can those of an unpleasant one. This epistle Miss Winkey perused once, twice, thrice, and then she rested a little and reflected. Then the dear delightful billet was perused again and again, and then the happy maiden, thrown as she was into a state of perfect beatitude, folded it up and placed it in her bosom! A smile gathered—not *on*—but *up* the corners of her mouth; a gentle sigh agitated the folds of her white dress, and made the letter crackle! "I cannot imagine where he could have seen me;" she murmured, in a dissolving tone, as she glanced admiringly at the reflection of her fair face in the dressing glass, "but most likely in the garden, I am so often there! Heigho! This is a charming letter,—I must read it again." And again did she draw the treasured scroll from its balmy resting place, and again were its contents devoured.

It was a strange looking letter, and written in a still more remarkable hand. The gentleman—for, of course, the writer was a gentleman—"humbly presumed to hope that, although he had come from a foreign clime, it would not prejudice his angel—his divinity—his adored—against him."

Miss Winkey thought that the circumstance of his distant

birth accounted for his peculiar "pot-hooks and hangers," and also for his having copied the letter from "The Complete Letter Writer," for Miss Winkey prudently kept one of those necessary works by her, as it was too irksome to her delicate nerves to compose all the number of epistles she was in the habit of circulating among her friends.

How anxiously did both aunt Angelina and niece Clementine wait for nine o'clock! It came at last, and while Miss Winkey went for her bonnet, Clementine slipped out and ran with all her speed down the garden, and for fear the gentleman should be in waiting and mistake her for the right lady, she made a circuit, and encoused herself behind a small conservatory, where the meeting had been appointed in the letter to take place. This conservatory had been long used for nothing else than a receptacle for the gardener's tools, and through a small aperture Miss Madcap could see and hear all that passed within.

Presently the aunt appeared. The moon was shining brightly, and rendered everything as clear as day. There were the old chair and table which Miss Winkey had caused to be placed in the conservatory during the day, for she had anticipated an attitude, to give effect to the "first meeting," and thought a chair and a table very necessary towards the production of the picturesque scene. She looked around as she timidly entered to discover whether or not the gentle stranger had arrived, and finding the place vacant she seated herself on the chair and buried her face in her folded arm upon the table, the other hand falling listlessly by her side. The moonlight fell upon the figure of this enamoured maiden through the open doorway; and, if she did not look graceful, she had at least the appearance of youth, for she was slightly made, and her dress was made upon a juvenile principle. In a few seconds footsteps upon the gravel path were heard; Miss Winkey's heart bounded up and down with such force that its beating sounded like the movements of a clock. The footsteps approached—they came near—they were at the door! Moment of extacy!—The lover was in the presence of the lady. Here was a situation! How Miss Winkey trembled!—Her beautifully feminine timidity overcame her—she could not look up. Her face was the colour of scarlet—or, rather, mottled—scarlet and white. The hero was silent!—not a word!—why does he not speak?

"Ha!" sighed Miss Winkey, still keeping her face concealed.

"Ho!" responded the gentleman, and fell on his knees before her, and at the same moment seizing her hand which hung down by her side, he imprinted there innumerable kisses with such fervour and loudness that Miss Winkey was absolutely astonished. But she—dear creature—attributed the lover's extacy to the peculiar manners of his foreign clime.

"Oh Sir!" murmured the lady, in a low and mellow tone, as she gradually raised her head from the table to have a look at the gentleman at her feet.

"Merciful heavens!" shrieked the damsel, suddenly snatching her hand from his grasp, and flying to the other end of the conservatory, "Merciful powers! Satan himself!"

"De debble!" muttered the gentleman, springing to his feet at the same time, and trying to make his escape; but the door defied his efforts, it had closed after him with a spring, and could only be opened from the outside. Miss Winkey began to shriek and scream, and the unknown to run round his cage like an armadillo, seeking for some opportunity to make his exit.

At this stage of affairs Clementine made her way to the house as fast as she could, and pretending that she had heard her aunt's screams from the window, summoned her father and the

domestics to Miss Winkey's assistance. When they reached the conservatory, there was Miss Winkey discovered, squeezing herself as close into one of the corners as she possibly could, and looking as if she had lost her wits.

"Satan!" again she exclaimed, directing her brother's attention to her sable companion.

"De debble!" once more muttered that amatory individual, when all the servants were suddenly set grinning.

"Who is this man?" enquired Mr. Winkey of the domestics; but they were so much amused at finding the maiden lady in such an equivocal situation, that they could not answer; the footboy at last managed to exclaim,

"Please Sir, this is Mr. Manby's footman next door, as keeps company with our Ann the house-maid!"

Mr. Winkey turned again towards the sable hero, but he had escaped, and was observed throwing himself over the garden wall. Miss Winkey then entered into a detail of her coming for a book which she had left in the conservatory, when the man entered and stated that he was Satan in the vulgar language. All believed her statement, and matters were soon put to rights. But after that Miss Winkey never sought stolen interviews with young gentlemen in gardens or conservatories, and whenever she was asked to sing, she would always oblige the company with

"Fall not in love, dear girls, beware!  
Ah! never fall in love;  
Better lead apes—you know where,  
Than ever fall in love."

Sambo's love-letter came into her hands in this way:—Clementine had found it by the garden wall, soon after it had been thrown over; the direction, "Ann Wilks," was altered by her ingenious pen into "Angelina Winkey," and the result was the pleasant adventure we have described. A lesson may it be to interesting young ladies of "a certain age."

M.A.S.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

You ask'd for my friendship  
When summer was bright,  
When surrounded by friends,  
With heart gay and light;  
With grief on that heart,  
And tears on my brow,  
Oh! give me your friendship,  
Oh! give it me now.  
When clouds of misfortune  
Most drearily bend  
How chang'd from life's sunshine,  
How rare is a friend;  
Give me not the flowers  
That bloom for a day—  
And in storms of the Winter  
Quite wither away.  
Go not to the beauty  
When cares are unknown,  
But when false friends have left her,  
In sorrow, alone:  
The bright smiles of Summer  
Are fled from my brow—  
Oh! give me your friendship,  
Oh! give it me now.

## FAITHLESS ELLEN.

"O yes, I could love thee; yes, love though rejected,  
Like Adam, when sadly from paradise driven,  
To look on his home he turned sad and neglected,  
So I could gaze on thee, my Eden, my heaven!"

It was early in the morning of one of the brightest days in June when I was awakened by the rays of the sun piercing through the curtains of my bedchamber; and finding it impossible again to compose myself to sleep, I mentally consigned my friend Tom Clarendon's hunting-box in Leicestershire, and all country houses to a place "unmentionable to ears polite," and resolved to be off speedily to where I could sleep to my usual hour without any apprehension of my slumber being disturbed by any intrusion of that enemy of late risers—the sun. I had been all my life accustomed to live in crowded cities. I had no taste for rural delights; trees and flowers were not to be compared, in my estimation, with ball rooms and theatres, and the roses and lilies of the fields were valueless in comparison with the roses and lilies upon the cheeks of those most beautiful objects in creation, lovely women, in the *conversazione* or the *danse*. I arose from my pillow, and finding it impossible to dislodge my valet from his dormitory at that early hour, I, for once, dressed myself, and made my way out, to the great consternation of the domestics, who, no doubt, fancied that I was walking in my sleep. It was just eight o'clock when I crossed the lawn and struck into the beautiful shrubbery leading to the high road. I startled several larks, which, as they flew up to heaven's gate, relieved the monotony of the scene, and broke the dull current of my thoughts; and then the rich perfume of the flowers, their bright and beautiful looks with the dove-pearls resting on their bosoms, and the splendour of the morning altogether soon made me cease to regret having "turned out" so early. I extended my walk, and found gently undulating fields of green corn, of various kinds, surrounding me on every side; here and there the beautifully white cottages, with curling smoke, encompassed by a neat garden, containing generally some healthy children, and very frequently that proof of prosperity, a bee-hive, burst on my gratified view. The blossom with which the apple and other fruit trees were crowded, was in a flourishing state, and every thing promised a most abundant supply of the necessaries and luxuries of life.

I was suddenly aroused from a reverie on the superior advantages and privileges of the people of civilized nations, particularly Englishmen, over savages, by the appearance, from behind a rising eminence, of an exceedingly athletic and fine-looking young man, whose form was not much encumbered by superfluous dress, and whose thick uncombed hair, contrasted with clean hands and face, proclaimed him to be an idiot. I gazed upon him with mingled pity and admiration as he walked along, apparently unaware of the presence of any one, and absorbed in his own reflections. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. I applied my hand to his shoulder, and he started. Well, my man," said I, "whither are you going so early?" But the only answer I received was a look, and the words "Poor Harry" pronounced in a slow, dejected manner. I was never considered romantic, but the appearance of this youth interested me. I asked him several questions, but he took no notice of them, and at last, seemingly tired of my importunities, he started off down a lane, which branched out of the road, crying, "Poor Harry! poor Harry!" in a tone of such deep melancholy, that it had a powerful effect upon my spirits, and made me anxious to know more about the youth.

I had become tired, and entered a pretty rose-covered cottage in order to rest myself. Two smiling cherub-looking children brought me new milk, and their mother, a clean tidy little woman, besought me to refresh myself with it. I had seen much of foreign countries, and had experienced a great deal of the hospitality of the peasantry of Portugal and Spain, but I never saw anything to equal the clean and wholesome appearance of this humble family, and the hearty good will with which they proffered their hospitality. I got well acquainted with the rosy little urchins at my knee, long before we parted, and the mother being a chatty little soul I made inquiries of her respecting the idiot whom I had just before encountered. "Ah!" said she, "if you had known Harry Ellerslie a few years ago you would not have recognised him in that poor stricken being whom you have just seen."

"Well, my good woman," said I, "and what has caused this change?"

"Love, sir, love!" was the reply, and a sigh escaped the woman's lips. It was evident that she—humble as she was—had experienced the pangs as well as the pleasures of the passion!

"Well, now," said I, "pray tell me the history of this love-lorn swain."

"That I will with pleasure," said she, and drawing her spinning-wheel towards me, and despatching the two happy-looking urchins on some errand, to prevent their being the cause of any interruption in the narrative, the good woman thus proceeded.

"Harry Ellerslie was the son of an old farmer who resided in our village till his death. He had once been in prosperous circumstances, but retired about ten years ago with all that several severe losses had left him to call his own. Harry was his eldest child, the heir to his little property, the comfort of his father's declining age, and the pride of the village; for at cricket, playing the flute, or singing a song, he had few equals. And then the maidens that were dying for love of him!—oh, it was quite astonishing! But Harry was constant to his first and only love. He had long been devotedly attached to Ellen Woodbine, the only daughter of their near neighbour. They were to have been married in a few weeks, and the villagers were looking forward to a day of great rejoicing. Nothing could exceed the apparent happiness of the young couple, and their families; or their surprise and vexation when a troop of horse passed through the village, some of whom, on account of the sudden indisposition of a young officer, were to remain some days. After the bustle necessarily resulting from such a circumstance was over, and the young man partially recovered, he was of course introduced to the inhabitants, and among the rest to Mrs. Woodbine and the gentle Ellen. He was delighted by her unassuming beauty, shown to advantage as it was by her amiable modesty and plain neatness of dress. After a few interviews, he contrived to appoint a private meeting in the lane near their house; Harry all the while fancying (he endeavoured to persuade himself it was only fancy) that he perceived a gradual coolness spreading over the behaviour of her whose affection was dear to him as life. The meeting took place and Harry received information just too late to detect the parting of the young officer and his faithless mistress at her mother's door. He walked in and seated himself as usual, but was received with an air of sullen silence. The old lady was absent, and Ellen intimated her intention of going out to meet her, but Harry, being determined not to let the present opportunity slip, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and proceeding to take the girl's hand, he was desired not to be rude. He gazed upon Ellen's face, and said in a faltering tone how grieved he was to see her whom he

adored so changed. A quarrel ensued, and unlike lover's quarrels, this ended in estrangement, and poor Harry was given to understand that his visits there would be no longer acceptable, and that the sooner he closed the door after him the better. Harry was always a proud high-spirited youth; he bade the faithless girl good night as well as he could; he heard no answer, but wept silently and sorrowfully to his almost sleepless bed. After tossing about the whole night in wandering and broken dreams of his dissipated hopes, he arose and recalled one by one the occurrences of the preceding day. Pride and love were contending in his manly bosom for the predominant influence; the first told him her place might be supplied and herself forgotten, as the lately retiring sun is banished from our recollection by the unclouded rising of another on the morrow; love, on the other hand, told him he could neither supply her place nor forget her; and added, in accents that thrilled through his soul, that he could not even live without her; it painted her virtues and perfections in glowing colours, while her failings were entirely lost sight of. Under the influence of these conflicting emotions, he determined again to see his beloved, and hear his sentence or reprieve from her own mouth. Accordingly he repaired down the short and lovely lane that separated their homes. It was a most beautiful morning; the sun had just dispelled the early mists, birds were gaily singing on every branch, and everything seemed cheerful and happy, as if in mockery of his own feelings. He crossed the neat, little garden, which stood before that often visited cottage, and knocked rather impatiently at the door. To his inexpressible mortification and dismay it was bolted against him! He had not long to wait in silence, for a window above the door was opened, and Ellen told him in a cool, determined voice, that it would be useless to wait; her mind had been told when they last saw each other, and she desired he would be seen there as seldom as possible, for she did not wish to have any further acquaintance with him."

Here my informant was deeply affected, but recovering, proceeded: "I should have mentioned that he had very recently regained his health after a dangerous brain fever. Poor lad! his reason never surmounted the shock; he was unseen for two days, and then was found in a neighbouring wood, tired and exhausted. He was taken home, but alas! his mind was gone. He has never taken notice of anything since that lamentable morning. The death of his poor father had not the slightest effect on him, nor has he ever been known to utter more that could be understood than the solitary and mournful sentence which engaged your attention. He comes sometimes to my humble dwelling, where all he desires, a piece of bread and a drink of water, are never wanting; and I remember with tears the hopes of the family crushed in the dust, as I gaze upon the listless but once intelligent boy, who is known in the village for his unassuming gentleness and innocence, and his never-changing cry of "Poor Harry! Poor Harry!"

The old woman ceased. Silence ensued; she was weeping, and I was busily employed with my thoughts. I was the first that broke the silence; "Where does this Ellen live?" said I.

"Close at hand," was the reply; "if you go to the end of the lane, you will see a white cottage, overhung with jessamine and clematis; there she dwells."

"Then she did not go off with the officer?" I inquired.

"Oh no! he made dishonourable proposals, and Ellen, with all her faithlessness, was too good a girl to listen to his seductive offers; she resisted the temptation and spurned the tempter."

"Then she is virtuous and gentle, still?"

"Yes; but what's the good of her being gentle now?" was the pertinent enquiry of the dame. "To be sure she is very sorry for what she has done, and shuts herself up, and will be seen by no one; but what of that? Her seclusion will not restore poor Harry to his senses again."

It struck me forcibly that I might be the cause of making a great deal of happiness here. The idea of my becoming one in a party of romance was a novelty, and I liked it for the novelty's sake. Sweet ladies, who weep over these details of the sufferings of Harry, bestow not upon me any of your sympathy. I love you all very dearly, but although I admit that beauty in tears is a very pretty sight, beauty in smiles is much more agreeable to me; and as I never recollect having cried in my whole life, do not, ye sorrowful ones, claim me as one of your clan, but "mirth me of thy crew." I have done a very good action. I know it. I feel it; and why should I weep over it? No; let me laugh—let me rejoice. I would kiss the hands—or the lips—of all the adorable creatures who do me the honour to read my narrative—Heaven bless them!—with the greatest pleasure in the world; but they must not ask me to weep with them.

Well, to proceed. I thought that I might do a great deal of good here; and for the first time in my life, I discovered the advantages of rank and wealth. Had I been cast in the same lot as "Poor Harry," I should never have accomplished what I did; but they who would have taken no heed of plain "——," listened reverentially to the words of the "Honourable Mr. ——," and followed implicitly his direction. Even the pretty Ellen—bless her! (if ever I marry may my wife have *such* a face!) who refused to see everybody in the village, gave me an immediate audience, and—but, reader, you will think me an egotist (which I really am not)—if I go on at this rate, and so a truce to reflection, let us pursue our tale.

I enquired for the residence of Ellen, and immediately wended my way thither. It was a beautiful retreat, fit for the home of love. How Tom Clarendon would have laughed at me could he have seen me entering the garden in front of the house of the widow Woodbine, and could he have read the thoughts which then filled my mind! The first person I encountered was the widow; a nice, tidy, conversational old soul, who as soon as she found that I had an "Honourable" prefix to my name, and that I was, moreover, the friend of her landlord, Clarendon, became the very model of obsequiousness, and made such a clatter about me, that I began to regret having made myself known to her. I enquired for Ellen.

Presently the rustic belle came forth. She was very beautiful; but her cheeks were pale, and her eyes were cast down to the earth. We conversed for some moments. I took her hand in mine.

"Ellen!" said I, "you have loved?" She withdrew her hand from mine; but it was to hide her tears.

"Nay," said I soothingly, "I know your story, and see that you blame yourself; but it is possible that all may yet be well."

The girl raised her eyes and gave me such a look that I declare it almost staggered my philosophy, and had well nigh drawn me down a suitor at her feet. If ever there was an angel look upon earth, I saw it then!

I did not stay long in Ellen's cottage. It was already past breakfast time, and I felt that I had work upon my hands which should be done *instantly*. I left the cottage, and, luckily, soon encountered the poor idiot who had lost his wits through love. He was sitting by the side of a little fairy lake that skirted the road, throwing stones into the water and watching the circles which they made. I accosted him.

"Well, Harry," said I, "You are going to be married." The



youth looked up into my face, with a gaze of wildness and wonder.

"You are going to be married, I hear," I repeated. For a moment he was silent; but then he burst into a flood of tears, and hid his face in his hands. I sat down beside him. For a minute or two, I allowed him thus to give vent to his feelings. But then I said in a kind and gentle tone,

"You do not *hate* Ellen Woodbine?"

"No—no—no!" still concealing his face in his hands. "Heaven bless her!"

"Will not *you* bless her, also?" I enquired.

"I!" echoed the idiot.

"You. She has need of your blessing, Harry; much need of it. Like the flower of the field that expires for want of the refreshing dews from heaven, so Ellen dies for want of those refreshing tears of yours which fall upon the senseless earth."

Harry suddenly turned his face towards me. He said nothing; but his look could not be mistaken. I continued, "We should all of us, Harry, make allowances for the weaker nature of woman. As she is the greatest blessing which Heaven has thrown into the cup of man's existence, we should look over some errors for the sake of the happiness which she makes for us. We are none of us perfect, Harry, and woman in her penitence claims man's forgiveness."

"Is Ellen sorry for what she has done?" exclaimed Harry, passionately.

"Come with me," said I, "and see and hear her."

It was not with much difficulty that I induced poor Harry to accompany me to Ellen's cottage. He was silent all the way; but it was evident that he was deeply thoughtful. I watched him attentively. I saw the traces of the happy revolution that was passing in his mind; his eye became less wild, his steps were firmer, and when we came to the garden gate he caught my hand and grasped it firmly; but he did not look at me, and I knew by this that his reason was returning.

We entered the cottage. There was Ellen and her mother. In a moment Ellen and Harry were locked in each other's embrace. I caught the widow's arm, and without saying a word, drew her out into the garden, and shut the door. "Such meetings," said I, "do not require witnesses."

We had been admiring the flowers in the garden, the stately dahlias, the choice acacias, the drooping fuchsias, and the thousand other brilliancies, when suddenly the cottage door opened, and there stood Ellen and her lover, without one trace of sorrow upon their countenances, save the paleness of the cheeks of both, and they came forth to us, and Harry held out his hand to me, and I cried from the very fullness of my heart, "God bless you, Harry!" for I felt and knew that his reason was restored.

And before I left this happy family, the day was fixed for the wedding of Ellen and her lover. And then I returned to the mansion which I had quitted so low-spiritedly in the morning. There I was blamed for having kept Tom Clarendon waiting so long for his breakfast. But we sat down to table, and I declare that I never better enjoyed a meal in my whole life. I recounted my adventure; and, although I expected to be laughed at, strange to say, the whole company applauded me to the very echo; and Miss Clarendon (Tom's charming sister) declared that she would be bridesmaid to the pretty coquette; and we all agreed to be present at the wedding.

And so we were, and a pretty sight it was when we all stood at the altar (some of us in our hunting coats) and heard the vows pronounced that bound Ellen and Harry together for life.

CRAVEN.

## THE MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST. A SKETCH.

Chance threw me in the way of Arthur Lorendie.

He was an enthusiast—that is, not in the general acceptance of the term; he was enthusiastic in his admiration of Italian music; mind, reader, Italian music: he could not listen to Mozart or Beethoven, and English ballads sent him invariably to sleep. He raved about the exquisite beauty and voice of Grisi, till it was deemed he was desperately in love with the syren; Rossini was with him the *beau ideal* of composers, and, in short, he looked upon all fashionable music and musicians with a devoted admiration, such as had never been known to arise in this phlegmatic country before. On other subjects he was well skilled and conversant, but on all relative to the opera he appeared a genius, and as such, known and appreciated by a large and distinguished circle of acquaintance. Anything bearing the stamp of originality makes rapid way in this world, and an Englishman, believed to be *really* enthusiastic in Italian music, was a kind of originality likely to create a sensation.

We soon formed a friendship for each other, and one evening Lorendie pressed me to accompany him to the opera. I immediately accepted the invitation, being a partial stranger to London, and a complete one to her Majesty's theatre; and wishing, moreover, to observe the effect of an opera on the English temperament. Accordingly, we dined, and drove together to our appointed destination.

The *Semiramide* had but just commenced, and so entirely did its soul-inspiring music captivate my senses, that I could not so much as spare a glance for the realities around me. Grisi entered; the applause was enthusiastic; she commenced her opening *aria*; the silence was deep. I inwardly rejoiced at the attention of my country-people to the beautiful science of harmony, and thought of preparing a refutation of the assertion respecting the want of true musical feeling in our amateurs and audiences. Suddenly, as my eyes remained fixed on the "stage business" before me, a voice at my side broke the silence; it was Arthur's—

"Splendid creature; how beautiful she looks!"

"Truly majestic," was my murmured reply, without taking my eyes from the objects which attracted them, or shifting in any degree my posture of attention.

"What an eye! What tresses!"

"Little short of perfection, indeed."

"I'll swear she has seen me!"

This required no answer; I thought the man was mad—in love with the *prima donna*—probably much the same thing.

The *aria* ceased; and applause, long stifled, burst upon the area of the theatre with vehemence. "These people have far more feeling than I gave them credit for," was the sentiment then passing in my mind.

The applause gradually died away; my companion ceased beating his shoe upon the floor, and silence again resumed her sway. I was all-engrossed in the magnificent recitative of the opera, when my friend's voice again interrupted me; he spoke into my ear:—

"There; she sees me now! I shall bow. Good! She returns it, by Jove: a complaisant beauty!"

The *prima donna* had not once deigned to look on any portion of the house. I thought that either my friend's enthusiasm was a little forced, or that he was indeed mad. He continued:—

"She looks angelic!—"

"And her singing!" I involuntarily added.

"What, have *you*, then——? Oh, Oh! I forgot; you refer to—ha—yes—"

I was half inclined, in pity to my companion, to turn towards him, and offer some friendly remarks and consolation; but the approach of *Arsace* prevented my doing so. Still did the man continue to mutter, and heartily did I wish him anywhere else but where he then stood, so that I could have been rid of his importunate exclamations, which every now and then broke in upon the delicious dream I was seeking to indulge in.

"Ha! Who the deuce is that?"

"Tamburini; Do you not recognise him?"

"No, no; that big—ugly-looking——"

"Lablache?"

To this he did not seem to think a reply necessary. I relapsed into my former silence, but was again interrupted.

"Why, he is actually addressing her!"

Assur was addressing the Queen of Babylon.

"And she scarcely condescends to notice him."

Neither was this very far from the mark.

"I do believe she is growing vexed."

He was perfectly right.

"Capital, capital!"

So it was: the singers were in superb voice, and acting finely.

"I'll join them: this must be put an end to."

Hereupon I turned, and beheld Arthur Lorendie in no assumed excitement; it was, indeed, real; the big drops of perspiration rolled over his brow, and his lips moved convulsively. "Can music and acting produce such an effect as this?" thought I; "This must be checked; it may create a disturbance, and, moreover, entail consequences that will be very unpleasant." I thought of Lord Castlereagh! I was about to start some remonstrance on the subject, and had laid my hand on Lorendie's arm, to detain him from his faintly-expressed purpose, when, staring fixedly in my face, he exclaimed, "Yes, we *must* put a stop to what is going on there; this will never do for me." Then, raising his opera-glass high in the air, and, as I deemed, pointing at vacancy, the enthusiastic young man eluded my grasp, and, darting through the crowd of wondering spectators, instantly disappeared!

I expected at each moment to see him rush on the stage. The act closed, however, without any interruption; and, having made up my mind that my rash friend had been secured by a policeman, I was about to set out in quest of him, and see what assistance could be tendered on my part for his relief. First, however, it occurred to me that I would just bestow one glance at the house and its audience. I did so, when suddenly my eyes were rivetted to a box on the first tier, directly opposite to where I stood. There sat the enthusiastic Arthur Lorendie, making desperate and decided love to a sweet-looking girl at his side, who by no means appeared to reject his attention. At the back of the box stood a seemingly-disappointed youth, pulling up his collar, and endeavouring to expose his wrists. Here were the Grisi and Tamburini of my imagination!

\* \* \* \* \*

We were riding the following day, in St. James's Street, when the carriage of Mrs. Pierce Plumage drew up, and the fair occupant addressed my friend.

"So, you were at the opera last night, *selon coutume*, now tell me, you, whom we know to be a talented amateur, do you not think Grisi was finer than ever?"

"Indeed, I think so; there were portions of her *Semiramis*, last evening to my idea, equal to Pasta."

"My very assertion! I have had a long discussion with some

connoisseurs, on the subject, who prefer her in the *soubrette*, to the tragedy queen; as for instance, in the *Ninetta* or *Amina*."

"Her first act was perfectly splendid; but, probably, the effect created is in a great measure to be attributed to the accompaniment of the orchestra. Never did I note such care and precision."

"Many thanks for your opinion: I know it to be a good one. Will you dine with us to day?"

"With pleasure."

My opinion as to the opera had never been asked for; I was nobody, and yet had I heard and marked almost every note, whilst I did not believe Arthur had listened to one! For the remark relative to the orchestra he was indebted to me; I furnished the hint, and he acted up to it!

Lorendie obtained the beautiful object of his wishes; and continues to enjoy his musical reputation.

Are there no other enthusiastic admirers of the opera, whose enthusiasm is of this character?

NEMO.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

Isle of the bright and beautiful?  
Thou art the land for me;  
Thou sittest as a glorious queen  
Upon the azure sea!  
That sea, in all its power divine  
Ne'er quits a nobler strand;  
For all earth's purest gifts are thine,  
O bright and happy land!  
Honour to thee, O England!  
Sweet isle of peace and mirth,  
The sages' pride, the boast of Kings,  
The glory of the earth!  
What were the brightest lands of old  
In all their Majesty,  
With all their pomp, and power, and gold,  
O, my own dear land, to thee?  
Fair, peaceful, happy England!  
From hall and lowly cot,  
A voice speaks forth of parted days,  
That may not be forgot;  
It tells of deeds of glory done  
By many a noble heart,  
And fields well fought and victories won,  
To make thee what thou art.  
Thine are the glorious memories  
That breathe from tomb and shrine,  
That on thy poets' glowing page,  
In deathless beauty shine;  
Memories deep fraught with joy and pride  
That float upon thy breeze,  
And wander on the swelling tide  
Of thine eternal seas.  
O fair and merry England!  
Glory be ever thine!  
For patriot hands and patriot hearts  
To guard thy rights combine,—  
Bright Eden of the stary West!  
Queen of the azure sea!  
Land of the beautiful and blest,  
Thou art the land for me.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXIV.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—AN ASSEMBLAGE OF FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE COURT.

### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

There shines a fair star on the throne of the west,  
In beauty and splendour enshrined ;  
In the light of her own native loveliness dressed,  
And rich in the gems of her mind.  
Hope sits with delight on that beautiful smile,  
By majesty tempered, serene ;  
O ! if there's an angel to watch o'er our isle,  
That angel is England's young Queen !

The season has terminated : the gaieties are over : the *beaux* and *belles* of fashion's world are quitting with all possible speed the scene of past glories—alas ! that such should ever be the *past* ! and that " bright particular star" to which all eyes turn with affection—the Queen of her subject's hearts—has passed away with the many to sojourn for a time elsewhere. The season, however, was brilliantly terminated by her Majesty. At the commencement of the month there was no occurrence in the Court particularly notice-worthy ; her Majesty took her customary airings in the morning, and entertained small parties of delighted guests in the evening. On the 13th she held a council, and on the 15th a court, at the new Palace. Upon the latter occasion her Majesty held an investiture of the Order of the Bath, when the honour of knighthood was bestowed upon several individuals distinguished for their military services. On the following day her Majesty gladdened the eyes and hearts of many thousands of her faithful subjects, by appearing again among

them in state, that day being the appointed one for the prorogation of Parliameat—a duty which her Majesty performed in person. In consequence of its not having been decided upon till the day before, that the Parliament should be prorogued on the 16th, there were not so many distinguished persons present in the House of Lords, as upon previous occasions of the kind. Her Majesty was conducted from the state rooms in the Palace to her carriage by the Earl of Belfast, vice chamberlain, upon whose arm her Majesty leaned ; her train was supported by Captain Seymour, Groom of the Robes, and Master Cavendish, Page of Honour in Waiting. The Queen wore an armllet with the motto of the most noble Order of Garter. Her Majesty had also a diamond stomacher and circlet. The Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies in Waiting attended her Majesty to the state coach. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, and the Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse, sat opposite to her Majesty. The band of the Grenadier Guards, who were on duty with the Queen's Guard in front of the Palace, played " God save the Queen," and continued playing until her Majesty had passed.

Her Majesty, to our thinking, does not appear to so much personal advantage in the crown as in the simple diamond circlet, which she is accustomed to wear ; although she must be attractive in anything, for no attire or description of ornament can destroy the effect of that beautiful countenance, beaming with intellect and innocence. Crimson has been substituted for purple velvet in the crown, which is a great improvement. The Duchess of Sutherland was in crimson velvet and white satin, richly embroidered with gold.

The following day was the anniversary of the natal day of the illustrious mother of our Sovereign—the Duchess of Kent. Upon this happy occasion a dinner party was entertained at the

Palace, by her Majesty, and after dinner there was a concert, performed by the leading vocalists of her Majesty's theatre.

The following was the programme :—

PARTE PRIMA.	
Trio, 'Ti parli l'Amore,' Mad. Grisi, Sig. Rubini and Lablache (Otello) .....	Rossini.
Duo, 'Sulla tomba,' Madame Persiani and Sig. Rubini (Lucia di Lammermoor) .....	Donizetti.
Aria, 'Forse un destin,' Mad. Grisi (Parisina)	Donizetti.
Duo, 'Voi siete un uomo di spirito,' Sig. Lablache and Tamburini (Falstaff) .....	Balfe.
Duo, 'Va menzogner,' Madame-Grisi and Sig. Rubini (Arabi nelle Gallie) .....	Pacini.
Quartetto, 'Chi mi frena,' Mad. Persiani, Sig. Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache (Lucia di Lammermoor) .....	Donizetti.
PARTE SECONDA.	
Duo, 'Se inclinassi,' Sig. Rubini and Lablache (Italiani in Algieri) .....	Rossini.
Aria, 'Regnava nel silenzio,' Mad. Persiani (Lucia di Lammermoor) .....	Donizetti.
Duo, 'Ugo, Ugo,' Mad. Grisi and Sig. Tamburini (Parisina) .....	Donizetti.
Preghiera, 'Fra nembi crudeli,' Sig. Rubini (I Briganti) .....	Mercadaete.
Quintetto, 'Ridiamo cantiamo,' Madame Grisi, Sig. Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache ...	Rossini.
Pianoforte .....	Sig. Costa.

A few days afterwards the Court removed to Windsor.

We are happy to state that the Queen Dowager also continues in excellent health, and takes carriage airings almost daily, attended by some of the ladies and gentlemen of her suite. The 13th being the birth-day of the Queen Dowager, her Majesty received congratulatory visits at Bushey Park.

#### THE COURT OF LORD DURHAM.

A correspondent, a native of the United States, has favoured us with the following highly interesting description of Lady Durham's first drawing-room, at Quebec. I availed myself of a friend's invitation to accompany her and her daughter to the Countess of Durham's first drawing-room. Notice was given in all the papers as to the mode of procedure, and I confess I was pleased at the opportunity thus offered of attending the Court of a Vice Queen. Nine o'clock was the hour appointed. A guard of honour was drawn up near the entrance of the *chateau*, as also a number of police. The carriages had all to fall in regular order. An aide-de-camp in the splendid—indeed, I may say, gorgeous—attire of the Royal Guards, received us at the door, and we passed forward to where another aide-de-camp was in attendance, to whom I handed our card. We were then passed into the large ball-room, which soon became filled with ladies and gentlemen. Among the latter were a great number of military and naval officers, many of them covered with stars and different orders. The ladies and gentlemen did not separate, as we do in New York, nor yet stand still, but mingled together, exchanging kindly greetings and cheerful conversation. There were no chairs in the room.

On entering the presence-chamber, we saw a tall and elegant lady standing out from a group of which formed a kind of half-circle, her station being about two yards in advance. Near her

stood the aide-de-camp, splendidly dressed, to whom I handed our card, as directed, while my friend made her bow. I also made mine, and she her second, and then taking my arm, we passed on. The Earl was standing alone, almost two yards from the Countess; and to him I bowed; which was returned, and on we went. The operation of passing through the room did not take up more than three minutes, or perhaps two. The whole presentation was over in little more than an hour. We passed to the hall, and back to the ball-room; and after some conversation with various acquaintance, we passed down to the saloon, along each side and one end of which, full six feet from the wall, stood a broad elevated table, about four feet high, covered with fruits, ices, lemonade, and various liqueurs, wines, coffee, &c. The attendants were inside, and had free range, while the company stood all along, every one receiving what he wished. Thus we amused ourselves for a short time, when we commenced a retreat. No carriage was allowed to leave the stand until called for; and the first called quickly drew up, so that perfect order and regularity pervaded the entire arrival and departure; and all was over within two hours.

There was no music, which would have been very agreeable to me, and the absence of which was quite a disappointment; but the drawing-room was preparatory to a grand ball, and no music is allowed on such occasions. As the Vice Queen had issued orders that no gentleman should appear in a black stock, I had to purchase a white stock and white kid gloves, which was all the expense I was subject to. One or two gentlemen had black cravats on, but such will not receive a card for the ball. It is now regarded as disrespectful to ladies to appear at dinner or in the evening with black stocks or cravats.

I am told nothing like the splendour of the dinner was ever seen. A gentleman who was favoured with an invitation stated to me that the hour named on the card is six, at which time all are expected to assemble. The guests are received on the stairs by a number of servants in grand liveries. A servant on the landing requests your name, which is given, and the person in waiting calls it out to the servant on the next landing, who repeats it on your arrival, so that the aide-de-camp at the drawing-room door hears the name, and presents you to his Lordship, who stands in the middle of the floor. The ladies are presented to the Countess. The kindness of manner and ease with which all are greeted are truly gratifying. Our ladies in New York sit while their company bow, but not so the Countess. She stands up, holds out her hand, and at once you are at ease. Dinner being announced, the Earl takes a lady and precedes the Countess, who follows after the ladies. I should observe, that the aide-de-camp tells each gentleman what lady he is to hand down, and each gentleman sits beside the lady he so leads to the dinner-table. The table is laid for forty each day. The service is of gold, and a splendid row of massive gold cups is laid on each side of the table, within range of the plates, and instead of meats, &c., the table presents only the dessert, with flowers, &c. Not a particle of meat is on the table. A decanter of water, a finger-glass half filled, a tumbler or champagne glass, and three wine-glasses are on the right of each plate, as also is salt. Servants attend offering you soup, others with wine, &c. You do not ask for anything, but take or reject what is offered. No healths are drunk; nor is there any taking wine, not even with the lady you handed to the room. The servants who supply the wine do not fill until your glass is empty, so that you have not to ask, but when he comes forward you state the kind of wine you choose. The banquet continued until nine o'clock—nearly three hours. The servants then filled the glasses. The Earl rose, and

all followed his example. "The Queen" was given. All then resumed their seats; and in three or four minutes all rose, the gentlemen leading back the ladies to the drawing-room, where were coffee, liqueurs, and music. The harp, piano, and songs by the ladies, concluded a banquet which, for elegance, ease, and pleasure, my friend assured me it would be difficult to surpass. I thought of our loaded tables in New York, and could not hesitate where to give the preference.

### THE CORONATION AT MILAN.

Our subscribers and the public are informed that the next number of "The World of Fashion" will contain an original and highly interesting account of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, at Milan; written exclusively for this magazine, by a gentleman of literary distinction, and who is now at Milan for that purpose.

The coronation of the Emperor will, doubtless, be a very splendid spectacle. Persons of high distinction from all parts of Europe, including many of the leading English fashionables, are congregated at Milan for the occasion. A programme of the Emperor's intended entrance has been forwarded to us. Besides the usual suite on such occasions, eighty-three banner-bearers of as many Imperial cities will follow the Emperor's chariot. The procession ends at the Cathedral, from thence the members of it go on foot to the palace. On the day of homage paying the ceremony will take place on the hill of Caryatides, where Count Inzaghi will read the oaths in Italian. The coronation itself is to be performed by the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice and the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. The latter anoints the Emperor, but the iron crown will be set upon his head by the Patriarch of Venice. The youngest Cardinal girds on the Imperial sword, the elder hands the globe. The coronation procession will proceed from the palace to the cathedral, where the Emperor will be received by the two Archbishops and eighteen Bishops. The Emperor, with his crown and sceptre, will walk back on foot to the palace. The two Archbishops alone dine at the table of the Imperial family on that day. The Emperor and Empress were to arrive from Monza, on the 1st of September, when the solemn entrance would take place. The 2nd is to be devoted to reception at Court of the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities. At night a grand gala and singing at the theatre *La Scala*. Sept. 3, Homage and presentation of ladies to their Majesties. In the afternoon, council on state affairs (*affari di stato*). Sept. 4, Visit to the public establishments. *Fete (fetti di ballo)* at Court for four hundred persons. Sept. 5, Visits to the public establishments continued, especially to the military ones. In the evening a council. Sept. 6, The coronation, grand banquet, illumination of the city, and nocturnal promenade. Sept. 7, Visit to the exhibition of the Fine Arts. Concert by the pupils of the Conservatory at Court. Sept. 8, Their Majesties will go to St. Ambrose. Grand dinner at Court. In the evening a council. Sept. 9, Grand military parade and review. At night a ball at the Scala, given by the city. Sept. 10, Audiences. In the afternoon the opening and inauguration of the triumphal arch (Arch of Peace). Spectacle at the grand arena, and fireworks. Sept. 11, Visit to the exhibition of Arts and Trade. Grand dinner at Court, and ball at the Governor's. Sept. 12, Sitting of the Government. Ball at Court for the Nobility. Sept. 13, Military evolutions. Popular *Fetes* at the expense of the city. Sept. 14, Second visit to the exhibition of the Fine Arts. In the afternoon, audience

of leave, and the theatre. Sept. 15, the departure. There will be a ball at the Ambassadors of Russia, France, and England, a ball at the Casino of the Nobility, and another at that of the citizens. The Polish Count Staszynski has appeared in several saloons in the dress intended for the coronation. It consists of black pantaloons made very full, fastened at the ankle, over red morocco boots; a waistcoat of white satin, buttoned all the way up—the buttons of gold, studded with turquoises and diamonds. No cravat is used, but a magnificent diamond pin is fixed in the shirt at the neck; round the waist, over the waistcoat, is a sash worked in gold and silver, and of variegated colours, the fringe hanging down in front; and a short coat of scarlet cloth, embroidered in gold, with open sleeves thrown back behind the shoulders, is worn over this. The buttons are studded with precious stones. A rich sabre with a scabbard of antique form, silver spurs, a square white cap, edged with brown Astrakan, and bearing a silver feather with brilliants, complete the costume. This is the Polish uniform of the Galicians. It is said that several of the young Poles will appear in similar dress, which will have a magnificent effect when contrasted with the Hungarian costumes.

### THE WIFE.

Of all those qualities which captivate the heart of man, *modesty* bordering on bashfulness, is, in woman, the most effectual. As the evidence of purity of feeling, it gives us the best assurance of happiness in a nearer connexion, and gleams with the brightness of a halo around the altar of marriage. I will suppose her married to the man of her choice, and the honeymoon already far advanced: and I trust up to this period the many *veilings* of the foibles of her husband have not stimulated complaint or bickering. Unless the acquaintance has endured for some time, one or two years or more, there *must* be such disguise as to the *real* temper and inclinations on both sides: and when these are shown to be in direct opposition to all former appearances, the shock to the heart of a woman of true sensibility is dreadful indeed!

*Forbearance* is her only refuge in such a case:—by meekness and amiability, not uncombined with gentle dignity and firmness, she may yet triumph, and turn the seeming desert into an Eden.

Mrs. S. C. Hall very justly observes, a woman's happiness is wholly dependent upon the *character* of a husband; for although he be passive as a child, yet, if he be devoid of strong sense, his very foibles may tyrannise over her like a rod of iron! Let not this hint be slighted; and, further, let me most earnestly conjure both the wife and the husband to avoid, by every resource in their power, the *FIRST QUARREL*:—like the first step of the Caliph Vathek to the regions of darkness, its end may be fraught with consequences too fearful to imagine!

Men of the world are very apt to ridicule the endearments of the newly-married:—but wherefore? are they unnatural or uncalled for; or, rather, are they not exacted by a state of unity, confidence and joy? Surely such misplaced irony can only be dictated by an envious or malignant disposition. At the same time I do think that much discretion should regulate such exhibitions of fondness when in the presence of others; and I am sure that those who have been well brought up, will not at *any time* forget to make *all* around them as self-satisfied and as easy as possible.

The necessity for a *mutual and unreserved avowal of feeling and thought* will be most imperatively demanded by those who sincerely love.

Let me conjure you, to the utmost of your power, to make a husband's home his Paradise; or society may estrange him from you for ever!

No man can be deaf to the voice of true affection; nay, the hearts of some men are solely accessible by that means. It is related of one of the kings of Portugal, remarkable for cruelty and hardness of disposition, that in the presence of his wife, to whom he was profoundly attached, he was ever remarked for mildness and tenderness; and that even in moments of furious excitement he was instantly subdued by the sound of her voice. Perhaps, in ancient or modern times, there has never been a more bloody-minded tyrant, than Ali Pacha of Yanina. He was so steeped in crime, that he said to a person, in confidence, he "could not stop," for that his "former deeds, like waves of gore, continually pursued him!" Yet he had one virtue in the midst of scarcely describable criminality: he loved Emineh—the fond and beautiful Emineh. She had for many years exerted over him great influence, and had frequently pleaded, not vainly, with him on the side of mercy. On occasion, however, of some party disturbances, excited by the ladies of her court, he became so exasperated at her intercession for their lives, that he threatened her own:—this blow she never recovered! She died very shortly afterwards, although Ali was most assiduous in his attentions to her, and finally, inconsolable for her loss.

I quote these individual examples, to prove how abundant is the power of Woman, when duly exerted, in controlling the evil dispositions of Man; and, therefore, a very moderate amount of this influence may bring about a tendency to domestic habits on the part of the husband. It must be confessed that there is one alloy, which might render all this advice nugatory, and all the best directed efforts of a wife in vain. That alloy is SUSPICION. Unfortunately this fatal propensity is generally co-existent with the most ardent affection; and should, therefore, be the more vigilantly combated. O! what a canker at the root of happiness is this vice! The darker phase of *Suspicion* is JEALOUSY,—the most fearful passion of the human breast; commonly unfounded; unappeased, even by revenge; in brief, to use the sublime word of Holy Writ, "Cruel as the grave!"

There is a *monotonous silence* which is apt to creep over a married pair, and which should be early obviated. In this respect the wife has much in her power.

Nature has wisely endowed woman with a much greater share of volubility than the more thoughtful sex; and therefore the sarcasm as to her "talkativeness" are both unfounded and ungrateful. I would, however, impress upon her the necessity of acquiring a habit of arranging her thoughts, of *guiding* the impulses of mind, and of choosing a simple yet forcible mode of expression. This can be best attained by a *careful* perusal of books which have been judiciously selected.

If a husband really love his young wife, he will, during the first year, be careful that time does not hang heavily on her hands; and he will, as unostentatiously as possible, provide pleasant little parties, take her to public amusements, and accompany her in evening walks. It is little attentions that produce the most indelible impressions.—*Woman, as Virgin, Wife, and Mother.*

#### GOSSIP AND GAITIES OF HIGH LIFE.

"WHO IS TO BE THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND?"—This is a question which, during the past month, has been very frequently asked in fashionable circles, wherein the rumour of Lord Elphin-

stone being the most likely cavalier is revived. Indeed, we have heard it stated by a gentleman of rank that he is positive Lord E. will be the "happy man." We, however, still doubt this. We think that our informant is mistaken. The Duke of Nemours has been mentioned; but the Duke of Nemours is a Roman Catholic, and we therefore strongly suspect that if his Royal Highness were to make a tender of his affections, he would be the author of "*Rejected Addresses.*" The story concerning his Royal Highness runs thus:—Marshal Soult—the fine old veteran!—in an interview with the King of the French, after the return of the former to Paris, intimated to the King that having recommended the Duke to the notice of our young Queen, he was happy to collect from the avowal of her Majesty that the Prince had made a favourable impression. The Marshal suggests, however, "in order to throw dust in the eyes of the English people," and to mask the progress the Prince had made in the affection of her Majesty, that the Duke be ordered to the camp of Luneville, with the understanding that he return to London to prosecute his suit immediately after that the camp should break up. The Marshal, it is further said, shewed to the King a letter from the Duchess of Kent, addressed to his Majesty, expressive of her Royal Highness's approbation of the Duke of Nemours for a son-in-law, her sense of the honour it would be to herself that such an union were formed, sanctioning the marriage, and anticipating from it strength and happiness for both countries.—This is a very pretty story, certainly; but whether or not there is any truth in it, time must show.

KENSINGTON PALACE.—We are given to understand that it is her Majesty's intention to reside a portion of the year at the Royal Palace of Kensington, the place of her birth, and which is endeared to her by so many fond recollections. The ancient palace is first to undergo a thorough repair, and to be considerably enlarged. The Princess Sophia will shortly vacate her apartments at Kensington Palace, and remove to a large mansion formerly the residence of Colonel Wynne, in Church-lane, Kensington, in preparing which and making enlargements upwards of one hundred workmen have for some weeks been employed, and for her Royal Highness's accommodation an entrance has been made from the rear on to the Palace-green.

LAST HOURS OF THE SEASON.—The season is ending, and all London will shortly be "out of town;" all the glory of the metropolis will be gone, all the brightness faded, its happiness become "a tale of other times." There will be no lordly cavaliers caracoling in St. James's Street; sylphs in their chariots are no longer gliding down Bond Street; Cavendish Square is shutting up its shutters; Piccadilly holds its tongue; coronetted carriages have migrated; Hyde Park is deprived of its quicksilver; St. James's Park of the precious jewel it enshrines; bathing dogs form the chiefest attraction in the Green Park,—and the only park which remains much in its old condition is the Regent's Park. Country villages are all mirth and gladness—bells ringing, lads singing, and lasses dancing in welcome to the Lords of the Manor, wealthy and charitable owners of vast estates, and country squires whom Parliament has kept out of their element. London is getting empty and silent! and what a silence after its happiness:—after its gaieties of the last six months! The past season may be said to have commenced on Feb. 14th, when her Majesty held her first levee, and to have terminated on the anniversary of the Duchess of Kent's birthday, when her Majesty had her last party. Other seasons have lasted as long, and we should be sorry to believe or imagine for an instant that many seasons have not been as plentiful in happiness to the beings who take part in its rejoicings; but, at all

events, we conceive ourselves to be amply justified in asserting that no one season, within the last fifty years, has been *fuller* of happiness, and that no one season, since "seasons" ever existed, has spread such continual joy and comfort throughout the whole land, into the heart of poor as well as rich, into the hovel and the palace, as this last of all the seasons—whose presiding spirit was the gentlest and sweetest of Queens. The present glance includes only the actual festivities which composed the Court season, and which have resulted from her Majesty's Coronation, her eight Levees, five Drawing-rooms, five Balls, and one State Dinner, or have been connected with the entertainments given by members of the Royal Family, by the Foreign Ambassadors, and the magnificent *fêtes* and parties of our own Nobility.—These have all of them been singularly numerous—for the Coronation, which gave an impetus to courtly revelry, was influential, even in its anticipation, in exciting an honourable spirit of rivalry among those who moved and had their being within the enchanted circle of her Majesty's private dominions. The presence in England of many illustrious Foreign Personages before the Coronation, and a still greater number after it, assisted also to add to the elegance and splendour of each and every entertainment. The Opera has had a flourishing season, and nothing can have surpassed the year's concerts, either in number or attraction, or in the profit which has arisen from them to those by whom they were given. Expense, where the objects were to testify respect to the Sovereign, or elegant enjoyment of any sort, has, throughout the whole period, been a matter of but very secondary consideration—the profusion of universal love for the Lady who filled with it the hearts of all her subjects, from the peer to the peasant, who have each,—to the utmost extent of their respective capabilities,—practically proved to her their gratitude for her care and graciousness, and how she is the *pulse* upon whose throbbing depend their very existences. Great as the opposed ardour of political parties has been, still, such as been the abundance of universal love, and the consequent willingness with which every other feeling has yielded to it, that private asperities have been smoothed down, and the clear diamond of the happiness of all has been left to smile in untarshed brilliancy and sweet smoothness of surface. Foreign countries have also shared in the popular kindness of our nation, have won our lasting love and respect for them by the sincerity and warmth with which they have heaped upon our beloved Sovereign abundant testimonies of their high consideration, and have ensured our friendship—a friendship that will last for many a long day, and we hope for ever. Among the long list of England's Monarchs there have been many gifted in virtue and adorned by talent—she has enjoyed many and long intervals of years of peace, and knowledge, and therefore love, have been gradually growing stronger—but never has sat upon her throne a Queen or King, more beloved than Queen Victoria, whose accession has more secured the peace of the country, and in whose dominion we foresee, for England, and for Europe, so many years of future happiness,—happiness not ensured by power, but by something even more powerful than that—*by mutual love.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND has recently had presented to her, by her noble relative the Duke of Devonshire, a valuable diamond jewel in the form of a key, which his Grace wore on special occasions when Lord Chamberlain of the late King's Household. It is composed of transparent brilliants of the purest water, and is of considerable value.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ESSEX have left Belgrave Square for their delightful seat, Cashlounbury Park, near Wat-

ford. His Lordship, during the summer, has kindly permitted the beautiful Swiss cottage in the Park to be appropriated to *pic nic* parties of ladies and gentlemen, his neighbours, who are freely admitted within the gates of his fine domain.

THE MARQUESS OF ABERCORN will leave Brighton, after the *accouchement* of the Marchioness to be present at the marriage of his first cousin, Lady Fanny Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton, to Viscount Milton, eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam. The nuptials will be solemnized at Dalmahoy House, Mid-Lothian.

MR. HENRY COLEMAN, author of the drama of *Crichton*, &c., has returned from a successful literary tour in the United States, and comes to the metropolis laden with the favourable opinions of our transatlantic brethren of the press. We hope soon to witness a production of his pen at one of our theatres.

A THOUGHTLESS BRIDEGROOM.—At a recent marriage in high life, a very singular circumstance occurred that has occasioned a great talk in the fashionable circles. After the marriage party had assembled in the vestry-room, preparatory to proceeding to the altar, the honourable bridegroom discovered that he had forgotten the license. A hackney cab was immediately procured, when the honourable gentleman, in company with a friend, started in all haste for Doctors' Commons. The party then left the church for their mansion in Cavendish Square. One hour and a half elapsed before the bridegroom returned, when the marriage was solemnized. The noble father of the bridegroom during the interval went to a neighbouring jeweller's and purchased a ring, saying, that "perhaps the silly fellow had forgotten that too." It is a wonder that the poor gentleman did not forget to bring *himself* to church! His mind was certainly overpowered by excess of love! But what a state the poor young lady must have been in all the while he was gone for the license!

ROMANCE OF LIFE.—We have heard mention made of a melancholy circumstance which has occurred in a distinguished northern family, which has just quitted the metropolis for their seat in Scotland. A heartless "thing of silk," a male flirt, who is called a "handsome" man because he cultivates a profusion of whiskers upon his face, dyes his hair black, and paints his face red (such handsome men can be made by a perfumer any day) who had secretly paid marked attentions to both daughters, suddenly broke off all correspondence with them. The elder sister bears the misfortune well, but the case is far different with the younger one. A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

THE HANDS OF THE LADIES.—We have ourselves said, and have heard said by others, a great many things of ladies' hearts, and now let us offer a word or two upon ladies' hands. We like to look upon a lovely hand—a woman's lovely hand. The hands of a lady, and those of the ruder sex, are as different as iron and silver. The gentleman's hand is formed to wield the sword: the lady's is daintier—more delicate—made to bear only flowers, and such fairy and beautiful things as will not harm its delicacy or sully the purity of its hue—to fondle the strings of the lute or the ivory keys of the piano—to cool with its kind palm the heated forehead of a beloved one, whose pressure bringeth a year's joy and hope, over whose fingers love's breath seems to have shed a warm bloom. Lord Byron tells us that "there is, perhaps, nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand; it is almost the only sign of blood which Aristocracy

can generate." There is a little of self-love in the motive his Lordship had in making this remark, because he had a beautiful hand himself—although, since it was much more what a woman's should be than a man's, in relation with his sex, we regard it as a deformity. One of the most beautiful hands we ever saw is that of the fair authoress of the most fearful and German of English romances, and the widow of one of our greatest poets—Mrs. Shelley, a most amiable, charming, and talented woman. We have also seen many beautiful hands wearily at their needle in show-rooms and shops, into which merciless women drag even the very best of men. Eyes can look a great deal; lips, also, smile us into compliance with considerable ease; but there have been found men with hearts sufficiently strong to resist both. We are not aware of any man whose heart, however, could resist the pressure of his own by the hand of his beloved one. The hand also is the most secret medium of intercourse between lovers—their eyes not only look, but are looked at. Smiles, when love awakens them, are apt to be so beautiful that they are sure to be remarked by more than her or him for whom they are intended; but the hand can bring about a reconciliation or renew affection, so stealthily as well as vehemently and sincerely, that while it enables the parties to understand one another better than by any other means, nobody is at all aware that the lady's has squeezed the gentleman's or his her's—a squeeze of the hand being a sort of amatory pistol, very effective in its effects, but all over in an instant. The hand, also, it should never be forgotten, bears the sweetest of all bonds—the marriage ring, the emblem of the perfect union of two human beings. To its custody is this treasure given—a treasure which gives to its chiefest beauty—lovely as it is itself—which sheds round it the halo of a thousand associations, and makes it the keeper of the heart's regalia. Honoured be ladies' hands!

A BIT OF FLIRTATION.—A very amusing bit of flirtation was observed a few days ago in the rooms of a fashionable *modiste*. A party engaged in inspecting the millinery overheard the discourse and pencilled it down. The milliner was exhibiting her works to Lady Maria —, who was accompanied by Capt. —, of the Guards, whom report says is "dying" for the lady. When they first appeared in the *magasin*, the lover was deposing to the truth of something of which his companion seemed to entertain doubts. He had run through some of the usual forms of adjuration, such as Sun, Stars, Venus, and Blue Eyes, when he was stopped by "Lovers' vows! Alfred! lovers' vows! where do they come from?"—"Where?" repeated the gentleman, in a theatrical attitude; "they come from a sincere affection, from a passionate heart, from a devoted adoration, from —."—"From Paris, I assure your Lordship," said the milliner, who was turning over some silks.—"Do not, Alfred," resumed her Ladyship, "do not bore me with such nonsense! lovers' vows have given me the vapours these last five years—and, after all, what are they worth?"—"Worth!" reiterated the beau, "they are worth the mines of Peru!"—"They are worth five shillings a pair, Madam," said the milliner. She was talking of some kid gloves.—"You gentlemen," said her Ladyship, "must think us very weak creatures, if you fancy we are to be imposed upon by any folly you choose to utter!"—"Your Ladyship," said the lover, "is cruel in supposing my vows to be made of anything but the purest sincerity."—"They are made of the finest materials," said the milliner, "and your Ladyship can see through them like glass." She was holding up to the window some stuff with a hard name.—"Say what you will, Alfred," said her Ladyship, "lovers' vows are never intended to last beyond a day!"—"Your Ladyship is un-

just!" replied the dandy, "they will last when all other ties shall be broken; they will last when the bond of relationship shall be cancelled, and the link of friendship riven!—they will last!"—"They will last for ever, Madam, and wash afterwards!" said the milliner. She was speaking of some scarfs. We cannot say whether the lady imagined the *modiste* was laughing at her and her lover, but she very quickly gave her commands, and as she retired, she was heard to say to the exquisite, "I shall contend no more with so subtle a disputant as Capt. —; my opinion of lovers' vows remain unchanged, and I desire you won't pester me with them at the Opera this evening, or I shall positively die of ennui." The Captain saw this was meant as an assignation, and he cried, "How shall I thank your Ladyship for the heart you have rescued from despair? language is too poor, utterance is too weak, for the emotion which I feel; what can I say?" Their marriage it is whispered will shortly be announced.

### THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We have little to record in the shape of novelty during the past month, excepting that this theatre has closed one of the most prosperous seasons ever known, and that the success of the manager has brought several aspirants for the directorship for the ensuing season into the field; one of whom offered a considerably larger rental than the one now paid by M. LAPORTE, but was refused by the committee on the ground that they were so well satisfied with the manner M. LAPORTE conducted the theatre that they were unwilling to risk anything by a change, which, though it might be advantageous in one respect to let the property at an increased rent, yet one season of inefficient management would deteriorate its value to a much greater amount than they were likely to receive in the shape of rent; our own opinion coincides with them, and we are glad that LAPORTE is to remain lessee, for we are convinced he is the only person with whom the first *artistes* will make their engagements.

The *Gazza Ladra* was played for GRISIN'S benefit, the cast was precisely the same as that of last year; the house was extremely well attended, notwithstanding the lateness of the season; and the opera went off with great *eclat*. We expected this opera would have been performed earlier in the season, but, we presume, the manager considered the novelties possessed more attraction.

The ELLSLERS took for their benefit the *Diabla Boiteux*, originally produced in Paris; considerable pains and expense had evidently been incurred in the production, the scenery and decorations being quite new to us; FANNY ELLSLER, as the *danseuse de l'Opera*, played with inimitable spirit and grace, being encored in the *pas de deux* with her sister and in the *Cachouca* afterwards. COULON was the *Student*, CORALIE the *Diabla boiteux*, and PROCHE the milliner, each adding materially to the success of the *ballet*.

There are many novelties and alterations spoken of for the next season, which it would be premature to mention at present, except to state that COSTA has a new opera ready, which will be one of the earliest novelties. M. LAPORTE leaves London



almost immediately to make his engagements, and to secure such of the new operas as may be worth bringing to this country; as it is intended to give as much as possible during the next season operas that have not hitherto been heard in this country.

The most important events in English theatricals were the production of Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD'S new tragedy of *The Athenian Captive*, at the HAYMARKET, and Mr. MACFARREN'S new opera, at the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE. Of the tragedy let us first speak. Our readers may remember that it was to have been produced at Covent Garden last season, but the temporary retirement of Mrs. WARNER caused it to be postponed. It has been produced in a very effective manner at the HAYMARKET, and has attracted crowded audiences every night it has been performed. The new play is of a more romantic character than the same author's *Ion*, and has more effective scenes. The part of *Thoas*, the captive, is a fine one for MACREADY, and Mrs. WARNER has equally good opportunities for the display of her commanding talent in the part of the Queen *Ismene*. The plot, which is highly interesting, runs thus:—*Creon*, the king of Corinth has raised *Ismene*, an Athenian, from the condition of a slave to that of his queen. She retains, however, a passionate attachment for all that is of Athens, and burns with a deep desire to be revenged upon *Creon* and his race for an injury to which she had formerly been exposed. A war is being carried on between Athens and Corinth, and *Hyllus*, the son of *Creon*, is wounded by *Thoas*, a bold warrior, who, compassionating the youth of *Hyllus*, is affording him assistance when he is taken prisoner and conveyed in triumph to Corinth. His generous conduct awakens in the mind of *Creusa* (daughter of *Creon*) an interest which ripens into love. The Athenian captive is desired to choose between slavery and death. "Let me die," is his reply; but the solicitations of *Hyllus*, and still more the solemnity with which *Ismene* bids him "Live," and the ready assurance with she replies to his question, "Who gave that shameful counsel?" "One of Athens," persuaded him to change his warrior's helm and buckler for the garb of a slave. On the second day of his slavery he again saves the life of *Hyllus*, who, whilst engaged in a chariot race, and unable to restrain his furious coursers, is on the point of being dashed over a precipice, when the strong arm of *Thoas* arrests their course. The love and gratitude of *Creusa* and *Hyllus* are his only requital. At a banquet given in the evening he is, at the instance of *Ismene*, required to serve the guests with wine, that they may drink "Ruin to Athens," he dashes the goblet to the ground, and is ordered to be led to instant death; but the Queen regards the sentence as foolish clemency, and the Athenian is accordingly doomed to suffer prolonged torture in a dungeon, of which *Ismene* appoints the keeper. The intercession of *Hyllus* has only the effect of drawing down upon himself a sentence of banishment. A few mysterious words from the Queen induce *Thoas* to promise that at midnight he will leave his dungeon and follow her messenger to a place "where they may discourse in safety." Thus ends the second act. In the next act *Ismene*, having first informed *Thoas* of her descent from the race of *Theseus*, proposes to him to head certain troops that are concealed in neighbouring caverns, surprise the palace, and slay the King. *Thoas* rejects the proposition with indignation; but in a few moments, without any apparent cause, exclaims, "Fearful woman! speak thy command! I feel that I must do thy bidding." The result, however, of the interview between *Thoas* and the Queen is that she discovers him to be her son, but keep the discovery secret,

and that he swears to stab any one whom he may hear or see in the chamber, through which she directs him to make his escape from Corinth. That chamber is the chamber of *Creon*, and the object of the Queen is accomplished by the violent death of the old man. *Thoas*, maddened by the stings of conscience, reaches the Athenian camp, and consents to lead the Athenians in an attack upon Corinth, in the vain hope of ending his misery in the field of battle. The Corinthians are routed; *Ismene* throws open the gates of the city and anxiously awaits the arrival of her triumphant son. When they meet she reveals to him the secret of his birth. The conference is interrupted by the *Priest of Jupiter the Avenger*, who informs them that the people demand a solemn inquiry into the circumstances of *Creon's* death, and that a voice had issued from the altar bidding them seek of *Ismene* who the murderer was, for which purpose he summons her to attend in the temple. There *Thoas* promises to meet her. In the meanwhile *Hyllus* has returned from banishment, and a report is prevalent that he had been guilty of parricide. *Creusa* appeals to *Thoas* to save her brother once more from the fate which threatened him, and her prayer is readily granted. The last scene is the interior of the temple of Jupiter the avenger—*Ismene*, *Thoas*, and *Hyllus* are there; the Queen is required to point out the murderer; she struggles in vain to pronounce the name of the doomed, but at length rises, points to *Hyllus*, and shrieking "There," falls back senseless in her chair. *Creusa* and *Thoas* exclaimed against the falsehood of *Ismene*, and the latter endeavours privately to persuade her to recall her sentence; he talks to her of penitence. Her heart, however, is hardened to all entreaties; and as the blood of *Hyllus* is about to be offered in expiation of the crime which had been committed, *Thoas*, the first victim of the vengeance of the gods, falls to the ground stabbed by his own hand, and declares himself the murderer of *Creon*. Exchanging forgiveness with his mother he dies. MACREADY gave a fine effect to every scene in which he was engaged, and very powerful assistance was given to his acting by the energy of Mrs. WARNER in *Ismene*. The other characters were creditably filled.

Mr. MACFARREN'S new opera, bearing the strange and coarse title of *The Devil's Opera*, is a work of merit, and of great promise. The dramatic part of it is very bad, and this mars the effect of the music. The story is quite inexplicable, but the object seems to be the exposition of the absurdities of the *diablerie* mania. However, passing from the bad part of the work to its mysterious features, we have much pleasure in bestowing our commendation upon the music, which is of a chaste and graceful character. A *trio* in the first act between Mrs. E. SEGUIN, Miss RAINFORTH, and Miss POOLE, is one of the most delightful things we ever heard. It reminds us of one of CIMAROSA'S gems, but without being an imitation. There are, also, two or three pretty ballads in this opera, and a delightful *canzonette*, sung with fine expression by Mrs. SEGUIN. Miss RAINFORTH sung very admirably, and little Miss POOLE, by her acting and singing, delighted all the audience. Mr. WIELAND played the demon, from whose vagaries the title of the opera is derived, very grotesquely. The novelty was got up with a great deal of splendour and was quite successful.

A little drama, entitled *The Emigrant's Daughter*, has also been produced at this theatre. The characters are very effectively sustained by Miss MELVILLE, Mr. M'IAN, Mr. COMPTON, and others.

One of the drollest of modern farces is that entitled *The M. P.*, which is also being performed here.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

Our expectation that the coronation would be followed by many pilgrimages to the temple of Hymen is realized; already many have taken place, and new reports of intended marriages reach us almost every day. Love seems, indeed, to have been busy at the coronation of our fair young Queen, and some of the beauties whom he has conducted to the nuptial altar are of the highest distinction. First let us mention the name of the Lady MARY PENELOPE HILL, the second daughter of the Marquis of Downshire, who has given her hand and heart to the Hon. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD, only son of Viscount BRIDPORT. This wedding took place at St. George's Church. The bridesmaids were Lady CHARLOTTE HILL, the Hon. Miss WELLESLEY, Hon. Miss HOOD, Hon. Misses FANNY and CHARLOTTE HOOD, Hon. Miss MAUDE, Hon. Miss M. CORTON, Miss LONG WELLESLEY, and Miss CLIVE. "A bevy of beauty!" After the ceremony the wedded pair left town for Easthamstead Park, Berks, where they are passing the honeymoon. After the wedding party had seen them depart, they repaired to the mansion of the bride's noble father, in Hanover-square, where a sumptuous *dejeuner* awaited their arrival. In the drawing-rooms were several tables covered with objects of *virtu* of exquisite taste presented to the fair bride by different members of the two noble families.—Tavistock Park, near Barnstable, has been the scene of a marriage festivity, for there Mr. EDWARD WELD, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, was united to Miss WRAY, only daughter of Sir B. P. and Lady WRAY. They are passing the honeymoon at Lulworth.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the fair and youngest sister CAROLINE of CHARLES PRIDEAUX BRUNE, Esq., of Prideaux Place, in the county of Cornwall, has given her hand to Captain the Hon. GEORGE CAVENDISH, R.N., brother to Lord WATERPARK. They are spending the honeymoon at Doveridge Hall, the seat of Lord WATERPARK.

In the chapel of Lambeth Palace a marriage has been solemnized, by His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, between the Rev. GEORGE BRIDGES MOORE, eldest son of the Rev. GEORGE MOORE, of Wrotham, Kent, and the beautiful and accomplished Miss BOSCAWEN, niece to the Earl of PALMOUTH. After the ceremony the happy couple left London for Eydon Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of the bride's uncle.—At All Soul's Church, Marylebone, the Hon. CHARLES PONSONBY, M.P., son of Lord de MAULEY, led to the hymeneal altar the Hon. Miss PONSONBY, fourth daughter of Viscount DUNCANON. The Hon. Miss KATHLEEN PONSONBY, Miss BEDKETT, Miss LAURA PAGET, and the Hon. Miss HARRIET PONSONBY, were the bridesmaids on the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left town for Lord de MAULEY's Crawford House, Dorset, to pass the honeymoon "Another and another still succeeds!"—At St. James's, Westminster, Lord THOMAS CECL, son of the late Marquess of EXETER has been married to Lady SOPHIA LENNOX, youngest daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, sister to the present Duke of Richmond. A sumptuous *dejeuner* was laid out at the Dowager Duchess's mansion in Upper Portland place, for the company, previous to the ceremony. Shortly afterwards Lord THOMAS and his Lady left town for Lady Jane Peel's residence at Brighton, where, after passing a few days, they will proceed on a continental tour.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Baron HUME, nephew of the celebrated historian, David Hume, in his

82nd year. He had filled several important offices with great ability.—The widow of the celebrated DUGALD STEWART is also dead. She was in her 72d year.—We have further to mention the decease of THOMAS JERVIS, Esq., the Recorder of Lichfield.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—Mr. ABERCROMBIE, son of the Speaker, and one of our foreign diplomats, is, it is said, about to be united in marriage to Lady MARY ELLIOT, eldest daughter of Lord MINTO.—The marriage of Prince WILLIAM of ORANGE with the eldest daughter of the King of WURTEMBERG is much spoken of Amsterdam, and is treated by the Dutch Ministerial papers in such a manner as not to leave any doubt upon the subject. The Prince is at present staying at Wiesbaden, where the King of WURTEMBERG and the Princesses have been for some time.—The Earl of SHELburne and KERRY, only surviving son of the Marquess of LANSdowne, will shortly lead to the altar Madlle. ELPHINSTONE FLAHAULT, eldest daughter of Count and Countess FLAHAULT (Baroness KEITH in the English Peerage). The Earl is in his 23rd year, and the lady is in her 18th.—The Earl of SANDWICH will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar Lady MARY PAGET, one of the daughters of the Marquess of ANGLESEY.—A marriage is said to be on the *tapis* between BROWNE CONSTABLE, Esq., of Wallace Craig, and Lady MARY ERSKINE, sister to the Earl of BUCHAN, and cousin of Lord ERSKINE, Ambassador at Munich.—Mr. BAYWITH, of Mastfield, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful Miss FANNY PRITTE, youngest daughter of the Hon. FRANCIS ALDBOROUGH PRITTE, and sister to Mrs. MABERLY. The bridegroom elect is in his 27th year, and on attaining his majority came into possession of the fine estates in the south of Ireland bequeathed to him by his uncle, the late Colonel BAYWITH, M.P.—The lady to whom Viscount DUNCAN, eldest son of the Earl of CAMPERDOWN, has offered his hand and heart is the youthful and accomplished daughter of Mr. G. R. and the Hon. Mrs. PHILIPS, and niece to Lord WATERPARK.—The contemplated marriage between the Earl of SANDWICH and Lady MARY PAGET, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, will take place, it is expected, on the 7th of September.

OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

The unfinished sketch of *Rose Raby* is amusing as far as it goes, but we cannot decide until the whole of it is before us. We would remind the noble author that all communications for the next number must reach us by the 5th of September.

*Clarissa's* favour is declined, with thanks.

Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope is, unquestionably, beautiful; but, certainly, not such a "divinity" as *Orlando* would represent. We cannot insert his lines.

*The Legend of the Solway*, does not possess sufficient interest to warrant us in introducing it to our readers.

*K. R.* shall have our immediate attention.

Surely *Roderick* might employ his time better than in writing "poems," three pages long, to "the lap-dog which his lady kissed." We do not like dog-kissers.

*The Defence of Short Ladies*, is very good; but we have already published something to the same effect.

Many thanks to *B.* The article shall appear in our next.

*The Lady Isabelle* is a terrible creature indeed; Lady Macheth is amiable in comparison. Kill three husbands! The author should have caused her to eat them afterwards.

*Lines to a Lady Weeping; To my Absent Dear One; and The Sighs of the Lonely*, are declined.

Under consideration:—*Varney; A. M. R.; Leman, and J. K. C.*

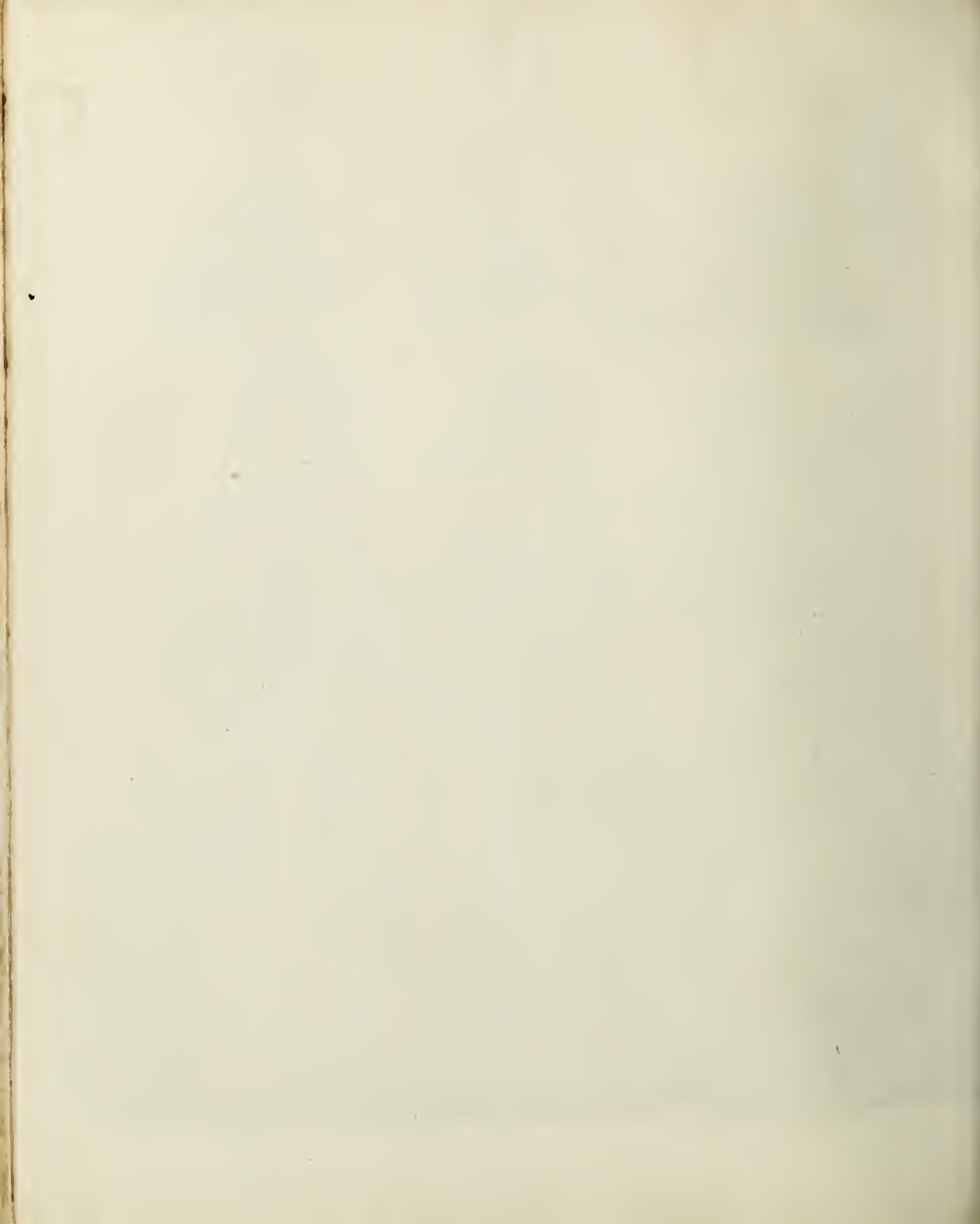


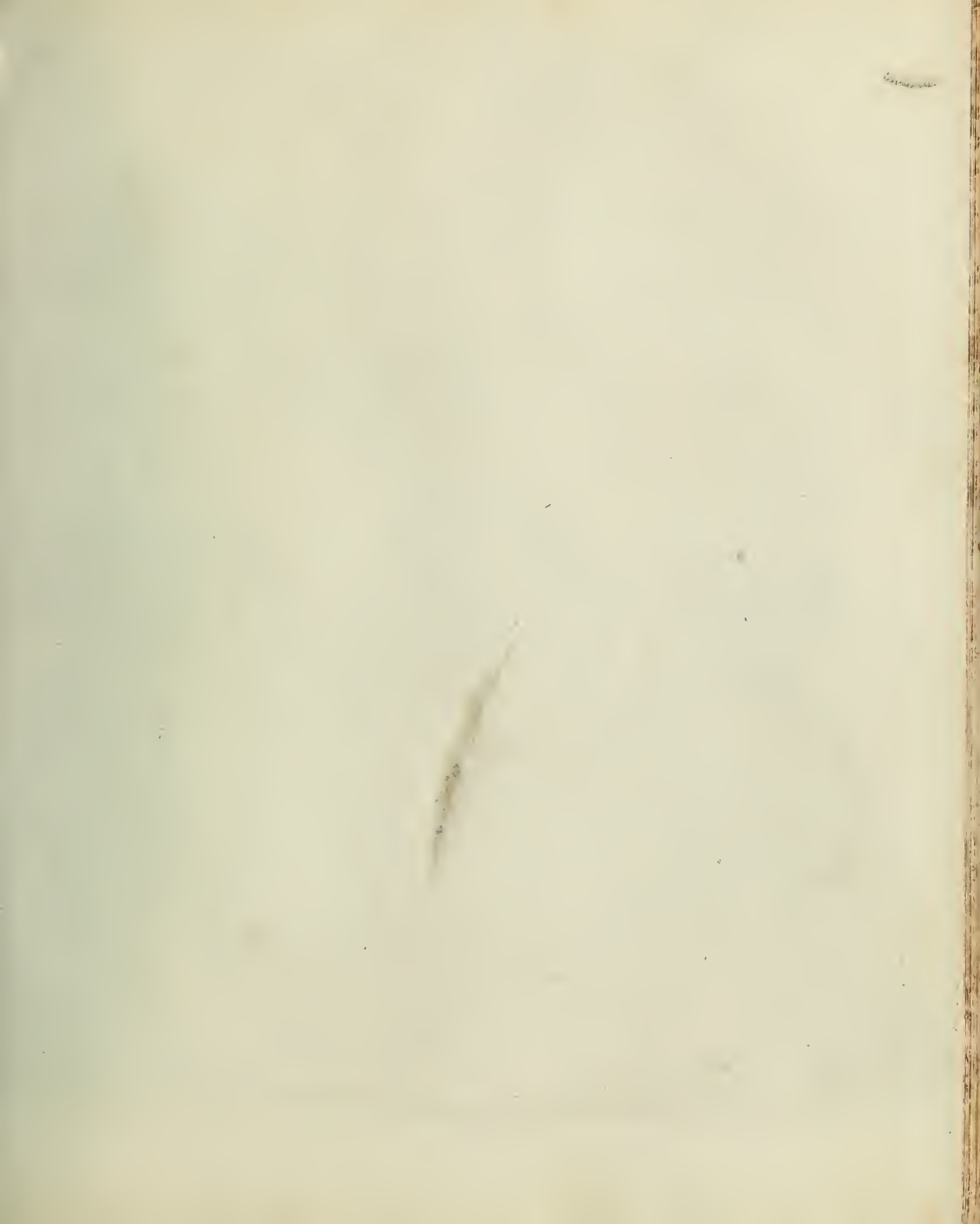


*Fashionable Head Dresses. for September, 1838.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.* 11





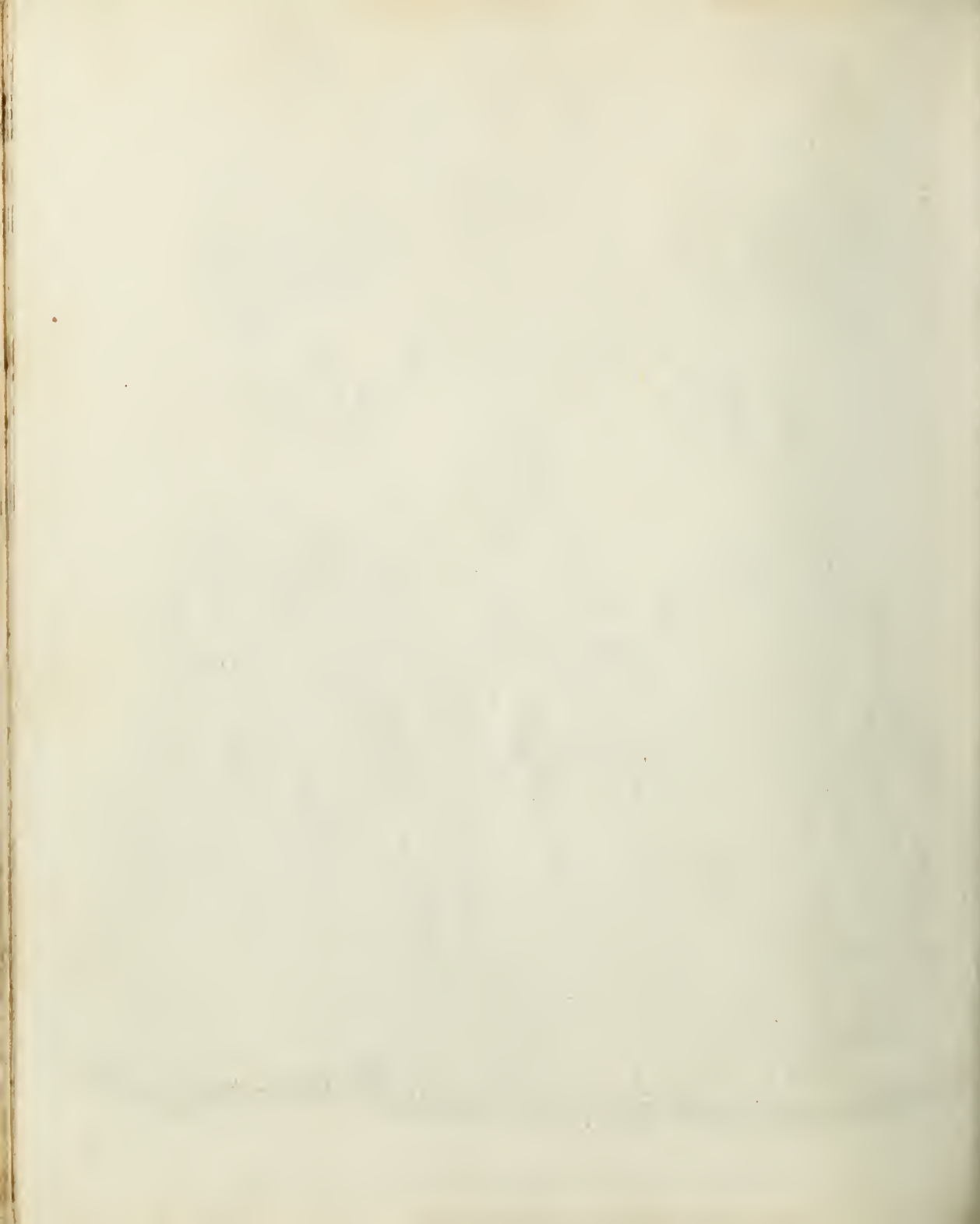


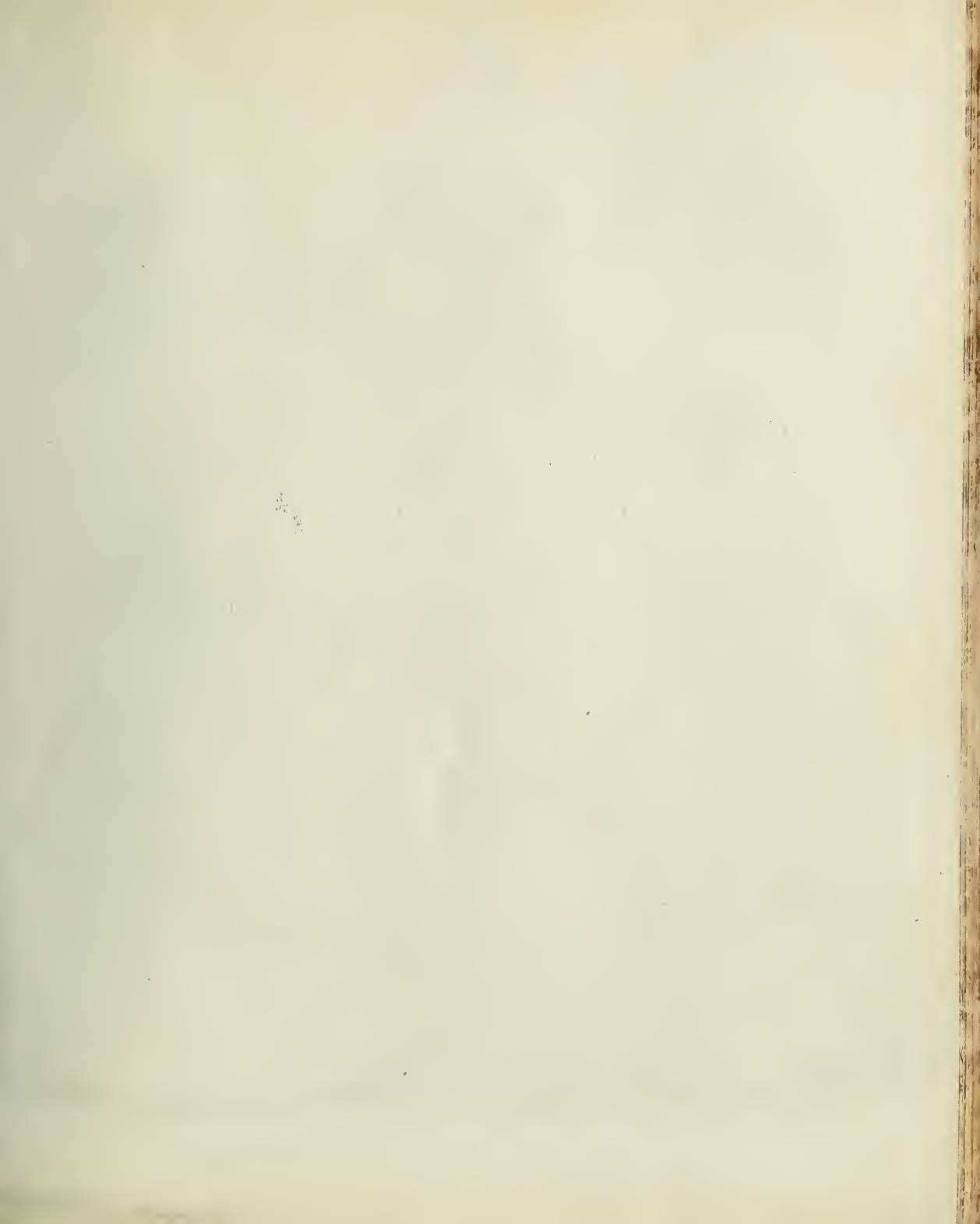
*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1898.. Evening Dresses.*





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.* 131







The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses (4)



*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Morning Dresses. 151*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1838.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Indian green *gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* half-high, and the sleeves demi-large; the border is trimmed with four flounces, set on rather full, and cut in sharp *dents*; India muslin *mantelet*, trimmed with *point de Paris*, set on very full and surmounted by a rose-ribbon run through the brim. Drawn bonnet of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with white ribbon edged with green, and the interior of the brim ornamented with light *gerbes* of foliage.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe *tablier* of India muslin, over an under-dress of pale blue *gros de Naples*; the *tablier* is formed by a muslin *bouillon*, through which blue ribbon is run, and a row of lace is attached to it on one side; a similar trimming borders the skirt; a low square *corsage*, decorated *en cœur*, with folds, and a *bouillon*, upon which a knot of ribbon is laid on the shoulder; the sleeves are disposed in *bouffants* from the shoulder to the wrist. *Tulle* cap of the *Babel* form, decorated with lappets of the same, and blue ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Peignoir* of rose-colour *taffetas*, the *corsage* is made up to the throat, and is trimmed, as is also the skirt, with Valenciennes lace; under-dress of *jaconot* muslin, the border ornamented with *entre deux* of open work; muslin *mantelet* of the shawl form, trimmed with rose-ribbon and lace. Hat of blue *pou de soie*, the crown trimmed with ribbons and ostrich feathers to correspond, the interior of the brim decorated with small pink flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.—MORNING DRESSES.

4.—*Pelisse*-robe of lilac *gros de Naples*. Cottage bonnet of pink *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a lace drapery.

5.—Muslin robe, embroidered in feather stitch. Round cap of *tulle*, trimmed with *oiseau* ribbons.

6.—Green cashmere shawl, and drawn bonnet of pale pink *gros de Naples*.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Striped *gros de Naples* *pelisse*-robe, the front of the skirt is fastened by ornaments of the same material of a novel form; the *corsage* tight to the shape and descending a little in front, is trimmed with a full fall of lace; the sleeves are very large at the lower part, and tightened into moderate *bouffants* at the top. Rice-straw hat, profusely trimmed with *groselle* ribbon and flowers.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin robe; the border is trimmed with a flounce of the same material edged with Valenciennes lace, and

surmounted by a *bouillon*; a high *corsage*, trimmed with a small round *pelerine* of English point lace; sleeve *à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. Italian straw hat, the interior of the brim decorated with a wreath of roses, and the crown ornamented with a *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—The robe is blue *tulle*, over *pou de soie* to correspond; the *corsage* is low, square, and draped in a very novel manner; the sleeve full in the centre, but with the fulness confined by *rouleaus* at bottom and top; the trimming of the skirt corresponds. Rice-straw hat; it is a *chapeau camaro*, decorated with *marabouts*, and small blue flowers.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

4.—A back-view of the hat of fig. 1.

5.—Promenade bonnet of blue *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a sprig of green foliage.

6.—Half-dress bonnet of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with white ribbons and a sprig of velvet flowers.

7.—A back-view of the hat of fig. 2.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Pelisse*-robe of India muslin, lined with pale straw-coloured *gros de Naples*, the border and fronts of the robe are worked in feather stitch; the *corsage*, half high and tight to the shape, is partially covered by a *fichú*, embroidered to correspond; the sleeve is tight, and finished at the top with two falls of lace, from thence to the wrist it is full. Italian-straw hat, trimmed with violets and white ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Striped *gros de Naples* robe; the front of the skirt is trimmed with a *rouleau*, disposed in waves, and edged with lace; tight *corsage*, and sleeves demi-large, trimmed, as is also the *fichú*, with lace. White *gros de Naples* hat, ornamented with white ribbon and roses.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 3.—French grey *pou de soie* robe; the border is finished with a deep flounce of antique lace; a tight *corsage*, and short sleeves, tight just below the shoulder, and from thence disposed in *bouillons*; *pelerine-fichú* of lace to correspond with that on the skirt, and fastened down the front with rosettes of pink ribbon. Pink *pou de soie* hat: the interior of the brim is trimmed with *gerbes* of roses, a lace drapery intermixed with roses adorns the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—Green *pou de soie* robe; embroidered muslin *pelerine*, *en cœur*. Embroidered *tulle* cap, of

a round shape, decorated with moss roses and pale rose-ribbons.

5.—CARRIAGE HAT AND SHAWL.—The first is of rice-straw, trimmed with blue ribbons, and white ostrich feathers tipped with blue. The shawl is of India muslin, embroidered, and trimmed with lace.

6.—Half-dress cap of blond lace, trimmed with lemon-coloured ribbons and *gerbes* of foliage.

PLATE THE FIFTH.  
EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe *tunique* of *organdy*, the skirt is trimmed with *bouillons*, through which rose ribbon is drawn; the tunic is formed by a *bouillon*, arranged down the front and round the border; it is edged with English point lace. *Corsage* low and square, short tight sleeves with *demi Venitienne mancheros*. The hair is arranged in a twisted roll at the back of the head, and ringlets at the sides; it is adorned with *gerbes* of roses.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *vert chin gros de Naples*. *Mantelet* of *filet de Soie* (*moyen age*) of a peculiarly light and transparent pattern, and of a very large size. Drawn bonnet of white crape, trimmed in a very novel style with pink ribbon.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of flesh coloured *gros de Naples*, square *corsage*, and sleeves *demi large*. Scarf *mantelet* of black *filet de soie*. Turban cap of *tulle*, ornamented with roses, and a *rouleau* of rose coloured ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—India muslin robe, the *corsage* is partially covered by a heart *pelerine*, trimmed with lace, and a lilac ribbon in *bouillon*. Bonnet à la *Charlotte Corday*, ornamented with roses and lilac ribbon.

5.—Cambric robe, a square *corsage*, and sleeve of an easy fulness. *Fichû à la paysanne* of black *filet de soie*, and *tablier* of lemon coloured *gros de Naples*. Small round cap of *tulle*, ornamented with a half wreath of flowers.

6.—*Mousseline de laine robe*, a pink ground spotted with white. Embroidered muslin *fichû*. Cap of *tulle blonde*, trimmed with blue ribbon and flowers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of grey *gros de Naples chiné*; the *corsage* a little pointed at bottom, and draped on the shoulders; the sleeves are drawn close at bottom and top, but full in the centre; the skirt is finished with two flounces. Italian straw hat, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and black lace.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Organdy* robe, spotted with blue cashmere worsted; the border is trimmed with flounces headed by a *bouillon*; *corsage drape en cœur*; the sleeves are full in the centre, but finished with *bouillons* at top and bottom. Pink *pou de soie* hat, trimmed with flowers and ribbons to correspond.

CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of pink *pou de soie glacé de blanc*; the *corsage* made tight to the shape, cut low, and square; short sleeves, forming a double *bouillon*; *pelerine-mantelet* of *filet de soie*, ornamented with a knot of pink ribbon. *Capote* of *oiseau* crape, trimmed with ribbons to correspond.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER,  
1838.

The time is at last come when the genius of Fashion seeks a little repose, passing almost at once from the extreme of splendour to that of simplicity. We might be tempted to imagine that she was actually idle; but such is never really the case. It is quite an error to say that there are no new fashions; there may not, indeed, be striking novelties, but there will always, to an observant and critical eye, be changes; which, though apparently slight, have still a material influence on dress, for as our readers well know, the placing of a feather or a flower, or a trifling alteration in the size or shape of the brim of a hat or bonnet, often produces a great effect upon the countenance. In like manner the figure may be either embellished or injured by the depth of the point of a *corsage*, or the arrangement of a trimming. Let us now see what fashion has done for or against our fair readers in these respects, since our last number.

NEW MATERIALS.—Although it is yet too soon for new autumnal materials to appear, we have, nevertheless, been favoured with a sight of some that our fair readers will find worthy of their attention. One that is uncommonly beautiful, is a rich silk, striped in alternate marbled and damasked stripes; another has a sort of levantine ground, very stout and close, figured in a very small pattern of vivid colours; a third kind is a *pelenot*, striped alternately in satin and *gros de Naples* stripes of equal breadths, and strewed with small flowers, figured in different colours. We have also seen some soft satins, of a very rich quality, figured in small patterns, and changeable silks of new and brilliant hues; and from the information that has reached us, we have no hesitation in affirming that the silks in favour for the ensuing autumn will be of great richness and beauty, and that changeable silks will enjoy considerable vogue.

SHAWLS.—There is a great variety at present, and we may cite among the most elegant, those of plain cashmere, fringed with cashmere wool. Nothing can be more graceful than those shawls with exquisitely light fringe that every breath of air agitates; white *ponceau* and light blue are most in vogue. The rice crape shawls are also come again very much into favour, but they must be embroidered. Blue and *ponceau* are favourite colours for these shawls, but white ones are more numerous. India muslin shawls, embroidered in gold, have at once a rich and beautiful effect. We must, however, observe, that in some instances the embroidery appears to us too heavy for the material; and we like those better in which the embroidery is a mixture of cotton and gold. We may cite as one of the most elegant of these latter, a very large shawl, the embroidery of which was of rose-coloured cotton and gold.

BONNETS.—Several have appeared, both drawn and plain, of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons, plaided in straw colour and black, the union of these two colours is expected to remain in favour during the whole of the autumn. Summer bonnets are, however, still the most in request; those of crape and *organdy* have lost nothing of their vogue; they are trimmed very sparingly with white ribbon, and a sprig of roses with their foliage.

HATS.—Several of those of Italian straw are trimmed with *groselle* or deep blue velvet, and a single white ostrich feather, tipped to correspond with the velvet. Rice straw hats continue



their vogue ; but we have nothing new to announce concerning their trimmings. *Pou de soie* hats begin to be a good deal seen, and we observe that the majority are made without curtains at the back ; we congratulate our readers on the abandonment of a mode so generally unbecoming ; it is succeeded by a small piece trimmed up at the back of the crown, beneath which is a few puffs, or a knot of ribbon.

MANNER OF WEARING HATS.—Although fashion is in many respects less despotic than usual, she has yet established one law which none of her fair votaries ventures to transgress, that of wearing the hat very far back upon the head ; this style is exceedingly becoming to some ladies, and quite the reverse to others, but it is adopted by all ; what renders it more particularly unbecoming is, that the brim which descends very low on the cheeks, encircles the face like a cap, and is very full trimmed with flowers, blond lace, or ribbons. This fashion, if adopted in moderation, would be very pretty, but it is carried to the greatest excess ; however, we hope that as the winter approaches it will be laid aside.

PELISSES are a good deal in request in carriage dress ; we may cite, among others, those composed of the new plaided *foulards*, cherry colour and white ; the fronts are trimmed with *rosettes* of ribbon to correspond, diminishing gradually in size from the top to the bottom. Another style of pelisse—one that seems likely to remain in favour, is composed of shot silk, the front trimmed *en tablier*, with scallops, which are edged with *éfilé*. Pelisses are all made with the *corsages*, opening in front in the heart style ; some are finished with a small lappel, and others arranged in folds which come from the shoulder. Early as it is in the season we have seen a few pelisses trimmed with swan's-down.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—We cannot do better than cite a few *ensembles* of the most elegant carriage dresses that have lately fallen under our observation. An India muslin robe, the bottom is simply finished with a broad hem ; the *corsage* is in crossed drapery ; the sleeves are made full below the shoulder, and are finished at the elbow by a fall of lace, headed by a *bouillon*, through which a coloured ribbon is drawn. The head-dress is a bonnet which as just appeared, but which, we think, very likely to be a great favourite ; they are made both in crape and in silk, the one of which we speak was in crape ; the crown is placed very backward, the brim of the usual shape, but arranged *en bouillons*, with a slip of whalebone between each ; the edge of the brim is terminated by a *bouillon*, which has less of fulness than the others. The shawl is white china crape, embroidered in flowers with silks of vivid colours. Another favourite style is, a *peignoir* of white *organdy*, striped with stripes formed of a single coloured thread ; the border is trimmed with a single flounce a quarter of a yard in depth. An Italian straw hat, the interior of the brim is decorated with a wreath of *Marguerites*, and the upper part with a bunch of raspberries and their foliage. A Spanish *manélet* of black *pou de soie*, trimmed with black lace, completes one of the most simply elegant toilettes that we have seen for some time.

FLOWERS.—Every day produces fresh ones, and certainly nothing can be prettier than some of those fancy flowers. We may cite as the most elegant among them, the rose-acacia, which is so named, we presume, because its foliage resembles that of the acacia very much : the roses are of the natural form, and nothing can imitate nature better. There are two on the sprig, with a number of birds. This ornament is employed both for hats and for the hair, in either case it is placed on one side and falls very low.

ROBES.—Flounces are more adopted than ever, and there is now more variety in them than one would suppose possible, owing to the different manner in which they are made. Some are cut in large, moderate, and small *dentés*, others in cocks'-combs, and some that are cut *bias*, are finished at the edge by double pipings. A novel style of trimming, and one that has a pretty effect, is composed of four or five flounces which diminish in width from the top to the bottom.

CORSAGES open on the bosom, are universally adopted in half-dress, this form which is at once becoming and appropriate to the *demi-toilette*, is expected to remain in favour.

APRONS are in very great vogue, the majority of those worn in home *negligé* are of plaided *toffetas*, trimmed either with black fringe or black lace, they are also made in *mousseline de laine*, a plain ground embroidered in coloured silks with bouquets of flowers, which terminate under the *palelots*, so that the apron appears almost covered with embroidery. Some young persons wear bibs and aprons, each corner of the bib being fastened by small gold pins. These bibs are composed only of plain *pou de soie*, either grey or green, and are adopted only by very young ladies. Where an apron is worn in elegant *negligé*, it is frequently of plain grey silk, with a narrow embroidery in rose colour ; or else an embroidery in *écru*, on a plain blue ground. We see also some of muslin, trimmed with lace, and lined with rose or blue sarsnet ; but the most novel are of *velours épingle*, embroidered in black, in imitation of lace, and finished at the bottom by a deep and rich black lace laid full upon the apron.

MANCHETTES are now made of the round cuff kind, they are either of cambric, muslin, or *organdy* ; a good many are trimmed with narrow lace. Several are also ornamented with open work as well as edged with lace.

EVENING COSTUMES.—We shall cite as the two most elegant models, a robe of *organdy*, figured in white and gold ; the skirt trimmed with two *bouillons* ; they are confined by *chefs d'Or*. A tunic also of *organdy*, and trimmed to correspond, is worn over the robe ; the *ceinture* is a *chef d'Or* with two short ends, edged with a narrow gold fringe. *Corsage à la Grecque*, with short sleeves, ornamented with *chefs* ; the draperies of the *corsage* are retained in the centre of the bosom by a cameo. *Coiffure à la Berthe*, decorated with white roses. The other dress is also a robe of *organdy*, striped in very narrow stripes of the palest pink : the skirt is trimmed with three flounces of the same material, raised on one side by knots of rose ribbon. The *corsage* is draped, and the sleeves, which are short, are a double *bouffant*, ornamented with lace and rose ribbons. *Coiffure à la Sevigné*, decorated with a *bandeau* of pearls and a sprig of roses.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.—Those of hair have not altered since last month. Flowers continues their vogue, but we see also a good many decorated with ribbons, and some with velvet ; the latter, however, are not very general. Turbans are still in favour for grand parties ; they are of an elegantly simple kind, composed of *tulle*, and of a round form, finished on each side by a lappel, or rather we should call it a scarf of the same material, which is very long, and floats on the shoulders. Some of these turbans have flowers placed inside of the folds, which seen through their transparency has a very pretty effect.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—Although light hues are still predominant, we see also that full colours begin to be partially seen,—*groseille*, violet, and some dark shades of green, blue, and grey, have appeared.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,  
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Simplicity and taste are, this Autumn, the handmaidens of fashion, and well, indeed, do they perform their task—as our plates will testify. There is a good deal of variety as well as elegance in the fashionable costumes of the different watering-places, and though it is yet early in the year, there seems a strong tendency to the *demisaison* costume; but this, generally speaking, only shews itself when the weather is more than ordinarily cool. Proceed we now to select for our fair readers such novel information as may be at once useful and acceptable to them.

**CAPOTES.**—A material has just been employed for them by some fashionable *marchandes des modes*, which we mention only to protest against the use of it—it is changeable silk—nothing can be prettier for robes and *mantelets*, but it has a very bad effect for bonnets, because the variations of the colour is produced only by the movement of the folds in the reflection of the light. We may venture to predict that this fancy will be merely the caprice of the moment, and will neither last nor be resumed. *Capotes of gros de Naples* or *pou de soie* of various colours; *glace de blanc*, are very generally adopted, particularly those of lilac, citron, and rose-colour. *Capotes* of crape have diminished a little in favour, but those of *gaze iris* and *organdy* continue their vogue. Several of the latter have the edge of the brim trimmed with a *rûche* of the same material, but this is not so general as one of *tulle*. A great many morning bonnets of sewed straw have the interiors of the brim trimmed with a full *rûche* of blond or *tulle*, without any intermixture of ribbons or flowers. The crown is trimmed with ribbon only, but very sparingly, and simply arranged in a knot on one side, and another of a smaller size behind.

**CHAPEAUX.**—Several of those of sewed straw are trimmed with a yellow silk cord, which passes several times round the crown, and has the ends fastened in a running knot terminated by tassels. Some straw hats of other kinds are also trimmed in a similar style, but with the cord and tassels of straw. As the season advances the rage for trimming Italian straw hats with fruit and its foliage increases. We perceive, during the last month, that miniature vine leaves, and those of gooseberries and currants, are the most in favour; but whatever the foliage may be, the fruit is either red or purple. This style of trimming and feathers, particularly *follettes*, is in the highest favour for straw hats. We have, however, within the last few days, seen some decorated with velvet, of rich full hues, tastefully intermingled with blond lace; the effect is strikingly elegant, and we have reason to believe the fashion is one likely to continue during the autumn, for which, indeed, it is particularly well calculated.

**SHAWLS.**—During several years past the spring and autumn have afforded our *élégantes* an opportunity of displaying their superb cashmeres, and this year we may cite the autumnal ones as peculiarly beautiful. Some have the ground of one colour only, with a very rich border *en rosaces*; others are of the Turkish kind, and others again of those *lizarre* patterns that are styled Egyptians. There is certainly a singular charm in fashion, for these last are positively ugly, notwithstanding which they are adopted by the most distinguished of our *élégantes*. We must observe that these shawls are all square, and of a very large size.

**MANTELETS** may be said to divide the vogue with shawls, for when the day is too warm for the latter, the former still continue to be adopted. We must observe, however, that lace and muslin ones are very little seen; black silk ones enjoy great

favour, and those of changeable silk trimmed with black lace still greater. Those made with the *pelerine* descending in the lappel style are decidedly the most in request, but as to the form there is no actual novelty, nor indeed can any be expected at present. We have reason, however, to believe that as the winter approaches *mantelets* will increase in size; we shall be very sorry if they do, for at present they are the very perfection of the *juste milieu*.

**PROMENADE DRESS FOR THE WATERING PLACES.**—Several of our most distinguished *élégantes* have lately appeared in *redingotes* of nankeen, with the front of the *corsage* and skirt trimmed with three rows of buttons spreading in the fan form. Some have the *olives* joined by *brandebourgs* instead of buttons. The sleeves are large in the centre, but made close at bottom and top, and ornamented with *brandebourgs*. Pretty *manchettes* of Valenciennes, and a lace to correspond, encircling the throat, are generally adopted with this costume, which is completed in the most tasteful style by a straw hat trimmed with plaid ribbons, or else with a ribbon striped in the narrowest possible stripes of black and straw colour, and a black ostrich feather which falls very low upon the brim. The first hats of this kind that have appeared made really quite a sensation, and pretty as they are allowed to be, an improvement has recently taken place which renders them still more elegant—it is a new kind of feather, half black and half straw-colour, which promises to be in very great request this autumn. A bird of Paradise, dyed black, is sometimes employed instead of a feather of this kind, but though more expensive it is by no means so fashionable.

**MORNING DRESS.**—We have but few observations to make upon it at this moment; the *peignoir* form is the most decidedly in request, and muslin still predominates. We have seen, however, some *peignoirs* of *mousseline de laine*, the fronts trimmed with a puffing of ribbon, corresponding with the ground of the robe; a small *pelerine-fichû* crossed upon the bosom is also trimmed to correspond.

**HALF-DRESS PEIGNOIRS** are in great favour; they are always composed either of *organdy* or gauze; the back of the *corsage* is tight, the front loose. When the wearer wishes to confine it to the shape she adopts a long *ceinture* of the same material, forming a rosette with long ends. There is something at once very tasteful and simple in this style of half-dress. Robes of the tunic form continue to be worn, but they are not so numerous. A great many half-high robes are trimmed with a *bouillon* so disposed on the *corsage* as to have the appearance of a *fichû-pelerine*; others have the *bouillon* disposed in such a manner as to have the effect of a *pelerine en cœur*; in either case the robe is trimmed with flounces, there are generally two, each surmounted by a *bouillon*. Where *peignoirs* are adopted in evening dress, which at present is often the case, the *corsage* is always disposed *en cœur*, on purpose that it may be made rather low. *Organdy* is very much in favour, so also is Scotch cambric, the first material has, however, the greatest vogue; several dresses of it have appeared sprigged with coloured worsteds, and others trimmed with velvet *en application*, but ladies of acknowledged taste give a decided preference to the material in its elegant native simplicity. Festoons divide at present the vogue of flounces, several of which are festooned in coloured silk or worsted, with cockscombs or *dents de coup*. We see also some *fichûs à la paysanne*, and even collars, ornamented in the same manner. Some *redingotes* are made with the bottom of the *corsage* edged with one or two *rouleaus* that are extremely small; when this is the case a *ceinture* is not used; the waist consequently appears longer. This is, in our opinion, a graceful fashion.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THEBIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## VISCOUNT LISMORE.

"Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre;  
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;  
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,  
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath."

BYRON.

The times are past when the harper made the halls of Drumaneen resound with their joyful songs; ages have rolled past since the CALLAGHANS were princes of the province of Munster; but they have a descendant who inherits all the manly qualities of the most noble prince that ever owned that castle for master, and who has just received an additional honour (the meed of his deserving) from the hand of our young and lovely QUEEN, the star of Britain's isle. We allude to Viscount LISMORE, who, in honour of the coronation of our youthful Sovereign, has been raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom by the name, style, and title of Baron LISMORE, of Shanbally Castle, in the county of Tipperary; an honour which may he long continue to enjoy. We have alluded to the antiquity of his lordship's family; it is one of the few of those native to the sister isle which has been dignified by the peerage. The chief of the CALLAGHANS (which is the family name), CORNELIUS, enjoyed very extensive territorial possessions in 1594, and held a powerful influence over a great portion of the country, as we find it stated in the report of an inquisition made by Sir THOMAS NORRIS, Vice President of the county of Munster, in the October of the year we have mentioned.

"His castle halls resounded to the strain,  
Shaking with martial music's gladsome din;  
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,  
High crested banners waved the walls within."

From this CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN we pass to his descendant (omitting, for the sake of brevity, all mention of the intermediate representatives of the family, concerning whose lives and actions nothing very important is recorded), CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, Esq., a very eminent lawyer in the time of Queen ANNE, and who was also Member of Parliament for Fethard.

"This lawyer basked him in the noon-tide sun,  
Disporting there like any other fly;  
Nor deemed before his little day was done,  
One blast might chill him into misery."

He had no cares assailing him, and he did not make any for himself: he enjoyed the world as it should be enjoyed—in temperance and moderation, and passed through life, finding it a clear unruffled stream, lighted by a summer's sun.

"It is a goodly sight to see  
What heaven hath done for this delicious land;  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree;  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand;  
But man would mar them with an impious hand."

These goodly prospects were enjoyed by Mr. O'CALLAGHAN, and the enjoyment was, no doubt, heightened by the presence of a fair and amiable partner, in the person of MARIA, daughter of ROBERT JOLLY, Esq., whom he had led in the fulness of his heart's happiness to the nuptial altar. This happy pair had a family of three sons, the two eldest of whom died without issue, and, therefore, at the decease of Mr. O'CALLAGHAN, his youngest son, THOMAS, succeeded to the property. This THOMAS was married, in 1740, to SARAH, daughter of JOHN DAVIS, Esq. They had but one son, CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, but he obtained great honours, and rose to a most envied station in society. On the 27th of June, 1785, he was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, by the title of Baron LISMORE, of Shanbally, in the county of Tipperary. He mingled, of course, among the bright and beautiful of fashion's world:

"And who can view the ripened rose, nor seek  
To wear it? Who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?"

He "plucked the fairest flower," by name FRANCES; she was daughter of Mr. Speaker PONSONBY, of the Irish House of Commons, niece, paternally, of WILLIAM, Earl of BESBOROUGH, and niece, maternally, of WILLIAM, third Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Their union was solemnized in 1744. A family of six children resulted from this union.

1. CORNELIUS, the present Viscount and Baron.
2. ROBERT WILLIAM, born in 1777, a military officer of reputation.
3. GEORGE, born Sept. 9th, 1787.
4. LOUISA, widow of WILLIAM CAVENDISH, Esq.
5. ELIZABETH, married to JOHN HYDE, Esq., of Castle Hyde, in Ireland.
6. MARY.

His lordship departed this life in July, 1797, when his eldest son succeeded to the title.

CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, Viscount LISMORE, and Baron LISMORE, in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron LISMORE in the peerage of the United Kingdom, was born on the 2d of October, 1775, and succeeded to the barony upon the death of his noble parent, as we have stated above. The Viscounty was obtained by creation, on the 30th of May, 1806; and, in consequence of the exercise of his lordship's influence in promoting the cause of peace and order in Ireland, the elevation to a British peerage occurred at the coronation of our Queen VICTORIA.

As rising on its purple wing,  
The insect queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Cashmere,  
Invites the young pursuer near,

S

And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chace and wasted hour ;  
So Beauty lures the full grown child,  
With love as bright, and wing as wild.

The "love chase" of the noble Viscount ended in the capture of the coveted prize, the fair ELEANOR, youngest daughter of JOHN, seventeenth Earl of ORMONDE, to whom he was united in the year 1808. They have, besides other children, CORNELIUS, heir to the Viscounty and Barony, who was born in 1809.

The arms of his lordship are as follows:—*Ar.* in base a mount, *vert.*, on the sinister side a hurst of oak trees, therefrom issuant a wolf passant, ppr. Crest: a dexter arm, embowed, holding a sword entwined with a snake, ppr. Supporters: two stags, ppr. Motto: *Fides et Audax.* His lordship's seat is Shanbally Castle, in the county of Tipperary.

The elevation of his lordship to the British peerage has given general satisfaction; for his lordship's intelligence, humanity, and benevolence, are well known in the circles in which he moves, and in the neighbourhood of his estates, where the exercise of those virtues are most required. The country, therefore, as well as his lordship, have cause to be thankful to our young and excellent Sovereign, for the bestowal of the new honour, and sure we are that Lord LISMORE will, to the latest period of his life, support with heart and soul, the throne of Queen VICTORIA.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, Rose of the West,  
Hail to thee, England's Queen!  
Love brings no harsh thorns to wound thy rest,  
His myrtles are ever green.  
As soft as the leaves of thy emblem flower  
May the waves of thy life roll on,  
Brilliant thy lot as the golden hour  
That wakens the rising sun.

May thy reign give back the golden days  
That shone in Elizabeth's time,  
Yet alike free from the awful rays  
That sullied its brilliant prime,  
And free from the haughty love of power  
That tarnished her noble mind,  
Give back her courage, and then, sweet flower,  
Leave all her faults behind;  
Hail to thee, hail to thee, Rose of the West,  
Fame gives thee laurels green,  
Joy, peace, and virtue shall o'er thee rest,  
God save Old England's Queen!

### THE CHILD.

Play on, play on, thou pretty wild young thing;  
Toss thy light golden locks upon the wind;  
Joy in the sunbeam; feast thy tender mind  
On Nature's sweets!—'tis sweet to see thee spring,  
Like a free bird that wantons on the wind,  
All life, all impulse: thy pure heart can find  
More treasure in a simple flower enshrined,  
Than boundless wealth to sordid souls can bring.  
I whisper to myself, alas! art thou,  
Fair child, too, born to grieve, and sigh, and weep;  
Shall coming ills that cherub smile obscure?  
Those eyes, that cheek? Play on, play on! ah, now,  
Gazing on thee, the truth strikes sharp as deep,  
To learn to live is but to learn t'endure.

### MEN AND ANGELS.

#### A TALE OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

"From the hour of Eve's sorrow, when sin had its birth,  
Fair woman appears to have lingered on earth,  
To pluck from our path all the thorns that she can,  
And strew with love-flowers our life's trifling span."

M.A.S.

The earth was bright and beautiful; the air was balmy, and the unclouded heavens formed a glorious canopy over human existence. The sunlight streamed through natural bowers, and birds, and trees, and flowers sent forth their purest incense and their sweetest song. And the angels of heaven conversed with men.

I write of the past—of ages long since gone—of men and things over which the flood has rolled. "The Past!" We—the existences of to-day, shall ourselves be the past to the future, and our joys and our sorrows, our griefs, our loves, our happiness, and our cares, shall be talked of, even as we talk of the existences of the world when man had just fallen from his purity, and the human soul from its high estate, and care was first known, and the earth first felt the tears of man upon its bosom.

In those days of purity and blessedness, of peace, and joy, and love, the angels conversed with men; and they say that many lovely creatures of this world became the objects of angelic passion. But man had fallen. He may have classed the fairer mortal with the angels, and, making an idol of her, have worshipped her as man may not worship the created. They fell.

The gates of Eden were closed against them, and from purity, and brightness, and bliss, they fell to darkness and despair.

And the first woman died, and man was left alone! We may picture the utter desolation of him when the "sole partner and sole part of all his joys" lay before him upon the earth, lifeless—dead! The warm heart that had beat fondly against his own, was now still! The lips that had quivered upon his manly cheek were now cold and motionless; the eyes that had poured volumes of deep and everlasting love into his own were now closed, and their light gone out; the beautiful creature of man's adoration had become senseless, soul-less clay. And what must have been *his* misery?

We part from those we love—we, to whom partings and meetings are common—we, who in the heart's bitterest grief know that there are those from whom, if we could ask for it, we should gain sympathy, feel parting to be great anguish, and that "farewell *for ever*" is scarcely less poignant than death itself; but how wasting must have been *his* agony who beheld his first and idolized love dead upon the earth before him, none to share his grief—no bosom upon which he could lay his head and find relief.

Days and months and years passed on, and the bright and beautiful world saw the sons and daughters of man upon the surface, toiling through the day, and wandering delightedly among the glades and groves, by waterfall and trickling rill, after the hours of toil were ended, some mourning that care should ever have come into a world so beautiful!

Amon and Amir were brothers; from youth to manhood they had been fond companions, sharing in each other's pleasures, and in each other's cares; but, arrived at manhood, they separated; the guilt of Adam revealed itself in Amon, and the more virtuous Amir turned from his brother in sorrow and regret.

They were both married. Amon had brought to his tent the tender Maleh, and Amor had wooed and won the gentle Zi. And as they sat together of an evening, watching the luminary that lighted the world by day, descend in all its bright effulgence beneath the purple hills along the west, the angels would come around them, and instruct them in wisdom and virtue; and none more attentive than Amir and the gentle Zi. Maleh would listen too.

But Amon, who was of a wild and restless disposition, had more delight in following the chase than in listening to the seraphic visitants; and often would he impatiently arise, and go forth, and leave his wife, the blue-eyed Maleh, to listen with Amir and Zi to the wisdom of the immortals.

And when Amir fell sick, and was unable to hunt, and his fields were going to decay, his brother Amor laughed, and ridiculed the wisdom he had gained from the beings of the other world; and bringing him sometimes presents of food, would bid him be more mindful of himself and fortunes. But the hours of Amir were happy. He lay sick, even unto death; but there was the gentle Zi beside his couch, her bright eyes speaking volumes of unutterable bliss into his heart; her breath fanning his fevered brow; and when his soul seemed to be winging its flight far from all sublunary things, her kisses recalled it back, and the husband opened his closed eyes again to life and love.

And Amon became ill too; and Maleh, with all a wife's devotion, tendered him the offices of love; but Amon was unkind; the service of affection was repulsed, Amon was impatient and angry; he chided when he should have blessed, and the despairing Maleh retired from his chamber to weep.

And Amir recovered. He again pursued the chase, and again his fields became fertile; his labours in the day were cheered by the consciousness that Zi would welcome him on his return to his home of love, and that the hours of leisure would be those of bliss. And as Amon gazed upon the productive fields of his brother, Amir, and saw the angels gathering round his tent at eve, while rank weeds grew up in his own possessions, and the silence of his chamber was unbroken, save by his own impatient exclamations, and the ill-suppressed sighs of the enduring Maleh, he cried aloud in his agony, "Why, why am I thus bowed down and rendered desolate?" Maleh started from her seat, and ran towards him; but Amon repelled her with his hand, and she retired in silence and in tears.

And an angel came and stood beside the sick man's couch. "Why dost thou repine, Amon?" asked the spiritual visitant.

"My brother was sick and he is well; his fields are fruitful and he is happy. But I am in pain, and wretched; and rank weeds grow up in my possessions."

"Heal thyself!" said the angel; and drawing forward the sick man's wife, he put her hand within that of Amon; and Maleh smiled through her tears. The angel departed.

On the following day, Amon was able to repair to his fields, and in the evening he returned to his tent, where Maleh welcomed him; but he did not return her affectionate glances. He treated her as his slave.

His tent became deserted by the angels, and no sweet songs, awaking the heart to extasy, were heard within its walls; there were only he and Maleh left; and Maleh broken-spirited, pursued her domestic labours in silence.

Years rolled on, and Amon and Maleh declined in the vale of life; the husband grew severe, but the uncomplaining Maleh looked upon the blue heavens where the angels had taught her that the spirits of the blest would be carried when the allotted time of habitation here were past; and while the tent of Amon

burned with his brutal exclamations and complainings, the house of Amir and the devoted Zi was filled with the sweetest sounds of bliss.

"I will go away from this scene of misery," cried Amon, pulling his cap upon his brow, and taking his staff in his hand, "I will go out from this abode of wretchedness, and seek my fortune where the happiness of Amir may not be present before my eyes." And he arose to go forth. But Maleh clasped his arms, and with eloquent eyes upturned to his stern and gloomy countenance, she prayed him not to leave her.

"I must!" cried the phrensied man; and he shook the trembler off, and departed.

The heavens were overcast, and from the overcharged clouds the rain descended, and the fierce lightning darted along the ground. Amon turned his face to take one last look at his dwelling, and, behold! it was in flames. The shrieks of the distracted Maleh reached his ears, but he pulled his cap the closer over them, and stalked onward.

Months passed away, and Amon was seen not in the neighbourhood of his childhood's home. His wife, the homeless Maleh, was received with a fond welcome to the heart of her sister Zi, and she dwelt with that sweet sister and her husband in their abode of love. And after months had past away, as Amir, Zi, and the deserted Maleh sat within the tent, caressing the beautiful offspring of the happy pair, and teaching them that wisdom whereby their parents had won their felicity, a pale, haggard, and care-worn mortal stood without the tent, listening to the sweet voices therein, while the big tears trembled in his eyes, and his frame was convulsed violently. He gazed through an aperture in the tent, and beheld the scene of domestic enjoyment; and, as he gazed, he murmured, "This is happiness!"

"*This is happiness!*" echoed a soft melodious voice at his side; and, turning, the penitent Amon beheld the angel who had come to his bedside when he had fallen sick, bringing rejected balm to his wounded spirit.

"And why am I not thus happy?" exclaimed the wretched Amon, sternly.

"They who dash the cup of bliss from their lips must endure," was the mild reply of the immortal.

"What blessing have I rejected?"

"*There!*" replied the angel, pointing to the gentle Maleh within.

"My wife, Maleh," said Amor.

"Sin was not when thy first mother was given to man to share his happiness. But when sin had its birth, and man's hours were those of suffering and despair, when the gates of Eden were closed, its pure enjoyments denied to him, and the most noble of created things became little better than the beasts that perish, woman was given to him,—woman, a ministering angel,—sent to cheer his gloom, and raise his soul from deep despair, to lessen his griefs by sharing them, to smile away desponding thoughts, and teach him to look up with cheerfulness and hope for readmission to the gardens of eternal life. Woman brought sin into the world and by woman are sin and sorrow to be destroyed.

"*My sorrow is not destroyed,*" said Amor, murmuringly.

"Because you have despised its remedy," said his companion, "You have treated the devoted Maleh as your slave!"

"What is she else?"

"YOUR REDEEMING ANGEL! Look at the scene of happiness before you. Your brother enjoys all possible human felicity. Behold him and the gentle Zi. They sit together

looking love into each other's eyes ; in hers he reads devotion, truth, and gentleness, and she in his beholds his fond heart mirrored ; thus they know and feel that though the world be harsh to them, they have a world in each other to which they can fly for refuge and find superior joys to what the other world can give, and thus they pass through life together ; and when they die to this world, their spirits will pass dream like away to the land above where joy and love are immortal !"

The angel paused, and the man before him was silent ; but he trembled, and his cheeks were pale ; tears stood upon his eyelids, and he turned away his head from the scene of bliss before him. " My poor deserted Maleh !" at length he murmured, and fell upon the earth, and wept. And presently the angel led him into the tent of Amir.

Maleh knew her husband, although his face was hidden with his hands ; for he was ashamed to meet her whom he had wronged. But she opened her arms to him, and his tears were shed upon his bosom.

That night were sweet songs heard in the tent of Amir. The immortals gathered round it rejoicingly. And Maleh became the redeeming angel of Amon.

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### EVENING.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Why is it that sweet evening's sounds and shades,  
Open the heart to mutual kindness more ?  
That wandering then in moonlight peaceful glades,  
The wounded heart pours forth her treasured store  
Of griefs and joys ; of love's deep graven lore,  
Of expectation that so quickly fades ;  
Of dreams long past, which never now must light  
The young heart with their visions of delight ?

Why is it that this softening power we feel,  
Acting upon us as a magic spell ;  
And o'er our senses unresisted steal,  
And scarce can aught the influence repel ?  
For 'tis not known in hour of joy and weal,  
But when the zephyr, sighing through the dell,  
Breathes all so gently, no slight flower to move,  
Stirs not the aspen, nor awakes the dove.

Why is it that of all, most cherished still  
Is that sweet hour ? and that 'tis ever given,  
As wandering by the hill-top, or the rill,  
To thoughts less savouring of earth than heaven ?  
And when two beings, whom love's dreamings fill,  
Stray side by side, at that hour all is driven  
From their sweet reveries by joy, whose light  
Spreads gaily round them with her promise bright ?

But their hopes all must fade, as yet must fade,  
Though breaking from his couch, the morning sun  
In glory—in effulgence new arrayed,  
Dispels the mists of night,—that night as one  
Of their gay visionings may be the shade ;—  
The world will interpose, and all is gone ;  
Lost are the airy fabrics of their mind,  
Past as the summer breeze—no cheering gleam behind !

### LOVE AND THE DOCTOR ; OR, THE WONDERS OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"——— O wonderful—most wonderful !  
More than the ear hath heard, or tongue can utter !"  
The Man of Fact.

O ! the wonders of animal magnetism—that mysterious process which all the world is talking about, and by which, divers simple, credulous, well-meaning people are cheated and deceived ! It is not our intention to dispute the merits of the doctrine of magnetism, for that would cause a great many fair faces to frown, and woman's lovely face we hope always to see and feel shining sunnily over us. No ; we leave it to others to dispute the matter ; our business, or pleasure, it is, only to narrate a pretty little tale of love, in which the doctrine of animal magnetism was called into requisition for the service of the lovers. The reply to inquiries at the house of the Dowager Lady Marsingham, the day after the coronation, was, that both the Dowager and her daughter, Clara Marsingham, were much indisposed : they had caught cold in the Abbey, and were labouring under its effects. The Dowager was a lady of strange whims and fancies ; she delighted in being ill, and the whole business of her life seemed to consist in inventing maladies. She had been under the hands of all the leading physicians of the day, and had dismissed them, one after the other, all being, in her estimation, mere ignoramuses, because none of them could discover the actual complaint she laboured under. It would have puzzled a conjuror to have made that discovery.

Well, she took cold in the Abbey, or fancied that she had— which was the same thing. She had taken her place at five in the morning, and after amusing herself for an hour in nodding at the massive stone pillars and gorgeous hangings of the edifice, had fallen asleep, and slept till nine, and, when she awoke, she prophetically exclaimed that she would suffer for it ! and my lady's predictions in this way were always sure to be fulfilled. It happened that upon this occasion Clara Marsingham found it convenient to catch a cold, too, and when they went home, mamma and her darling rivalled each other in the description of their sufferings. From bad they grew to worse, and before night they were both violently ill.

"Well, my dear child, who shall we call in ?" was the natural enquiry of the Dowager ; " Sir Henry ?"

"No, mamma ; not Sir Henry. You know that he did you no good when you were afflicted, three weeks ago, with the *tic doloireux*."

"Very true, my child ;" rejoined the Dowager, with a mournful sigh, "and I know not a man of real ability among the lot."

"Ah, mamma," murmured the young lady, with such a look of extreme exhaustion, that one might have fancied her in the last stage of a galloping consumption, "Ah, mamma ; I feel inclined to try the effect of magnetism ; you know that Lady Isabella Drowsy and the Marchioness of Drimblewell declare that the Baron has done wonders for them."

"A very good thought, Clara, dear," cried the Dowager. And it was immediately settled that the Baron Dupotet himself, should be sent for. A note was written, and the Dowager was about to despatch it by the footman, but Clara intimating that she wished to send that domestic to another part of the town, the note was put into the hands of the young lady's page, his mistress emphatically desiring him to be careful in delivering it correctly.

The Dowager did not notice the injunction of the young lady, for, poor old soul! she was too much occupied with the novelty of the idea of being magnetised for it to be possible for any thing else to enter her head; and after the page was gone, the young lady expatiated upon the miracles performed by magnetism, to the admiration of the Dowager, who sat, with extended eyelids and open mouth, devouring greedily the marvellous tales which her ingenious daughter invented for her gratification.

At length the page returned, and to the inexpressible delight of the Dowager, brought an answer. It purported to be in the handwriting of the great conjuror himself, and was to the following effect:—

“Madam.—It would have given me the highest pleasure and been a source of lasting gratification to me, if I could have done myself the honour of waiting upon your ladyship to-day, to show the efficacy of my infallible process; but I have instructed my friend and pupil, Monsieur Charlatanville, who is very much accomplished, to obey your commands. I have the honour to be, with the profoundest respect, Madam, your ladyship’s most devoted servant,  
“THE BARON DUPOTET.”

Now, it may be necessary to apprise our readers that this letter was a forgery; its object will appear in the sequel.

The Dowager was delighted, and Monsieur Charlatanville experienced a very warm reception. Monsieur was a tall young man, with a sedate countenance and grave air; he wore green spectacles, and a large shock of dark hair upon his forehead; his cheeks were buried in a forest of whisker, and his upper lip was graced with a *moustache*; his voice was gentle and low, and his utterance was in unison with his slow and measured motion; he appeared like a piece of animated machinery.

The discourse was of the wonders of magnetism, and of the strange things that occurred while the patient was in a state of somnambulism. At length the magnetizer asked which patient he should operate upon first. The Dowager, who felt rather frightened, hesitated; but Clara threw herself back in her easy chair, and said “I am ready; now, mamma, observe.”

The young magnetizer commenced his work by taking up his position immediately in front of the patient, and waving his hand with gentle undulations before her eyes, and in perfect silence. Once the young beauty smiled; the operator was evidently disconcerted by this, for he moved his hand with some vehemence, and Clara suppressed her mirth, and in a few moments Monsieur Charlatanville declared her to be in a state of somnambulism—in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

The Dowager looked into her face, and cried, “Is it possible? Why, her eyes are open.”

“Ah ha!” exclaimed the magnetizer, in broken English, “dat is as your grand poet say of Madame my lady Macbeth. Aye, but her senses be shut. Now, you sall put what question you please to de young lady, and she sall give de perfect answer, and at de same time not know what she say when I shall make her wide awake again. Now you sall put your white handkerchief behind her head, and she sall tell you what it is dat you hold up. Dere, now, Mademoiselle, what is it dat de good lady Dowager, your mamma, hold up behind your head? Have de politesse to tell us dat.”

The young lady stirred not, but in a low sepulchral voice, answered, “It is the white cambric pocket handkerchief, embroidered in the corners.”

“Good gracious!” cried the Dowager, “and so it is! O, the wonders of animal magnetism!”

“Now, my good lady Dowager,” continued Monsieur Char-

latanville, taking his watch from his pocket, “you see it is just twelve minutes past four; now, I sall put dis watch at de back of what you call de pole—dat is de neck of de young lady, and she shall tell me what o’clock it is. Now, Madame, allow me. You see, she is in a perfect state of oblivion.”

The young lady sat with her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and the Dowager uplifted her hands in wonder and amazement.

“Now, Mademoiselle, you will, perhaps, be so much obliging as to tell de good lady, your mamma, what it is dat I hold up behind, at de back of de poll of your neck.”

“It is a watch,” was the patient’s sepulchral cry.

“Marvellous!” exclaimed the Dowager.

“And now, Mademoiselle,” continued Monsieur, “will you be so polite as to inform de good lady, your mamma, what it is of de clock by dis watch?”

“It is just twelve minutes and three quarters past four.”

The Dowager looked at the watch, and it was the time to a second. She clasped her hands in ecstasy.

“My good gentleman,” cried the worthy lady, “pray awaken her, for I shall be terrified by your conjurations. O, the wonders of animal magnetism!”

In obedience to the Dowager’s command, the magnetizer rubbed his thumbs across the beauty’s eyebrows, according to the practice of M. Dupotet, and in a few seconds the patient appeared to awaken from her trance, and, strange to say, she was perfectly recovered, and no trace of her recent indisposition remained.

It required but little entreaty to persuade the Dowager to be magnetized; and the manipulations were commenced. In a few minutes, M. Charlatanville, addressing Clara, told her that her mamma was in a state of somnambulism.

“What?” cried the Dowager, you don’t mean to say that I’m—?”

“Chut—chut—chut!” cried the operator, putting forth his hand to keep the Dowager from rising, which she evidently wished to do. Turning his head to Clara he said, “My lady, your good mamma is of strong passions. You see de marvellous consequences of dis process; she believe she not magnetize at all. Ah, ha! Now Madame, my lady Dowagaire, you sall tell me wonderful ting; now, Madame, my lady, don’t you move one foot, for if you do de consequence is dreadful!”

“What?” cried the Dowager, opening her eyes in a state of great consternation.

“Your good ladyship is a state of perfect somnambulism,” said M. Charlatanville, “and in dis state de slightest movement from de chair in which de patient sit sall cause dat unhappy patient to lose her life.”

“My gracious!” exclaimed the Dowager, the perspiration running down her cheeks, “But you don’t mean to say that I am in a state of somnambulism? Why, I’m wide awake! I see you, and Clara, and—?”

“Ah, ha! Madame, you miladi of strong passions; you are of grand imaginations. Mademoiselle,” turning to Clara, “your good miladi mamma, is in very strong fever; we must breathe a vein. If she stir from dat chair her life is lost!—a grand sacrifice!”

“O!” cried the Dowager, with a deep groan, “I shall expire!” and she fell back in the chair.

“Ah, ha! Good, good!” exclaimed the operator, “de good lady Dowager is calm again; dat is good sign. I hope your ladyship be not troubled at all in mind; for as dis process can only have de efficacy in person of clear conscience, Madame

miladi Dowager must remain in dis state of somnambule all de days of her life."

"What!" cried the Dowager, with renewed energy. "What, What!"

"Chut—chut!" exclaimed the operator.

"I wo'nt chut, chut," roared the old lady; "Wake me out of this horrid trance, or you shall suffer for it."

"Madame, miladi Dowager will suffer if she do not moderate dis ver grand rage." And then assuming an air and tone of authority and command, the Frenchman continued, "Madame! I insist you remain in dat chair; you sall else die."

"Wake me! O, wake me from this horrid trance!" murmured the Dowager, awed by the manner of M. Charlatanville.

"Ah, ha! my lady Dowager," said that gentleman, solemnly, "you conscience tickel you? Ah, ha! Unhappy lady! Helas! My good friend, you should have told me of de great weight upon your leetail conscience, before I operated, for now——"

"What?" exclaimed the Dowager.

"It is impossible to waken you, and you must remain in de state of de sonnambule all de long and short days of your existence! Helas!"

"Gracious!" cried the Dowager, "Must I remain like this?"

"My poor friend!" replied M. Charlatanville, throwing up his hands and his eyes, "If you should be please to discharge your conscience, den de great magnetic influence may effect a waking, but else——"

"My good gentleman! pray send that young lady out of the room;" said the Dowager; and immediately M. Charlatanville waved his hand, and the young beauty flew with unimaginable alacrity out of the apartment. But it is highly probable that she listened through the keyhole.

"Now, Madame!" said the operator.

"Alas! sir?" said the Dowager, "I do confess that I have used that poor girl harshly. Her father,—rest his soul! bequeathed her a fortune, but only on condition that she married with my consent; and I do confess that I have set my face against her nuptials with a modest and well-deserving young gentleman——"

"Modest, and well-deserving?" cried the operator. "Well?"

"Yes," continued the Dawager, "and I know it has almost broken her heart! But I hoped she was recovering."

"And is dat all?" exclaimed Charlatanville.

"That is all;" said the lady.

"O, I sall wake your ladyship dowager directly. Dis is very trifling ting. You sall give me written papier, consenting to de union wid your leetail girl and Monsieur what-you-shall-call-his-name, to be used by me if I should find dat de leetail girl's heart be in danger of break."

"May I trust to you, sir?"

"O, Madame, de honneur of Monsieur Charlatanville——"

"I am quite satisfied. Will you please to call for pen and ink?"

"Ah! Madame! How very lucky! I have de pen, ink, and papier ready in my pocket."

And in a few minutes M. Charlatanville had written out the consent of Lady Marsingham to her daughter's marriage with Eugene Alberton, and then he handed it to the poor old credulous Dowager to sign. In a moment the document was finished, and delivered into the hands of the operator.

"Now then——" said the Dowager.

"Now then," rejoined the young gentleman, "adieu to Monsieur Charlatanville, and let Clara Marsingham and Eugene

Alberton kneel at your feet for your blessing and forgiveness." The room door opened, and Clara rushed into her lover's arms; for M. Charlatanville, as soon as he had pulled off his spectacles and false whiskers, was none other than Eugene Alberton, who had hit upon this method of obtaining the consent of the mother of his beloved, to their nuptials.

The Dowager was all confusion. The first thing she did was to threaten the young lovers with something dreadful; but the storm blew over, and before dinner time the parties were all reconciled. Eugene sat down by the side of his beloved; and shortly afterwards their marriage was added to the many wonders of "animal magnetism."

#### A DREAM.

Hark! What a shout. The demon rout  
Their burning lips are bathing  
In a sea of gore! None else is't for,  
But shadowy lips to lave in!

At the head of the board their master and lord  
The crimson goblet raises;  
"A toast! a toast!" shout the goblin host,  
And they mumble mutual praises.

"May earthly ill ne'er cease to fill  
Our wine-cups to the rim  
With human blood—a fresh warm flood;  
So pledge me brim to brim!"

The deaf'ning yell was enough to tell  
The speech was sweet and cheering;  
But a stranger eye they felt was nigh,  
On their midnight orgies peering!

They search about, and soon find out  
My hiding nook of safety;  
With a laugh of scorn, away I'm torn  
(Imps must be very hasty).

To the feet of their king the prize they bring;  
And only on one condition  
Will he spare my soul from his crimson bowl:  
I take the kind permission!

'Tis to take a cup, to the top filled up,  
And pledge to all shades present,  
To enrol my name among the same,  
And lead their life so *pleasant*!

Midst the demon's shout, to my whitened mouth,  
I raised the pledge-cup—sickeaed  
When I felt the gore my lips run o'er,  
With every drop it thickened!

On either hand screams the goblin band,  
The joy of my new life's dawning;—  
An impish voice—'tis old nurse Joyce,  
With "Past eight, Miss;—Finc morning!"

M. A. S.



## ADELINE;

OR, THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LOVE.

*A Tale.*

I saw her when the rosiest light of love was on her brow ;  
 When her heart was throbbing deep and quick, first conscious of  
 its glow ;  
 Beautiful was she in her joy, and the brightness of her truth,  
 As musical as silver harps, the voices of her youth.

There is no circumstance or occurrence in life which affords such opportunities and facilities for love-making as a "pic-nic." Thousands of these delightful little parties are made up at this time of the year, and thousands and tens of thousands are the hearts which are lost and won by them. It is for this reason, perhaps, that they are patronized so much by mammas and chaperons ; and certainly those interesting ladies display a great deal of tact and shrewdness in encouraging them to the utmost. Think of a beautiful girl, hanging on the arm, for nearly a whole day, of a fine young fellow, and rambling together along narrow winding paths, telling all their hopes and fears to each other, without other ears and eyes to witness them, heaven and the feathered tribe alone excepted ;—a wander in a grove, with the amorous trees entwining their leafy branches overhead, and a few sun-rays darting through here and there upon a bed of scented violets, and a thousand birds singing delightful songs, is productive of the tenderest thoughts: and the youth and maiden, when they wander, if they be ordinarily attractive, seldom fail to become desperately enamoured of each other before the "pic-nic" is ended.

I made one of a charming water party, last year, to a scene of exquisite and romantic beauty. I observed, in the early part of the day, that Frank Effingham, one of the set, was marked in his attentions to a sweet little creature, whom let us call Adeline Cleveland ; and I observed, too, that soon after we reached our destination, Frank Effingham and Adeline Cleveland separated themselves from the party, and at length struck into one of the bosky bowers with which the spot abounded ; their hearts, doubtless, full of love and happiness. Here, amidst these groups, many a young heart, doubtless, beat with joy, and many a tongue whispered soft words of affection ; confiding in each other secrets long hidden, and thus relieving themselves from their oppressive weight. Here, without doubt, did many a swain call heaven to witness, and vow eternal, unalterable, faithful, and devoted love.

" Moments of extasy, which we in vain  
 Strive to renew. They never come again."

But to return to the sweet little Adeline Cleveland, who never before had known what love was, and was, doubtless, quite delighted with it—as all (*most*) young ladies are when it is first inspired in their breasts. Adeline was one of the purest specimens of her sex, and was cast in nature's choicest mould. She might have been rather past eighteen years of age, tall, but not particularly slight ; in fact, the outline of her figure needed no improvement—it was perfection. She was delicately fair, with glossy hair of raven black, which was arranged in long tresses, reaching nearly to the neck, eminently suited to set off to great advantage her lovely countenance ; her dark eyes had more of languishment than piercing quickness, and there was just sufficient tinge of the rose on her cheeks to take from her the charge of paleness. Oh ! what a sorry sketch of all the grace and beauty

of her person, to do justice to which a volume might be written. But what were all these to her purity of mind ? Little did poor Adeline think that all the honied words addressed to her that day would be turned to gall ; little had she ever thought that Frank Effingham could deceive, and especially her, whose love was sincerity itself. Frank Effingham was an American, on a visit to England ; he was a good-looking fellow, about twenty-four years old, with a great flow of spirits, and language well adapted to make him agreeable to the unsuspecting Adeline. But before he had left his own country, two years past, he had plighted his troth to another, and from whom he dared not break ! I cannot be so uncharitable as to suppose him capable of gaining Adeline's affections from sheer vanity, nor imagine that he did not love her with a corresponding ardour ; for who could be thrown into the society, and alone too, of such a girl, and not for the time forget all and every thing else ? There may be instances of such constancy that nothing can shake, but some thousands of miles of sea intervening, and years of absence, are trials too strong for many ; and for these reasons we must be merciful, and rather have sympathy for him, notwithstanding no one would attempt to defend his conduct in practising such deception with this confiding girl. Difficult, unquestionably, it must be, to drag oneself away from such a one after the flame be kindled ; but, could he have been philosopher enough, when he found himself going, and before the balance was completely turned, to have honestly and fearlessly declared to this fascinating creature his pre-engagement, or had had resolution sufficient to tear himself away, then, indeed, might Adeline have received the addresses of some one whose love were true and honourable. Many, as agreeable, and perhaps with superior personal advantages to his, would have gladly become candidates for her hand, and the recital of this unhappy catastrophe been spared.

A few months from the date of this happy excursion, Effingham received letters from home, and found it necessary, in consequence, to return to America. What pretence or artifice he used to impose on the credulous and amiable Adeline, or what promises to return and clasp her for ever to his heart, will be looked for in vain. The time appointed for his return passed away—no letters were received from him—no tidings came. The deserted English girl wept, as woman weeps when the tie that bound her heart to earth is broken, and all that made the world and the world's creatures beautiful and estimable to her is gone, and her only hope of peace and rest is placed beyond the grave.

And Adeline, the gay and light hearted, became a sad and spiritless creature ; and day by day her health declined, her beauty faded, her vivacity was lost in seditateness, her eye of softness gazed dull upon vacancy ; on her once bright and beautiful countenance you might have seen the inward workings of grief : for the dull and vacant eye, the pallid cheek, the quivering lip, all told that the poor maiden's heart was breaking.

It was bright spring time, when, one day, while the friends and relations of the dying Adeline were standing round her couch, momentarily expecting her bright and pure spirit to separate from its earthly dwelling and depart to a better home above the skies, among the angels and spirits of the blest, a pale and haggard man made his way to her chamber, and frantically throwing himself upon the ground, called upon heaven and Adeline for forgiveness.

It was Effingham. He had returned, conscience-stricken, to the object of his heart's truest affections ; but he had come too late. He had quarrelled with the one to whom he had been affianced, and they had parted in mutual disgust.

"Adeline; my life, my only treasure," exclaimed the frantic lover; "look upon me, forgive me. All the wrong I have done you may be repaired, and we will live together, and our love shall know no end."

The physicians turned to the frantic Effingham, and by their looks more than by their words, informed him that he had come too late.

"No, no;" he exclaimed, "She will yet recover, and we shall be happy."

The dying girl glanced upon the faithless Effingham; her eyes again shone with all their wonted lustre; she recognized her lover, and her lips moved as if in forgiveness and blessing, and she died with that look of love. Her heart was broken.

And the guilty Effingham wandered for some weeks about the grave of his lost love, and then became a suicide. He perished by his own hand.

Love has its dark pictures as well as its bright ones. The contemplation of the former may be useful.

### BROTHERS.

"Can brothers, then, be so unkind,  
As not to love and help each other?  
I won't, papa, because I find  
I'm happiest when I love my brother."

Big tears stood in the father's eyes,  
His infant son sat on his knee,  
He knew how sweet were childhood's joys,  
And knew how short those joys must be.

For he had felt the bitter change  
Time's workings make in brother's hearts,  
How pride and avarice estrange,  
And damp the pleasures love imparts.

The cares of life had pressed him hard,  
Still striving to avert his doom,  
And from life's comforts long debarred,  
Now threatened with a prison's gloom.

Yet hoping still a home to keep,  
Nor self nor family degrade;  
Prompted by former love to seek,  
He sought a wealthy brother's aid.

From him he freely gained advice,  
But nought to succour his distress,  
And bid a weeping wife rejoice;  
For wealth grew more and kindness less.

His infant son sat on his knee,  
And on his mind pressed weighty cares,  
For soon his children's home would be,  
The world, with all its wants and snares.

"Edwin," he said, "I would that thou,  
Might'st be as happy throughout life,  
And generous, as thou art now,  
Nor feel the cares of worldly strife.

"Oh! guard against ambition's fire,  
Accused avarice and pride,  
With them desire rests on desire,  
They live and die unsatisfied."

Nottingham.

R. T. MORRISON.

### THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

"And Henri will be with me to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, dearest lady, without fail—the Government release was obtained but three days since, and he will not tarry to profit by it. Where could he so well employ his first hours of liberty as at the feet of his affianced bride—the beautiful heiress of La Rochfort. Happy, indeed, am I, to be the bearer of such intelligence!"

"Count, we should be truly ungrateful, did we for an instant forget your part in——"

"Nay, nay, I need not this; my reward is ample in the conviction of having discharged the duty imposed upon me—the offering a slight tribute at the shrine of friendship. At present I can do no more than wish you every happiness this earth admits of; my feelings shall ever be those of a brother—that is——"

The speaker colored and hesitated; but soon recovered himself sufficiently to continue:—

"I trust I have acted as a brother in the whole conduct of this matter!"

"A more than brother, Count, you have performed all that——"

"Nay, I beseech you, no more—but it is mine own fault; I should not have intruded upon you with my own feelings, and am, therefore, guilty of this last compliment. Adieu, sweet lady; being summoned on state affairs to Paris, I am constrained to quit for that city this evening."

"Indeed! and must we so soon lose you?"

"For a time—but for a time; I hope yet to be a witness to the ceremony which renders two, so cherished in my thoughts, happy for life; and shall use all my endeavours to be here on that occasion—once more, adieu!"

"Well, if it must be so, adieu, Count, and may good angels guard you; for you have, indeed, befriended us."

The Count bowed, and quitted the room; leaving its occupant absorbed in reflection. Slowly she rose, paced the chamber to and fro, then passed through the garden-door, and sought the little chapel adjoining the house. The maiden had made an inward vow, that, as soon as she heard of the safe release of Henri de Lancy, she would prostrate herself at the Holy Virgin's altar, and pour forth thanksgivings for his safety. And had she heard at the moment that the vow had been made, the words which had just issued from the mouth of the Count; with knees tottering for the cold stone, and hands burning to be raised in embodying the act of devotion, would she have rushed into the chapel, and at the foot of the richly-carved statue, offered up a tearful and thankful tribute, indeed! But now she knelt as one who knelt for the sake of performing her vow, from an inward compulsion, wholly incompatible with the spirit which should have swayed the moment, and though she never left the chapel till the gray light of morning stole through its gothic and painted windows, we question much whether other thoughts than those which should ever fill the brain of the inmate of the sanctuary of religion, did not occasionally and fitfully start across the purer visions of the lovely heiress of La Rochfort. In the same light, do we look, over a chasm of years, to a coming happiness, and when the hour is at hand we have so pined for, a hundred circumstances may have occurred (and will occur) to change our whole course of thinking, and, consequently, that, which in image, was bliss, becomes in reality, misery!

But it will be necessary here, briefly to describe the persons

of our tale, as also to sketch out some events previous to its commencement. Henri de Lancy, a hot-headed, brave, and handsome young officer, of a noble and time-honoured, though (at the period we refer to) poor house of France, in consequence of some words of treason and sedition uttered thoughtlessly at a carouse, had been seized and thrown into prison. Unfortunately, the event took place just as he had won the hand of, and was about to lead to the altar, Marie de Josselin, the daughter of another noble, but wealthy family. The parents of De Lancy had urged him into the match; and, being formed for conquest among the fairer as well as ruder portion of earth's children, he had found little in achieving his purpose. But scarce could two dispositions be found less alike than those of De Lancy and Marie—the one was meek, gentle, and inwardly and ardently devoted—the other brusque, haughty, and outwardly and superficially, a lover, and though both romantic, yet was the romance of each of so wholly distinct a nature, that they could hardly be known as branches of the same ancient stem. It will, therefore, be easily seen that the match was an ill-judged one, and one, which—had the parents of De Lancy but possessed wealth proportionate to their ambition—would never have been planned by them for the heir of their house. When torn asunder, however, the lamentations on both sides were heartfelt and bitter; and while the young soldier denounced imprecations against—the maiden bethought herself of all parties who might have interest to conciliate—the Government. It so happened, that a certain Count, Horace Belmour, in the employ of the state, who had known De Lancy in boyhood, and had been—till manhood rose as a barrier between their fates—his warmest and dearest associate, was one of the official functionaries into whose hands the warrant for the arrest of the impetuous youth, came. He immediately recognised the party for whom it was intended, and hastened to use all means to procure a prompt and happy termination of the unpleasant affair. But this was a task of no ordinary magnitude; the Government would accept nothing short of an apology, De Lancy would offer none, and still the Count continued, undesperingly, to exert himself. But he had yet another duty to fulfil, and one, moreover, in the fulfilment of which—had his employers been ever so diligent or scrutinizing—his office ran the risk of being sacrificed to his friendship, this was to bear messages of love and hope (supported by his own suggestions in the latter respect) to the beautiful heiress from her affianced lord. Although not strictly handsome, there was an intelligent and winning expression in the countenance of Horace Belmour, which should have induced the young man to reflect well, 'ere he appointed him as the vehicle of communication between himself and his betrothed—but the Count was a man of honour, and De Lancy knew it.

To return, the young officer appeared at the time stated before the gates of the Chateau de La Rochfort, and was received with every demonstration of welcome by the parents of his affianced, together with all the vassals and neighbours connected with the domains. With Marie the meeting was, indeed, a warm and rapturous one, though scarce so much so on her part as the fair heiress could have wished. She knew not why, but a sinking would make itself perceptible at her heart—and an insurmountable weight would oppress her spirits at the very moment when she endeavoured to raise them and to feel elated. Henri, however, was far too self-opiniated to note any abatement of her affection towards him—and, to his credit be it said, jealousy formed but little part of his natural disposition. A splendid fete was given that evening on the grounds, and 'ere the assemblage broke up, each and every of the visitors had been invited

to partake of a wedding-ball and banquet to be given in the course of the ensuing month.

Time, that destroyer of old hopes, and builder up of new ones, now produced a rapid and wonderful change in the mind of Marie de Josselin. The brusque behaviour of her lover had increased to an inconceivable extent from care and confinement, and, although true, that to her his conduct was ever marked with deference and politesse, and his courtship ever such as became gentle blood, yet could she not be blind to the real defects of his nature, nor to the consequences, in after years, likely to ensue therefrom. But there was one subject, also, on which De Lancy grew displeased with his betrothed—chiefly because he thought her guilty of ingratitude, it was this:—A fortnight after the arrival of Henri, the Count returned to the chateau; the duties for which he had been called away were trifling, and, freed from them, he hastened to be a partaker in the festivities attendant on his friend's nuptials. Henri was delighted at the visit, and earnestly solicited the Count to remain under the roof of the De Josselin's until he became a married man. The offer was accepted, and the young officer lost no time in acquainting his beloved Marie with the circumstance. The latter, however, instead of expressing joy at the intelligence, turned deadly pale, pleaded sudden indisposition, and retired to her chamber. De Lancy was struck with astonishment at this behaviour, he could not comprehend it. Marie had ever spoken of the Count in terms of the sincerest friendship and regard, therefore, it was impossible he could have played false—besides, a man of his honor and integrity—out of the question! However, it might be that she really *was* indisposed, and with this latter, not quite *consolatory*, reflection, the young man descended to welcome his friend to the dinner-table.

But days passed on, and De Lancy observed that Marie, at every mention of Belmour's name, sought to evade the subject, and also found means to excuse herself from joining the circle at the chateau, as often as he formed one of the party. This nettled him exceedingly, he deemed it a direct insult to himself (for the Count was his friend) and, moreover, an act of the basest ingratitude. He threw out hints and references, but in vain; the gentle Marie was inflexible on this point. Determined, however, that Belmour should know nothing of his affianced one's caprice, he made a thousand excuses to his friend, stating "that the agitation of such a moment in the female breast must be—and, in this instance, was—overpowering;" that "it was a pity woman would be so sensitive;" and that "how his intended would get through the wedding ceremony he was utterly at a loss to define—her nerves were so shattered—poor thing!" The Count said little on the subject, and in what little he *did* say, always made a point of acquiescing in all his friend's remarks and opinions; this saved a great deal of trouble, and it is a system worthy of recommendation to all talkers on a small scale.

We now come to the eve of the wedding-day. The Count had accepted an invitation at a neighbour's, and Marie was preparing her toilet for the dinner-table, when De Lancy rushed into the fair one's apartment; he was evidently much agitated, as warmly clasping the maiden's hand, he spoke:—

"Dearest life! I have one question to put—it is a plain and straightforward one, and I ask a plain and straightforward reply. Has Belmour dared, during my absence, to abuse—?"

"No, Henri," quickly interrupted Marie; "Count Belmour's conduct has ever been clothed with the strictest honor and propriety in my presence."

"Then wherefore do you refuse to see him?"

"Nay, nay—why question me on this; it is a mere whim—a childish fancy, prejudice, if you will——"

"Believe me, dearest, these whims should not be humored; you must be *my feelings* are hurt in this matter. Belmour is *my friend*——"

"And mine, Henri!"

"Then, wherefore——"

But the announcement of dinner checked all further question, and De Lancy, curling his lip proudly and resolutely, as though bent on some purpose which could not but triumph in its end, conducted Marie to the hall.

It was a bright, joyous morning—that, on which Henri de Lancy and the heiress of Rochfort, followed by a numerous and inquisitive retinue, made their way towards the village church of ——, where it had been fixed that the ceremony should be performed, as situated in a more public spot than the chapel adjoining the chateau. The young man wore his usual imperious expression, yet somewhat softened by the thoughts of the moment, and trod with haughty, yet light step; while the beautiful Marie, with eyes bent upon the ground, was moving mechanically at his side. As they neared the church-door, Henri whispered in her ear, "Beloved one, why thus desponding? look up—if but for an instant."

The call was obeyed. Suddenly a loud shriek rent the air—the once gentle Marie seemed to have undergone a speedy and unaccountable transformation—her glance beamed with the fire of the deepest love—she broke through the gaping crowd around her. Henri remained aghast and motionless—a heavy pause ensued; Marie de Josselin was in the arms of the Count, Horace Belmour!

\* \* \* \* \*

The rash and impetuous De Lancy, to discover, if possible, the source of Marie's aversion to Belmour, had caused the Count to station himself at the church-door, on the day that he was to conduct his bride to the altar. Marie, after struggling in her own breast against a sentiment she refused to own towards one whom she was bound to look upon but as a friend—at sight of that form again, after a brief absence, and under circumstances so derogatory to the character of her intended husband (for she immediately saw through Henri's connivance in the matter) woke to a full sense of her affection; a look from those dark, piercing eyes, told a tale of requited love—the pale, worn cheek, spoke of wretchedness and despair, which some secret instinct whispered, arose on her account. Impulse predominated over discretion, and love stood triumphant over all!

We will only add, that Henri de Lancy, in yielding up the wealthy and beautiful heiress to the arms of his friend, while he acknowledged the rectitude of her conduct, received a wound to his own self-love, from which he found it somewhat hard to recover; yet he bore with it a good and useful lesson, in teaching him that the "good-looking and dashing fellow," meets a dangerous rival in the simple and more steady man of sense and refinement; and that it is better to refrain from messages of love altogether, provided the messenger carries aught about him which may by possibility endanger one's own position in the eyes of the beloved object. Absence, while in some cases it gives additional zest to affection, is apt, in others, to prove its bitterest and strongest antidote.

NEMO.

LANGUAGES.—To learn nothing but languages, is to spend one's money in buying purses to hold it; or, to study the Lord's prayer in all the tongues, without praying it in any.

## THE GIPSIES.

——— Young ladies  
Always like to read the book of fate,"

BYRON.

I was wandering a few days ago in the pleasant neighbourhood of Norwood, when, approaching a close part of the wood, I overheard voices whispering; the sounds seemed familiar to me, they were female voices, and it struck me forcibly that the Ladies Amelia and Harriet ——, my simple, modest, and unsophisticated friends, were having their fortunes told. And so it proved. They had escaped from their chaperon, at the Spa, and were now being delighted with a peep into the book of fate. What I heard it is unnecessary to tell, for it may all be very well imagined without telling, for these gipsies have but one tale, which they modify according to the appearance of their customers. I let my pretty friends know that I had been a listener, and considerably ashamed they were, of course. Dear creatures! There is much excuse for them; for, as Mr. Hazlitt says, "a strolling gipsy will offer to tell your fortune with a grace and insinuation of address, that would be admired in a Court." Perhaps the gipsies were never more encouraged than they are at this moment, and I could name many women of fashion and education, of refined intellect and great accomplishments, who occasionally are foolish enough to patronize the wandering tribe. Now this is a great absurdity, because it is not possible for the gipsy to know more than we know ourselves. Young ladies cannot believe this, however; they fancy that the fortune-tellers are supernaturally gifted, and frequently suffer for their credulity, not only in purse but in health, for the gipsies are not scrupulous, and predict good or ill fortune according to their humour. I once bribed one of these bronze-visited wanderers, and got from her the following particulars:—"On all occasions," she confessed, "where married ladies consult us, we always tell them that some one has looked upon them affectionately besides their husbands. Now, if a lady be tolerably pretty, and have any vanity, she will be delighted to find that Mr. So-and-so is fond of her, for the mere sake of breaking his heart. All women are pleased with having the power of charming the men. Young girls are more easily satisfied than married ladies; we have only to tell them that a number of young gentlemen are in love with them, and make allusions to a fair or dark beau whom they have lately been in company with, and their gratification is complete. If we say they will soon be married they are inclined to double our fee. Some jealous maid will request us to set a spell on a rival, and to turn the hard heart of her lover; this we readily promise to do, as in such a case we receive a handsome gratuity. Old maids are the most troublesome; they wish to know whether their future lover be of a dark or fair complexion; whether he be handsome, tender-hearted, in love up to both ears with them, constant, kind, affectionate, and every thing that is pretty; and then they are not satisfied. Ludicrous effects have followed the consulting of these female magicians. Some time ago, when I was in Italy, a very extraordinary occurrence took place, which became the general subject of conversation. The Chevalier F——, after having paid his addresses to the Marchioness ——, by whom he was passionately beloved, came to a resolution of marrying a very amiable young lady of rank at Pisa. To avoid the importunities of the Marchioness, who endeavoured to frustrate the marriage, he, all at once left off visiting her. The Marchioness, afflicted by the loss of the lover, and not knowing

how to reclaim his attention, took it into her head to apply to a poor old woman in the town, who had the reputation of having successfully employed supernatural means in discovering property which had been lost; and the Chevalier being considered as a precious object belonging to the Marchioness, by the right of long possession, the old woman undertook to restore him to her as much in love as ever. As a commencement of the profit which the old woman was to derive from the credulity of this forsaken lover, she asked her for money to buy the drugs necessary for her enchantment; as well as four hundred ells of ribbon, which was to be extended from one house to the other, to serve as a medium of communication between the two houses. On the night appointed for the purpose, the old woman was introduced into the Marchioness's apartment, the waiting woman retired, and she began to proceed with her operations. All the lights were extinguished, and a lamp was substituted, whose feeble glimmering, in a large apartment, was scarcely sufficient to make the surrounding objects visible. The old woman burnt some drugs in a chafing-dish, which produced a thick smoke; and then she poured ointments over the Marchioness, repeating at the same time a long string of enchantments. The darkness, the smoke, the extraordinary language of the old woman, the idea of being alone at midnight with a sorceress, made such an impression upon the mind of the Marchioness, that she fell into convulsions, and uttered such screams as alarmed the whole house: the servants ran up, the door was broken open, the Marchioness was restored, and the old woman was seized and delivered up to justice. Instead of concealing the affair, the pretended sorceress was condemned to stand three hours in the pillory, which occasioned the greatest scandal, for the poor wretch having nothing to risk, and wishing to exculpate herself from the imputation of sorcery, began to entertain the people who were collected round her with the history of the Marchioness and her lover, adding many anecdotes relative to other ladies in the city, for whom she had been the mediatrix; and if the Archbishop of Pisa, who was informed of what was going on, had not instantly put a stop to it, all the love affairs of the city would have been exposed. The Marchioness did not venture abroad for a length of time, the old woman was thrown into a dungeon, and the lover was married. There is a tract in the British Museum with the following title:—"The dreadful effects of going to Conjurers. A full and true relation how one Mrs. Esther Rushway, in the parish of St. Giles's, after having on Friday lost a considerable quantity of plate and money, went, for finding the thief out, to enquire of an astrologer in Moorfields, who shewed her the faces of three persons in a glass, telling her they were the thieves; but scarcely was she gotten outside of his door, ere such a terrible tempest of wind arose, as obliged her to take shelter in a certain alehouse there hard by, where she twice fainted away in declaring what she had done; more particularly how her conscience accused her when she came to herself, for going, as she said, to the devil for council; for which, quoth she, as a sign of God's displeasure, and a heavier punishment approaching on me, heaven has been pleased to raise this prodigious storm." Young ladies beware!

**LOVE OF CHANGE.**—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire.

## THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.

Very few persons unconnected with the Court are acquainted with the nature of the offices performed by the Mistress of the Robes. The place was formerly, during the reign of a female Sovereign, held conjointly with that of the Groom of the Stole.\*

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, held both these offices in the reign of Queen Anne; so did also Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset.

The celebrated Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, who was in 1734 appointed Mistress of the Robes and Groom of the Stole, with a salary of 800*l.* per annum, to Caroline, Queen of George II, left the following memorandum of the Ceremonies observed at the Coronation of Queen Caroline, which is supposed to have been drawn up to serve as a guide at the Coronation of Queen Charlotte, and which illustrates some of the more important duties of this high office.

At the Queen's Coronation the Duchess of Dorset was Mistress of the Robes; but Mrs. Howard, Bed-chamber Woman, having had all things belonging to that office for many years under her care received her Majesty's commands to provide everything proper for Her Majesty's dress for the Coronation, and to inquire into all particulars necessary for the Queen to know. Upon inquiring into the different offices, she received information that the Mistress of the Robes was the only person in whose name demands were to be made, and all answers were to be directed to her; upon which Mrs. Howard told this to the Duchess of Dorset, who desired her to write in her (the Duchess's) name, and to receive all answers. All that follows may be taken as done by the Mistress of the Robes. Upon inquiry where her Majesty should be dressed, it was answered at Westminster. Immediately the Earl Marshal delivered up a room of his, very convenient for the purpose, and on the morning before the Coronation, all her Majesty's robes and jewels were carried to that room under a guard. The Page of the Robes stayed there all night with a proper guard, which was asked of the officer on duty there. By particular orders there was a small handkerchief provided. The night before the Coronation the Queen's order to all her servants, except the Bedchamber Woman, was to be at Westminster in the places assigned them at the hour appointed for their summons; and at a little after seven o'clock the next morning her Majesty, being in an undress, but everything new, went into her chair (not a state one), with the curtains drawn; her Lord Chamberlain in a hackney chair before her Majesty, and Mrs. Howard in hers behind, and particular care was taken that it should not be suspected when her Majesty passed the park. As soon as her Majesty got to Westminster, Mrs. Howard dressed her, assisted only by those who belonged to the office. Mrs.

\* The "Stole" is a narrow vest of the same cloth or tissue as the super tunic, lined with crimson sarsenet, and was formerly embroidered with eagle roses, *fleurs de lis*, and crowns. Henry VI. is said to have been arrayed, at the time of his coronation, as a Bishop that should sing mass, with a dalmatic like a tunic, and a stole about his neck.—Bishop Goodman, in his "Court of King James," says, "The Groom of the Stole is an officer which hath the best diet in the Court, drest in the King's own kitchen, in the best manner; and the King did usually recommend guests to that table, especially such as were to be employed in the King's most private occasions."

Herbert, the other Bed-chamber Woman, came in, but being in her full dress could not assist. As soon as the Queen came into the room where the Peeresses were assembled, from that time the Duchess of Dorset assisted as Mistress of the Robes. She walked alone immediately after the Queen; and when the service of the church was over, and the Queen was to be crowned and anointed, the four ladies were called to the pall, and the Mistress of the Robes then advanced on the right side of the pall, the Bed-chamber Woman on the left, to be ready to take off the circle and open the Queen's tucker, that the Bishop might crown and anoint her Majesty, and to be ready to close the tucker, and pin on the Crown. There is a little handkerchief, which the Bed-chamber Woman in Waiting gives to the Mistress of the Robes, to wipe off any oil that might fall upon the face. The Queen retires into St. Edward's Chapel to offer her Crown, and then the Mistress of the Robes, assisted by the Chamber Woman, pin on the fine Crown appointed for her Majesty. After dinner the Queen retired into the room in which she had been dressed, and there was undressed, and everything was left there for that night, guarded as they had been the night before. Her Majesty went back to St. James's in private.

The salary of the Mistress of the Robes is 500*l.* per annum.

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#### THE SLAVE MOTHER.

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"The mother beheld her three daughters torn from their childhood's home; from her heart, and from her arms, and sent away to toil in the rice-swamp, under new and cruel masters; and, in her despair, she gave utterance to the most heart-rending exclamations."—*Modern Traveller.*

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They are gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the Fever Demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—  
Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone;  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear to hear them;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,

Faint with toil, and racked with pain  
To their cheerless homes again—  
There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play—  
From the cool spring where they drank,  
Rock and hill, and rivulet bank—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey;  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetters gall no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove  
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

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#### "ROUSE THEE!"

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Rouse thee! The hunter's startling horn  
Along the breath of the day is borne;  
And his gallant dogs are leaping round,  
And echo flings back a joyous sound;  
And brightly is blooming the heather wild.—  
Then rouse thee with this mountain child.

Rouse thee! The bird's first hymn is sung;  
With the skylark's note the heaven has rung:  
The bee-god has risen, each honied bell  
Holds a winged worshipper in his cell,  
Humming its praise, as wildly free  
The wind sways the flower so merrily.

Rouse thee! In brake and wildest braise  
The gem-like bloom of the scented May  
Hangs clustering, and the dew-drops sheen  
Is as the brilliant's crystal gleam:  
All rejoice—bird—bee—and flower—  
Then rouse thee to the morning hour!

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXV.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR OCTOBER.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE COURT.

### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

There is laughter and joy in the royal hall  
And honour, and beauty, and light,  
For the fair and the bright are the revellers  
And a Queen is the flower of the night;  
And the brightest eyes in England's isle  
Are there with their fervent gaze,  
And rosy lips, with the gentle smile  
That for ever about them plays.

The Queen has remained at Windsor during the month; but it can scarcely be said that her Majesty has passed the time in retirement, for the same gaiety and liveliness that characterized her Majesty's proceedings in London, continue to be observed at Windsor, so that it is the scene only that is changed. The presence of her Majesty's illustrious relatives, the King and Queen of the Belgians, has occasioned increased gaiety in the Court, and the singular circumstance of three Queens sitting down to luncheon at the Castle on the 17th is deserving of record in our pages. Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, drove over to Windsor from Bushy on that morning, and partook of luncheon with the Queen Victoria, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent. It is highly gratifying to perceive that those illustrious personages are upon such friendly terms; for we are aware that it was thought by some that there would not be a good understanding between her Majesty and the Queen Dowager; but those who held this opinion knew little of the

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high-mindedness of the relict of our lamented King William, and of the generous and confiding heart of the Queen Victoria.

The arrival of the King and Queen of the Belgians is an event which may be entitled to particular notice here. Their Majesties landed at Ramsgate, where much preparation was made for their reception, the inhabitants being desirous of testifying the respect and admiration which they felt for the uncle of their beloved Sovereign, whose reign already has diffused such universal joy. All the vessels in the harbour were decorated with flags. The consulates exhibited the colours of the various nations which they represented, and the Belgian ensign waved at the Albion Hotel and other houses. Lord Torrington arrived from Windsor Castle in the morning with one of her Majesty's carriages, and M. Van de Weyer was in readiness to receive his Royal master. The trustees of the harbour had placed a barrier across the East pier, near the landing steps, in order to secure the end of the pier from general use, to which the deputation (who were to receive the Royal visitors) and several ladies and gentlemen were admitted by tickets. In the group of rank and fashion before the bar, assembled to welcome their Majesties on their arrival, we noticed her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, his Excellency M. Van de Weyer, Lady Augusta Baring, Lord Torrington, Sir Wm. and Lady Curtis and family, Sir T. Acland, Bart., &c. The Duke of Wellington arrived from Walmer Castle, and was most cordially and respectfully greeted. The gallant Duke honoured Sir W. Curtis with his company to dinner at Cliff House. About eight o'clock a pelting storm, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, drove the lingerers on the pier to take speedy shelter. As the weather cleared a steam-vessel was seen at a distance making her way towards the harbour. It was soon ascertained that this was the *Widgeon* steam-mail packet, Captain Hamilton, of Dover, in which their Majesties

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were expected to arrive. A salute was fired from Sir W. Curtis's yacht, as the *Widgeon* entered the harbour. It had been previously arranged that a double Royal salute of forty-two guns should be given from the pier, had their Majesties entered earlier; but their late arrival prevented this. The King and Queen were received by the Duke of Wellington, M. Van de Weyer, Sir William Curtis, and the deputation, and by Mr. Hodges, Belgian Consul, who escorted their Majesties to the Albion Hotel, amid deafening cheers. Shortly after the arrival of their Majesties at the Albion Hotel, the deputation was summoned to the Assembly rooms, where they were ushered into the Royal presence, and received a most gracious reception, when the address was read by Sir William Curtis. The King expressed himself much gratified at the public attention and respect shown him at Ramsgate, and entered into conversation with several Members of the deputation with much condescension. On the next day the King and Queen left Ramsgate for Windsor Castle, where they were most cordially welcomed by our Sovereign and her august parent, the Duchess of Kent. Every day, when the weather has permitted, her Majesty has rode out; and upon one occasion proceeded to Bushy, to pay a visit to the Queen Dowager, which visit was returned on the 17th, as we have already stated. On the 18th a review was held in the Home Park, under the inspection of the Duke of Wellington. The Queen was present on horseback, accompanied by the King of the Belgians, in uniform, and attended by Lady Portman, also on horseback. Her Majesty wore the Windsor uniform, with the riband and star of the Order of the Garter, and a military cap. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, Viscount Torrington, and Sir William Lumley were also dressed in uniform. Five of the Royal carriages conveyed the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, and suite.

The King and Queen of the Belgians left England on their return, on the 21st.

Her Majesty occasionally remains within her own apartment till the dinner hour, when she joins the Royal circle. Her Majesty's dress, whilst in her boudoir, is simply an elegant *robe de chambre* of white silk, in which her loveliness is even more striking than when adorned. It is not generally known that when her Majesty rises later than usual she commands the official papers to be brought to her by the lady who acts as private secretary, and peruses and signs many documents before leaving her bed, to prevent any delay to the public business.

The time is drawing nigh when her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, will leave this country for Malta. The vessel in which her Majesty will be conveyed is the *Hastings*, the same ship in which Lord Durham went out to Canada. On her voyage, her Majesty is expected to honour Lisbon with a visit, and we understand that the Queen of Portugal has given directions for the palace at Belem to be fitted up for the reception of her Majesty, who will remain a week in the Portuguese capital.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta has left Clarence House, and returned to her other, and very delightful residence, Frogmore Lodge.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has purchased Coombe Wood, near Kingston, the beautiful seat of the late Earl of Liverpool. Lands in the neighbourhood of the seat have also been bought for the Royal Duke, who, it is stated, intends the Prince to have an establishment of his own in the course of the autumn. Prince George has departed on a voyage to Gibraltar. His Royal Highness will visit the principal Continental Courts before returning to England.

#### THE CORONATION AT MILAN.

This great event, the extensive preparations for which attracted so large a portion of our English fashionables to Milan, has terminated, and the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria is now the crowned King of Lombardy. The features of this gorgeous ceremony were of an inspiring character; the coronation of our own fair sovereign, and the banquet, was dull and meagre; but the entry of Ferdinand into Naples; the *fête* on the lake of Como, with Pasta in her barge, sailing and singing after the royal vessel, in which the Emperor and Empress were proceeding. The grand processions to the Cathedral and the Corso,—the royal appearance of the theatre there, and other characteristics of the event were more like the living pictures composed in the fullness of poetic invention for the gratification of the wise, the wealthy, and the young, than sober realities of life. On the first of September the Emperor entered Milan. Long before daylight the clattering of horses' hoofs, the rolling of carriages, and lively hum of people in the streets, gave note of the interest with which the grand spectacle of the day was looked forward to. The fine road from Milan to Loreto, which is bounded on each side by a row of noble trees, and by two streams of clear water, was decorated for a considerable distance from the city gate by lofty square wooden pedestals, painted to imitate marble, and about twenty feet distance from each other. On these were placed gigantic but tastefully shaped urns or vases, containing an infinite variety of the rarest flowers and plants, both native and exotic. Under and behind the trees for nearly half a league was erected a series of sheds with rows of seats rising one above another, for the accommodation of spectators. These were all partly covered and festooned with bright coloured stuffs of various materials. At the Porta Orientale, the decorations were on a very magnificent scale. The highly ornamented toll-houses at each side of the gate were connected by an immense awning of crimson-coloured silk, with the Imperial arms painted in gold, which were supported on each side by six gilded and colossal figures of winged genii, and drawn across the road from the parapet of one roof to the other. The two lines of extensive palaces, all rich in architectural beauty, the elegant mansions of the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, and the tastefully constructed houses of the trading classes offered for the space of a mile and a half, on both sides of the street, an infinite variety of decoration. The materials were immense tapestry hangings, exhibiting beautiful copies of the first-rate works of some of the great painters; rich velvets of every variety of colour, many of them elaborately embroidered and deeply fringed with gold and silver; ample and dazzling folds of gold and silver brocade; damasked and flowered silks of every hue in the rainbow, and of the most varied elegance of texture and design. Let the reader imagine all the balconies and windows, so richly and tastefully ornamented, filled with females, the noble and wealthier in full dress, and the rest in their best holiday suits, and all wearing their brightest looks; and if he adds to this the very interesting and animating scene produced in the street by the many-coloured uniforms and glittering arms of the various troops, cavalry and infantry, that kept the line of procession, the splendid uniforms of the officers, the crowds of well-dressed persons of both sexes, and the innumerable throng of the working classes, all decently dressed, he will have some, though still an inadequate, idea of the enchanting and cheering sight that met the eyes of the Emperor Ferdinand on the entrance into the city of Milan. The procession advanced to the Church of Duomo, and then after *Te Deum* had



been chaunted, the Emperor proceeded to the palace. In the evening the whole city was illuminated. On the next day the Emperor went in state to the Corso, when all the beauty and fashion of the city came out to him. In the carriages the ladies were, as on the pathway, all in ball-dress; and to look at them leaving the door of a mansion you would suppose that instead of going into the street they were about stepping into a ball-room. All were with their heads uncovered, and all wore their hair in the same style—that is, parted in the front, and brought down off the head perfectly smooth, and then shading the ears and sides of the throat in long, thick, and clustering curls. The only ornaments used were flowers, jewels, or pearls—all, from the highest to the lowest, displaying gold chains, terminating in crosses of different value, on the neck, on which, with many, there was no covering at all, and with a few a slight gauze or very thin veil. In the evening the Emperor and Empress appeared at the Scala, which was splendidly decorated and illuminated for the occasion. There were upwards of 1,200 lights, and the effect was dazzling in the extreme. Every ray fell upon the burnished gold with which the boxes are ornamented, and was reflected back by the diamonds which the ladies wore, or which covered the gorgeous velvet mantles of the Hungarian noblesse, and sparkled on the stars and orders of the officers and knights who were present. The imperial box is in the centre of the theatre, fronting the stage, and placed, if we may so term it, in such a manner as to occupy the space of the second and third tier. It was, as it is at all times, hung round with velvet tapestry, and surmounted by a golden crown, upheld by two statues, which spring from the opposite sides. Upon this occasion it was hung with golden chandeliers, and lined with looking-glass, so that there was not a single portion of it that was not dazzling with light. The Emperor and Empress were most enthusiastically received.

On the 5th there was a grand state ball at the palace, the whole suite of state rooms being thrown open for the occasion. Rooms splendidly gilt, tastefully decorated, and beautifully painted, led into rooms precisely similar to them, until at length the stranger to the palace came into that which we believe to be the most magnificent room in Europe for such purposes as it was then applied to. This room is the Hall of the Caryatides. It was a scene of fairy splendour and of gorgeous enchantment, exceeding any idea which the imagination might have conceived from the perusal of the most detailed descriptions of splendour with which "The Arabian Nights" are stored. It would, but for the perfection of its architecture, be called enormous in its extent and in its length; but seen as it was on this occasion, containing, at one time, not less than three thousand persons, its walls of plate glass reflecting them back, and making them appear innumerable, and causing every beautiful statue, and every sweet picture, each in itself a study, to be repeated *ad infinitum*—and then the dazzling brilliancy of the room, lighted up as it was with two thousand wax-lights, placed in the most fanciful forms, and making in themselves an illumination attractive for the mere taste of their arrangement, produced altogether a *coup d'œil* which could not be surpassed. We pass over several ceremonies of importance, and attractive in the performance, but which would be uninteresting to the reader, and come to the day of the coronation, the 7th of September. Most unexpectedly the sunshiny Italy was upon this occasion as full of dripping rain as our own uncertain climate is. Drizzling rain is a great mariner of people's amusements, and must be particularly vexatious to an Italian lady, who not expecting, or supposing such a thing can happen, is quite un-

prepared for it; and then it is to be remembered that ladies of thirty, with white roses in their hair, and snow-white veils upon their heads, and in silk and satin dresses, and with pearl necklaces, and the finest silk stockings, and the thinnest of thin shoes, pattering and dabbling through a muddy street, with frowning brows and sad faces, and covering under very wet umbrellas, do not look as lovely as brides, nor as innocent as they should look, whatever might be their aspect with a bright blue sky, and the sun shining joyously over their heads. There was the same crowding and anxiety to obtain seats as at the coronation of our own Sovereign, in Westminster Abbey, and the ceremonies were somewhat similar. The *coup d'œil* in the church was very imposing. First there was the Emperor, in all the glittering and dazzling robes of imperial loyalty, approaching the altar, at which he was about solemnly to swear to fulfil his duties as a monarch. He was preceded by ministers of religion, and followed by all that there is of valour, chivalry, and intellect in his land, personified by their military habits, or rendered tangible by their decorations and honours, which are supposed to be reserved as the rewards of genius and of virtue. Beside him was the gilded throne he was about to ascend. Near him, in her magnificent tribune, the Empress, one flowing mass of diamonds, and close to him his royal relatives, covered over and adorned with the most costly jewels. In the robes alone of those who were within his grasp there were mines of wealth, while the eye could not light upon anything but riches, and the happiness of those who possessed those riches. As far as the eye could reach, on every side, there was nothing but grandeur to be contemplated, or beauty to be admired. That portion of the church which was in front of the altar, and which was divided into compartments, each one grander than the other—from the widely distended boxes above, with their blue, crimson, and golden-laced curtains, down to the floor, where chairs had been placed for the ambassadors and their ladies, and who vied with each other in a display of the most valuable jewellery, around to the boxes of the Empress Louise, the Princess of Lucca, and the Duchess of Modena, and was supported by the archduchesses, to the opposite side, where the archdukes were assembled, and it might be said upheld by the Royal staff of the Emperor, to the great arms of the cross, where dignity might be said to be piled upon dignity, until the sight was actually pained with the dazzling beams of innumerable decorations—and looking away into the long, long aisle, where ladies in their feathers, and officers in their uniforms, and clergymen in their simple bands and dark cassocks, were seen peering down, and seeming anxious to take within one glance that which it would require hours to analyse and fully comprehend. There was nothing particularly notice-worthy in the coronation ceremonies; and the coronation banquet afterwards was flat and dull. Some dishes of jellies were placed before the Emperor, but which he did not taste; and then some covered dishes were set before him, the covers of which were not removed. The Emperor, after sitting for some time at table, drank the health of the people, or appeared to drink, in wine and water, and then retired. The torrents of rain in the evening put out the illuminations; and the fireworks did not go off. Thus has ended the coronation at Milan.

#### FASHIONABLE LIFE AT THE WATERING PLACES.

The London season being ended, those of the English fashionables who did not proceed to witness the ceremony of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria at Milan, have betaken

themselves to the watering places, Brighton, Worthing, Ramsgate, Dover, Cowes, Scarborough, &c., or to those equally fashionable resorts after the termination of the London festivities, Cheltenham, Leamington, Tunbridge Wells, &c. Every one of those places has its certain number of admirers who prefer it above all other retreats, and it would therefore be improper for us to award the palm of superiority to any one. The attractions are great at all, and they who have sufficient time to make the tour of the whole, would, undoubtedly, find pleasure and gratification everywhere. We admire the English watering places, for there society may be said to unbend, and humanity to develop itself. In these resorts of the fashionable, the wealthy, and the young, we enjoy opportunities of observing the world, which do not elsewhere occur. Freed from the trammels which generally fetter the social intercourse of the upper classes, there is a certain jauntiness of bearing in each individual we meet in the pump-room, or on the beach, which irresistibly inclines us to be in good humour with ourselves and others. In London, during the season, the members of "The World of Fashion" are so much occupied in receiving and paying visits, the intercourse is of such a ponderous description, there is such a generalization of pursuits and employments, that the pleasant gossipings of congenial minds, the confidences of friendship, and the socialities of relationship, are rendered almost impossible. It is doubtful whether one half of the matrimonial engagements that occur are actually made in London; for though there may be "looks of love," and stolen glances "sweeter for the theft," there is not sufficient time allowed for the growth of "that sweet passion," (as the immortal Spenser describes it) which expands among the bright flowers and the dulcet songs of birds in the green hills and vales of the country. Brighton may, perhaps, be ranked first in the list of fashionable watering places, because it contains a royal palace; in truth, it is a delightful place of fashionable resort. Healthful are the breezes which rustle over its lofty domes; elegant are its public buildings, its churches, terraces, squares, and its Kemp Town. The Queen of the Isles, too, favours it with her presence occasionally. Brighton is now filled with company, and the gaieties may be said to be commencing. The promenade is beginning to enjoy a good share of pedestrians. Lord and Lady John Russell have arrived in Sussex Square, for a three months' sojourn. Next in attraction to Brighton is its neighbour—pleasant Worthing, which has restored the hue of health to the blooming cheek of beauty. There are many fashionables abiding here, in the enjoyment of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which, after all, are superior to all the fêtes and banquets of the metropolis. Come we now to Cheltenham—agreeable Cheltenham—pleasantly seated in a fertile vale. This is the favourite resort of East Indians, and visitors from the Emerald Isle. The rides in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham are most charming—Gloucester and Tewkesbury can be accomplished in little more than half an hour. Upton, renowned as the scene of an adventure of Tom Jones and his Sophia, and Malvern and Worcester, and the beautiful vale of Evesham, are only agreeable drives from this charming watering place. The Lord of Berkeley Castle, by his frequent visits to Cheltenham, gives it additional gaiety and bustle. Altogether there can be but few more delightful places than this, either for an occasional or permanent residence. Lord Ellenborough has given a grand entertainment here; and there have been several other parties upon a smaller scale. The musical promenades at the Montpellier are much frequented of an afternoon. Bath is celebrated chiefly as a temple of health; during the time of

Beau Nash it was the great attraction after the London season. The unexampled beauties of this city of palaces, seated at the bottom of immense hills, the excellence of its waters, and the high respectability of its residents, must always render Bath a favourite resort. Ramsgate is very full of visitors, and the town has never been more lively and prosperous than during the present season. The Princess Sophia takes her usual drives and walks upon the pier. Lord Scarborough and others have been sojourning here. Dover, under the illustrious patronage of the Duke of Wellington, is rapidly rising in the estimation of the favourers of marine residences. His Grace's parties are, no doubt, a great attraction, and the facilities it affords for a trip to our gay neighbours is an additional motive to a residence in Dover. Scarborough, a most agreeable watering place is, at present, crowded with a fashionable company. A grand oratorio has been given at the new church; the morning's performances consisting of selections from Handel's *Messiah*, and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; the evening programme contained Handel's *Jephthah*, *Solomon*, *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, &c., also a selection from Haydn. The audience was very distinguished, and included their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, and the Noblemen and Ladies forming their suite. At Leamington Spa, balls at the Assembly Rooms have been brilliantly attended. Amongst the company we noticed the Dowager Countess of Errol, Lord and Lady Bridport, &c. Harrogate is another popular place of resort, and is well attended by the fashionables.

#### GOSSIP AND GAITIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE HEIRESS AND HER LOVER.—A considerable sensation has been created in the circles of high life, by the reports of the impudence of a would-be lover of a distinguished heiress, whose fortune is without its parallel. The heiress was at Harrogate enjoying a respite from the labours of the London fashionable season, when it pleased an Irish gentleman to become desperately enamoured of her—or of her fortune—and, as one account states, he contrived to put a letter on her dressing-table; another report says he introduced himself into her chamber. But the silly fellow was baffled and exposed. One of the most probable of these reports runs thus. The gentleman put up at the identical hotel where the lady was staying. This stroke of fortune no doubt strengthened his hopes, and he proceeded to business with immense ardour in consequence—paying the lady the most extraordinary attentions whenever he had an opportunity of throwing himself in her way—and annoying her at last, to such an extent, that she was compelled to engage a private residence. This would have been almost an extinguisher of the flame of any other lover, but on Mr. ——— it appeared to act as a kind of incentive to further attempts—and the consequence was that the gay Lothario absolutely took a private residence himself, in so near a propinquity as next door to the object of his adoration. The field of endeavour was again open to him, and he commenced "love's labour" again. Among other of his active demonstrations he placed a *gage d'amour* in her garden, addressed in some way to the lady—he repeatedly, by letter, informed her that she had got his heart, inquired whether she had any objection to let him have hers, and offered himself to her as her future husband. To these letters, solicitations, and offers, the lady of course paid not the least attention; but the *gage d'amour* she sent to one of the libraries and had it hanged up there ticketed, that it might be found for the

owner, it being of no use to any one else. This was as caustic as it was sensible and ingenious, and it appears also, to have been very effective, for the gentleman nearly discontinued his system of annoyance, while, the matter having now obtained a very considerable publicity, he began to be rather annoyed himself. Oh! that an affair of the heart should be put a stop to by the most inconsequential of parochial officers. The town-crier was instructed by some one or another to go bawling about the town a description of the person of Mr. ———, identifying him beyond a doubt—and warning the inhabitants against a notorious member of the swell mob!

**THE YOUNG HEIR.**—We have to congratulate the noble Marquis of Abercorn upon the birth of a son and heir to his immense estates. The *accouchement* of the Marchioness took place at Byam House, Brighton. The young heir bears the title of Viscount Hamilton, in honour of this happy event: open house has been kept at Bentley Priory, and good cheer was given to all comers by order of the noble proprietor. The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Georgiana Russell were present at Byam House, at the birth of the noble infant, who is born to the inheritance of peerages in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and unencumbered estates of the value of 90,000*l.* per annum.

**A SPORTING MARCHIONESS.**—The spirited young Marchioness of Hastings has again taken the field; her first essay this season was at Bonar, in Scotland; and at a recent *battu*, her Ladyship killed twelve brace. The “lords of the creation” must look about them, or the ladies will be “in the ascendant.”

**RESULTS OF THE SEASON.**—The demand for *hands* has been flat; *rings* have been heavy, and so were not fingered; acceptances were at a discount; offers fluctuating; *yesses* were in plenty, but no takers; *hearts* were to be had for money, but no purchasers; and the few that were negotiable for love, went off unsteady, and in some cases at considerable risk. Licences kept their price, though there were few transactions. Smiles and squeezes were exchangeable at par, but one gentleman who speculates largely in foot-touches, met with a great loss. Sighs latterly were heavy; but small talk continued brisk throughout the season, and bright eyes looked up occasionally, but soon fell again; though business continued to be done in blushes. Silly looks were not in demand. Maternal frowns were in considerable quantities, and it is thought they prevented many imprudent bargains from being finally settled. Scandal kept its usual high ground, and more transactions occurred in that line than in any three others put together. On the whole, at the close of the market, the single per cents were not much reduced, as compared with the proceedings of former years; and there was a sluggishness even in improper flirtations which had no doubt its share in casting a gloom and a monotony over the general course of the exchanges.

**AN AFFAIR AT WORTHING.**—The second of three daughters of a Baronet, at present residing not a hundred miles from Worthing should beware of the *poison* sometimes hidden in a grape vine. We saw by whom the letter was one evening deposited, and know him to be a thorough adventurer.

A new staircase is commenced at Buckingham Palace, which is to lead from the north end of the Sculpture Gallery to her Majesty's private apartments.

The Duchess of Gordon, having disposed of her mansion in Belgrave Square, intends to reside wholly in Scotland.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF RUBINI.

It is understood that the frequenters of the London opera have seen the last of this most exquisite and unparalleled singer—that he has quitted the profession, and intends to enjoy the remainder of his life in ease as well as affluence. We think a few recollections of this great master of sweet sounds will be acceptable at parting, and the few memoranda and reflections upon his life and adventures that we have to offer will be found highly interesting, and will afford gratification to all those who have heard Rubini for the last time. It is worthy of remark that neither of the illustrious male singers of the present day were intended for the stage. Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanoff, were all originally put into other courses, and by accident alone they became professional singers. Rubini is the son of a “*contadino*” of Bergamo, and he spent his early days in tending the vine and olive in his native fields. He next was doomed to live half the day with his legs crossed under him, not being transformed into a Turk or a Sultan, as we have occasionally seen him, but having been introduced into the most unromantic of occupations—that of a tailor, as had previously been the case with his countryman and rival—Donzelli. Yes, a tailor. Can the *belle* who has been enraptured with the exquisite music of *Il gran Rubini*, fancy him exercising the occupation of a tailor? Imagine the tender *Ricardo*, the matchless *Otello*, the unrivalled lover of the *Sonnambula*; or the brilliant Donzelli, the fierce and stalwart chieftain of the *Donna del Lago*, mounted upon a board with their legs tucked under them, sewing smockfrocks and inexpressibles—and earning four-pence per day! What a picture! Afterwards Rubini entered a convent in the service of a monk, who finding his bent for singing, used to allow him for a reward and amusement, on feast days, to go into the choristers' loft in the cathedral. There he first poured forth his dulcet notes, to be drowned amidst the rougher voices which there pealed the note of praise with true Italian fanaticism, per “*Iddia e la musica*.” But the organist of the cathedral found out Rubini's superiority, and soon he was promoted to singing the solo parts of an “*Agnus Dei*,” or a “*Credo*.” From this time Rubini's expectation waxed daily greater, as well as his efforts by study, to strengthen his awakened ambition. This thirst of fame, and of shining in another and ampler sphere, led him one day to the first scene of his mundane glories, the Fair of Bergamo. Great was the dismay of “*Il buon Padre*,” lately his indulgent master. He swore his entrance into such scenes was the result of the deep laid plans of the “*Diavola Cornuto*,” to deprive the mother church of a voice which raised her children's hearts to heaven, and relaxed the strings of their purses so much to the satisfaction of its holy ministers. The fair in Italy is not the coarse affair it is in England. All their greatest commercial affairs are transacted there. From afar people of all degrees come to attend; there also the harlequins and clowns, whom we have so singularly borrowed to deprive them of utterance, pour out the inspirations of the keenest wit, and *concelti* that threaten every moment to kill you with laughter. There come the *improvisatori* and actors, serious and comic, and still less are wanting those that sing. Without singing, no more can business be done in Italy, than in England without dining! Such was the fair of Bergamo, where Rubini made his *debut*, and poured forth to his ecstatic audience notes which steal on you;

“*Comme le Venticelli debattendo le ali  
Lusinghanno il suono del mortali.*”

On their return to their distant homes the frequenters of the fair spread Rubini's fame far and wide. From this scene he

ascended every day to a higher stage until he reached Paris, where "*Aux Italiens*" the most attentive and sincerely, but at the same time correctly, critical audience, assemble from every part of the globe, and they stamped his renown as a singer. Rubini, last year, returned for a time to the stage of his first triumph—Bergamo—whilst the same annual fair was still in its glory. What a triumph did this once humble child of the soil enjoy! We hope some of our countrymen heard him *there*, singing in the natural compass of his own voice, without trickery or *flouriture*, as he always does when his audience is worthy of him. At her Majesty's Theatre, where the size of the house is disproportioned to the powers of any voice but Lablache's, he obtains most plaudits when he imitates Velluti, by roulades "*A parte de vue*," in the falsetto notes. It is only on hearing these that the audience stop the drowning "obligato" accompaniment of their rapid conversation, and that the gallery, who have all the office of criticism to themselves, shower down from above their obstreperous applause. No conqueror returning after victories to ancient Rome ever received more incense, more crowns, and more plaudits than Rubini, once more in the bosom of his native town. When he departed again their sorrow was proportionate, and a large subscription was immediately raised to elevate in the *Piazza* a statue to the distant hero—that not being rich enough to possess him they might at least have his next to living likeness. Honour to thee, O Bergamo! thou city filled with polcinello-towers, inhabited by laughter-loving, curiously sly-visaged beings, who live on polenta, beccafigni, and larks! Glory to thee, Bergamo! the birth-place of Rubini.

#### THE BAYADERES.

*Bordeaux, Sept. 15, 1838.*

I am given to understand that the five Bayaderes, who recently arrived here, and who menace to eclipse Taglioni and her fairy train, are about to visit England; and I am, therefore, induced to send you some particulars of them, in order that you may be fully prepared for the "illustrious strangers." Their names are Soudiroum, Amany, Ramalangham, Saravanim, and Veyden. The first of these possesses fiery black eyes, swimming in blue enamel; the second is like a palm tree, full of sweetness; the rest are attractive also. I have learnt that the utmost difficulty was experienced in obtaining the permission of their superior to their visiting Europe. A lawsuit, which there was every prospect of her losing, decided her to consent, and to accompany them herself. This old woman is exceedingly particular in all that relates to their comfort and morals. One of these girls (Amany) had been beloved some time by a young Brahmin. He had not, it appears, made much impression on her heart, as she looked but coldly on when he rushed forward, imploring her not to leave him. Amany remained severe and inflexible; and at last the order was given to weigh anchor. The unhappy Brahmin hesitated for some time; but at last he turned his glance toward the temple, and murmured forth a fragment of a sacred song: he gave a glance at his hard-hearted mistress, and plunged into the sea. In a short time he reached the shore by swimming, and the passengers could see him standing in his white drapery like a statue, until distance mingled together all objects. During the voyage the women indulged in the greatest merriment, whilst the men remained apart, silent and sad. When heavy weather arose they chaunted together, sitting in a circle, a melancholy air, which always accompanies the sacred dances. Nothing could be more singular than this plaintive chant. I, the other day, had the good fortune to meet with a young physician of

Bordeaux, who was present when these Children of the Air appeared at a private house, for the first time in Europe. Curiosity was at its highest pitch, when the door opened, and five women of a bright copper colour advanced, with a regular step, gracefully covered with a thin robe of white muslin, which scarcely covered the bosom and shoulders. The five heads bent down simultaneously to the floor, and they made a *salam* with both hands. Behind the dancers came three men. One of them was old: he was distinguished by three white lines on the forehead and arm, and his business was to play the cymbals. The other two were young; one of them carried a long cylindrical drum, which he struck with the extremity of his fingers: the other played a sort of pipe, sounding something like an oboe. The five Bayaderes remained for some time immovable in the middle of the room, as if to allow the company to inspect them fully. Their costume was brilliant and original: a golden girdle went tightly round their waist, and helped to sustain a striped pantaloons of Indian muslin. Their white robe was rolled around their bust, allowing, through its folds, their dark skin to appear, shining like silk. They poised themselves on the very extremities of their feet, bending together voluptuously, like five young cedars moved by the same breeze. They all wore, on the summit of the head, a gilt cap of carved lines, on which was engraved a serpent with seven heads. Round their arms were Indian bracelets of curious shape; golden rings were suspended from their nostrils, their lips, and their ears. Their dark hair was platted on the top of the head, and fell down behind in two long plats. A band of gold went round the forehead. At last they moved and commenced the dance. The drum was struck, the pipe uttered its sounds, and the cymbals were in motion. A melancholy chant proceeds from the lips of the five dancers—a sacred poem, one of the incarnations of Vishnu. They dart forward; by degrees their countenances get animated, the pupil of the eye rolls about, their arms are thrown aloft, their bodies bend with vigorous suppleness, their hands meet; not a vein, a muscle, a nerve, which is not in action; you would say that their bodies are liquid, and that the wind uplifts them, so light and general is the movement; they advance, retire, pass here and there, and intermingle their steps. The character of the dance is varied—grotesque, amatory, mocking, and always coquettish; at one time they looked like Chinese figures in porcelain, at another like Fanny Ellsler dancing the Cachucha. Their cymbals go more quickly, the player is in ecstasies: suddenly M. Tardivel gave a sign to stop, and a low salaam concludes the dance. Amany afterwards gave a love-dance, in which she represented all the movements of a courtship with wonderful effect. The little thing also danced a sort of comic action, which was amusing enough. The piano had no effect on them, but the harp strongly worked their nerves. They went to the theatre the other evening, when *Le Dieu et la Bayadere* was given for their special entertainment. They frequently showed the gratification they experienced, by calling out *Attacha! attacha!* which corresponds to our *bravo*. The French dancing they look upon as being licentious; and as to a pirouette, they cannot bear it. When they came home, Soudiroum and Amany described carefully to the elderly Tille Amillam all they had seen, and gave her some specimens of the dancing feats of the French stage, to which she only replied by covering her face with her hands, and exclaiming against the corruption of Christians. Tille is bound by a solemn vow to the Bramins to bring back the Bayaderes with their hearts unmoved by any Christian love, and this causes her to wear a melancholy and anxious appearance.

## THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

The theatrical performances in the metropolis have not been of a very attractive character; the Haymarket has been well attended, but the other houses can hardly have paid their expenses. This may excite the surprise of many of our readers, especially when it is considered that both the winter theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, were closed, and the "sweet singers" of the Italian Opera are some of them returned to their native homes, whilst others are wandering about the country, delighting our provincial friends with their divine music. Much of the success which attended the exertions of M. LAPORTE in the season just concluded, may be traced to the growing taste for music among the English people; and, although a few hard and dull geniuses who think nothing can be fine that is not dry and dismal, are dissatisfied with the partiality evinced by the public for the light and elegant compositions of modern masters, we contend, nevertheless, that the public are in this case in the right. The soul of music is melody. The finest flights of fancy, the most brilliantly wrought passages are but the accompaniments, the adornments of the true spirit of music, as the choicest dresses, and the most costly jewels are but the ornaments of the living beauty with whom they are associated. Vocal music tends greatly to soften the manners and raise the character of mankind, to awaken their sympathies, and to kindle and keep alive their feelings to the interest of each other. The sullen, morose, selfish man taketh no pleasure in the song; sweet harmony, a peaceful hymn of praise, is bitterness to the soul of the murderer. The light, contented, cheerful heart singeth always, rejoicing in the happiness of others. Music not only expresseth, but is productive of, cheerfulness, and maketh the heart glad. The heart cannot be too soon "cheerfulized," nor the ear educated. Want of early education alone explaineth "no ear, no memory for music." Love of music is not elicited by elaborate teaching; no man first hears scientific music with any great pleasure. Nature's melody is simple and fascinating. The ear must acquire simple melody before it can possess the power to appreciate a combination of melodies. Gentle tones work wonders. The countenances of children expand to the mild, kind, and cheerful voice of the teacher; and his soft words of instruction are listened to attentively. Sullen brows and sour looks are produced by the harsh and dissonant tone of the master. Bad feelings must result and influence in after life. Music is an innocent amusement. Then why protest against teaching music in schools? For what is it that society, governments exist? For what do we live, but to extend happiness, and give it to our fellow creatures as freely as we have received it? Cold, calculating hearts cannot prevent enjoyment. Relaxative recreation is absolutely essential to man: without some change, man would soon die. The introduction of vocal music as a branch of national education is most desirable. From these reflections, we pass to the actual performances of the day, and first, let us announce what in fact is the most important theatrical event of the month, the re-opening of Covent Garden Theatre, by Mr. MACREADY, whose admirable management during the season not only attracted universal attention, but won for him the esteem of all who desire to see the theatre again

become a school of morals, in which the spectator may be improved as well as amused. Mr. MACREADY may say with the hero of Addison's tragedy,

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But I'll do more, I will deserve it,"

He has gathered round him a very excellent company, and from what we hear of the novelties in preparation, we are led to expect that the present season will not only advance the reputation of the great master of his art, who has undertaken the Herculean labour,—the reformation of the stage, but will also give him to enjoy those pecuniary profits to which his talents and his exertions so well entitle him. In the list of the company engaged for the season we find the names of Messrs. VANDENHOFF, WARDE, ELTON, ANDERSON, BARTLEY, HARLEY, MEADOWS, STRICKLAND, Miss HELEN FAUCITT, Mrs. WARNER, Miss RAINFORTH, Miss PRISCILLA HORTON, and other talented artistes.

At the Haymarket, BUCKSTONE has produced a new comedy, called *A Lesson for the Ladies*; but, although successful, it is not so sparkling a thing as the generality of this clever humourist's effusions. The plot is thoroughly French, but the whole of the dialogue appears to have been written by Mr. BUCKSTONE. The principal character was sustained by Miss TAYLOR, who has greatly improved of late. Formerly her acting was hard and sometimes coarse, now it is refined and elegant; one or two of her scenes in this comedy were in the highest degree effective. Mrs. GLOVER had a character which did not suit her, and yet she got through it very creditably. Of the new comedian, Mr. WALTER LACY, who took the principal male character, we cannot say much in the way of commendation. He has some talent, but it is not of that light and sparkling quality which is required in the representative of light comedy parts. BUCKSTONE was highly comic in the part of a cunning gardener, and the enterprising manager assisted the performance as the representative of a rather repulsive character, a sportsman, anxious to commit the crime of bigamy. But the finest fun of the month was produced by *Tom Noddy's Secret*, which is, indeed, a secret worth knowing, although we must observe at the same time, that it is highly probable many of our readers are aware of it already, for it is founded upon a French farce, two or three versions of which had previously been given to the English stage, *The Captain is not A-Miss*, &c. The drollery is all occasioned by a mistake on the part of a young officer, who has adopted a little boy, as he thinks, but who is found to be a girl. The captain being absent in the civil wars for ten years has not had time to enquire after his *protegee*, and when he returns, expecting to find a full grown youth, he is given to understand by *Tom Noddy*, schoolmaster, to whose care he had confided the little "individual," that the boy is a girl, but who has assumed male attire in order to soften the disappointment. He then mistakes *Inkpen*, the usher, (Mr. BUCKSTONE) for the youth, and a great deal of fun is occasioned by BUCKSTONE's indignation at being mistaken for a female. Eventually, matters are cleared up, and the captain marries his *protegee*. The farce is a smart little affair, and it is very spiritedly acted. Miss TAYLOR, BUCKSTONE, and STRICKLAND appear to great advantage in their respective characters.

STRAND.—An *ad captandem* sketch, as the play bills designate it, has been produced here, meant to illustrate folly as it flies, and called *Ups and Downs*: the characters intended to be illustrated are known to those most conversant with the

turf. The sketch is not devoid of point, and some of the hits are by no means bad. HAMMOND, as usual, is the chief feature, and plays with much humour. Miss DALY has an operatic part, which shows she knows how to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*. The theatre has been well attended. A new melo-drama, founded on some further adventures of *Robert Macaire*, has been produced, entitled *Jacques Strop*. It is a whimsical affair, well got up, and the principal parts of which are well played by HAMMOND and LEE.

The Italian Opera will re-open in Paris, this year, at the Odeon, which has undergone considerable alterations to adapt it for the purpose. The orchestra will be much enlarged, under the direction of M. Tilmant. The company remains the same as last year; the operas to be produced are the *Donna del Lago*, *Zelmira*, the *Turco in Italia*, &c., &c. Donizetti will preside at the production of his own operas; the *Elisir d'Amore* being first produced, followed by a new one, entitled *Roberto Devero*, now so much the rage in Italy, and also *Poliucto*, the performance of which was prohibited in Italy. Several other new operas are also spoken of, amongst others the *Inez di Castro* of Persiania.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The merry bells ring, and the merry folks shout,  
The matrons are gazing from window and door;  
For a blithe wedding train the church hath poured out,  
And the green lane is crowded behind and before.  
A fair blushing maiden hath promised to-day  
To love and to cherish her chosen through life,  
And she walks by his side in bridal array,  
To be from this moment an ENGLISHMAN'S WIFE.

The Earl of SANDWICH has led to the hymeneal altar the Lady MARY PAGET, one of the daughters of the gallant Marquis of ANGLESEY, who has now become a happy "Englishman's bride." The ceremony was performed at St. James's Church, in the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness of ANGLESEY, and various other members of the united families. Immediately after the ceremony the party returned to Uxbridge House, and shortly afterwards the newly married couple left town in a new travelling carriage for Hinchinbroke, near Huntingdon, where they will remain during the honeymoon. The bride was most superbly dressed in a robe of Valenciennes lace.—The nuptial songs are singing in the mansion of W. HERBERT WOODHOUSE, Esq., Lyswayes Hall, Staffordshire, for its worthy owner has taken unto himself that "best of all blessings—a virtuous wife," in the person of HELENA SARAH CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter of the late Sir CHARLES OAKLEY, Bart.—The Lord Bishop of SALISBURY has performed the wedding ceremony on the occasion of the union of the Rev. G. A. DENISON, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Vicar of Broadwinton, Dorset, to GEORGIANA, eldest daughter of JOSEPH WARNER HENLEY, Esq., of Waterpery, Oxon, at which place the nuptials were solemnized.—The merry bells are ringing at Dalmahoy, in honour of the well-assorted marriage of the Viscount MILTON, eldest son of Earl FITZWILLIAM, to the Lady FRANCES DOUGLAS, eldest daughter of the Earl of MORTON.—Trewthin Church, Monmouth, has been the scene of the nuptials of JOHN HARLEY, Esq., of Porty Moie, and ANNA MARIA PLATT, only daughter

of the late ROBERT SMITH, Esq., of Wain Wern. The fairy bride was given away by CAPEL HEINBURY LEIGH, Esq., Lord Lieutenant of the county; and the happy pair, immediately after the ceremony, set off for Italy.—Also, on the 10th inst., at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, (the ceremony having been previously performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church) Captain WILLIAM CLAYTON MANESTY, of the 8th Bombay Native Infantry, second son of his Excellency the late SAMUEL MANESTY, British Ambassador at the Persian Court, and for many years in the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service, Bombay, to SOPHIA, the amiable and accomplished daughter of the late Lieutenant-General WILLIAM MILLAR, R. A., Director-General of Artillery, Woolwich. The happy pair shortly after the ceremony left town upon a tour.

In our obituary we have to place the name of the Lady ISABELLA ELIZABETH TREVOR, daughter of EDWARD, second Earl of WINTERTON, and aunt of the second Earl.—The gallant Colonel CROWDER is also among the silent dead. This officer obtained his commission in 1803, and in 1807, as Captain in the 7th Fusiliers, was present at the taking of Copenhagen. He continued in active service through the whole of the Peninsular war, and, on many occasions, gave signal proof of his courage and military skill.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of Lady GEORGIANA GORDON LENNOX, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of RICHMOND, with Viscount VILLIERS, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of JERSEY, will be solemnized in the ensuing spring.—The contemplated marriage between Viscount COMBERMERE, and Miss GIBBINGS, the wealthy Brighton heiress, will be solemnized early in October. The noble and gallant Lord is making the final arrangements for the union. His Lordship has been a widower about three years, and has one daughter unmarried, the Hon. MELIORA COTTON. His Lordship's eldest daughter is married to the Earl of HILLSBOROUGH.

#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

*Riccardo's* "Tale of the Crusaders," might read well in prose; but in its present form it is inadmissible.

We have received the article by Lady W.'s protégée, and it shall have our best attention.

*Mary's* previous communication never reached us. All correspondents whose favours are not acknowledged in this part of our magazine may conclude that their letters have not come to hand. Did *Mary* see a line we addressed to her three or four months ago?

*Nemo*.—Yes; or it shall be sent by post.

We cannot enter into a controversy with a correspondent upon the subject of a lady's beauty, and, therefore, give up the point. We will make whatever admission he pleases upon this subject, but we will not admit his verses to our columns.

We are happy to hear again from our esteemed correspondent in Harley Street.

*R. T. Morrison* in our next.

Received:—"The Maid of Honour," a Tale: "A Legend of a lost Heart;" *Eugenie*; and *K. C.*

Many thanks to *Capt. M.*, He will perceive that we have availed ourselves of his communication. Is he positive as to the affair mentioned in his note? We were at Richmond ourselves on the day in question, but heard nothing of it.

There is a grammatical error in an article by one of our correspondents; but the prettiness of the sentiment may cause the error to be forgotten.





*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. Louis.  
Fashionable Head Dresses for Ladies, 1821*





The Last & Newest Fashions 1838. Morning Dresses.







*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses.*







*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses. 171*





French Dresses, 1780. From the *Journal de Paris*, 1780.





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1838.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR OCTOBER.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse of pale fawn-coloured *pou de soie*; the *corsage* made tight to the shape, is decorated in the hussar style, with fancy silk trimming to correspond; the front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier* with the same trimming, a band of which encircles the tight part of the sleeve below. Italian straw hat; the interior of the brim is trimmed with puffed *tulle* and flowers; shaded *marabouts* adorn the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin robe; the border is trimmed with two flounces, surmounted by a *bouillon*, with a rose ribbon ran through it. A tight *corsage*, draped, and the drapery finished to correspond with the skirt. Short sleeves, moderately full. *Fichú à la Paysanne* of white *fillet de soie*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and exotics.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of red lilac *pou de soie*; the *corsage en demi-cœur* is trimmed with a round *pelerine*, cut in waves, and edged with a *rouleau* and a flounce; the front of the skirt is decorated *en suite*, with an intermixture of silk buttons. *Manche à volans* also to correspond. *Chapeau-capotes* of blue *pou de soie*, trimmed in a very novel style, with an intermixture of blue ribbon and embroidered *tulle*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—Social party cap of plain *tulle*; it is of the cottage form, trimmed with quadrilled ribbon and roses.

5.—Carriage hat of Leghorn straw, decorated with ribbons to correspond, and sprigs of geranium.

6.—A back view of the public promenade hat.

7.—Evening cap of *tulle*, trimmed *en guirlande* with moss roses; blue and white ribbon disposed in a novel style completes the trimming.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Organâdy* robe, lined with blue *gros de Naples*; the border is finished with a flounce, edged with lace, and headed by a double *bouillon*; a low *corsage*, trimmed *à revers* with lace, and the front drawn; long sleeve, moderately full, the cuff surmounted by a *bouillon*; *ceinture* with floating ends. The *coiffure* a back view of the next figure.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *oiseau gros de Naples*, trimmed with two lace flounces; low *corsage à mille plis*; the sleeve is a double *bouffant*, with a fall of lace between each. Head-dress of hair, arranged behind in a *nœud à la Lune*, and in full clusters of ringlets at the sides; it is decorated with a wreath of roses, terminating at the sides in *gerbes* of foliage

HOME DRESS OF A PARIS LADY.

FIG. 3.—The robe is a striped and figured *gros de Naples*; half-high *corsage*, ornamented with a heart *pelerine* and trimmed with black antique lace; short sleeves, trimmed *en suite*; the skirt is encircled with a double flounce of black lace. *Tulle* cap of a small round shape; the front is trimmed with a rose on each side, and the caul decorated with ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Cambric frock and pantaloons. Bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with white ribbon, edged with cherry-colour.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

5.—MORNING DRESS.—India muslin robe; *pelerine en cœur* of the same material, worked in cherry-coloured cashmere worsted. *Tulle* cap of a small size, profusely trimmed with pink ribbon.

6.—Evening head-dress of hair, *à la Sevigné*.

7.—Bonnet *bouillonnée* of *tulle*, trimmed with the same material and flowers.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of one of the new figured *Levantine*s; the *corsage* low and square, is encircled by a *rûche* of the same material; short tight sleeve, trimmed with *rûches*; the skirt is trimmed *en suite*. Head-dress of hair, disposed in very full tufts of ringlets, which are crowned by a wreath of green leaves interspersed with gold berries.

ITALIAN OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Muslin robe, trimmed with lace; Turkish mantle, composed of one of the new autumnal silks, and lined with crimson satin; the *pelerine*, round and deep behind, but very much cut out on the shoulders, descends *en revers* the whole length of the front; it is bordered, as are also the sleeves, they are of the half *Mameluke* kind, with satin; a superb *cordeliere* completes the trimming. White *pou de soie* bonnet, trimmed with white ribbons, ostrich feathers, and a curtain veil of blond lace.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

FIG. 3.—India muslin robe, trimmed with flounces, festooned with green worsted; the sleeves are ornamented *en suite*; a *fichú à la paysanne*, bordered with lace, decorates the *corsage*. The bonnet is a *demi bibi*, trimmed with *groseille* ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.—MORNING DRESSES.

4.—Morning cap of *tulle*, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbon.

5.—Half-dress hat of green *moire*, trimmed with a sprig of foliage, ribbon, and white lace.

6.—Evening hat of *crape*, the interior of the brim decorated with a single rose, and the crown with a *bouquet* of *marabouts*.

7.—A back view of Fig. 1.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

## DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of French grey *pou de soie*, the *corsage* tight to the shape, and cut at the top *en cœur*. *Manche à colans* with a tight cuff of a new form. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce, surmounted by a *bouillon*. The *corsage* is decorated with a fall of lace *bouillonnée* by a rose ribbon. Cap of *flet de soie*; the front is formed of lappets, which are trimmed with half wreaths of roses.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The robe is fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*; a tight *corsage* and sleeves demi-large; the border is finished with flounces embroidered in silk to correspond. The bonnet a *demi-bibi*, of pale rose-coloured *pou de soie*, is trimmed with full blown roses of a deeper shade.

## YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Cambric pantaloons and frock, the latter is made in the tunic style, with short *bouffant* sleeves. Bonnet of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 4.—*Robe-redingote* of *groseille gros de Naples*; it is made to wrap across, and the round of the dress is trimmed with a flounce of the same material; the sleeve is demi-large. Drawn bonnet of pink *pou de soie*, trimmed with an intermixture of lace and roses.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

## CARRIAGE MANTLE AND BONNET.

FIG. 1.—The bonnet is a drawn one of shot silk lilac, and pink; the brim is finished with a full *rûche*, and the interior of it decorated with geraniums; full knots of ribbon adorn the crown. The mantle is of green *gros de Turquie*; it is made very ample, and trimmed with a *pelérine mantelet*; a double fall of a large size, with long scarf ends; the *mantelet* is trimmed with a *volan* all round, which is headed by a broad band of black velvet.

## EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Under-dress of white satin. Pink *moire* tunic; a low *corsage en cœur*, displaying the *bouillon*, which borders the top of the under *corsage*; the *cœur* is formed of antique white lace; the ruffles correspond; triple *bouillon* sleeve; the round of the tunic is bordered with lace. Turban of *organdy*, of a novel form; it is decorated with bunches of grapes formed of coloured gems, and gold fringe.

## MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Robe-redingote* of black and *groseille gros de Naples*; *corsage croisée*, and sleeves arranged in tight *bouillons* at top and bottom, but full in the middle; a fall of black real lace descends upon the fulness, and another is attached to the *bouillon* that goes down one side of the skirt. The bonnet is of green *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and black lace.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1838.

Autumn, with its sober tints, is coming fast upon us, and our fair fashionables are beginning to look forward to the rich and novel costumes which will soon be in preparation for the ensuing winter; but in the mean time autumn claims her due, and the costumes of the *demi saison* put into full requisition the taste of our *élégantes*, and the invention of their *marchandes des modes*.

We have given in our plates some of the most strikingly elegant costumes that have appeared since our last number, and now we shall place before our fair readers the result of our gleanings in the field of fashion.

PELERINES MANTELETS of an autumnal kind have just appeared in carriage dress; they are, in truth, calculated only for very fine autumnal weather, as they may be said to trim rather than cover the *corsage* of the robe, for they do not pass below the *ceinture* either before or behind; they are composed of *pou de soie*, of different colours, and lined with sarsenet; the outside is plain, the lining wadded, and quilted in squares. The trimming is either a *rûche* of the same material, lace set on full, or a border of fur or *marabout*. A few light plaits ornament the front of the *pelérine*, and a row of small silk buttons closes it from top to bottom. This is a pretty and comfortable accessory to carriage dress for the moment, but it will not outlast the month.

FURS.—It is yet early to speak of them, but as we know that the information we can give is correct, we have pleasure in laying it before our fair readers. Swan's down—that most delicate and lady-like fur—will be decidedly adopted in carriage dress, during the whole of October. Sable boas will also be in request, and *mantelets* trimmed with sable will, it is expected, be partially adopted. It is fully expected that sable will preserve its ascendancy as a winter fur. There is nothing yet positively decided as to boas; the fashion is so graceful, so pretty, and so comfortable, that ladies are loth to abandon it; nevertheless, we have reason to believe that the shawl-tippets, partially introduced two seasons ago, if they do not rival boas, will at least share the vogue with them. There is nothing yet positively decided as to the second-rate furs, but we can promise our readers the fullest information respecting them in our next number.

EVENING MANTLES.—Our fair readers will see that we must have been upon the alert to have already gained some intelligence on this subject. We present them in our third plate with one of the most strikingly elegant evening mantles that have appeared. We have seen some others new in preparation, to cover over ball dresses, and, certainly, more elegant envelopes for these fragile toilettes, could not well have been devised. They are of black Cashmere, embroidered in green silk, and of a very simple form, cut full round the neck, with a hood falling over the shoulders, and long armholes. They are lined with green silk, wadded, and quilted in lozenges; the lining turns over in the lappel style entirely down the front. We must observe that these mantles are all made short, not descending below the knee.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON EVENING MANTLES.—As it has been hitherto a very general complaint that mantles with sleeves rumple the trimmings of ball dress sleeves, a new method is about to be adopted for cutting them, which promises to obviate that inconvenience: they will be made to button on the shoulder; by this simple contrivance the trimming will be effectually preserved, for as the sleeve of the mantle will be made excessively large, it cannot of itself crush the trimming.

NEW MATERIALS FOR ROBES.—Those that have actually appeared for autumnal dresses are more decidedly of the *demi saison* kind than they have been for some years past. As for instance, those of *foulard chiné* are violet and orange on black; those of figured *foulard* are a zigzag of *girastée* on white; those of figured *foulard* are a zigzag of *girastée* on white; *pekinets* are striped in wood-colour and blue; glazed taffetas, *poussière* and white; *mousselines de laine* are striped in small close stripes of red and green upon a white ground, or else the

ground is *chamois*, dotted in a green pattern resembling small almonds.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—The principal change during the last month is the introduction of velvet trimmings for Italian straw hats, and the appearance of some drawn bonnets of *écru pou de soie*, the corners of which are trimmed with silk cords and tassels of a corresponding colour, the cord encircles the crown of the bonnet twice, and is then tied in a bow on one side, leaving the tassels falling low upon the brim. This style of trimming has been adopted for beaver bonnets, and is very suitable for them, but appears to us by no means calculated for silk ones. It is, however, rather likely to be a passing fancy, than one that will be generally adopted. Although no decided novelty in form is yet established among the autumnal hats, we must, nevertheless, take notice of one of a round-shaped brim, shorter at the sides than any we have yet seen, with the crown placed very backward, and the curtain rather deep, but by no means full. These hats have appeared in pearly grey *pou de soie*, and also in green and violet *gros de Tours*; they are trimmed with ostrich feathers, the centre of which corresponds with the colour of the hat, but the edges are of a different hue, as red currant colour with grey, and *ponceau* and black with green.

**MORNING CAPS.**—Some have recently appeared composed of cambric, and of an extremely simple form; the caul is à la *paysanne*, the head-piece and the ears are composed of two bands, the *papillon* is very low, *râches en coquille* in the centre; cambric bands supply the place of ribbon and form the *brides*; the lace employed to edge the trimming is either a narrow scoloped one, or Valenceines.

**EVENING DRESS.**—*Pekinets*, changeable silks, and *foulards*, are all adopted in evening dress, but none of these materials are for the moment so much in vogue as *organdy*; a robe composed of it, the ground strewn with velvet *persies en application*, is in the very best taste; the *corsage*, draped in the heart style, has the drapery laid on in folds, which has something the appearance of a *fichu*, and is edged with lace. The sleeve is tight at the top, and terminates near the elbow in a single *bouffant*, to which a lace *manchette* is appended. In some instances the tight part of the sleeve is ornamented with one or two falls of lace, but it is as frequently made without them.

**RETICULES.**—Some very pretty ones are about to be introduced, they are to be attached to the *ceinture*, and are intended to replace the pockets which for some time past have been made in the sides of the dress; it was a convenient but ungraceful fashion; the reticule, on the contrary, will serve as an ornament to the robe.

**HOOPS.**—An attempt is about to be made to bring them in, in grand costume, this winter; they are to be made upon a new plan, of moderate size, and so flexible as to yield with ease to every motion of the wearer. Notwithstanding this, we think that the success of the experiment is very doubtful; but we are assured that it will be made.

**WINTER MATERIALS.**—Though it is yet early to announce them, we can do so with confidence, having been favoured with a sight of some that will not appear till towards the middle of the month. They are silks alternately damasked and shaded; *levantines*, marbled, changeable, and figured in very pretty patterns, in vivid colours; *pekinets*, striped in equal stripes; satin and *gros de Naples*, figured in small flowers of different hues; figured satins of various kinds; and others striped in equal stripes of brown and *écru*, black and *ponceau*. Velvet of full colours will also be very much in request, and the robes composed of it will almost all be ornamented with fancy silk trim-

ming disposed *en tablier*. The colours expected to be in vogue are various shades of grey, brown, *ponceau*, violet, green, maize, and red currant colour; this last is expected to be very much the mode; black will also be greatly intermingled with it, and with other colours. At this moment, however, we must observe that light hues predominate, and will probably continue to do so during a great part of the month.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

At this moment our lovely leaders of the *ton* are completely dispersed, some are gone to the French and German watering-places, other are enjoying *la Vie de château* at their magnificent country seats, and a third class have retired to their pretty villas, at some ten or fifteen miles distance from Paris, where they continue to mingle rural pleasures and town gaieties, by dividing their time between one and the other. All are, however, obliged to have recourse to Paris for every article of the toilette from the most expensive to the most insignificant. Let us see then what Paris, *la belle Paris*, sends forth to its fair wanderers.

LA PAYNE, such is the name given to a travelling dress, which, at present, is all the rage; it is a *redingote* composed either of *mousseline de laine*, or *gros de Naples*, but the former material is most in favour, the *corsage*, high and plain, is ornamented with a long narrow piece of the same material attached on each shoulder, and forming a kind of scarf which may be crossed upon the bosom and tied behind, or else passed in folds through the *ceinture*, leaving the ends floating at each side; there is something very graceful and novel in this kind of drapery.

TRAVELLING BONNETS are of two sorts, the first of sewed straw, the crown simply trimmed with plaided ribbon, and the interior of the brim decorated with *tulle*, arranged *en demi-cornette*, and very full; this may be termed a very comfortable style of travelling bonnet; but it is not so fashionable as a drawn bonnet of *écru pou de soie*: the edge of the brim trimmed with a *voilette* of black real lace, and the crown decorated with black lace intermingled with ribbon; this is decidedly the most elegant travelling *coiffure* that we have seen; the arrangement of the trimming, though in a simple style, is certainly *très distingué*. A third sort, and one, perhaps, the best adapted for travelling, since it is impossible to spoil it, is a beaver hat, ornamented only with a silk cord and tassels.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES have as yet suffered no material alteration, but it is expected that in the course of the month pelisses will in some degree replace the *mantelets* that are now so generally adopted for it. In that anticipation, we have selected one of the most elegant pelisses that have yet appeared, which our readers will find in our first print. We beg to call their attention to it, as there cannot be a more elegant model. We have also to announce the appearance of a new shawl, it is of plain cashmere, the ground green, drab, or deep blue. The border is embroidered in a quadrilled pattern in coloured silks, with a different flower, or a small sprig of different flowers in each quadrille; the effect is beautiful, and there is every reason to believe that the fashion will be adopted by our *tonish élégantes*.

PUBLIC PROMENADE CHAPEAUX AND CAPOTES.—They are at this moment made in a variety of fanciful forms. The *capote coquille* is, as a young friend of ours said the other day, a *perfect love*; the brim and crown are almost upon a level;

the crown like those of the cottage bonnets is plaited *en coquille*, the brim is also plaited *en biais*, but irregularly, the plaits issue from the round of the crown, and descend obliquely, winding towards the chin; the *bavolet* consists of a tight piece, which turns up gracefully behind. Another *capote* of an extremely simple, but very pretty form is composed of *pou de soie*, and trimmed on the left side with a *chou* of ribbon, from which two long floating ends issue; then round the brim and close to the crown, is a ribbon edged on each side with a full *riche*, which forms a *fanchon*, descending very low at the sides of the face, where it meets the *brides*.

**MORNING DRESS.**—Our fair readers will perceive by our prints that morning dress is no longer composed almost exclusively of muslin, though it is certainly still in a majority. Silk robes of the *redingote* or *demi-redingote* kind, are, however, beginning to come into favour. We may cite as one at once elegant and novel, the morning dress, No. 3, in our first plate. We have seen also some robes of short silk, with the *corsages* made quite high, and finished with a small falling collar, edged with black lace, a row of which was also disoosed upon the *corsage* in such a manner as to present the appearance of a *pelerine* of a very novel form. The sleeves of morning robes are almost invariably of the demi-large kind, and where there is any trimming on the front of the dress, it is generally reproduced on the upper part of the sleeve.

**MORNING CAPS** are more in favour since the mornings have become a little cool, they continue to be of a small size, and of a very simple form; the material of which they are generally composed is *tulle*. Although flowers may be adopted for morning caps, they are but seldom used, ribbon being considered in better taste, and even that is very sparingly employed.

**DEMI-TOILETTE.**—We may cite among the most elegant half-dress costumes, robes of *foulard* or *pou de soie écossais*, worn with small scarfs of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace. The scarf forms a round *pelerine* behind, and is cut out a good deal in the neck; the ends, which are rather narrow, cross upon the bosom, and form a knot behind. This description of *fichú*, which is very elegant in the way we have described, becomes still more dressy when the shoulders are ornamented with *nœuds* of muslin embroidered and trimmed with lace, which fall upon the sleeve; this ornament has at once a very novel effect, and gives a truly elegant finish to the dress. Another style of half-dress, and one that we believe will continue later in favour this season than usual, is a *redingote* of plain muslin trimmed in front, and all round with a double row of Valenciennes lace; a small *pelerine*, which forms a *fichú*, ornaments the *corsage*; and two rows of Valenciennes are set on full on the upper part of the sleeve. This lace is the one most generally employed for plain muslin robes, and the *redingotes* we have just described, are the most stylish demitoilettes at present adopted by our *élégantes*. We must not, however, forget to say that *peignoirs* keep their vogue in half-dress as well as in *négligé*; the prettiest of those adopted in the former are of muslin *à mille raies rosées*, nothing can be more delicate than the tints of those muslins. Some *peignoirs* composed of them are trimmed with *bouillons* of *organdy*, through which a rose ribbon is run, others are bordered with Valenciennes lace.

**EVENING ROBES.**—Muslin and *organdy* are still the materials most in favour for them. We cannot do better than cite the most elegant robes of both materials that have appeared during the month; one that has been much admired is of India muslin, trimmed *en Mathilde*, by two traverses of ears of green

and ears of ripe corn, beginning at about half the skirt on a *bouquet* of field flowers. The under dress worn with this robe, and also of India muslin, was raised at the two sides under *bouquets*. Another robe of the same material, which was so long behind that it formed a short train, opened in front on a muslin petticoat, embroidered *en tablier*, the transparency of this latter shewed that the slip worn underneath it was of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*. Long sleeves made open, but closed at regular distances by knots of muslin. A long *ceinture* of muslin tied in front, descended in long ends terminated by acorns covered with muslin. The majority of *organdy* robes are ornamented with velvet. We have seen one with the ground strewn with rose-coloured velvet bell flowers and lace flounces. We have heard, from what we consider good authority, that muslin and *organdy* will this year remain in favour for evening robes much later than it has been known to do for several seasons.

**BONNET SYPHIDE.**—Such is the name given to a cap just introduced for social parties, it is, in our opinion, one of the prettiest and most elegant of the head-dresses adopted for them, simple but yet rich; it is composed of lace, mingled with roses; the lace falls upon the cheeks in large *coquilles*, among which are mingled American roses of five different shades of red; a single one placed on the left side is of the pale tint of the *rose thé*, the others disposed in sprigs become gradually of a deeper hue till they reach the brilliant one of the *rose du roi*. From the description of this cap, one would be tempted to think it too voluminous, such, however, is not the case; on the contrary, we consider it one of the prettiest that has appeared; there is something singularly graceful and original in the arrangement of the *bouquet*, and the manner in which the flowers are disposed near the face. Upon the whole, and this is, perhaps, its chief recommendation. We have seen few head-dresses so generally becoming. Another cap, much less dressy, but pretty, and well adapted for matronly *belles*, is a bonnet *turban* of figured *tulle*, mingled with blue *chenille*, which partly follows the folds, and partly crosses among them in different places.

**TURBANS** are little worn, except in full dress, and then they are either of the kind described in our last number, or else they are composed of an intermixture of *tulle dentille* and *tulle d'or*.

**JEWELLERY.**—Until this last summer, jewellery was very little seen in summer costume, but now it is introduced in the midst of flowers and foliage, and with a *gauze* or muslin robe, as frequently as it was in winter with the richest silks and velvets. Anxious as we are to give our fair readers information on all subjects connected with fashion, we hasten to lay before them what is most remarkable in *bijouterie* for the moment. Pearls are much in request with muslin robes, and it matters little whether they are mock or real, but it is not the same thing with coloured stones, fashion exacts that they should be real. The mixture of pearls and diamonds as *monture* has a good effect with coloured stones; between each principal one may be placed foliage of brilliants or draperies of seed pearls; they may be also used to encircle the stones. The opals, which for a long time have been out of favour, are coming again into vogue, and harmonise perfectly with pearls and diamonds united. We have recently seen in a *corbeille de mariage*, an *aigrette d'esprit* mounted in a kind of *crep* which was in the form of a tulip, enveloping the beards of the feather in its leaves; the mounting composed of a quantity of small coloured stones mingled with diamonds has a dazzling effect at the foot of that light and graceful feather, which is to be placed on one side of the head.



## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THE  
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;  
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF KINTORE.

"Quickly days and years roll on,  
Families pass—e'en names are gone,  
Infant sport and youthful play  
By rolling years are swept away.  
He who would act, must in his heart  
Have well matur'd his destin'd part,  
Else when the hour for action calls  
Helpless he wavers, hopeless falls.  
Let man not linger with a deed,  
For time goes by with arrow-speed."

The Earl of KINTORE is one of those noblemen elevated to the peerage of the United Kingdom upon the occasion of the coronation of her most Gracious MAJESTY; his lordship is the descendant of an ancient family, some of whose representatives have distinguished themselves in public life, and now enjoy that reward in a brighter and better world, which their virtues manifested in this may be supposed to have qualified them for, for, as it is beautifully observed by a modern writer, the earth cannot be man's abiding place! It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap from the temple of our heart are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, that hold their "festival around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth: there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful which begins here and passes before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

The first dignity earned by the family of the noble Earl of KINTORE was that of Earl Marischal of Scotland, bestowed upon Sir WILLIAM KEITH, Knight, by King JAMES the SECOND, of Scotland, in the year 1458. This dignity passed in succession to GEORGE, the tenth Earl, who took part in the celebrated rebellion of 1715, and being attainted in consequence thereof, and his estates confiscated, he escaped into Spain, where he abided for a short time, and then made his way into Prussia,

where his activity and intelligence were so powerfully displayed as to win for him the confidence and friendship of the King, FREDERICK the THIRD. In 1750 he was appointed ambassador from Prussia to France, obtained the distinguished honour of the order of the Black Eagle, and was made Governor of Neufchatel. He was some years afterwards engaged in a diplomatic capacity again, being sent ambassador to the Court of Madrid; here his abilities were most strikingly displayed. By his ingenuity and perseverance he discovered the secret of the family compact, whereby the different branches of the House of BOURBON bound themselves to assist each other. This important fact he immediately communicated to the British Minister, Mr. PITT, who represented his case so favourably to King GEORGE the SECOND, that the monarch was pleased to grant a free pardon to his lordship. This occurred in the year 1759, and in the following year an Act of Parliament was passed, enabling his lordship to inherit estates, but the King rejected a clause, sought to be inserted, empowering his succession to honours. In the year 1761 his lordship received a grant of public money. He died in the year 1778, at Potsdam, having arrived at the good old age of eighty-eight.

His brother, the Hon. GEORGE KEITH, had followed the fortunes of the attainted Earl, and distinguished himself in the Prussian service, where he attained the rank of field marshal and other honours. Subsequently he was engaged in the military service of the King of Prussia. This gallant soldier fell on the field at Hockirchen, on the 13th of October, 1758. A monument was erected to his memory at Berlin.

Having described the lives and characters of those distinguished members of the KEITH family, we now proceed to the Honourable Sir JOHN KEITH, Knight, third son of WILLIAM, sixth Earl Marischal, by Lady MARY ERSKINE, who was elevated to the peerage on the 26th of June, 1677, by the title of Baron KEITH of Inverarie, and Keith Hall, and Earl of KINTORE. He had previously (in the year 1660) been appointed Knight Marischal of Scotland, which office was settled hereditary in his family in consequence of the loyalty which had been displayed by him in preserving the Scottish regalia when it was in danger of falling into the hands of OLIVER CROMWELL. It is represented that Sir JOHN KEITH caused the regalia to be conveyed from Dunmore Castle and deposited under the Church of Kinneff. Immediately after he had secured the ensigns of royalty he sailed for France, and the Cromwellians, supposing that he had carried them off with him, made no further search for them. There is another version, however, of this story, which is preserved in the family of Sir WILLIAM MUSGRAVE OGLIVIE, Bart., of Barras, in the county of Kincardine, the ancestor of whom (as the story goes), GEORGE OGLIVIE, Esq., was Governor of the fort and castle of Dunnobar, wherein the regalia was deposited at the period alluded to. The castle was besieged by the Cromwellians, but, although obliged to surrender to the besieging party, Captain OGLIVIE, nevertheless, contrived to preserve the insignia of royalty until the restoration of CHARLES the SECOND, when he delivered them up to the Earl Marischal, and was created in consequence of his fidelity and sufferings a Baronet of Nova Scotia. Prior to the surrender of the castle, he had entrusted the regalia to Mrs. GRAINGER,

the wife of Mr. JAMES GRAINGER, minister of Kinnesse, who actually passed through the besieging army, attended by a servant, with a bundle of flax upon her back, in which were concealed the crown, sword, and sceptre of Scotland. It is probable that both these interesting anecdotes are correct, for they are in perfect harmony with each other.

The first Lord KINTORE obtained a new grant of his honours in the year 1694, extending the reversion to his own female heirs, and to the male issue of his brother GEORGE. He was married to MARGARET, daughter of THOMAS, second Earl of HADDINGTON, and was succeeded in the year 1714 by his only son, WILLIAM, who was of a spirited nature, and was possessed of many soldier-like qualities. He was engaged in the rebellion of 1716, and fought at the battle of Sheriff Muir, but it does not appear that he suffered otherwise than by the deprivation of the office of Earl Marischal. After that battle he never showed his head. In the midst of the storm of passion which the excited state of the times occasioned, one fond feeling blossomed, the Earl of KINTORE, loved—

Yes, it was love, unchangeable, unchanged,  
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;  
Though fairest maidens daily met his eye,  
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by.  
Yes it was love—'twas purest tenderness;  
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,  
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet—O, more than all!—untir'd by time!

The one object of his affections was CATHERINE, eldest daughter of DAVID, fourth Viscount STORMONT, who, having become his wife, presented him successively with the following family—

1. JOHN.

2. WILLIAM.

3. CATHERINE, who married DAVID, fifth Lord FALCONER, of Halkertown; and had, with other issue, ALEXANDER, sixth Lord FALCONER, who was succeeded in 1792 by his brother, WILLIAM, seventh Lord FALCONER, who died in December, 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son ANTHONY ADRIAN, eighth Lord FALCONER, of whom we shall have occasion to speak presently, as fifth Earl of KINTORE.

The second Earl of KINTORE died in 1718, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, JOHN, who, dying in the year 1756, without family, the title devolved upon his brother WILLIAM. This nobleman died unmarried in the year 1761, and the estates, in consequence, devolved upon GEORGE, the tenth and attainted Earl Marischal, already noticed above, when the peerage remained in abeyance until that nobleman's decease in 1778, when it passed to ANTHONY ADRIAN FALCONER, eighth Lord FALCONER, of Halkertown, who inherited it, together with the estate of Kintore, the old castle of Hall Forest, given to the family by King ROBERT the FIRST of Scotland, and Keith Hall.

We have now occasion to speak of the FALCONER family, which traces its peerage up to RANULPHUS DE LUNKYIR, who was appointed King's falconer by WILLIAM the lion, whence the derivation of the name of FALCONER. A descendant of that eminent person of antiquity was created Lord FALCONER, of Halkertown, in 1674, and the peerage descended regularly to DAVID, fifth Lord FALCONER, son-in-law of JOHN, first Lord KINTORE. Having offered these particulars in explanation of the family connexion between the KEITHS and the FALCONERS, we revert to the eighth Lord FALCONER, who, upon the death

of the fourth Lord KINTORE, succeeded to his honours. This nobleman married Miss SLIGHTERMANN, of Groningen, by whom he had a son and seven daughters. The son succeeded him at his death, which occurred in 1804.

WILLIAM, the sixth Earl, and father of the present peer, was married in 1793, to MARIA, daughter of Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, Bart., of Kirkhill, and had the following family—

1. ANTHONY ADRIAN.

2. WILLIAM.

3. MARIA.

His lordship died in October, 1812, when the present nobleman came into possession of the honours.

ANTHONY ADRIAN KEITH FALCONER, Earl of KINTORE, Lord KEITH, of Inverarie, and Lord FALCONER, of Halkerton, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron KINTORE, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, was born on the 20th of April, 1794, and succeeded to the honours upon the death of his father, as stated above. His lordship was married on the 14th of June, 1817, to JULIET, third daughter of the late ROBERT KENNY, Esq., of Barrowfield, N.B., by whom he had no family. Her ladyship died in 1819. On the 22d of August, 1821, the Earl of KINTORE again stood at the nuptial altar, and was then united for life to LOUISA, youngest daughter of FRANCIS HAWKINS, Esq. Of his lordship's family, his eldest son and heir, WILLIAM ADRIAN, Lord INVERARIE, was born Sept. 2, 1822.

The arms of his lordship are as follows:—Quarterly; first and fourth, *gu.*, a sceptre and sword, saltier, with an imperial crown in chief, with an oil of eight thistles, *or*, as a coat of augmentation, for preserving the regalia of Scotland; second and third, *ar.*, a chief, paly of six, *or.* and *gu.* for Keith. Crest of laurel, *ppr.* Motto:—" *Quæ amissa salva.*" The seats of the noble Earl are Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire, Inglesmaldy and Halkerton, in the county of Kincardine.

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#### TO SLEEP.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

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To sleep! The hours of day are gone,  
Eve has her sober grey put on;  
The hunter returns from the wearying chase,  
And his hounds have sought their resting place,  
And flowers have closed on moor and lea,  
Then now let the time of resting be.

To sleep! Each gaily feathered head  
'Neath downy wing has found its bed;  
The mossy fern-bank holds the bee,  
Come back from his labours in laughing glee;  
And birds are hushed in far-off brake,  
Then be not thou alone awake.

To sleep! The flower cups show no more  
Their golden tempting honey store;  
The world is still, no sign of life  
Among the solemn woods is rife;  
Then haste we to our cottage home,  
And sleep till morning's hour be come.

## A MYSTERY.

“A prison and a palace.”—BYRON.

## I.

“What a gloomy night it is, Signor!”

“Gloomy! Why, you are not afraid, Fabricio?”

“Afraid, Signor? No, not while I have my trusty poignard at my side, fear is out of the question; but there is something so imprudent—so hazardous in the affair, and such a night in these deserted streets of Venice! It is not for myself I speak, who am nobody, a simple valet, who has nothing to lose but his soul; more’s the pity that it should be so; but for yourself, Signor—the head of one of the noblest families in Venice, and one for whom so many hearts have languished. Consider, Signor, what a night it is, and in the storm that is raging a cry for help would not be heard a dozen yards off! Now, Signor, do take my advice for once only, and like a ——”

“Hush! Listen!”

“Ah, Signor! It is only midnight sounding from St. Mark’s towers.”

“It is the hour of my appointment.”

“You are then determined, Signor, and won’t take advice.”

“So determined that nothing on earth has power to move me. What have I to fear! In love—distractedly in love with a beautiful creature, who has consented to grant me an interview. Is there anything to cause alarm in that?”

“But this lady is the daughter of one of the richest and most powerful nobles in Venice!”

“And am I not noble, rich, and powerful, too?” Albertini would not disgrace his name and lineage by an alliance with our house;—but listen, I say; Do you hear nothing?”

“Why, something, certainly. I should say I heard a step advancing toward us; coming this way I think. And here is the light.”

“Be silent; it is the signal; and wait for me close by.”

“But Signor ——”

“Not a word; and obey me.”

Adriano followed his guide, who introduced him by a secret door into the palace of the Albertini. He was led through the corridors of this immense palace for some time, until his guide stopped suddenly in a large room having the appearance, from its simplicity, of being used as an oratory, and his suspicions were confirmed as the light from the guide’s lantern fell upon a richly carved figure of the virgin.

Adriano was about to speak, when his guide, whom he perceived to be a woman, placed her finger upon her mouth to impose silence upon him, and quitted the room.

Brave as Adriano was, this strange conduct excited suspicions in his breast. The alarm of Fabricio seemed well founded; he recalled to mind various circumstances in which he had opposed the harsh measures of the Council of Ten towards the people, and of which Council of Ten, Albertini was one of the members. He felt he had been entrapped, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. His hand rested upon his sword as the door opened, when Laura Albertini entered. She was one of those beautiful creatures that we see sometimes, but only too seldom, and feel that such a one we could love, and love for ever—that we could worship as something superior to her sex, as almost approaching what we picture to ourselves as beings scarce earthly. Need we say Adriano flew towards her

imprinting on her hand the warm kiss of love, pouring forth his protestations of constancy and affection in no measured terms. Laura listened, as would a girl of scarce sixteen, whilst the object of her affection is speaking.

Time passes quick; “With whom lingers it?” saith the bard; certainly not with lovers: but the guide entering, warned them the interview must cease, and Adriano, pressing the beautiful Laura again to his heart, bade her adieu till the morrow, “When,” he exclaimed, “with your father’s consent, we part no more; you will be my wife, and then ——” But the guide, seeming to hear some noise, hastened him away in the same mysterious manner in which he had entered; and he found himself once more standing in the deserted streets of Venice.

## II.

Albertini, before his marriage, was one of the poorest of the Venetian nobles, though one of the most distinguished in point of birth. His father had dissipated a princely fortune in wild extravagance, leaving his son but an illustrious name, a handsome person, and a reputation for the most undaunted courage; endowed, with these qualifications by nature, he improved them by marrying one of the richest heiresses of the state.

A year had scarcely passed over his marriage when he found himself a widower and a father. He had passionately loved his wife, and deeply deplored her loss, causing a truly magnificent Mausoleum to be erected to her memory.

But neither joy nor grief lasts always, for in a short time he came forth from his seclusion, joining in the world and its amusements, his whole days and nights were then spent in the wildest orgies, his daughter being left in the mean time to the mercenary cares of those by whom she was surrounded. The thought was almost madness to him that he must one day resign her to the arms of a husband, and with her render up the portion he had received with her mother. In this continual alternation of pleasure and anxiety years passed away, and Louisa had entered her sixteenth year.

One day that he had just entered, pale and haggard, from one of his midnight debauches, the Count Adriano was announced. Surprised at this visit, for their relations had hitherto been but little of an amicable nature, he refused to receive him. A few minutes after a letter was placed in his hand; he read it, and his paleness increased; his eyes seemed almost to flash fire; his hands shook with convulsive tremor, and his whole frame betokened that he was suffering from the most violent emotions. After a few moments’ thought, he crushed the letter in his hand, and exclaimed with much energy, “Never: never shall she be his wife. But what is to be done? I have it.” And seizing a pen, he wrote the following answer.

“Signor,—I have pledged my word that my daughter shall become the wife of one with whom I have contracted the heaviest obligations; it is the only means I have of repaying them.  
ALBERTINI.”

## III.

The apartments of Albertini’s palace shone with unusual splendour, lights sparkled in every direction, and all that art or taste could invent to add *eclat* to the brilliant scene had been bestowed, regardless of cost or labour.

On one side were the dancers, spreading forth at times like wreaths of flowers, forming themselves into the most fantastic designs, while the dances of all nations were each in their turn the means of displaying the graceful evolutions of the fascinating Venetians. At another the tables groaned beneath the weight

of gold, and the anxious glances that watched the turning of a card, told in too forcible language that fortunes awaited the result of the game.

They were met to celebrate the marriage of Laura Albertini. But not with Adriano—the chosen of her heart—the object she had cherished as dearest to her on earth, as one with whom she had pictured bright dreams of love, and conjured up bright visions, never to be realized. She had bestowed her hand, but her heart she could not give.

Near her stood one, whose cold air and mien seemed little akin to the joyous scene around him; his glances but rarely, and then with coldness, fell upon the pale and suffering creature before him. Yet was he her husband!

The morning after Laura's interview with Adriano her father entered her room, where she was busied embroidering; "My child," said he, a wealthy nobleman has demanded your hand in marriage."

"Oh, my dear father," she exclaimed, with heartfelt emotion, "what do I not owe you for your care? I am ready to do whatever you command me."

"'Tis well: I am pleased to find you dutiful and obedient; to-morrow I will present your husband to you." And, pressing his lips to her forehead, he left the room.

The morrow came; her intended husband was presented; but at the first view she had fallen at his feet motionless, almost lifeless. Prayers, entreaties, supplications, were all in vain; her father would not listen to them. The result we have seen.

To those who demanded of Albertini who was his daughter's husband, he hastily replied, "A rich nobleman; a stranger here; you do not know him." This was all the information to be gleaned.

After the ball supper was served, embracing all that splendour or luxury could furnish or require. When that was concluded Albertini announced that his daughter and her husband were just preparing to quit Venice, and the guests retired, leaving the splendid rooms a seeming desert, from the quick transition to their wonted state.

#### IV.

The guests were no sooner departed than Albertini retired to his own chamber, in company with his newly-made son-in-law, closing and fastening the door of the room after him with much care; he then turned to his escritoire, and taking from it a heavily filled purse, turned to his daughter's husband.

"'Tis well;" he exclaimed, "I am content; you have performed your task, and there is your hire." At the same time throwing the purse on the table.

"Thanks," coolly replied the other, balancing the purse in his hands; "thanks."

"Well," replied Albertini, "what are you hesitating about?"

"Why, you see the matter stands thus: this marriage leaves you in the possession of a princely fortune, all of which, Signor Albertini, you owe to me; now, considering all things, I don't think this enough."

"Villain!" cried the other, with fury; but suddenly calming himself he threw down another purse similar to the first, which was quietly taken possession of by the bridegroom.

"Thanks," he replied again. "Thanks; and for a long time."

"A long time!" exclaimed Albertini: "for ever!"

"Oh dear no, not for ever; for, you see, my fortune, like

yours, is not inexhaustible, and when my last piece of gold is spent we shall meet again: until, then farewell."

Albertini motioned with his hand, and the other quitted the room.

#### V.

Years passed away, and the beautiful Laura and her husband was almost forgotten; whilst Adriano had left Venice, a wanderer far and wide. One of the chief magistrates, a relation of Adriano, was informed, one day, that a miserable wretch in the galleys, on the point of death, had some important communication to make to the magistrate, and made the following confession:—"You see before you a miserable being, who has but a few brief hours to live; a galley slave now, but—no matter, that's the fortune of life; we can't all be rich and noble, or I would have been so; no matter. You see before you, Signor, the husband of the once beautiful Laura Albertini. You seem to doubt it; well, no matter. When I speak the truth no one will believe me; but I'll tell you how I was so. You see, her father, when she married, would be obliged to restore her mother's fortunes: that suited him not, nor would it have suited me; but no matter. However, I offered for a thousand sequins to rid him of all fears on that head by making away with his daughter. You start, Signor; Lord, we never think much of a woman's life in the way of business. But that suited him not, so he proposed that I should marry her under a false name. I did so, was well paid for my trouble, and left the house the same night. But—oh!—that was an ugly throb, (and the wretch writhed on his miserable pallet, seeming to want breath to finish his confession), that seems like death, indeed! But, Signor, I left the house; but not with my wife; no, no; she remained behind in her father's house, and for five years that have since elapsed I know not what has become of her. I think, however, she is still in her father's house; let it, however, be well searched, and you will find that will repay the search. Now, Albertini, we are even; you would not save me from the galleys, now look to yourself."

The unhappy wretch then raved away, talking over his misdeeds and crimes, until death laid his stern hand upon him, sinking him to silence.

An instant search was ordered by the magistrate in the house of Albertini, for his daughter, but the search seemed to be attended with little of a satisfactory nature, and the whole story was set down as the ravings of a dying maniac. They were on the point of leaving the house when one of the officers, casting his eye on part of a bookcase, remarked that it seemed rather oddly made, and striking it with his sword perceived it was a deception; further attention being directed towards it, a door was discovered, leading to some secret apartments, and the galley slave's story was found to be correct, for the beautiful Laura was indeed there, but looking pale and ill, as if suffering had laid its weighty hand upon her with no measured force. For five years had her father secluded her from the world, giving forth that she was with her husband.

But Albertini was no where to be found; he had taken alarm at the first entering of the officers of justice, and fled beyond the confines of the state. A decree was, however, passed, vesting the whole of his property in his daughter, who thus became, like her mother, the richest heiress in Venice.

Laura remained not long without pressing solicitations for her hand, but she had determined to choose for herself, nor did she remain long without the object of her choice, for Adriano returned to Venice, and she at last became his wife.

## FLORA LASCELLES;

OR, LOVE AND PRIDE.

*A Tale.*

"In vain my lyre would lightly breathe  
The smile that sorrow fain would wear,  
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.  
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,  
The heart—the heart is lonely still."

BYRON.

"Farewell!" said Captain Albermarle, as he quitted the side of his beautiful cousin, Flora Lascelles, on emerging from the opera-box of Sir Eugene Lascelles, on the last night of the season.

"Farewell for ever!" exclaimed the haughty beauty, not deigning to cast one glance round at the being who loved her with the truest and tenderest affection. She was offended. Captain Albermarle had paid more attention then she considered he ought to have paid to the Lady Alicia Torrington, (he being at the same time her own accepted suitor,) at a ball on the previous evening, and she resolved upon dismissing him for ever, little thinking how painful the sacrifice would be to herself.

Flora Lascelles was a spoilt child of fashion; her form was perfect symmetry, and her countenance was radiant with beauty. Loveliness was around her as light.

"Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the gazelle—  
It will assist thy fancy well.  
As large, as languishingly dark.  
But soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid."

She was followed by all, and the flattery of the world had made her proud; wherever she went the air rung with the homage exacted by her loveliness, and she fancied not only that she was superior to all her sex, but that the man who adored her should be her slave.

Captain Albermarle, who was a generous, high-minded man, and passionately attached to this haughty beauty, had submitted to many of her ridiculous fancies, had humbly apologised even when he had felt that he was not in error; and had done all that lay in his power to promote the happiness of the idol of his heart. But upon the present occasion her anger was so perfectly ridiculous that he felt any affected contrition on his part would be a mockery, and from very respect for her he loved, he would not appear to think she was seriously angry. The sequel was as we have stated, and Flora Lascelles bade adieu for ever to the man whom she really loved.

Had the season continued longer, it is probable that a reconciliation might have been effected. Albermarle might have so far advanced as to have become the partner of Flora in the galopade, or have gone to her opera-box when the beauty was in a gentle mood, and thus the old love might have become renewed; but the season was at an end, and everybody was hurrying out of town as fast as they possibly could: even the chaperons with marriageable ladies on their hands were packing up in despair.

Flora parted from her lover. The words "Farewell for

ever!" fell from her lips, firmly and positively; but if Albermarle could have seen her heart at the moment — !

When she arrived at home, she hastened to her chamber, and there the suppressed agony of the jealous maiden burst forth in hysterical sobs and tears. She was alone, no eye witnessed her weakness, as she would have termed it, and feeling no restraint upon her she indulged in what one of our finest of poets has termed "the luxury of tears."

On the following morning, she received a letter from Albermarle, written in terms of ill-disguised anguish; but nevertheless, with manly spirit, requesting to know whether she was in earnest in her desire to part for ever. There are moments when even the most cold and heartless sympathise with the ardent and affectionate, and Flora, whose nature was as generous and enthusiastic as Albermarle's, but whose good dispositions were checked by her pride, felt inclined to recall her anguished lover, and even to beg forgiveness of him; so humble would contrite woman become to the one she loves.

Where no eye can observe them, where no ear can hear the outpourings of the contrite heart, can there be any degradation when they who love and are beloved, and are conscious of having offended, acknowledge their error, and pray to be forgiven.

But Flora's pride mastered her affection, and though many a time was the pen taken in hand that day to recall her lover, the day passed and Albermarle received no reply.

At the dinner table Austin Fitzzormonde formed one of the company. He was an exquisite of the first grade, a paragon in his own estimation, a male beauty, with superlative ringlets, and a colour like a rose, for which he was indebted to his perfumer. He fancied that no female could possibly resist his fascinations, and having laid violent siege to the heart of Flora Lascelles, he was surprised indeed, when he found that she did not fall, delightedly, into his arms. How the plain gentlemanly Albermarle could be preferred to him with all his fascinations of person and talk, was a perfect mystery, which he could not possibly unravel. Having failed to defeat Captain Albermarle by fair means, Fitzzormonde resorted to others that were not so creditable; and actually brought about those attentions to Lady Alicia Torrington, which had so much wounded the pride of Flora Lascelles. The Lady Alicia was quite as beautiful as Flora, but she was childish in manner and disposition, and though her personal charms attracted all beholders, she could not retain one of them. Albermarle had offered only the homage which is due from man to lovely woman; and even at the moment when he was paying those flattering attentions to Lady Alicia which had so much offended Flora Lascelles, the latter was more than ever prized by him, for he could not but compare the wise and reflecting Flora with the silly trifling beauty upon his arm.

As we have said, Austin Fitzzormonde was one of the dinner party at Sir Eugene Lascelles', on the night of the parting of the lovers at the opera. He was aware of what had passed, for he had been a studious observer, and had even heard the words which fell from the lips of the indignant beauty; but he professed total ignorance, of course.

"They do say," he observed, "that our friend, Captain Albermarle, is deeply entangled in the snares of the pretty Lady Alicia."

Flora made no reply, but she eagerly listened to the conversation.

"Indeed!" said Sir Eugene, contemptuously.

"Yes," continued Austin, "They do say that the marriage writings are ordered."

"The ungrateful scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir Eugene, his feelings overcoming his good manners. "Who says so?"

"Nay, my dear friend," replied Austin, "the communication was confidential.

In a few moments afterwards Flora Lascelles rose from the table, and retired, tremblingly, to her chamber.

The contrivance of the villian Fitzormonde to destroy her affection for Captain Albermarle, inflicted the first blow upon her pride. She retired, to think and weep.

Upon her dressing-table was a letter addressed to herself! she knew the handwriting, and snatching the letter from the table, she passionately pressed it to her lips. Again her heart attached herself to Albermarle, and she determined upon recalling him to her affections; but when she opened the letter she read the heart-breaking information that he whom she loved with all a woman's devoted fondness, was lost to her for ever. The letter was to the following effect:—

"I have waited all day in the vain expectation that Miss Lascelles would at least condescend to address one word to me, in reply to my last letter. It seems not only that I am no longer beloved, but that I am also despised. *This* I cannot bear. I could endure the alienation of your affections, Flora, (forgive me, it is the last time I will venture thus familiarly to address you) but I cannot endure your contempt. This night, therefore, I leave England, and although we meet no more in this world, yet, despised as I am by her whom my heart clings to still with all its fond affection, my prayers shall ever be breathed for the happiness of my one love, my only love—as they have been since the time when I first dared to hope that I was not regarded by her with indifference.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,  
Every thought of my reason was thine,  
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
O, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see,  
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

And now adieu—adieu for ever. Perhaps you will sometimes think on him, than whom even the one whom you shall prefer will not love you better, with more sincerity—more real passion—and, perhaps, *then*, you will not despise me. Adieu—since it must be so—for ever. "AUGUSTUS ALBERMARLE."

The shrieks of the fainting lady was heard in the dining-room, and Sir Eugene rushing to his daughter's bed-chamber, found her in a senseless state, with the open letter of Captain Albermarle firmly grasped in her hand. It was sometime before the agonized girl recovered; and when she opened her eyes again, and gazed upon those around her, and then upon the farewell letter of her lover, she fell in tears upon her father's bosom.

"Be comforted, be comforted, my dear child!" exclaimed Sir Eugene. "There must be some mistake here, some great mistake; be comforted. I will myself make inquiries, and I know that Mr. Fitzormonde will assist me."

"No, no!"—hastily exclaimed Flora, her head still bowed in her father's bosom. "When that man talked of Captain Albermarle's faithlessness, he seemed to me a serpent, and every word he uttered stung my heart. Do not trust to his report!" And again the maiden's sobs rendered her voice inaudible.

Sir Eugene resigned her to her sister's care, and immediately ordering the carriage, proceeded directly to Albermarle's house;

but there he learned that the object of his search had left not half an hour before on his way to Dover, intending there to embark for France. Sir Eugene immediately ordered to be driven to Albermarle's club, in the hope that he might have some business to arrange there before his final departure, and as the carriage stopped, he found that he had conjectured rightly, for the Captain was just stepping into a post-chaise, in waiting at the door. "Stop!" exclaimed Sir Eugene, in a voice that sounded like thunder in the ears of Albermarle, who pausing to see whence the sound came, in a moment his arm was linked in that of Sir Eugene Lascelles.

The sequel may be guessed. The barrier which pride had created before love was destroyed, and the pure disinterested affection of Flora Lascelles became revealed; and when Sir Eugene conducted the enraptured Albermarle again to the penitent beauty, she welcomed him with smiles and tears. The artifices of Fitzormonde were so clearly apparent that his name was placed upon the list of those whom the family were "not at home" to, and the fidelity and true love of Albermarle was rewarded with the hand as well as the heart of Flora Lascelles.

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### "TO BE FORGOT!"

---

And the wanderer cried "They have forgotten me!"

To be forgot! O who would dwell "alone amidst a crowd?"  
Better to be where willows wave above the marble shroud,  
Better to know the chill of death creeps o'er each long lov'd  
spot,  
Than feel the blight which sears the heart—than live to be  
forgot!

To be forgot! Say who would feel that dreariness of heart,  
That aching void which wounds the soul more than the keenest  
dart;  
And who would shed the secret tear, and feel 'tis answered not?  
Better to lie 'neath ocean waves, than thus to be forgot!

To be forgot! A living grave would be less sad; to be  
Upon a lonely raft, upon a stormy sea;  
Or on a burning desert sand, and meet the fierce siroc,  
Than live amid'st thy fellow men and feel thou art forgot.

To be forgot! The lonely heart can see no ray of light,  
Can feel no chill of winter snows or gloom of dullsome night;  
And to its sight all beauties fade, ere life becomes as nought,  
When it looks round on living things and feels "I am forgot!"

To be forgot! Yet could we but as easily forget  
As we shall be forgotten when the sun of life is set,  
Then fewer pangs would rend the heart, neglected tho' its lot,  
Fewer tears would fall, could we forget as we shall be forgot!  
MARY.

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*On hearing one gentleman say of another—Il n'a pas de tête.*

"However you may sneer," says Ned,  
"My friend's no fool—he has a head."  
"True," says the other, with a grin,  
"He has a head—so has a pin."

## " COUSIN JULIA ;"

OR LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

There's beauty in the mountain ;  
 There's beauty in the woods ;  
 There's beauty by the fountain ;  
 There's beauty in the floods ;  
 In every tree and every flower  
 There's loveliness and grace ;  
 But there's nothing half so beautiful  
 As woman's face."

ANON.

We cannot imagine a more unpleasant thing in life than for a bachelor to fall in love with a beautiful woman, and then discover that she is a wife ! I was luxuriating upon Richmond Hill the other day, when my friend Sir R—— M——'s carriage drove past, and as it stopped, shortly afterwards, I walked up to it, and after shaking hands with my friend and Lady M——, I was introduced to her ladyship's " Cousin Julia." Julia was a splendid creature ; I had never before beheld any female half so beautiful ; her eyes—" I'm very fond of handsome eyes," as Byron says,—were " large, dark, and suppressing half their fire."

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow  
 Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ;  
 Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow ;  
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
 Mounting at times to a transparent glow,  
 As if her veins ran lightning !"

I was struck by the charms of this paragon of women, and when Sir R—— invited me to accompany the little party home in his carriage to dinner, I accepted the offer, and ordering my groom to return with my cab, I stepped into the carriage and sat by the side of the peerless Julia. Her conversation was as engaging as her personal charms were attractive, and I passed one of the most delightful hours of my life on the road home. In fact, I was very much in love with " Cousin Julia." I had always ridiculed the idea of love at first sight, but now I felt how much I had been in error. I felt that I could have conducted Julia to St. George's Church next morning, and made her a happy wife !

The dinner hour arrived, and Sir Robert was very uneasy at the non-arrival of Lord Littledale, who was expected. The dinner was delayed in consequence, " I really would not wait any longer " said Julia, in her own sweet musical way ; " it is very tiresome to keep us waiting so long for our dinner. I will scold him when he arrives."

I thought it rather bold in my adored Julia to undertake to scold Lord Littledale, but I ascribed the expression to the natural impatience of a lady, who I was aware was waiting for her dinner.

Sir Robert looked black, Lady M—— looked black also ; Julia was fidgetty, and I alone was happy, for I was in the presence of my divinity, and basking in the sunlight of her countenance. At length Lord Littledale came, and a shower of complaints was poured upon him. To my great surprise, Julia not only scolded his lordship, but playfully slapped him on the face ! I thought this uncommonly strange.

I managed to sit by the side of Julia at table, but on the other side of her sat Lord Littledale, and he monopolized her conversation: I could scarcely get in a word. Imagine my surprise,

when I made the discovery that Julia was Lord Littledale's wife !

Who would have thought it ! Lord Littledale was one of the shortest and ugliest men in the world !

There is no accounting for tastes. Julia doubtless fancied her lord and husband a very handsome little fellow. The appreciation of beauty is as various as the minds which contemplate it. What is *the* beauty it would be very difficult to determine ; for, what is one lady's Apollo, may be another's Vulcan. No human authority or judgment has created, or can create, a standard of beauty whereby he who runneth might read what is and is not beauty. It is far better as it is ; for what jarrings and clashings would there be amongst human hearts for the possession of her who come up to the full measure of the standard—oh ! what a triumph for beauty ! but, alas ! for those who came *not* up ! Voluntary maidenhood would then be no longer boasted of as a thing to be lauded, and the rejected would stalk about with their credentials stamped upon their scowling " foreheads villainously low "—*beneath the standard !*

Happily for young ladies, and young gentlemen also, things are better ordered, each mind is itself a judicature, and sets its own standard of loveliness. And this is one of the pleasing episodes of human existence, to mark what various phases the affections will put on in making their choice of a partner to participate them.

Now come a face opaquely pale as chalk, with low brow—not the shadowing of an eyebrow—lack-lustre eyes—nose rather upturned—mouth pursed up and drawn into wrinkles, as if to show the snarling, saffron-coloured, ill set teeth within—form squat and Dutch—foot round and dumpy. Beside her a fellow, tall, strong, and handsome as Hercules.

" He seems a mile in length, and she is a mile stone."

But the man is happy—he has no perception of the beautiful—there is none of the ideal in his composition, and from the fascination of the girl's conversation—for she talks—good gods, how she does talk ! he fancies that he has got a little Venus tripping by his side.

Anon comes a beautiful and bright complexioned girl—a marble Hebe—features regular and chiselled to perfection. The very face, says the sculptor, for me ; the painter—who blends poetry with his pencillings, would not have her, because expression there is none, character there is none, individuality there is none.

" We start ! for soul is wanting there."

And beside *her* whom think you ? Not a Paris, not an Adonis, not an Apollo, oh ! no, but a little shabby fellow, whom no one could believe capable of awakening love in the heart of a beautiful girl. Ah ! but he is a profound talker—philosophically inclined—breathes freely the witcheries of romance and poetry—she says nothing, he says all—she listens, he speaks, and in consequence of this happy antithesis of character, she and Sir Oracle agree to a miracle.

After these appear a beauty, all soul : with a face radiant with its loveliness—rosy cheeks—pouting lips—eyes whose azure floats in liquid fire, a pretty little fairy foot, which lends to the form it bears up the very poetry of motion—this is the true Venus, the Venus of flesh and blood, and many be the modern Pygmalsions who would become enamoured of this lovely one. Such was " cousin Julia," and all who looked on her, loved her. Unfortunately for the many, she, unlike the fabled animated marble, had a choice of her own, and one only

(for her heart was pure and single as her form) could claim that high distinction. But he was such a provokingly ugly little man! Happy is he, however, despite his ugliness, for he is beloved!

We cannot believe those who tell us that Beauty is a perishable thing, a flower that, once plucked, fades and withers—a toy which become familiar loses its value. This may be said in a gay and loose circle of companions, but the heart of the libeller will meet him when alone, or when in the presence of loveliness, and whisper that he is not a truth-teller. In *woman*, when she speaks of her indifference to man's personal charms, I do put some faith; because I believe she is much more philosophical in this respect than your male braggadocios—she looks to man more as a guide and protector; therefore she prefers sound judgment to a handsome figure—an ingenious manner to a fine face—a moral reputation in the world to a personal reputation in the mouths of her sex.

I was very unhappy when I discovered that "cousin Julia" was a wife already; but when I learned the goodness of her husband's heart, the vastness of his intellect, his excellency of mind; and that there were not two beings in the world happier than himself and "cousin Julia," I stifled my regrets, nipt love in the bud, and looked upon that bright and beautiful and blessed creature with the eyes of friendship and esteem.

CRAVEN.

#### THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

The moon was coldly shining on a time-worn castle wall,  
And the sound of mirth and merriment was ringing through the hall,

While leaning o'er a lattice, with sweet jessamines o'ergrown,  
Sat one who'd left the throng to sigh in solitude alone.  
The night-wind play'd unheeded through the mazes of her hair,  
A tear had stolen down her cheek—I saw its traces there—  
She gaz'd on tree and tower in the moonlight as they lay,  
Yet had the scene no charm for her, her thoughts were far away.

The morning sun shone brightly, on a slender gothic spire,  
And loudly swell'd the Bridal Hymn, its chorus from the choir,  
There knelt beside the altar, one that wore a bridal veil,  
I heard her accents falter, and her cheek was oh! how pale!  
I had seen, 'twas in the moonlight, once before, that pallid brow  
Pale, pale as marble, then it was, but it was paler now!  
Beside her knelt an aged man, with wedding splendour crest,  
And I marked a star was glittering on that aged bridegroom's breast.

Again, the moon shone coldly on that time-worn castle wall,  
But torch-light shed a dim and dusky glare within the hall;  
I saw them, sad and silent, strewing flowers upon a bier,  
While fast from every eye but hers! fell many a bitter tear;  
I saw that aged bridegroom with his white and wintry hair,  
The *Bride* was not beside him now—yet she, alas! was there.  
For *her*, in all its sad funeral pomp that hall was drest,  
The beautiful—the bride—the broken-hearted—was at rest.

RICH AND POOR.—He is rich whose income is more than his expenses, and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

#### SCENES IN LIFE.

"Feel'st thou no joy—no quiet happiness—  
No soothing sense of satisfaction—in  
Loving and being lov'd? Is there no weight  
Remov'd from the heart, in knowing there is one  
To share all, bear all with thee? To soothe grief,  
Yea, to so soften away its human pain,  
By a superior love, the cup to temper—  
With words of consolation and sweet hope,  
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,  
Forgotten in the love that offers it." READE.

"Are you sure Miss Thornton will come to-morrow, Sophy?"  
asked Robert Simpson of his sister.

"Oh yes, quite sure; and Mr. Penny's coming with her."

"Oh!" returned Robert, and the frown on his brow indicated that he was not altogether pleased by the addition to their company.

When this short dialogue took place between the brother and sister, it was the eve of their first dance, or (as they dignified it) *ball*, since they had inhabited their new dwelling.

The next evening came, and the room appropriated to dancing, which had been a store-room, fresh whitewashed for the occasion, was thought a great deal of, at least by the family. There were long wreaths of *real* evergreens, and paper flowers of various colours and unknown species, all manufactured by the nimble fingers of the Misses Simson, hanging from one beam to the other. The room was lighted by three rustic chandeliers, a large one and two smaller ones, composed of an octangular kind of hoop, with candles which did not require snuffing, and appeared to be growing out of the forest of evergreens which environed them. There were the Royal Arms of England elevated above the musician's box, and there was a moveable fire stove in the opposite corner, not that it stirred from the place all the evening. The musicians were from the band which attended the royal theatre of a neighbouring town—a violin, harp, and flageolet.

One young lady came down as early as three o'clock, for it was a little distance from town, just as the Misses Simson and Mrs. Simson were beginning to lose their temper for fear they should not be in readiness and get every thing done before the company arrived; but this young lady wishing them to consider her as one of the family, or, perhaps, fancying she saw herself one of the family in the perspective, thought it not worth while to offer an apology.

It was really a pretty sight to see the sweet girls walking and talking round the room, when they had been summoned up stairs; their young glad hearts mixing their laughing melody with the music's chorus; all griefs seemed driven far away, and no cloud of care hovered for an instant on the sunny brows or merry lips which were whispering one to another remarks upon the different arrangements, and upon the gentlemen present. Of the latter commodity there were no very bright specimens;—two wore boots—one had his eyes shut, or nearly so; these did not dance; and the rest—some danced, others jumped, and two or three kicked their heels about and capered with admirable perseverance and determination. One gentleman delighted the company with his liquid-destroying abilities at the tea-table, and cup after cup of coffee and tea disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Mr. Penny attempted to rival him, but failed, and for the rest of the repast contented himself with diverting the company's attention to his more successful opponent, and giving



attenance to choice witticisms, in which no one could see the least brightness, save himself; his *chère amie* was certainly the *belle* of the evening; she was dressed merely in book muslin, and looked simple artlessness itself, while her frank, candid manner, seemed to indicate a pure, generous and happy heart. Strangers little knew the depth and manoeuvres of that faultless-looking girl. Simple and childish though she appeared, in reality she was artful and designing; she existed only in admiration; flattery could be scarcely too extravagant for her; she knew that she was beautiful, and all the gentlemen she fancied must bow in adoration (if only secret) at her beauty's shrine. With this vain shallow-minded girl did the honourable and upright Robert Simson waste the hours. Poor Mr. Penny looked black—he looked cross—he looked uneasy—he looked angry—vexed—dissatisfied—mortified—anything but pleased or easy. But it mattered not to Miss Thornton; she had the prospect of catching another lover, and Mr. P.'s melancholy countenance, expressive looks, and ill-suppressed sighs, gave her not the slightest uneasiness.

It had been the boast of Robert Simson, that no girl could or should deceive him, and when he saw the artifices resorted to and practised on his love-stricken friends, he wondered how they could be so blind, so silly, so dull, so perfectly ridiculous, as to submit to their pretty, but evidently heartless tyrants, who only laughed at the poor dupes at their feet. He little thought that he was soon to be in a similar condition himself. Vanity is so mixed up with our natures, that loudly as we may declaim against it, we cannot arrest its approach, impede its progress, or hinder it from obscuring our reason. Such was the cause of Robert's so easily believing, or rather fancying that he was preferred by the cold and careless but beautiful and triumphant coquette. She was pleased with his attentions; her vanity was gratified; she may have felt that she was envied, and, accordingly, her new admirer had her sweetest smiles and her kindest words. Her preference of his society, her earnest denial upon all occasions of being engaged when it was he who asked her to dance, the apparent half repressed delight at seeing him, all these artifices, familiar to the pretty flirt, acting upon an open, candid, and honest disposition, soon had the desired effect, and Robert was deceived into the belief that the innocent and girlish affections of Miss Thornton were his own!

For months did the heartless girl trifle with the best and purest feelings that ever glowed in the breast of man. Her object was now to get him to "propose," her vanity then would be satisfied—she would have another victory to boast of—another jewel in her crown of conquests; then would she be regarded with additional envy by her plainer and less fortunate companions. She never for an instant thought of the pain she inflicted upon a fellow-being by her conduct; flirts never think of that.

But even flirts fail sometimes, and the triumph which Miss Thornton now believed on the point of accomplishment, she never achieved. What would have been the finest feather in her cap of vanity, she lost. Chance led to the discovery of her real intentions, for one day, Robert Simson accidentally overheard a confidential conversation between her and a "bosom friend," and all his love expired. Pride was the most prominent trait in the character of the lover, and when that was wounded, he would risk the destruction of his heart, even, to be revenged.

His lip curved in scorn as he heard her "*poor fellow!*" him in tones of pity.

Proud minds can bear anything, but "pity." Insult can be met with resentment, coolness with scorn, but pity from others

is so associated in their minds with contempt, that it chafes to hatred.

Robert looked now with contempt upon the girl whom he had once loved almost to idolatry. His first pure warm affections were blighted, and he looked with coldness—with indifference—with disgust—upon all woman-kind. The one in whose heart he believed the spirit of virtue to be enshrined was false as she was fair; and in the bitterness of disappointment he pronounced all women flirts.

Months and years passed on; in the hurry and buffetings of the world, the fine edge of the lover's feelings were becoming rough and dull. Time, though it heals the wounded spirit, feeble the spirit also. We become wiser, and better able to endure, but as our wisdom increases, the happy romance of youth decays.

Years passed on, and Robert, as he looked round upon his friends and family connexions, and saw them enjoying the happy serenity of married life, felt a loneliness creep over him, and he sought relief in the pleasures of society; but these amused him but for a time, and then he discovered the perishableness of these delights, their monotony, their hollowness. Amidst all the allurements of society

"The heart—the heart was lonely still."

Robert now began to feel a desire for the society of one who would wish for the notice of none but himself. Bachelors may deride female society, but still, at some one time in their life they are sure to feel the want of it, and regret if they have it not. What wretchedness can be greater than that of him who upon the bed of sickness—of death—has no disinterested heart watching over his restless pillow, anticipating each want, and supplying every wish even before 'tis uttered. They may have many friends—attentive ones too—crowding round them, but their words of kindness are not prompted by affection; they act not from the impulse of a loving heart; 'tis interest guides them, and self is the first object of their thoughts.

All men feel flattered and proud in being looked up to for protection by the opposite sex. And Simson's manners were of that open and ingenious nature, that he was regarded by the fair creatures among whom he moved with the reliance such demeanour is sure to inspire. Robert Simson felt flattered by this confidence, his heart became happier, and again he looked upon woman with kindness and affection. But still he determined that he would not be deceived a second time.

When he first saw Harriet Conway he thought her a proud reserved girl, and it was not until after several interviews that he began to think her superior to the rest of her sex. He did not believe it possible that he could love her, and yet there was something so attractive in her manner, that he constantly found his observation drawn towards her. Was it the (to be admired) immeasurable distance at which she kept those vain impertinent excombs who are ever so annoying to females of the least pretension to beauty or intelligence? or was it that he had discovered that the ardent enjoyment of his society, kept down by the pride—the innate modesty—the pure spirit of the girl just entering into womanhood, with all the snares of the world around her? Whatever it was, matters but little, they loved, they were beloved, and two years after their first introduction Harriet Conway assumed another character, that of wife. Simson now felt what it was to be domesticatedly happy; he felt a natural degree of pride when he thought he had now one who looked up to him with trusting reliance. Another's life and happiness was interwoven with his own; he knew that he

possessed her full confiding affection ; and he trusted cheerfully, without a single fear, to her conduct.

Years rolled on, and found him contented, happy, and in the possession of the still warm feelings of his wife, and in the affection of his children, never did he regret having escaped the toils of Miss Thornton, the flirt. That misguided girl was united to her old lover, Mr. Peany ; but her path through life was thorny. Mr. Peany being nine or ten years her senior soon grew tired of her childish, trifling ways, and a more intimate knowledge of her character lost her the little affection which he had once entertained for her. He now saw his folly in selecting as his partner for life one who, in her manners, age, and ideas, was a perfect child. Repentance, however, was now too late, and instead of attempting to bring her mind and pursuits up to a level with his own by gentle and persuasive means, he choked any desire which she might have felt to please him by aggravation—that worst and greatest cause of disagreement in (especially young) married life. She, too, soon found out how ill they were adapted for each other, and, like him, she did not endeavour to make up for deficiencies ; but in the attention of others, younger than her husband, sought to find that gratification for her vanity which she could not exist without. Her husband's taunts and aggravation raised up a bad and bitter spirit in her breast, and in a moment of thoughtlessness—of madness—she listened to the dark proposals of a smiling wretch, one of those who in this world are ever ready to sow sorrow and disgrace, where the upright heart would endeavour to restore joy, contentment, and love. With such an one did this ill-directed girl fly from her husband, child, and home ; for this designing wretch she forfeited her good name ; and he soon became tired of such a burthen on his limited resources, and then another and another bought the same looks and smiles. Let us pass rapidly over this history of shame and suffering. At last death came, while the victim was still young—youthful in years, though old in crime, and bowed down with sorrow and remorse. Shunned by all who had known her in the days of affluence and virtue, pitied and scorned by those in the vile grade to which she had reduced herself, she sunk into a workhouse grave, unacknowledged and unknown !

M. A. S.

#### THE VISIONS OF LIFE.

I well remember, when a boy,  
How much my little heart believed ;  
And how I clung with earnest joy  
To all the thoughts it first conceived ;  
And formed my own untutored law  
For every thing I felt and saw.

I thought the moon that shone on high,  
My outstretched arms would quickly clasp ;  
And that the stars which gemmed the sky,  
Would fall into my eager grasp,  
When I grew tall enough to leap  
And pluck them from their azure steep.

Grown older, I believed at school,  
In all the vows of artless youth ;—  
Friendship, that never was to cool  
Beneath the vestal fire of truth ;—  
And proffered faith, that was to last  
Long after worldly cares were past.

Then youth's wild hopes and warm desires  
Came thronging to my throbbing breast,  
And love began to kindle fires  
Which blazed more fiercely than the rest ;  
An *ignis-fatuus* light that burned  
With flickering gleam—and ne'er returned.

The stolen kiss,—the plighted word,—  
The whispered spell, when none were nigh ;—  
The voice that, trembling to be heard,  
Gave answer in a modest sigh :—  
Can things like these be once believed,  
And leave no pang in hearts deceived ?

Become a man, I still gave ear  
To many a tale of promise bright ;  
Although I mark'd, with sorrowing fear,  
Life's pathway daily grow less white,  
As, by degrees, the melting snow  
Reveals the blackened soil below.

And now, when age has chilled my brow,  
And turned my raven locks to grey,  
I sit me down, and marvel how  
Such hopes beguiled life's op'ning day ;  
And hail, with almost childish tears,  
The fallacies of former years !

I feel as if the world had learned  
To wane with my decreasing sands,  
Fading with me as old Time turned  
The hour-glass with his withering hands :  
All things seem altered and estranged,  
And, yet, myself alone am changed.

Still does unvarying nature bring  
To wondering man her annual store ;—  
Still does the early blackbird sing  
His song as blithely as of yore ;—  
And still the warbling linnet chaunt  
Sweet music in her evening haunt.

The yellow cowslip, lingering, dwells  
Amid my childhood's fav'rite scene,  
The violet blossoms in the dells,  
And the gay meadows are as green  
And bright, as when, in happier hours,  
I played amid their fragrant flowers.

Alas ! around my heart can lie  
No more the verdure of its youth ;—  
The fountain of its hopes is dry,  
Choked by the hot simoom of truth ;  
Leaving the arid waste no more  
The oasis it was before.

Oh ! could I be once more a boy !  
For one short moment to recall  
The first deep gush of infant joy,  
That burst so strong and natural,  
When I was but a simple child,  
By fictions willingly beguiled !

J. G.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.  
A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Business or pleasure, I forget precisely which, called me to Bath. I took an inside place in the coach, and at the hour appointed, was in attendance at the White Horse Cellar. It was a dark, foggy, and highly disagreeable afternoon in November, and it annoyed me, in no small degree, to perceive that the best part of the coach was already filled. Consoling myself, however, as I best could, with my back to the horses, and enveloping myself in my travelling cloak, I prepared to indulge in a quiet nap, until aroused by the call of supper, or whatever meal was destined first to break the dullness of the journey. A road-side meal forms certainly delightful occupation for the stage-coach traveller who can afford it. Independently of invigorating the frame, weakened from over-fasting, and bracing the nerves for the further prosecution of the journey, it affords so pleasing a relief to the monotony,—especially that experienced by the inside passenger. It is also something to look forward to, in a cold and cheerless temperature, when the mind is not absorbed in the contemplation of green foliage and the beauties of summer, and early autumnal scenery; and moreover, it is one of those few things which are, in *reality*, not inferior to their pourtrayal by the ready quill of *imagination*. It was from esteeming it, then, in this light, that I resolved to sleep away the dull hours, but, whether it was that my brain was too confused with the day's exercise, or whether, that a lurking spirit of observation—perhaps it might be termed curiosity—crept almost unconsciously over me, I know not, certain it is, that Morpheus declined to patronise me, and in despair of overcoming his scruples, I was led to devote my time to the minute inspection of my travelling companions. These were two in number, and each, as I before hinted, had given the preference to the back seat, so that the place at my side was still vacant. The one directly opposite to me was a female, somewhat dashingly attired, and with a face,—as it appeared by the fitful glare of a newly-lighted lamp struggling with the fog—telling of some five-and-twenty years, and though petite, simple, and childish in expression, more pleasing than otherwise. Upon first entering the coach, I had heard her make some brief remark relative to another passenger being picked up by the way; but since then, she had not so much as ventured on a feminine cough, nor—as far as I could detect—moved a muscle. Her neighbour was a coxcombical-looking young gentleman of about nineteen or twenty, with a prodigious head of hair thrown back upon his shoulders, and telling infallible tales of bear's grease and other things. He amused himself by gazing, every now and then, at all passers by in the shape of respectable females, winking at them, and jerking himself backward with an evident idea of conscious power of attraction, and great superiority over his fellows, well expressed in a smile of unalloyed self-satisfaction. Then he would turn to the lady at his side, “hem” and “haw,” simper, and run his fingers through that part of his hair which, to use a quaint term, undulated from beneath his broad-brimmed hat, endeavouring, at the same time, to expose for general observation and benefit, a ring on the little finger of his right hand. Occasionally, too, he would glance at me with an air which, by no means coinciding with my previously conceived notions of manners, I at last thought fit to extinguish by a look of the most annihilating contempt. This consisted in half closing his eyes, and inspecting me as though I were a new importation to the Zoological Gardens, and my inspector troubled with a par-

ticularly short-sight. If these inflated coxcombs did but know in what estimation the world held them, we should assuredly hear of nothing but suicides among their class for the next twelvemonths!

But they look into worldly opinion, as into their own mirror, and think to distinguish the reflection of personal elegance and attraction, whereas it is in truth no other than that of moral deformity and ugliness!

The lady, perhaps from fear of the young gentleman's scrutiny, perhaps from apprehension of the injurious effects of the damp night air, drew a veil over her features, which action caused the youth to hem and haw louder than before, and fidget himself more than ever: but the sudden stopping of the coach, and the sound of an effeminate male voice, drew my attention to a new character, in the person of a short, thin man of about forty, with a very long nose, who leapt hastily upon the iron step, and indulging in a perhaps unconscious chuckle, placed himself at my side. He had scarce been there one minute, and the horses had but just recommenced their eight-miles-an-hour pace, when he addressed me: ‘Allow me to —’

The new comer pointed significantly to the window near me, which I had drawn up for the sake of my fair *vis-à-vis*, and without waiting for my consent to the action, pulled it down. Then commenced a series of performances, which, for one in my situation, pining for peace and quietness even in a stage-coach, were perfectly distracting. He first looked out of one window, then out of the other—bobbing up and down the coach like the figure in Punch's puppet-show—and appeared to be scanning every inch of ground that we passed, without taking any notice whatever of his fellow-travellers, either with regard to common civility or convenience. We had left Hounslow behind us, and still this annoyance continued. I could endure it no longer, and was on the point of addressing some words of expostulation to my neighbour, when he determinately drew up both windows, threw himself back in his seat, rubbed his hands together, begged every body's pardon, muttered something about being “safe now,” and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. At this juncture I noted a slight coughing and rustling of the gown on the part of the lady, and a show of awakened excitement in the would-be “killer,” but both these indications of our nervous living nature were momentary. After a storm succeeds a calm, and so it was with myself and fellow-travellers for the next hour. I had taken a brief nap, when the shrill tones of the little man aroused me:—

“Sir, Mr. —, Mr. —.”

I perceived he was addressing the young exquisite.

“Well, *saw!*” answered an affected voice.

“Oblige me by the loan of your cane.”

“*Reawly—sir—really!*”

“Now, oblige me—oblige me—”

“Well, *saw*, as it's an obligation,” and the youth handed over a thick ebony walking-stick to my neighbour, which, this latter receiving, very coolly poked into the lender's ribs, and as coolly handed it back again.

“Upon my life, *saw*—what do you mean, *saw*, ay, *saw*, ay?”

I feigned sleep, the little man looked carewfully around, and seemed to listen. He resumed in a whisper:—

“Both asleep—no one awake but you and I—what say you? shall I help you? I'm your man.”

“To what do you refer, *saw?*”

“The girl—the young lady at your side; there's no

deceiving me. You've an eye to her, ey? I'm the boy for fun. What do you think? I live in style in London; keep five clerks and a footman—sad dogs too. We lawyers are famous fellows when you know us;—out of Gray's Inn especially. Capital profession! enabled me to marry a pretty French-woman; but she's a jealous creature, ha, ha, ha; sadly jealous! so fond of me! What do you think? I've run away from her."

"Indeed, *saw*, indeed."

"Fact, sir, fact. She thinks I must take her everywhere; but that'll never do, you know—a woman's apron strings, pah! So what was my plan? Wrote home to say sudden business called me—could'n't return to dinner, but should be back in the morning—morning, pah! a week, sir, a week."

"This is very *extrawdinary*."

"Wonderful, sir.—but look ye—I've well escaped the little creature now, so let me indulge in my transitory liberty by doing a good action. I'll give you a bit of advice as to that sleeping beauty—sleeping beauty, ha, ha, ha."

"I'm *reawly* obliged—*reawly*," and the speaker seemed so.

"Don't mention it. I'm up to all these things. Say nothing to her till you get to supper. Eaves-droppers you know—you understand me, ha, ha, ha."

I felt flattered at the insinuation.

"But look here; get to the head of the table, and contrive that she gets there also. I'll keep this chap aloof for a time—offer some wine—sundry civilities—then to pay for the dinner—for all our dinners. It will look so well,—so deuced generous—so flush of money! Of course *we* will not be offended on such an occasion."

The coach stopped, and we were all summoned to supper. Exchanging a few signs together, the Mentor and his pupil parted. The former to lure me into the kitchen, to survey, as he said, the culinary preparations, the latter to follow the lady into the eating-room. I humored my new friend for a while, and then, reminding him of the shortness of the time allotted to us for refreshment, led him into the last-named apartment also. And well enough had the young gentleman obeyed his adviser's instructions. He had enticed the lady into a *tête-à-tête* at the further end of the long and well-supplied table; while the two or three outside "eating" passengers loitered near the door.

"Now, gentlemen shall we sit?" said the little lawyer, with the air of a man perfectly at home.

"I'll pay for ye *awful*," ostentatiously lisped forth the youth.

Some smiled, some stared, but all sat down. The flirtation continued to the complete satisfaction of the parties chiefly concerned. The rest were too carnivorously inclined to think of aught but their famished appetites.

"Wine, sir?" said the man of law, addressing me.

"With pleasure, sir."

"Wine, sir?" continued he, calling to an asthmatic individual, who had unfortunately condemned himself to inhale the fog outside the coach, from motives of economy.

"Not any—sir—I—I never take wine."

"Wine, sir?" and this time the speaker winked, and ran his elbow with most unpleasant familiarity into my side; for he had turned towards the head of the table: "Perhaps the lady will join us—that is, if not better occupied? ha, ha, women and wine, gentleman, a toast, women and wine!"

Of course this was quickly responded to by those who *did* take wine, and who took it, moreover, with a vague idea of somebody else paying for it.

"Will not our fair companion favour us with an approving smile? only a look?" said the little lawyer, with his blandest smile.

The lady, whose countenance had still remained concealed beneath the veil, now removed the obstruction, and smiled complacently on the assemblage. Suddenly my little friend turned deadly pale, and, starting from his chair, seized a carving-knife, and advanced with rapid strides towards the head of the table. I thought he was about to commit some fearful deed, and caught him by the elbows just as he was in the act of collaring his quondam pupil:

"What's the matter, fellow?" said the latter, holding his fair comrade's hand clasped tenderly in his.

"The matter. Zounds, sir, that lady is——"

"What's she to you?"

"To me, sir! To me. Why, sir, she's——"

"Well, *saw*."

"My wife!"

And so it was. The little Frenchwoman, guessing the true cause of her husband's absence, had actually ascertained by what coach he was going, and where he was to be taken up, and being enabled moreover, by her feigned silence, and from a tolerable acquaintance with the English tongue, to overhear his advice to the young exquisite, she determined, with the truly arch spirit of her country-women, to punish him in the manner above mentioned.

The result was a reconciliation, and the dismissal of the self-conceited and now abashed youth; but we should add, tho' contrary to all approved endings of tales, &c. that the married couple *did not* agree particularly well, nor live very comfortably together ever afterwards. NEMO.

#### S O N G.

We dream not of care, we are free as the air,  
As thoughtless, as happy, as gay,  
As bees in a bow'r, wooing each gentle flow'r.  
O sweetest young zephyr of May.  
We love the bright morn, tho' a fast coming storm  
May dispel the light clouds that we see;  
At danger we laugh, tho' we tread in its path,  
For we are the young and the free!

We list to the sage, when he tells us that age  
Shall weep o'er the phantom of youth;  
The smile and the jest cannot bear his grey test,  
But flies at the sight of sad truth:  
We attentively hear, but we shed not a tear.  
Shall old heads on youaz shoulders be?  
No—let us be gay, whilst life's in its May,  
For we are the young, and the free!

We scoff at young Love, tho' they say he's above  
The kings and the lords of the earth;  
Should he throw us his chain, we will snap it in twain,  
And let not the rogue check our mirth.  
Some to him have stoop'd, but like flowers have droop'd,  
When they found the return could not be;  
We'll not sigh for the star which glimmers afar,  
But still be the young and the free! MARY.





*The Duke of Kent*

*Born 2 Nov 1767. Died 23 Jan 1820.*



*The Queen Victoria*

*Born 24 May 1819*



*The Duchess of Kent*

*Born 17 Aug 1786.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXVI.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—THREE PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN, AND HER ROYAL PARENTS, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.

PLATE THE SECOND.—NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR OCTOBER.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE WALKING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE WALKING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SEVENTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE COURT.

### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

"She steps in her glory—that bright virgin star,  
Like some vision by beauty inwove,  
Yet more bright and more beautiful beams she afar,  
Adorned by her worth and our love."

The Queen of merry England has remained in comparative retirement during the month of October, at Windsor Castle, which seems to be a favourite residence with her Majesty, and truly may it be pronounced a residence fit for the Sovereign of this great empire. London was honoured with a visit from her Majesty on the 1st day of the month, when the Queen came to pay a farewell visit to her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, previous to the departure of the relic of the late lamented King William, for Malta. Her Majesty arrived at Marlborough House escorted by a party of Hussars. The Royal party remained for upwards of an hour at Marlborough House, and then returned to Windsor. Her Majesty has frequently rode out in the Park on horseback, and, occasionally, she has been accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, also on horseback. A Privy Council has been held at Windsor. But, nevertheless, Her Majesty may be said to remain in retirement; and the Court gaieties will not be resumed until her Majesty's return to the metropolis.

We have been favoured with the following interesting anecdote of her Majesty, which will afford our readers an idea of the benevolent character of the young Sovereign. During the first days after her Majesty's accession to the throne, some sentences of court's martial were presented for the Royal signature. One was of death for desertion. A soldier was to be shot. The young Sovereign, read it,—paused—looked up at the official person who had laid it before her, and asked, "Have

you *nothing* to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing, he has deserted three times." "Think again, my Lord!" was her reply—a reply deserving gratitude and love from all posterity. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends,—“I, seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, said,—‘He is certainly a very bad *soldier*; but there was somebody spoke as to his character; and he may be a good *man*, for aught I know to the contrary.’” “O, thank you for that, a thousand times!” exclaimed the Queen, and, hastily writing “*Pardoned*” in large letters on the fatal paper, she put it across the table, with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

We learn from Constantinople that the Sultan has forwarded a magnificent present for her Majesty, composed of a necklace of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, of the value of upwards of 12,000*l.* The casket in which it is enclosed is fastened by an enamelled plate, on which is represented the cipher of the Sultan, the whole surrounded by diamonds of great value.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager departed from Marlborough House, on Wednesday, the 3rd ult., her suit, in carriages and four. Ill health has driven the widowed Queen, for a time, from the shores of her former greatness; where, as a wife, she had so well performed her duty. On her Majesty's arrival at Portsmouth she was met by the inhabitants, all eager to take their farewell of the illustrious Dowager. Her Majesty must have been pleased with the respectful demonstrations of the thousands of spectators. Her Majesty then embarked on board the *Hastings*, which sailed immediately afterwards. We believe her Majesty, in returning to this country from Malta, will make a short stay at Lisbon. The Queen Dowager, on her way to Malta, is expected to stop at Gibraltar, where Prince George of Cambridge is gone to reside. Her Majesty's sister will meet her. The Countess of Denbigh accompanies her Majesty, and will officiate as one of the Ladies in Waiting. Her Majesty purposes to make Malta her head-quarters, but will most generally remain on board ship, and cruise from place

to place, and it is not improbable that a trip to Constantinople will take place. Her Majesty's physicians have strongly recommended a change of scene, as well as change of air.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are residing at Kew; they occasionally visit the metropolis. His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, on arriving at Lisbon, on his way to Gibraltar, travelling under the name of Lord Culloden, was accommodated with apartments at the house of the British Consul, where he was visited by the King-Consort and all the nobility. On the evening of his arrival he went to the opera, where *Robert le Diable* was performed; and on the following day the Queen sent her state-carriage with their grand liveries, to convey him to the Palace, where after being presented by the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, he dined *en famille* with their Majesties. Horses, servants, and carriages were placed at his disposal by the King-Consort, who, it is said, was very pressing that he should become an inmate of the Palace during his stay in Lisbon, which he declined, as it would be inconsistent with his incognito character. The Prince's politeness and affability are highly spoken of by the Portuguese. After staying a few days in Lisbon, he departed for Gibraltar.

#### THE COURT OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

Recently travelling in the north of Europe, I stayed for some time at St. Petersburg, and was honoured more than once with an invitation to dine with the Empress. Upon the first of these occasions I was introduced by her Imperial Majesty by the grand maitre, the Prince Volkouski, whose duty it is to present strangers at Court. I was delighted by the graciousness of the Empress; she cordially welcomed me, and in the course of the conversation which her Majesty was pleased to hold with me, England and the English were alluded to by her Majesty in terms of the greatest respect. The Cesarowitch accompanied the Empress into the reception-room. He is about eighteen years of age, and is remarkably tall and handsome. He has a benign countenance and a princely air, and is undoubtedly one of the handsomest young men that can be seen. The Princess Olga, the younger of the sisters, was in the back ground; she appeared about 14 or 15, fair and delicate, but tall, with very brilliant and large sparkling eyes. Her elder sister, I understood afterwards, was ill and not able to appear, but, at a subsequent period, I often saw her; and although, perhaps, she is not at first so striking as the Grand Duchess Olga, she has an extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor, and her countenance has all that ingenuousness and intelligence which characterise her imperial father. She is, I believe, two years older than her sister. After half an hour's conversation the Empress proceeded to the general reception room, and making her *tournée*, &c., to the ladies, the ministers, and gentlemen, the officers, &c., that were assembled, she went into the dinner room, the ladies following her successively according to their rank, and then the gentlemen. The dinner was served *à la Russe*, each plate handed round, the dessert and decorations filling up the centre of the tables. This mode of managing the dinner is now very generally introduced throughout the European continent, England alone preserving the custom of placing the dishes upon the table, and having them carved by the master and mistress, or their immediate intimates. In Russia, however, I observed generally that—whereas a great

dinner in other places, either abroad or at home, consists of eighteen or twenty-four different *entrées* and *entremets* in each course—the greatest dinners in St. Petersburg have only six or eight *entrées*, the same being so multiplied that the dinner goes on rapidly, and is universally well served. Every luxury and production of the world can be procured in this capital, and nothing can exceed the splendour, comforts, and good taste of the court, and the aristocracy. At the conclusion of the repast we returned to another apartment. In about an hour we were dismissed, after the Empress had gone round the circle saying something kind and agreeable to every one, and we were then informed that we should be expected to return at eight o'clock for a ball, the ladies in an entire new dress. Indeed the essential business of *la toilette* seemed to be at its meridian. The Empress sets an example by bestowing every possible pains on her appearance, which, aided by her matchless jewels, and the precious appendages of the crown, displayed on so fine a person, makes her shine forth as a perfect paragon. L.

#### CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

##### *The Forget-me-Not, for 1839. Ackerman.*

This is decidedly an improvement upon last year's Number, both with respect to the plates and the literature; and a more acceptable present could not be made at this season of literary presents. Douglas Jerrold's story of the siege is powerfully told, and, with the engraving, and accompanying verses of the Highland gillie, are very superior; the dogs and pony are worthy of Landseer's pencil. Il Palazzo is, also, a beautifully finished engraving, somewhat after Turner's best style. The Morning Prayer and the Parting Wreath are also entitled to much praise.

##### *The Friendship's Offering, for 1839.*

Now in the course of publication, shines conspicuously amongst its numerous competitors.

#### GOSSIP AND GAIETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE QUEEN ON HORSEBACK.—One of the most gratifying sights to the residents or visitors at Windsor, is that of our young and lovely Sovereign upon horseback, which is frequently to be seen in the vicinity of the Castle, her Majesty being very partial to equestrian exercises. Our young Queen possesses all those attributes which qualify a lady to become a graceful and skilful horsewoman; moral qualifications as well as physical, for firmness and self-possession are as necessary to the perfect government of a horse, as elegance of shape and lightness of figure are essential to the graceful aspect of the person whom it bears. Her Majesty also evinces great taste in the style and character of the horse she selects for her use. Generally fourteen or fifteen hands high, her animal is always one of the very highest courage and breeding, well broken in, in the very best condition, of symmetrical figure, aerial bearing, and of the gentlest temper—a gentlemanly horse, in fact, one that is conscious of the delicacy and rarity of its charge, and who seems, as he paws the ground, to take a pride in assisting to make her appear to the very best advantage. Her Majesty, indeed, is at



heart a horsewoman, since she judiciously thinks that no lady can have so befitting an aspect as when seated on her charger.

**THE QUEEN'S NAME.**—We have all heard of people who gild refined gold, paint lilies, and throw *eau de Cologne* over violets; and to these we should imagine belong the trim gentlemen who read at Westminster Abbey. We would, however, suggest to them, that although her Majesty has an undoubted right and title to put a great *R* at the end of her name, when affixing her signature, yet there is not the smallest occasion that the same thing should be done by those who orally pronounce the name of her Majesty. As a matter of mere taste, moreover, we cannot help thinking that "Victoria" falls more pleasantly upon the ear than "Victoriar." Gentlemen, who read in Cathedrals, should be very careful as to the dignity, gracefulness, and propriety of even the most minute details. Of this it was pleasing to observe that the Rev. Lord John Thynne, (whom we heard read the communion service and preach at the Abbey Church one Sunday) seemed very conscious. Better reading, in any respect, there could not possibly be.

**THE QUEEN AND HER MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR.**—In the gossiping circles nothing is talked of but a correspondence, having reference to Signior Lablache, which, it is said, has recently taken place between our Queen and the King of Naples, Lablache being, towards the end of last month, admitted to take leave of her Majesty (whom, as our readers know, he instructs in the art of singing), the Queen in her kind and playful manner, said to him, "Good bye M. Lablache, till next year."—"Alas, Madame," replied the great singer, 'sighing (literally) like a furnace,' "I do not know whether I can have the honour of presenting myself next May before your Majesty, since the *conge* given me by the King of Naples expires at Easter, so that when the season at Paris, which is now on the eve of commencing, has terminated, I shall have to hold myself at the disposal of my sovereign." The Queen of England (so says the reports) instantly took up a pen, and addressed the following note to his Neapolitan Majesty:—"Sir, and my very dear cousin,—It would cause me much regret to be deprived of the lessons of M. Lablache. You would render me a service by prolonging for two years the *conge* of this very excellent singer. Your affectionate cousin—Victoria." A Queen's messenger was instantly sent off with this protocol, and the messenger brought back to her Majesty the following reply to it from her Illustrious Correspondent:—"Madame, and my very dear cousin,—Although it is a great loss to us to be deprived of this celebrated singer, there is nothing that we should not be delighted to do to please your very Gracious Majesty. We therefore prolong the *conge* of M. Lablache to four years. Your affectionate cousin, Ferdinand."—This story is very well told; but we do not, ourselves, believe that there is any truth in it.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta will reside at Frogmore until the first week in November, when she will proceed to Brighton. The mansion in the precincts of the Pavilion, formerly occupied by General Sir Herbert Taylor, has been assigned her. The garden at the back of St. James's Palace is to be enlarged by the addition of the site of Harrington House, and of the late residence of the Princess Augusta.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.**—We recently described the magnificent ceremonies of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Lombardy, at Milan; and the following additional particulars relating to that illustrious personage, will be read with interest. The Emperor of Austria, accompanied by the Empress, is making a tour of his venetian possessions.

Their Majesties are attended by the Court which had graced the ceremony of the coronation. On the 5th ult. their Majesties made their public entry into Venice. The Hungarian infantry formed two lines extending from the extreme end of the Piazzolo di San Marco to the Grande Canale. The galleries along the Piazzetta of San Marco were filled with elegantly-dressed company, and many a dark bright eye gazed from beneath its silken lash, upon the gay throng of *militaires*, absolutely glittering under a mass of silver and gold. The dresses were of all characters, some of them exquisitely superb. The sound of cannon and the full peals of the Campanile di San Marco, and the Chiesa della Salute announced that the Royal *cortege* was approaching. The scene was indescribably beautiful. The sun was shining in full majesty from a sky of azure blue, undimmed by a single cloud. Brigades and men-of-war, with colours flying from their riggings, lay anchored along the line the procession was to take; boats, filled with company, formed an inner circle, and gondolas, fitted up in the most costly way, covered with gold, and rowed by six and eight rowers in splendid dresses of every shape and hue, preceded the Royal pavilion, which, bearing the Emperor and the Empress and suite, was towed by three boats, each rowed by eight rowers in the Royal livery. The Royal barque having arrived at the landing-place, their Majesties landed amid the firing of cannon, the peal of bells, and the "*vivas*" of the assembled multitude. The civil and military authorities then formed into procession and preceded their Majesties, who walked under a canopy of gold to the church of San Marco, which had been decorated in the interior for their reception. The inspection of the cathedral occupied but a short time, and their Majesties again appeared, attended by the same procession, which crossed a piazza to a wing of the palace. Having arrived there, the Royal personages placed themselves at a window prepared for the purpose, and were welcomed by the fluttering of handkerchiefs, the waving of hats, and reiterated "*vivas*." The soldiers who had made the lines of reception having formed into rank and file, marched in quick time before the Royal window, their bands playing some of the airs from *I Puritani*. That being completed, the people again shouted, and the Sovereign bowed and then retired, leading her Majesty from the window, who also bowed gracefully. The corridors and the middle of the Piazza di San Marco were a dense mass of living souls. The shops were all closed, and the *cafes* were redolent of the bright eyes and sun-burnt cheeks of the sons and daughters of all lands. The Grande Canale was thronged with gondolas and their richly-clad gondoliers, and the piazza and the passages leading from it were almost impassable.

**THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.**—It is with regret we have heard it asserted that this princely nobleman has determined to break up his numerous magnificent establishments in this country, and to retire with his family for some years to the Continent. The reason we have heard assigned for this sudden resolve is the delicate health of the eldest hope of Buccleugh, the Earl of Dalkeith. The prospect of this change has caused much lamentation in the town of Dalkeith, as we have no doubt it will also do in the vicinity of all the other princely residences of his Grace.

**REDBOURNE HALL.**—The Duke of St. Alban's has arrived at this ancient family seat, from a shooting excursion in Scotland, and intends to remain there three months. The late Duchess never liked the Hall, and did not reside there. Mr. Arthur and Lady Caroline Capel, and Sir Montague and Lady Georgiana Cholmley, have arrived on a visit to his Grace.

A number of noble families and persons of rank have arrived

in town within the last few days, from Scotland and the northern counties, intending to proceed to the Continent.—We regret to find that the rage for travelling upon the Continent continues without the least diminution. Why should English fashionables and pleasure-seekers wander in other lands, when there are natural and picturesque beauties to be observed in their own country, not inferior to the boasted wonders of the Continent? For mountainous scenery there is Wales; Scotland, too, presents its lofty hills; and in no part of the world are there so many natural beauties to be observed, such scenes of exquisite loveliness, as in the county of Devon. But Paris, Rome, Naples, and the Rhine, are sounding names; and, now-a-days, *sound* is frequently preferred to *sense*.

Baron Rothschild has taken the late Admiral Tollemache's mansion, adjoining Apsley House, for a term of years, at 1,200*l.* a-year.

A new staircase is to be erected in the north wing of Buckingham Palace, leading to the apartments occupied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The exterior of Clarence House, St. James's, is undergoing repair, and a new wall is erecting at the side of the mansion fronting St. James's Park.

**NOBLEMEN ALARMED.**—We understand the Earl of —, the Duke of B—, and some other noblemen of *coaching* notoriety, are afraid that the new hackney carriage act affects *them*; and are apprehensive of a call from Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, for "certificates of character," and money for "licences" and "badges," like other drivers of public vehicles. Really, the noblemen to whom we allude have made themselves so much like stage coachmen and cabmen, that the "badge" would suit them very well.

**THE SIXPENNY LORDLING.**—We understand that a certain lordling, whose face is as familiar to the frequenters of the opera, as Costa's in the orchestra, has a cheap method of preserving the gentility of his hands. He was lounging about the town, one day, when he saw a ticket in a window, inscribed, "Kid gloves cleaned at sixpence a pair!" This was very attractive to Lord —, and his glover being also pressing just at the moment, he sent his stock of gloves to be renovated, and now boasts that his hands cost him only sixpence a night. We can tell him how to save a little more. Let him beg the cast-off gloves of his mamma!

The Countess of Newburgh (of Slindon) has been making a tour, accompanied by her beautiful and accomplished *protégé*, Miss Rosamond Clifford, at the abode of whose uncle (Mr. Weld) her ladyship lately made a short sojourn, and was received with almost Royal honours at his magnificent seat, Lulworth Castle, celebrated as the retreat of Louis the XVIIIth and Charles the Xth, who are not the only crowned visitants which its venerable walls have received at different times.

**MORE OF THE HEIRESS.**—Some further and interesting particulars of the celebrated heiress and her would-be lover, have come to our knowledge. The gentleman is an Irish barrister, and after the occurrences already described by us, he came, disconsolately, to London, and took up his abode in a solitary apartment, somewhat near the clouds, in the neighbourhood of the mansion of his *ladye love*. His friends were assured that the lady was deeply enamoured of him; that, in spite of appearances, "all was right;" and the restoration of the health of the fair object of his admiration only delayed his reception as a formal suitor. So deep an impression had the beauties of the heiress made on the enamoured swain, and so confident was he of success, that he determined to remain in town until Miss C.'s

return. To solace himself during this—to him everlasting period—he daily sauntered for hours, actually haunted, the vicinity of Stratton Street, and "mused on man's lone hapless state," in those walks in the Park which, a few months before, had been honoured by the presence of his inamorata. Weeks passed away, but the lady returned not; the lover grew impatient, and in a luckless hour resolved to make another expedition to the north, in search of a short passage to the heart of the object of his warmest and most disinterested affection. On the wings of love he flew to the neighbourhood of Harrogate, and took up his abode at the romantic town of Knaresborough. Thence he directed many plaintive epistles to the lady of his heart's affections; and then he presented himself before her, in her walks and drives, and, in fact, resumed his old system of annoyance. The news now spread that "the *Solicitor-General* from Ireland" had returned; the ladies were all alarmed, the gentlemen were indignant. To add to the consternation of the former, a wag gave out that the lover intended to honour the next ball with his presence. The ladies, in a body, declared their resolution not to attend it; the gentlemen muttered threats of personal chastisement: all were in a state of consternation. Miss C. now became resolved to put a stop to the annoyance, and wrote to her guardian in town, who quickly sent down a London police officer, and the lover was apprehended. On the day following his apprehension he was brought before the magistrates at Knaresborough, and Miss C. appeared to complain of his outrageous conduct. The case excited the most intense interest, the justice-room was crowded to excess; the bench ordered the defendant to enter into his own recognizance, and find sureties to keep the peace towards the fair complainant and all other her Majesty's subjects, male and female. The "gallant" declared that the lady had shewn her attachment towards him on more than one occasion, that his advances had been received, and bitterly complained of the treatment he had experienced. "Sure, then," he exclaimed, "did'nt you laugh at me out of your own carriage window?" This fact there was no denying; but the inference the lover drew from it did not follow. The law, however, like the lady, was inexorable, and, in default of finding sureties, he was committed to York Castle. The lady left Harrogate immediately, so that it is probable he will be discharged in the usual course of the law. Since his confinement he has written a very long letter to the lady's father, explaining his honourable intentions towards his daughter, and concluding by the emphatic declaration, "Never fear, Sir Francis, but at length I shall come off with flying colours." We understand that a letter was received in Harrogate, from the brother of the would-be husband, stating that, on the unfortunate subject of love, his brother's mind was anything but strong. This would appear not improbable, for an adventure of a similar nature to that which we have narrated, with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Burgh, daughter of Lord Downes, and now Countess of Clonmel, brought him in 1836, into a residence in Kilmainham gaol for want of sureties. The beautiful Lady Jane K— was also, if we mistake not, before her marriage, an object of his universal passion for beauty, when accompanied by wealth.

**A PORTRAIT.**—There are contemptible creatures even among those wearing coronets, and one of these—happily, but a few, is — we need not name him, he, or rather *it*, will be known by the description. *It* is partly human, and partly monkey. Lank and dark-haired. *It* is to be met with at the theatres, and apart from its general peculiarities, may be easily recognized by pertinaciously wearing its low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. If ladies should chance to be in the box; by leaving the door open

when the evening is remarkably cold; and resolutely slamming it just when the whole audience is awaiting with intense interest some half-breathed morsel of pathos from a favourite actor. Its conversation all the while is carried on at the top of the voice, and garnished with an occasional horse-laugh, and an abundance of oaths sworn "like a comfitmaker's wife," who had never "walked further than Finsbury." It usually leaves its scraggy throat bare, from some vague notion that a neck-cloth is peculiar to common place, plodding mortals. Shirt-studs of coloured glass set in Mosaic gold, and neck chains of the same material, contribute to the outward embellishment of the creature, and a cane or a piece of black wood, in either case terminated by a chased metal top and a pair of magnificent tassels, complete the turn out. It is often to be seen in the garden of St. James's Park, and much in the same costume as at the theatre, with the addition, however, of a horseship with a plated and chased knob on the top of it, and wearing a pair of letter S spurs on its heels, an admirable invention, by the way, for inexperienced young gentlemen, as it prevents them, if mounted, from even by accident touching the horse's flank, and when on foot, by tripping themselves up—miscances to which they would be peculiarly liable if adventuring on the good old-fashioned cavalry-spur. Its sole amusements seen to be the elbowing off the path all elderly or infirm persons; insulting nurserymaids; pouring atrocious cigar-smoke under the bonnets of all decently-dressed women; but carefully avoiding Life-guardsmen, policemen, or men, even in plain clothes, who look anything like six feet out of their boots.

THE QUEEN presented to the Bishop of Bath and Wells the cushion on which his Lordship knelt at the coronation of her Majesty. It is composed of cloth of gold, richly embossed with velvet flowers, and decorated by gold tassels. It measures two feet and a half square.

LADIES AND BONNETS.—What shocking ugly bonnets are worn by the two *petite* and pretty daughters of Lady M. ! They might look well upon tall women with commanding features; but surrounding little round faces, at the top of little round bodies, this bonnet does *there* look exceedingly droll and pert. Its bow, or hoop, or gable end, is exactly in the shape of a horses's collar, turned topsy-turvy. Indeed, it seems to have been revived from a passage in Sir John Suckling's old *Ballad on a Wedding*, which passage runs thus:—

"And to say truth (for out it must),  
It looks like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt's neck."

A pair of bead-embroidered shoes have been worked by a private lady in Edinburgh with a view of being presented to her Majesty. Immediately on the front of the shoe, before the instep, is a neat cluster of the leaves of the royal oak, surmounted by the English rose; and encircling the front is a rich wreath composed of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock—all neatly worked in appropriately coloured beads. Altogether, they are exceedingly elegant.

Earl de Grey's mansion in St. James' Square is filled with workmen, who are embellishing the interior and exterior of the edifice from his Lordship's own designs.

FINE ARTS.—One of the most attractive of modern engravings is, "The Meeting of the Royal Hounds at Ascot Heath," engraved by Bromley, after a painting by F. Grant. The scene represents the assembling of the gentlemen of the Royal hunt; these are placed in various picturesque groups, the Earl of Chesterfield (who at the time the picture was painted filled the

office of Master of the Hounds) forming the centre figure, and standing out conspicuously from among the rest. The figures are all portraits, and they possess the rare merit of being good likenesses. Lords Chesterfield and Adolphus Fitzclarence, Count D'Orsay, Mr. Wombell, and other distinguished sportsmen are capitally represented; the portraits have an almost life-like effect. The scene, altogether, is highly inspiring; the glad countenances of the sportsmen, the impatient horses, (upon all of which, from the majestic creatures in the foreground to the diminutive things in the distance, the same care has been bestowed, and the same perfection attained, as may be perceived in the more important figures) prepared for the animated chase, the dogs yelping their harmonious chorus, and the many accessories are all in most admirable keeping, and full of truth and nature. The party seem only to be waiting for the presence of Diana herself to commence the sport. The picture is one of the best of the many excellent works of Mr. Grant, and in transferring the design to steel, Mr. Bromley has indicated talent of the same high order.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE HAIR, by Alex. Rowland, Pupil of the late JOSHUA BROOKS, Esq., Professor of Anatomy, which has gone through a series of *thirty-one* editions, is given away with the MACASSAR OIL, now in such general use.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF LABLACHE.

"Manfred.—What kind of man is he?  
Clodio.—A mighty man!  
Held in high estimation:—a great man,  
Truly, a man of weight!"

*The Courtiers—A Comedy.*

Among the *greatest* of modern characters is Louis Lablache. Who is there that has not seen this "man of weight," this "mighty man;" and heard the roll of his tremendous organ—the music issuing from his throat like waves of the majestic ocean! A world's admiration! The delight of courts and cities; preceptor of our young, intelligent, and lovely Queen! Forty-four years ago Louis delighted the ears of his parents with his first song, and their eyes with the sight of his unrivalled face. His father was a French merchant at Naples, but at the revolution misfortunes came thickly upon him, and he was ruined. Joseph Napoleon, wishing to repair these losses of a French subject, placed the boy, Louis, who, even then, showed great talent for music, in the *conservatoire*, called "*La Pieta di Turchini*," a name since changed to "*San Sebastiano*." The young Lablache studied both instrumental and vocal music at the same time: he commenced many of the stringed instruments, and gave ample evidence of his rapid improvement. One of the pupils who played the violoncello, being taken ill just before a concert, Lablache, who had never previously touched that instrument, offered to take his place; and, during the three days before the examination, studied with such assiduity and ardour, that he played his companion's part with great success. An illness of six weeks' duration followed this injurious exertion of his mental powers. When still very young, Lablache wished to try his fortune on the stage, and five times in succession he fled from the *conservatoire*, with the view of procuring an engagement at one of the theatres at Naples; but in vain, as the directors of the theatres of the Two Sicilies are subject to a fine, and the closing of their houses, if they engage any pupil who has not

scrved his time at the *conservatoire*. These pranks of Lablache were, however, of service to his fellow students, and to his successors. A small theatre was fitted up in the establishment, where not only those who were desirous of so doing, practised acting and singing, but where the compositions of those who showed talent in this the highest branch of art were performed. From this moment, Lablache thought no more of running away. At seventeen, he left the *conservatoire*, and was immediately engaged at the theatre *San Carlino*, to take the part of a Buffo-Neapolitano, who use the provincial dialect of the country. Five months afterwards, he married one of the daughters of the celebrated Italian comedian, Pinnotti, and through this connection obtained an engagement of the same nature at Messina, and shortly afterwards, giving up his native dialect, made his appearance at Palermo, as a Buffa singer, in the opera of *Ser Marc Antonio*, by Payesi. After a residence of five years at Palermo, the director of the theatre at Milan, having heard him, was struck with his extraordinary talent, and immediately secured his services for the theatre *La Scala*, where he appeared as *Dandini*, in *Cenerentola*, and also in *L'Eliza e Claudio*, his part in which Mercadante wrote especially for him. He visited, with equal success, all the towns of Italy; and, at Turin, sang for the first time in the difficult character of *Uberto*, in the *Agnese* of Paer. In 1824, he visited Vienna, where his performance was the subject of conversation and praise at the court, and throughout the musical circles. One circumstance will serve to prove the power and versatility of his talent: he played, on four successive evenings, *Figaro*, *Assur*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Uberto*, characters entirely differing in every particular. The public enthusiasm overstepped all bounds; the King, Ferdinand I., sent for him the next morning, and, after having complimented him in the most flattering terms, appointed him singer in the Royal Chapel, also private singer to his Majesty, and granted him a pension from the privy purse. A medal, bearing the effigy of Lablache, was struck at Vienna, with this inscription, by the celebrated translator of Horace, Marquis Gargallo:—" *Actione Rascio, Iope cantu comparandus, utroque laura concerta ambolus major.*" Quitting Vienna, he returned to Naples, where he had not been since his first appearance there in his youth. However, he maintained in his own city, that reputation which he had acquired in his travels. In April, 1829, he was engaged for the Italian Opera in London, and in the October following, made his *debut* in Paris. The English and French fully sanctioned the opinion which the Italians and Germans had formed of him. When he first appeared in London, his immense size was as much the subject of public admiration as his immense voice, and a great many witticisms were repeated. Upon one occasion, travelling upon the Continent, with Grisi, Rubini, and others, the weight of the "man of might" broke down the vehicle, and the whole party of vocalists came to the ground. A great deal of public curiosity was excited when Lablache was announced for the part of *Falstaff*; and though his performance scarcely can be said to have realized the idea of SHAKESPEARE'S *Falstaff*, it was a most amusing performance. His voice is always to be depended upon, full, sonorous, flexible, and agreeable. The vibration of his D is perfectly wonderful. He is also remarkable for the correctness with which he dresses; for example, what can be more complete than his *Henry VIII.*, in *Anna Bolena*, and his *Georgio* in *Il Puritani*? Lablache, in private life, is equally estimable; and he has ever exhibited traits of generosity and greatness of mind. Never has a fellow-countryman in distress applied to him in vain. There is a story told of this great artist, which, if true, redounds

to his credit. Walking one day through the streets of London, he saw a poor musician playing on the violin, with tears running down his cheeks, in vain endeavouring to excite the sympathy of the public, notwithstanding his miserable appearance. Lablache, seeing that the poor man was an object of compassion, and that he had given himself up to despair, felt for him, and, taking his violin, commenced singing, at the same time accompanying himself. A crowd collected, and the receipts were very soon sufficient to relieve the distresses of the poor musician. Lablache is a great favourite with our young Queen, who continues to receive instructions from him in music.

#### THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live."

We regret to announce that there is no probability that the Opera Buffa performances will be resumed this season. The chief cause assigned is, we understand, the expected dulness of London from the non-meeting of Parliament before February, and the certain absence of the Court from the metropolis; in addition to which, many subscribers and patrons of the past seasons intend passing the ensuing winter on the Continent. Another reason is the exorbitant demands of some of the principals of the company for increased salaries, which, if acceded to, must be attended with inevitable loss to the speculation. It is, we believe, Mr. MITCHELL'S intention to suspend the entertainment one season, and by the following winter to be prepared with novelty of opera and company, so as to secure a certain patronage, and place the undertaking, if not in a profitable position, at least beyond the possibility of loss. We readily commend Mr. MITCHELL for his prudence in not persisting to continue an unprofitable enterprise, and, according to the existing nature of theatrical affairs, he may congratulate himself that the result has not proved more disastrous. We are enabled to state the expenses of the two seasons have exceeded the sum of 14,000*l.*, and it is greatly to Mr. MITCHELL'S credit that every portion has been honourably settled.

At the English theatres, the principal novelty of the month was the revival of SHAKESPEARE'S play of *The Tempest*, at Covent Garden, under the able direction of Mr. MACREADY, who seems to have spared neither pains nor expense in his endeavours to present this noble play to the public in as perfect a manner as possible. We think, however, that he has occasionally "overshot the mark," and fallen into extravagancies: such, for instance, as the exhibition of pandemonium by a transparency, which there was not the least occasion for, and is not sanctioned by anything in the text of SHAKESPEARE. The first scene of the play, as written by SHAKESPEARE, is entirely omitted, and a mere spectacle substituted. This, showy and attractive as it may be, is quite unworthy of Mr. MACREADY and the legitimate drama. With these, and one or two more exceptions of a minor character, the play was very beautifully represented. Mr. MACREADY himself enacted the part of *Prospero*, in a masterly style, and he was ably supported by Miss P. HORTON as *Ariel*, Miss FAUCITT, as *Miranda*, and Messrs. WARDE, BENNETT, and ANDERSON, as *Alonso*, *Caliban*, and *Ferdinand*. The jester, *Trinculo*, and the tipping butler, *Stephano*, were humourously enacted by Mr. HARLEY and Mr. BARTLEY.

At Drury Lane theatre Madame ALBERTAZZI has appeared in the character of *Zerlina*, in an adaptation of MOZART'S *Don Giovanni*, and *Ninetta*, in BISHOP'S adaptation of *The Gazza Ladra*. ALBERTAZZI is a good singer; but she is not comparable to GRISI, nor will she be accepted by the Drury-lane players as an efficient substitute for the lamented MALIBRAN. She sings correctly and feelingly, and, occasionally, with great expression, but her voice is not naturally good; and the tameness and insipidity of her acting is not at all admired. Still she is a valuable acquisition to the English stage. In the *Gazza Ladra*, her execution of the beautiful *Di piacer* was universally admired, and obtained great applause. ALBERTAZZI is but feebly supported. H. PHILLIPS is but a sorry substitute for TAMBURINI; and GIUBILEI, clever though he be, cannot reconcile us to the loss of LABLACHE, in such characters as the *Justice*. We saw ROSSINI'S *Cinderella*, or rather a medley of tunes from ROSSINI, under that title, one evening at this theatre; and a most wretched performance it was. Miss ROMER exerted herself in the leading character, and was less coarse than usual, but her singing did not please us. A stupid, and heavy spectacle, called *Charlemagne*, has been produced here. It is absolute nonsense; and though VAN AMBURGH'S exhibition with his lions and tigers is introduced at the end, the general effect is unpleasing.

Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES has produced a new five-act play, at the Haymarket. SHERIDAN KNOWLES is undoubtedly a man of genius, but he has injudicious friends, who seem to have led him into the belief that everything that falls from his pen must be very fine. Now this play of *The Maid of Mariendorpt* is not very natural. An old clergyman has a daughter, who is going to be married; but, one evening before her intended wedding day, he goes away in search of another child, whom he had lost some fifteen years before! Then he is thrown into prison, for what offence we are not told; and the daughter, whose lover comes not at an appointed time to marry her, sets out upon a visit to her father. She arrives at his prison gate, and the keeper, taking a fancy to her ringlets, she cuts them off, and gives them to him as the price of an interview with the governor's daughter! The interview takes place; the father and daughter meet, and in the midst of a great deal of very "delicate distress" the discovery is made that the governor's daughter is the other child of the old clergyman, and not the daughter of the governor. The castle is then stormed by the old clergyman's friends, the prisoner is rescued, and all ends happily. With the exception of WEBSTER'S acting, which was by far the best thing we have seen him do, and which will add considerably to his reputation, and some scenes well played by Miss ELPHINSTONE, there is not much to notice in the performance: like all the pieces produced here expense has not been spared, and all that could be done on the manager's part has been done with the utmost liberality, for no one can deny that the pieces are no where better produced than here, and if the authors are not always happy in their productions, still there is so much to please that the house is sure to be filled, and every one will be inclined to judge for themselves. Some of the dialogue given to these characters is whimsical and amusing. The following lines fall from the lips of BUCKSTONE with very droll effect.

I'm sick for love! I'm sure I am! I have lost  
My appetite! My stomach was my clock  
That used to give me note of eating time—  
It never warns me now! A smoking dish  
Was sure to set my heart a-beating once;  
Now be it flesh, or fish, or fowl, or ought,

It moves me nothing, I would rather feast—  
A thousand times I would—on Esther's face!  
I'm mortal sick for love! I used to sleep;  
Scarce touch'd my head my pillow, I was off,  
And, let me lie, I took my measure on't  
Six hours, at least, upon a stretch! but now  
I toss and turn, lie straight, or doubled up,  
Enfold mine arms, or throw them wide abroad,  
Rhyme o'er my prayers, or count a hundred out,  
And then begin again—yet not a wink  
The richer for't, but rise as I lie down!  
And 'tis true love that ails me!—very love!  
Of womankind but one can work my cure!  
'Tis not as one may fancy veal, and yet  
Put up with mutton! If I get not her,  
I starve and die!

The Olympic has been re-opened with the former Olympic company, but without VESTRIS, whose place is supplied by the pretty and talented Mrs. NISBETT. Several agreeable burlettas have been produced, of which Mr. DANCE'S *Sons and Systems* is the best.

The Adelphi is again open with a strong company, including the much talked of Bayaderes. These Indian dancers have not disappointed the public. Tille, the superintendent of the party, chief priestess, is thirty years old, but she does not respond to our European ideas of that age. She never smiles. She has outlived the love of men, and she mocks and fears them. She has an especial dread of the contagion of our bad manners. Tille has a daughter, Soundiroun, only fourteen. She has also a niece, Ranghoun, of the same age. Amany, their companion, is a gracious creature, of a noble and gentle character, and Veydoun is a little child. The costume of the Bayaderes is curious. They wear their hair divided on their foreheads, and the head is covered with a plate of silver, and a band of precious stones, which has an elegant effect. The hair is plaited, and hangs down to the waist, a part of which on the left side is naked. They wear rings in the nostrils, which are most unbecoming. Their shoulders and bosom are covered by a thick rampart of silk embroidered with gold, a long muslin shawl envelopes, confines, and imprisons them from head to foot. A pantalon of silk covers the legs from the feet to the waist. Their dances are like nothing that we have seen, or that can be imagined. The dancers of all Europe dance with their feet, but that is all. Examine them well. The body rests cold and constrained while the feet move. The movement of the arms is proverbially graceless. The head obeys with a mechanical precision, and the mouth wears an eternal smile. Thus, with some exceptions, which must be looked for in the mountains of Spain, or in Styria, the dance of Europe is without style and expression. Taglioni invented a style, which no one can successfully imitate. Without her the ballet is insufferably tedious. The Bayaderes dance in a different manner. They dance with the whole frame. Their heads dance, their arms dance—their eyes, above all, obey the movement and fury of the dance. For them each dance is a poem. Accompanied by the most monotonous music, it is they who give tone and character to the exhibition. Their feet click against the floor—the arms and the hands flash in the air—the eyes sparkle—the bosom heaves—their mouths mutter—the whole body quivers. In addition to the Bayaderes, Mrs. YATES, Mrs. HONEY and Mrs. KEELEY have appeared on several agreeable little pieces in which their abilities are displayed to advantage.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The merry bells ring, and the merry folks shout,  
The matrons are gazing from window and door ;  
For a blithe wedding train the church hath poured out,  
And the green lane is crowded behind and before.  
A fair blushing maiden hath promised to-day  
To love and to cherish her chosen through life,  
And she walks by his side in bridal array,  
To be from this moment an ENGLISHMAN'S WIFE.

If the beings who stand at the nuptial altar full of high hope and with a strong determination to be happy, were but able to maintain those good resolutions with which they enter the marriage state, there would be less unhappiness in the world than is discoverable at present,—fewer jealousies, and no quarreling at all. There are many, no doubt, who are able to maintain their marriage resolutions, and whose course through life is happy ; but, we regret to say, that in the majority of cases the wedded parties after a few months of matrimony—in some, alas ! after a few weeks—indifference succeeds to raptures ; carelessness to a desire of pleasing ; suspicion to confidence ; then come bickerings, followed by downright quarrelling, and—but here, let us draw the veil over human misery, and express our hope that the beings whose names we are now about to record as having entered the state of wedlock during the month of October, may be wise enough to perceive the road to happiness, and have sufficient moral courage, or virtuous determination, to remain in it. First of these votaries of Hymen let us mention the names of General Viscount COMBERMERE and Miss GIBBINGS, daughter of Dr. GIBBINGS, of Brighton, whose marriage was solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Earl and Countess BEAUCHAMP, Earl and Countess of HILLSBOROUGH, Lord and Lady MARCUS HILL, and other distinguished persons. The bride was attired in a superb dress, composed of Brussels lace over white satin, with a veil of the same material. The noble bride and bridegroom immediately after the ceremony, set off in an elegant new travelling chariot and four for Combermere Abbey, Cheshire. A sumptuous *déjeuner* was given on the occasion in Hanover Square, by Mrs. GIBBINGS, to the distinguished persons who attended the ceremony. St. George's Church has been the scene of another fashionable wedding, that of the Hon. and Rev. JAMES NORTON, brother of Lord GRANTLEY, and ISABELLA LOWNDES, only child of THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq., of Barrington Hall and Heron Gate, in Essex, Anningsley, in Surrey, Hampstead heath, and Dover. The bridegroom and his lovely and accomplished bride set off for Anningsley shortly after the wedding, to pass the honeymoon.—The following marriages have also taken place since our last :—JOHN EDWARD GELLS, Esq., 4th Light Dragoons to FRANCES, only daughter of the late CHARLES DICKENSON, Esq., of Farley Hill, Reading, and Queen's Charlton, Somersetshire.—At Market Drayton, the Rev. ROBERT UPTON, B.A., incumbent of Moreton Say, in the county of Salop, to SALLY EMILY, the only daughter of WM. WILKINSINGTON, Esq., of Market Drayton.—At Stoke Church, Devon, the Rev. HARRY MARTIN, Rector of Stilton, Dorset, to ANNE, eldest daughter of the late JOHN SHEEN DOWNES, Esq., of Plymouth ; and, at the same time, by the Rev. A. J. L. CAVIE, WM. WOOLRY CAVIE, Esq., of Harwood House, Devon, to KATE, youngest daughter of the late JOHN SHEEN

DOWNES, Esq.—At Cowes, Isle of Wight, by the Venerable Archdeacon HILL, Captain LOTHIAN DICKSON, to MARY ELIZABETH, only surviving child of the late Lieut.-Colonel GILLMAN, of the 76th regiment.—At Wentworth House, Yorkshire, Mr. JAMES J. R. MACKENZIE, to Lady ANNE FITZWILLIAM, fourth daughter of the Earl FITZWILLIAM.

We regret to announce the death of Lord FARNHAM.

A report has been circulated that Miss ABBOTT, daughter of the late Lord TENTERDEN was about to bestow her hand upon Capt. SMYTH, brother of the Princess of Capua ; but, we understand, that it is quite destitute of foundation.—We hear that a matrimonial connection is on the *tapis* between the families of Sir EARDLEY WILMOT and Sir RICHARD BULKELEY WILLIAMS.—All the preliminaries for the marriage of the eldest son of the Prince of ORANGE with the Princess SOPHIA, second daughter of the King of WURTEMBERG have been finally arranged. The matrimonial negotiations have been considerably protracted in consequence of the desire at first entertained of satisfying the court etiquette, which required that the elder sister should be first married ; but at the pressing instance of the Royal family of Holland the King of WURTEMBERG had consented to waive his scruples on this point, and his decision to that effect had just been received at the Hague. The Baron VAN DER DUYER DE MAASDAM, Governor of Southern Holland, was to set out for Stuttgart to make an official demand of the young Princess's hand.

OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

Lady Mary J's communication did not arrive until the whole of our last month's number was at press ; consequently we could not acknowledge its receipt ; and we have not been able to find room for it in our present number. It shall certainly appear in our next.

*Benedick* is mistaken ; the facts are not as he represents them.

The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,  
And, more than either, *he* is changed ;  
But *her* true love has altered not,  
Her heart is broken—not estranged.

*The Widow's Son* is declined, with thanks.

*Lavinia*, who charges us with "favouritism," should be aware that "modest merit" always commands our earliest attention. Her article is marked for insertion, but it requires to be much corrected first.

*Fidele*.—With great pleasure, but not later than the 5th.

*Lucy Roseland* in our next.

We can make nothing of the *Pastoral*, of *C. R.* The opening lines are sad nonsense.

*Chalon's* picture of Lady Londonderry is certainly a chaste specimen of that artist's talent, but it does not deserve the unqualified praise bestowed upon it by *Clio*.

We have addressed a letter to Camberwell as directed. It has, we trust, been received.

*Marriage by Advertisement in High Life*, is much too improbable for publication. No lady was ever so indiscreet (a mild word) as to "pop the question" to a gentleman, "Sir, will you marry me?" The article is a libel upon refined female society.

*The Legend of a Lost Heart* will appear in the "World of Fashion" for December.

We shall be happy to hear again from the witty author of *Hints to Husbands*.



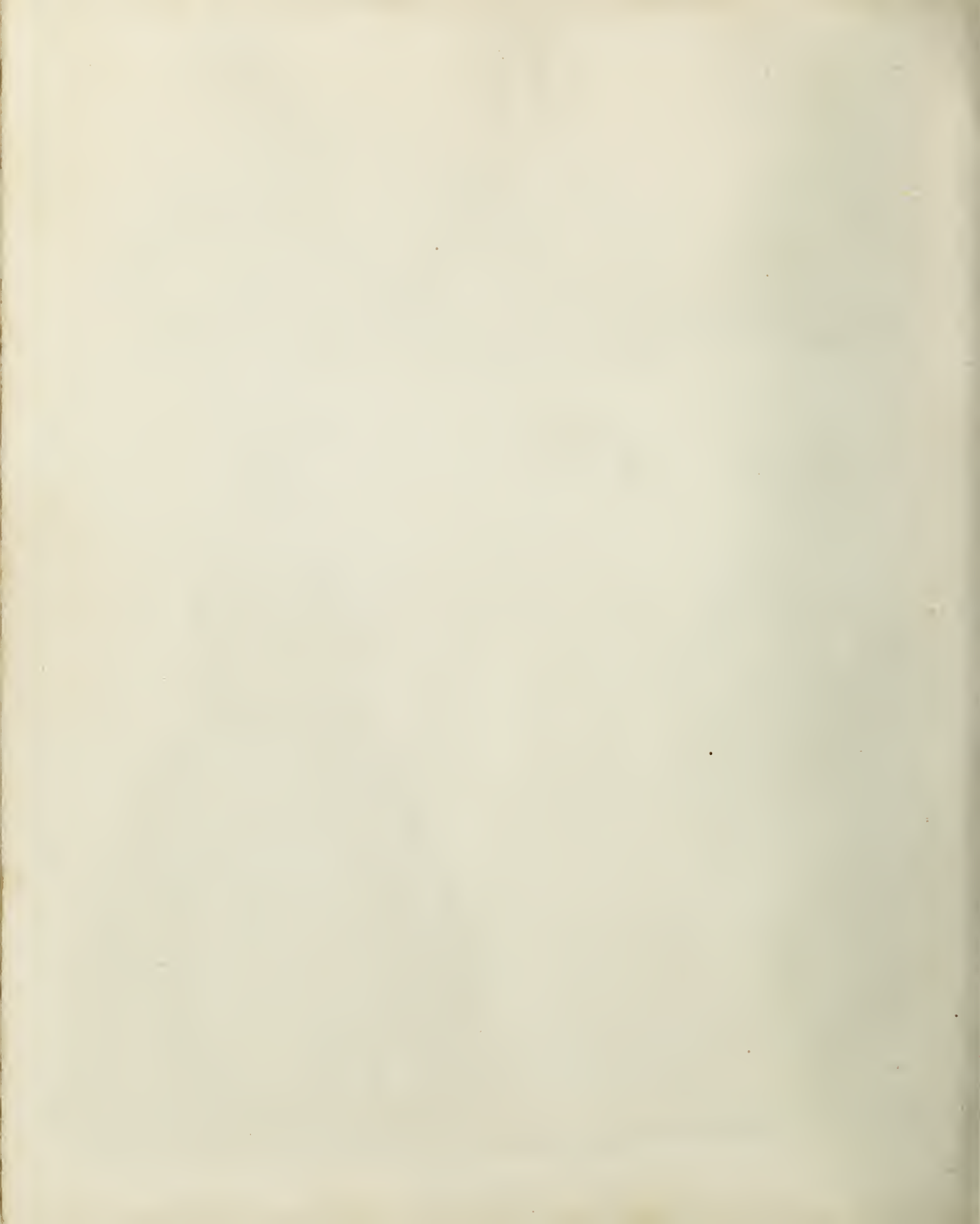


*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1898. Evening & Morning Dresses. 191*









*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1830. Walking Dresses.*





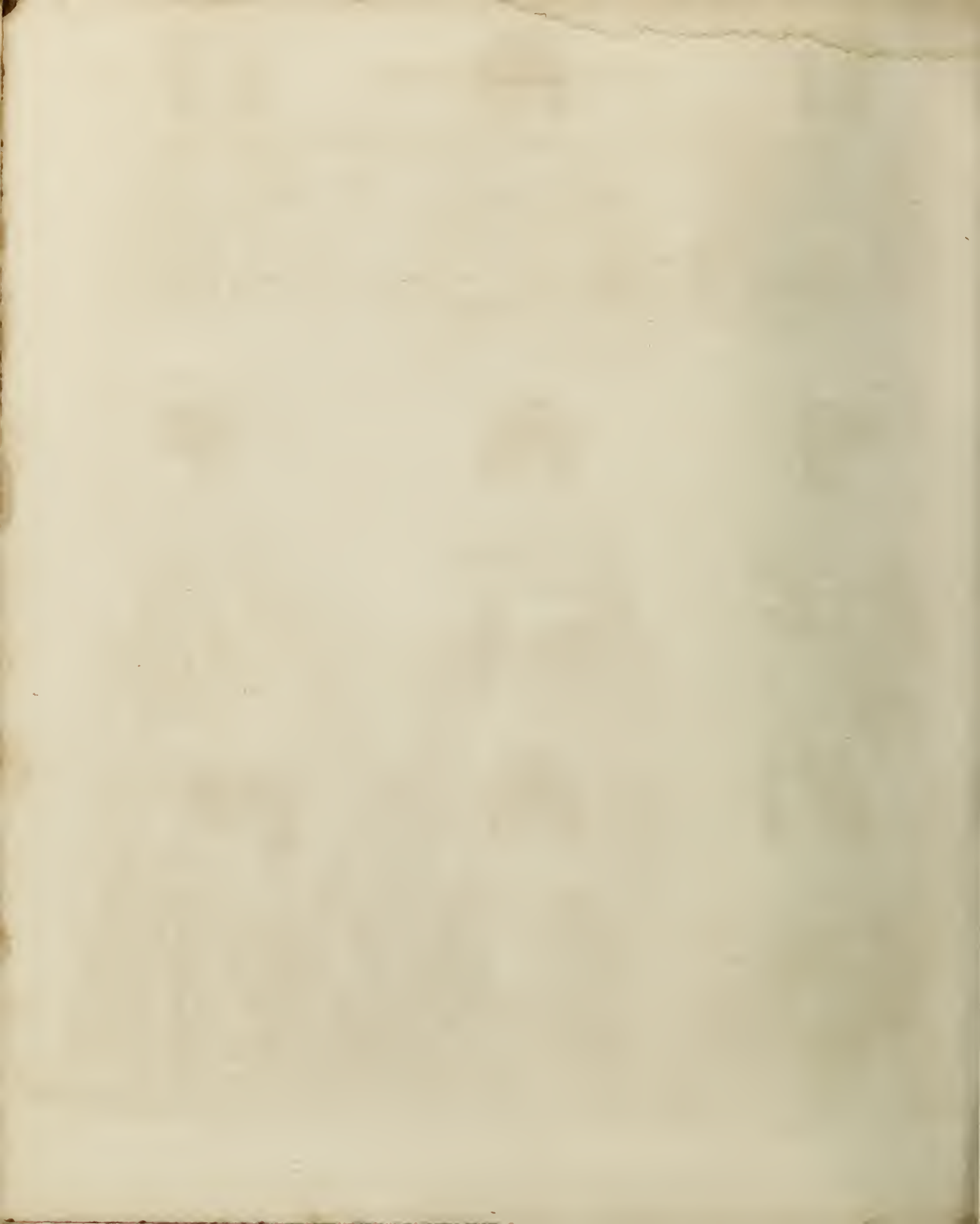


*The Last: Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





Portraits of Ladies of the Court of S.<sup>t</sup> James's.  
and  
Fashionable Head Dresses for November, 1838.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR OCTOBER.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Rose-coloured satin *robe-redingote*; the *corsage*, made to wrap across, and partially open in front, is trimmed in the lappel style, by a row of lace, surmounted by a *bouillonnée*; the lace is continued down the front of the dress, and round the border it is headed by two rows of *bouillonnée*; *manche à la Marie de Medices*. Head-dress: a bonnet *à barbes*, trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons and flowers.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of one of the new changeable satins; the *corsage* draped and crossed, and the sleeves demi-large; the skirt is finished with a single flounce, the heading disposed in *dents de loup*. Drawn bonnet of shot *pou de soie*; a round brim, descending very low under the chin, and ornamented with roses at the sides of the face; ribbons to correspond, and a sprig of roses ornaments the crown. White Cashmere shawl, it is edged with a Cashmere fringe, surmounted by an embroidery in a light pattern.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Pou de soie* robe of one of the new plaided patterns, the border trimmed with a deep flounce, headed with a *bouillon*; *corsage en cœur*. Hat of *oiseau* satin, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and pale straw-coloured ostrich feathers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—MORNING DRESS.—*Peignoir* of figured Cashmere. Bonnet of drab *velours épingle*, trimmed with rose ribbon, and a white and rose-shaded feather.

5.—A back view of FIG. 1.

6.—MORNING DRESS of grey *pou de soie*; the *corsage* in crossed drapery, and the sleeves and skirt trimmed with *ruches*. *Chapeau à la Duchesse*, of green velvet; the interior of the brim trimmed with flowers, the crown with ostrich feathers, and a drapery of a new description.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG.—Pelisse robe of green *pou de soie*; the *corsage* is disposed in cross folds; Victoria sleeve; the front and border of the skirt is trimmed with a full *râche* of the material. Drawn bonnet of *oiseau* satin; the interior of the brim is ornamented with a sprig of geranium on each side, and the crown is decorated with *oiseau* ribbons.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of white and grey shot satin; a low pointed *corsage*, trimmed round the top with feather fringe. Tight sleeves, finished in the *manchette* style, with feather fringe, surmounted by a wreath of red roses. A wreath of roses surmounted by feather fringe adorns the skirt. Head-dress of hair, decorated with jet ornaments and white feathers.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Fawn-coloured satin *pelisse* robe; a high *corsage*, with a heart *pelerine*, bordered by a satin trimming of a novel kind, which descends down the front of the skirt. *Manche à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. White satin cottage bonnet of a large size, trimmed with white ribbons and a sprig of roses.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—MORNING DRESS.—Figured *Gros de Naples* robe; a high *corsage*, and *manche à volans*, Blue velvet bonnet, very full trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a sprig of foliage.

5.—MORNING DRESS.—Striped *gros de Naples* robe; a high *corsage*, made with a heart *pelerine*, and sleeves demi-large. The bonnet is a *deni-bibi* of white *rep* velvet, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and a sprig of exotics.

6.—DINNER DRESS.—Robe of straw-coloured figured satin; the *corsage*, half high, is trimmed with a *Mechlin* lace, *fichu à la paysanne*; the sleeves are decorated with *bouillons* terminated by a *bias* fold. The hair is ornamented with white satin ribbon, edged with gold, and disposed in the cap style, and small red flowers.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Green *pou de soie* robe; the border is trimmed with a single flounce. Black satin mantle; it is made in the *pelisse* style, lined, and faced with cherry-coloured *peluche de soie*, quadrilled with black, and the bottom trimmed with sable; square collar and Turkish sleeves. *Velours épingle* hat; the interior of the brim is trimmed with rose-buds and a puffing of satin; the crown with full blown roses and white ribbons.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Shot satin cloak, black and rose colour; it is lined with crimson, and faced with black *rep* velvet; the facing descends to the bottom of the skirt, forming a deep *pelerine* behind; the trimming is a rich black *chenille* fringe. Close bonnet of dark blue velvet, trimmed with ribbons to correspond and fancy feathers.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Cloak of Spanish brown *levantine*; trimmed with broad black antique lace, and lined with blue satin; the hood is of rather a small size. The hat gives a back view of the first figure.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—MORNING DRESS.—Puisse-coloured *gros de Naples* robe; a high *corsage*, the upper part arranged in folds; the sleeves are demi-large. Bonnet of lemon-coloured satin; a round shape, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and white ostrich feathers.

5.—MORNING DRESS.—Robe of one of the new *mousseline de laine*; a high *corsage*, trimmed with folds in the heart style. *Manche à volans*. Dark blue velvet hat, a very open shape, trimmed with velvet to correspond, and grey feathers.

6.—Presents a back view of FIG. 1.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

FIG. 1 gives a back view of the short pelisse-mantle of the next figure, but the trimming is *chenille* fringe. It presents, also, a back view of the cap of FIG. 5.

## DRESS FOR THE THEATRE.

FIG. 2.—Blue *pou de soie* robe, the border is trimmed with a deep founce, headed by a *bouillon*; the pelisse-mantle is of black *rep* velvet; the skirt is made short, but very full; the *corsage* full behind, but made in front like a gentleman's coat, with hanging sleeves; the trimming of sable fur. Rose-coloured satin hat, a round and rather small shape; the crown is profusely trimmed with white ostrich feathers shaded with rose, and figured rose ribbon.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Dark slate-coloured *gros de Naples* robe; shawl-mantle of *groseille pou de soie*, quadrilled with black, and trimmed with black silk fringe. The bonnet presents a back view of the next figure.

## HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

4.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—Green satin mantle, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. The bonnet is white satin, an open and moderate sized brim, the interior is trimmed with a sprig of exotics on one side; a full fall of blond lace, a *bouquet* of exotics, and a loop of ribbon, decorates the crown.

5.—DINNER DRESS.—India muslin robe, over an under-dress of white *gros de Naples*, shot with blue; the *corsage* opening *en cœur*; the sleeve of the usual form, but with a *mancheron* of the half-Turkish kind. *Bonnet bouillonnée de tulle*, trimmed with blue ribbon.

6.—PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Pea-green satin robe, *corsage à revers*, edged with black lace; sleeves demi-large, also trimmed with lace. Shot silk shawl bordered with sable. Drawn bounet of pale straw-coloured *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and sprigs of geranium.

## PLATE THE SEVENTH.

## MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—The robe is one of the new winter silks, shot and figured in light patterns; the front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with *bouillonnée* and *neuds*; the *corsage*, tight to the shape, and high behind, is finished by a collar trimmed with *bouillonnée*; the sleeves are ornamented *en suite*. Bonnet of rose-coloured *rep* velvet, decorated with ribbon to correspond, arranged upon a lace drapery.

## MORNING CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of one of the new fancy velvets; a high *corsage*, the front disposed *en evantail*; the sleeves are tight at the top, full at the lower part, and ornamented in the centre with folds and black lace; a trimming of lace and knots of ribbon ornaments the front of the skirt, and a lace *volan* encircles the border; point lace collar. White satin hat, a round open brim, the interior trimmed with flowers laid on lace; a lace drapery, a sprig of flowers, and figured ribbons ornament the crown.

## DRESS FOR THE FRENCH THEATRE.

FIG. 3.—Figured satin robe, the skirt trimmed with party-coloured fringe; half-high *corsage*, and sleeve à *la Duchesse d'Orleans*. The hat gives a side view of that of the preceding Figure, but without the lace.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1838.

We are now about to enter upon our winter campaign, and a very brilliant one we have no doubt it will prove, our prints bear testimony that, early as it is in the season, the winter fashions have made great progress, and certainly the new materials bcñ in for splendour and variety exceed any that have appeared for some seasons back. We shall cite those that appear most worthy of our fair reader's notice, but first let us speak of

PELISSES, which we are assured will be fashionable in different materials, as silks, satins, and plain fine merinos. We have seen some of the latter made with the *corsages* high, and close to the shape, and closed before by a single row of gilt buttons; the sleeves are full in the centre, but confined by a tight cuff fastened by buttons to correspond. There is the greatest reason to believe that gilt and fancy buttons will be greatly in request for dresses of this kind during the ensuing season.

SPENCERS.—There is no doubt that this fashion, so long laid upon the shelf, will be revived this winter, both for carriage dress and for the theatres; those adapted for the first will be of velvet, made high and close, and trimmed either with expensive fur, or fancy silk trimmings. The others will be of light-coloured satins, opening in the shawl style, but trimmed, instead of a *pelerine*, with a *bouillon* of *tulle*, edged with a row of blond lace. Large sleeves trimmed at the top with *bouillons* of *tulle*.

CLOAKS.—There is a grand distinction made between those intended for carriage or promenade dress, and those employed for evening *wraps*; the majority of the first are confined at the waist with cords and tassels in the pelisse style, and made as long and ample as usual. Short cloaks are most in favour for the latter. We refer for models of the most elegant to our prints.

HATS AND BONNETS.—A decided diminution has taken place in the size of both. Nothing is more elegant for half-dress than a velvet bonnet of a small and rather close shape, something between a cottage and an open front; a *bouquet* of short shaded feathers is placed on one side, and a few small flowers, sometimes intermixed with blond lace, and sometimes not, decorate the interior of the brim. This style, however, though very much in favour, is not the only one adapted, open shapes being quite as fashionable, but they are of very moderate size. Grey beaver bonnets, trimmed either with feathers, cords, and tassels, or knots of ribbon, are expected to be fashionable in *negligé*.

SHAWL MANTELETS.—The velvet and satin shawls so much in favour last year have been again revived with *chenille*, fur, and black lace trimming, but the novelty of the moment, the shawl *par excellence*, is the shawl mantle; it is of the usual form, but disposed in front on each side in folds in such a manner as to supply the place of sleeves. The most elegant are composed of blue or *ponceau* cashmere, trimmed with Thibet fringe, and lined with white satin. The majority are made with hoods, cut in a peculiarly graceful manner.

NEW MATERIALS FOR HALF-DRESS.—We have given some of the most elegant plaided, shaded, and figured silks in our prints. We may cite also striped, spotted, and figured *gros de Naples*. Some fancy silks, a black or brown ground spotted in the smallest possible spots in different colours. Others with satin patterns on a rich dead silk ground, yellow upon black, green upon brown, light green upon dark green, &c., &c., these last are remarkably elegant.

NEW MATERIALS FOR EVENING DRESS.—Watered silks, satins, both figured, plain, and changeable velvets, and Terry velvets, are all in request. The flowered white satins and

watered silks are the most beautiful that we have ever seen. Some of the patterns are small wreaths of flowers of all colours disposed *en serpente* upon stripes of dead silk between others of white satin. *Bouquets* of different flowers, strewed over a plain ground are also in request. The most elegant of the shaded satins are those of rose and blue shot with white, they rival the new figured Pekins, the patterns of which are exceedingly novel and elegant.

**FORMS OF ROBES IN EVENING DRESS.**—We have given some of the most elegant. Generally speaking flat *corsages* will be most in favor. We may cite as an elegant model, that of the evening dress trimmed with feather fringe in one of our plates. *Corsages* draped *en cœur* will not, however, be laid aside; indeed, the fashion is too pretty and becoming to be easily abandoned; but whatever form the upper part of the *corsage* may have, it must terminate in a point. If the sleeve is long, the Victoria form will remain in favour; if short, it may be tight, with a trimming of the *manchette* kind, or else disposed in small *bouillons*. The skirts are decidedly wider than those of last year.

**HOOPS AND TRAINS.**—A report, that we have reason to believe is well founded, is current, that both hoops and trains will be adopted this winter. Short trains, as our readers know, have been worn in evening costume for some time past, but though fashionable they were not indispensable; it is not, however, of them that we are speaking, but of the long and graceful trains fashionable in the girlish days of grandmamas; they are expected to be adopted if hoops come in, the latter are to be made smaller, and more flexible than those formerly in use.

**TRIMMINGS FOR EVENING ROBES.**—Feather fringe and flowers will be in equal favour; embroidery is expected to lose nothing of its vogue, and flowers though they have been so long in request, will continue as fashionable as ever. But the trimming expected to be the most in request, is old-fashioned point lace. We may still call it antique, for the patterns now presented to our elegant fashionables, are those that were the mode centuries ago. Some are of the kind employed in the early ages of Christianity in the church service; others are flowered in relief upon very light wire grounds, but the most curious of all are those which present us with armed knights in different attitudes. How far this mode will actually take, we cannot yet pretend to say, but its singularity and extreme costliness give it a very fair chance among our *élégantes* of the *haut ton*.

**MATERIALS FOR BALL DRESS ROBES.**—Some new and very rich gauzes have appeared; those of the *grenadine* kind are assuredly the most beautiful we have seen. Some of them, under the name of *mousseline de sere*, are figured in gold or silver, in small and light, but very rich patterns. A more simple, but uncommonly pretty style of ball dress is clear India muslin, embroidered in silk or cashmere worsted, in coral patterns, forming columns, and trimmed with flounces, on which the same pattern is reproduced in a *bias* direction, surmounting another column, which encircles the border of the flounce, and which is also festooned in red.

**HEAD-DRESS IN EVENING DRESS.**—Everything that has occurred relative to them since the commencement of the season, inclines us to believe that they will this winter be more brilliant and varied than they have been for several seasons past; we will begin with

**EVENING HATS.**—They are now composed of either velvet or Terry velvet, are shallow in front, and wide at the sides, they are always ornamented with ostrich feathers either plain or shaded, but the latter are preferred. We may cite as among

the most elegant, those of white Terry velvet, trimmed with red currant coloured feathers, or else plain velvet of the latter colour, ornamented with white feathers, shaded with the bright hue of the hat.

**FANCY COIFFURES.**—One which has really a superb effect, is composed of scarlet velvet folds, gold blond lace, and a wreath of gold foliage; a small quantity only of each is employed to form the head-dress, but they are disposed in a style that produces a light, rich, and magnificent effect.

**BONNETS A L'ECLAIR.**—Such is the name given to one of the new caps that have just appeared; *à propos* of caps, their vogue is assured for the whole of the season. Several new kinds have been introduced, which we shall cite for the information of our fair readers. The one of which we have just spoken leaves the forehead exposed, allowing the ringlets, in which the hair is always dressed with this cap, to fall over the temples, but a *rouleau* of ribbon, edged with blond lace, forms a diadem over the forehead, being placed very far back. This style of head-dress, which may be decorated with knots of velvet, *chenille*, or flowers, is extremely becoming to an oval face.

**BONNETS CREILLES D'ÉLEPHANT.**—The name gives the idea of a very heavy *coiffure*, whereas nothing can be more light than this cap, which is composed of a blond lace  *fichu* of a very rich pattern. One of the points of it forms the caul, and the two others are arranged at the sides under *agraffes* of flowers in such a manner as to form on each side an oval *coquille*, gradually enlarging and descending nearly to the neck in the half lappet style.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The moment is approaching when we are to open our winter campaign, and never were the preparations for it more brilliant. The materials are, indeed, distinguished equally for richness and good taste, and the forms, as our readers will see by our plates, are as novel as they are elegant. We will commence with

**MANTLES.**—A report has been spread that mantles were not to be so fashionable this winter as they have hitherto been during some seasons back; this report we will venture to say is totally void of foundation. Mantles will not, certainly, be the only envelope adopted; shawls, and even *mantelets*, while the weather permits the use of the latter, will divide the mode with them, but mantles will have their full share of the vogue. Let us now proceed to class them.

**WALKING MANTLES.**—By this term we mean those adopted for travelling, or for the early morning walk; they are principally of a new woollen material, of the merino kind, but somewhat thicker; they may be either plain or figured, but in the same colour as the ground; they are wadded, and lined with sarsenet to correspond, and are made for the most part with sleeves, though that is not indispensable; a deep falling collar, square behind, but pointed in front. These mantles, and, indeed, all others, are made extremely wide and long. We must observe that anything like ornament or shew is considered decidedly *mauvais goût*; the only difference between the mantle of the *élégantes* of the *haut ton* and that of the *petite rentière*, consists in the superiority of the materials employed to make it.

**PUBLIC PROMENADE MANTLES.**—Here we have a variety, both of materials and forms, and we have reason to believe there will be a decided struggle for superiority between those cut out the *biais* and those made straight; each of these modes is becoming to different figures—the first, without any fullness

upon the shoulders, but excessively wide at the bottom, drapes gracefully round a fine figure, and the large *pelerine*, which falls excessively low, add that finish to the upper part which it would otherwise want. Satin, either black or of rich dark colours; *pou de soie*, either plain or *glacé*, and *levantines*, are all employed for these mantles. The linings, which are *gros de Naples* of vivid colours, are always quilted, and generally in very elegant patterns; the trimmings vary; at this moment *biais* bands of velvet, and embroidery in *chemille*, are paramount; but as the season advances furs will be very much adopted.

**PELISSES-MANTEAUX.**—Such is the general appellation given to mantles of the second kind. Our readers will recollect that they were in favour last season, but there is now a considerable alteration in their form; the sleeves are almost tight at the top, and wide and loose at the lower part, and the folds of the *corsage*, as we must call it, arranged close to the waist by a superb cord and tassels. The collar, pointed before and behind, is always small enough to leave the figure disengaged. This style of mantle is, perhaps, the most generally becoming. Besides the materials mentioned above, we see plaid silks of new patterns very much employed for these mantles; several are lined with *pluche de soie*, and others with fancy velvet; a good many are trimmed with velvet, figured, so as to have the effect of fur, but we have not as yet seen any actually trimmed with furs.

**VELVET SHAWLS.**—We may announce with certainty that they will continue to enjoy the greatest vogue this season. We have heard some talk of new forms for these elegant envelopes, and we shall not fail to apprise our readers of their earliest appearance, but at present they are all made square, and of a very large size; those trimmed with *chemille* fringe are in a majority, but these fringes are much richer than those of last year, their colour harmonizes perfectly with that of the *velours tigré*, which borders the shawl. Coloured velvets seem to be in rather greater request than black ones, but those latter, à *reflet grenat*, or emerald green, are very beautiful. The embroideries of silk in relief shades, in the same colours, have a particularly elegant effect.

**CHAPEAUX.**—There is yet nothing absolutely decided as to the form of hats, but it is supposed that they will continue to be of moderate size, or rather, perhaps, we ought to say small. We know that there is at present a difference in this respect between some of the most celebrated *modestes*, but we have the strongest reason to believe that the dimensions of the *chapeau* will be reduced. As to the materials, the *pou de soie glacé*, and à *reflets changeans*, which are at this moment in favour for the autumnal hats, will continue during winter; but the *velours glacé* will be in favour for the entire season. We have already seen some very pretty *chapeaux de velours epingle glacé*, the shape of which appeared to us a singularly happy medium between the extremes of large and small; the brim descended very low at the sides, and was of nearly equal depth all round; the crowns are very low, and the curtains at the back of them somewhat deeper than they have been lately worn. Ribbons of satin *glacé* of a corresponding colour, ornamented these hats; in some instances a sprig of velvet flowers depended *en gerbe* from a knot of ribbon at the side, but generally a long curled ostrich feather is inserted in the knot, and extends from it to the very end of the brim, without passing beyond it. That prettiest of head-dresses, the *chapeau-capote*, which takes its name from its being a *melange* of the hat and bonnet, will be very much in favour this winter; those that have appeared as yet have the brims small and placed very backward; they are very long at the ears, and encircle the face without shading it; they are made of *velours*

*glacé*, of two colours, and are ornamented only with a small *bouquet* of three *plumes glacées*, in the two colours of the velvet that composes the hat. We shall cite as the two most elegant models of these *chapeaux* that have yet appeared, one of pearl grey *velours épingle glacé de rose*, and trimmed with ostrich feathers and ribbons to correspond; the other, of light blue plain velvet, trimmed with three ostrich feathers shaded with blue, and a blue watered ribbon.

**CAPOTES.**—Those of shot silk are very much in vogue for the moment, particularly grey shot with rose; the brim is encircled with a *rûche* of the same, and a few small flowers are placed very low at each side in the interior of it; the crown is profusely trimmed with ribbons to correspond: if feathers or flowers are added, they are always placed *en gerbe*. Some autumnal *capotes* have just appeared, which have created quite a sensation, they are composed of black crape, edged with *rûches*, and ornamented with black lace placed on one side, and intermingled with different flowers, such as sprigs of the deadly nightshade, moss roses, *marguerites*, and dahlias; and the ribbons may either be black, or else to correspond with the flowers.

**NEW MATERIALS.**—We might make, indeed, a very long catalogue of them, for we have not seen a season open with a more splendid variety, but as our motto is conciseness, we shall content ourselves with citing the most decidedly elegant materials for the approaching season. These are satins, and *velours épingleés*, and *châtoyans*, *taffetas*, *draps de soie*, *serges de fantaisie*, and fancy satins; these last are really beautiful. We may cite, also, the *taffetas-levantine*, a new kind of *taffetas*, softer than the ordinary sort, which, by the end of the month, will be in great favour for wadded pelisses.

**RIDING DRESSES.**—The new style of habits take something from their masculine appearance; the *corsage* is crossed upon the bosom by three rows of silk buttons, and a very large velvet collar falls square upon the shoulders. The sleeve is also ornamented with *volans*, placed at regular distances, and composed of velvet; they are edged with narrow silk braiding. We see this revolution with pleasure, for the general appearance of the habit has hitherto certainly been too masculine to accord with our notions of what is graceful or becoming in female costume.

**RIDING HATS.**—Those most in vogue are of silk; the brims are large and turned up at the sides; the crown of the hat is rounded. The brims are often lined with black satin or *gros de Naples*; a thick silk cord encircles the hat, and the ends, terminated by tassels, falls on one side of the head. A black ostrich feather, placed on one side, droops floating behind. Pretty as these hats certainly are, we give the preference to the *bonnet Victoria*, of the *toque* form, and composed of velvet, which is equally fashionable.

**UN PELERINAGE.**—Such is the name given to one of the prettiest accessories to in-door dress, for an invalid, that has appeared during some time. It is a large *pelerine* of either black or pearl grey *taffetas*, lined with rose, blue, or cherry-coloured satin, wadded and quilted in lozenges; a small hood, which fits almost closely to the head, is attached to the *pelerine*, and drawn round the face by a casing at some distance from the edge, which has the effect of a very pretty trimming, as the lining is displayed over a small cap trimmed with Valenciennes lace set on very full.

**ROBES IN EVENING DRESS** are not expected to alter materially; the *corsages* open, *en cœur*, *busques*, and pointed, will continue in vogue. The skirts, still wider than those of last year, will form for the most part short trains. This fashion is expected to be very general, but in evening dress only.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;  
OR, THE  
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND;  
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF ZETLAND.

"A time there was, 'ere yet our laws refined  
The feudal lords, and humanized mankind;  
When blood and rapine strew'd the border plains,  
And Tweed and Tiviot flowed in crimson stains.  
Then all was subject to capricious power;  
Each dome a castle, and each house a tower;  
And savage troopers from the caves and rocks,  
The hamlet storm'd, and swept the herds and flocks.  
Swift at his chieftain's nod, the vassal sped;  
And now a PERCY, now a DOUGLAS bled,  
Yet, midst the darkness of barbarian night,  
Some glimmering stars send forth their mental light."

Amidst the darkness of past ages, the star of the family of DUNDAS stands conspicuous. We trace the lineage to JAMES DE DUNDAS, of Fingask, who married the daughter of Sir ROBERT STEWART, Lord of Invermeath and Lorn, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, from the second son of whom Sir ARCHIBALD DUNDAS, the noble family of MELVILLE is descended. It is not necessary that we should proceed through the line of representatives of the family, and we therefore commence with LAWRENCE DUNDAS, Esq., of Kerse, second son of THOMAS DUNDAS, Esq., of Fingask, who was appointed in the year 1748, to the situation of Commissary-General and Contractor to the Army, which he filled for a period of eleven years. We also find that on the 16th of November, 1762, he was created a baronet with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, THOMAS DUNDAS, Esq., of Fingask. His affections were early engaged, for in this country, where female beauty has always existed in profusion, as well as perfection, it has ever been found a difficulty to resist its fascinations. It is the quaint but happy remark of an old writer, that the women of England are generally more handsome than in other places, sufficiently adorned with natural beauties, without the addition of sophistications. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation; so neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian; but keeping so true a decorum, that England is acknowledged the Paradise of Women. And it is a common by-word amongst the Italians, that if there was a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England. For here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the third of their husbands' estates, and their equal share of all lands—privileges with which other women are not acquainted. In high esteem amongst foreign nations, for the modesty and gravity of their conversation.

VOL. XV.

PETER HEYLIN, the author of the foregoing, was right; and from this "Paradise of Women" Sir LAWRENCE DUNDAS selected the fair MARGARET, daughter of ALEXANDER BRUCE, Esq., of Kennet, whom he led to the hymeneal altar, and there made his wife. They had an only son,

THOMAS, who succeeded to the baronetcy, in the year 1781, having, on the 24th of May, 1764, wedded CHARLOTTE WENTWORTH, second daughter of WILLIAM, third Earl FITZWILLIAM. On the 15th of August, 1794, he was advanced to the peerage, as Baron DUNDAS, of Aske, in the county of York. His lordship had a family of ten children.

1. LAWRENCE, now Earl of ZETLAND.  
2. CHARLES LAWRENCE, who married in 1797, Lady CAROLINE BEAUCLERC, and died in 1810.

3. THOMAS LAWRENCE, who entered holy orders, and was married, in 1816, to MARY JANE, eldest daughter of the Rev. JAMES BOUSQUET.

4. GEORGE HENEAGE LAWRENCE, who entered the naval service.

5. Sir ROBERT LAWRENCE, a military officer, born in 1780.

6. MARGARET, married in 1794, to ARCHIBALD SPIERS, Esq.

7. CHARLOTTE, married in 1806, to the present Earl FITZWILLIAM.

8. FRANCES LAURA, married to R. CHALMER, Esq.

9. MARY, married to the Rev. W. WHARTON.

10. ISABELLA, married to JOHN CHARLES RAMSDEN, Esq.

Upon his elevation to the peerage the following armorial bearings were granted to Lord DUNDAS from the Herald's College. *Ar.* a lion rampant, within a double tressure, flory, counterflory, *gu.* Crest: a lion's head, affrontée, struggling through an oak bush, all ppr., crowned with antique crowns, *or.*, each gorged with a chaplet of oak leaves, *vert.*, a shield pendant to each, the first *ar.*, a saltier and chief, *gu.*, on a canton, *ar.*; a lion rampant, *sa.* for Bruce; the second lozenge *ar.* and *gu.* for Fitzwilliam, The motto: "Essyez." His lordship enjoyed his honours for many years, and having attained a good old age, laid down his "Pilgrim's burden," on the 14th of June, 1820, and was at peace and rest. His eldest son succeeded to the title.

LAWRENCE DUNDAS, Earl of ZETLAND, Baron DUNDAS, and a baronet, lord lieutenant and vice-admiral of Orkney and Zetland, was born on the 17th of April, 1766; he entered the hymeneal state on the 21st of April, 1794; the lady who consented to become "sole partner and sole part of all his joys," being HARRIET, third daughter of General JOHN HALL, of the family of HALL, of King's Waldon, Hertfordshire; and his lordship has had the happiness to see a numerous and happy family springing up around him.

1. THOMAS, Lord DUNDAS, born April 5, 1794, married in 1823, to SOPHIA JANE, youngest daughter of Sir HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON, Bart.

2. JOHN CHARLES, born August 21, 1808.

3. MARGARET BRUCE, who, in 1816, was led to the nuptial altar by her cousin, HENRY YEOMAN WALKER, Esq., of Woodlands.

Y

4. HARRIET FRANCES, who in 1825, gave her hand to Lieut.-Col. HENRY LANE.

5. CHARLOTTE JANE.

His lordship was one of those noblemen who were advanced in the peerage on the happy occasion of the coronation of her most Gracious Majesty; and the many virtues of his lordship, the high estimation in which he is held in the circle he moves in, and the feelings of respect which are entertained for him by his dependents, fully justify her Majesty in bestowing upon his lordship the additional honour of the Earldom of Zetland. A splendid dinner was recently given at Grangemouth, in honour of his accession to the new title; the dinner was given by his lordship's tenantry; the chair was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel DUNDAS, of Carronhall, supported on the right by W. M'TARGET, Esq., and R. ADAM, Esq., of Springbank; on the left by Captain FERGUSON, of Linlithgow, and J. THOMPSON, Esq., Carron Flats; J. BORTHWICK, Esq., croupier, supported by JAMES CLARK, Esq., of Newtands; and ALEXANDER BALLOCH, Esq., Middlefield. One hundred and thirty other gentlemen sat down to dinner. His lordship is advanced in life, but we hope that he will continue to enjoy his honours for many years; and when at last he shall "lay him down right tranquilly," and pass from this care-filled world, we have the satisfaction to know that those honours will devolve upon one who will maintain the high reputation of the family.

#### THE LAND OF BLISS.

Where is the land whose flow'rs ne'er die;  
Where bright stars never set?  
Whose gentle breeze bears not a sigh;  
Where sorrow's never met?  
Whose skies are clear as youth's bright dawn,  
Ere troubled with a care;  
Whose rills are pure as early morn,  
As beautiful—as fair.

Where shines the orb whose brilliant beams  
From passing clouds are free;  
Which, ever bright and glorious, gleams  
Upon a tranquil sea?  
Where blooms the never-fading rose,  
Emblem of love and youth?  
'Tis where the ardent spirit glows,  
And breathes eternal truth.

'Tis far above the cloudy skies,  
Beyond our cheering sun;  
'Tis where the holy spirit hies,  
When life's sands all are run:  
'Tis where the soul lives from the clay,  
All cares of earth above:  
The land where beams eternal day,  
And peace, and joy, and love.

MARY.

#### A STRIKING BEAUTY.

Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here;  
What think you, my love, don't it *strike* you?  
Can't say it does, just at present, my dear,  
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.

#### THE MAID OF HONOUR; OR, THE COURT SECRET.

##### A Tale.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,  
Thou shalt not escape calumny."—SHAKESPEARE.

Lucy Clayton was one of the maids of honour to the Queen, Anne, of England, and one of the most attractive of the daughters of the nobility, who attended the Court in that capacity. She was beautiful and accomplished; and withal she possessed a genuine and unaffected amiability of disposition that endeared her to all the Court circle, with the exception of some few envious beings who were jealous of the young beauty, and exerted all their abilities to ruin her in the estimation of the Sovereign. But Anne was partial to her fairy-like maid of honour, and would listen to nothing in her dispraise. Thus, Lucy Clayton maintained an empire which may have been productive of more gratification than was the throne of England to her Royal mistress. Lucy was a fair and slightly moulded creature, so delicate that one might have fancied her formed for some brighter and purer sphere than ours, and who might have exacted worship from mankind as a divinity, had it not been that her gay and joyous manner, her sprightliness and merriment, her constant desire to amuse and be amused, the development of human and sociable feelings gave the conviction that she was but of the same earth whereof all other human creatures were composed. Lovers she had plenty; there are always lovers in abundance, hovering around and about the shrine of beauty and worth; but Lucy had no wish to change her condition. It may be that she liked to see a quantity of admirers around her, and may have had a shrewd notion that if she suffered herself to be led to the altar, her many admirers would be reduced to a solitary unit. In simpler words, it is probable that Lucy Clayton was a coquette. But we will take a more charitable view of her character, and suppose her conscious of the perishableness of that indomitable and overpowering passion, which at its fist springing in the human heart seems to be imperishable and eternal—no fire can destroy, nor floods drown it. And can it be possible, asks a modern writer, that the hour can ever arrive when the votaries of a mutual passion so exquisite and engrossing can meet with each other with indifference, almost with unconsciousness, and recall with an effort their vanished scenes of felicity—that quick yet profound sympathy, that ready yet boundless confidence, all that charming abandonment of self, and that vigilant and prescient fondness that anticipates all our wants and all our wishes? It makes the heart ache but to picture such vicissitudes to the imagination. They are images full of distress, and misery, and gloom. The knowledge that such changes can occur flits over the mind like the thought of death, obscuring all our gay fancies with its bat-like wing, and tainting the healthy atmosphere of our happiness with its venomous exspirations. It is not so much ruined cities, that were once the capital glories of the world, or mouldering temples breathing with oracles no more believed, or arches of triumph that have forgotten the heroic name they were piled up to celebrate, that fill the mind with half so mournful an impression of the instability of human fortunes, as these sad spectacles of exhausted affections, and, as it were, traditionary fragments of expired passages. Perhaps Lucy Clayton, with all her wildness and joyous enthusiasm, looked upon some instances of love decayed that were to be found in



the Court, the glories of which she assisted to uphold, and withstood all temptations to love, apprehensive of similar consequences befalling her. One of her suitors, Sir Denzill Falke, a knight of considerable wealth, but greater pretensions, a conceited coxcomb, but who had, nevertheless, contrived to win the favourable opinion of the Duchess of Marlborough, whose power over the Queen was beginning to assume its extensive, and, indeed, dangerous character. The Duchess represented the offers of Sir Denzill to the Queen, who was urged to recommend them to the court beauty; and Anne, who followed the Duchess of Marlborough's directions in everything, commanded the uncomplying fair one to her presence.

"Well," said the Queen, addressing the gazelle-eyed Lucy Clayton, "I hear that one of our most gallant and gay of knights has offered terms for that merry heart of your's. Of course, you will accept the offer."

"Your Majesty will not, I am sure, lay your *commands* upon me?"

"No, no; I will not *command*," said Anne, "but it would certainly please me; since her Grace of Marlborough tells me he is well-to-do in the world, and burns with love for you."

"Her Grace," replied the maid of honour, "has a better knowledge of *arms* than of hearts; and sure I am that her Grace's time would be more profitably occupied in discussing politics than the affairs of the heart."

"But Sir Denzill is a worthy knight," rejoined the Queen.

"If Sir Denzill be such an estimable gentleman," said Lucy, "why does not her grace make a soldier of him, and send him to the wars?"

"His inclination does not lie that way."

"Neither does my inclination lie towards him. And therefore if your Majesty will please to allow me to follow my inclinations, I will request her Grace of Marlborough to put a sabre by her favourite's side, and sent him to the army, while I remain in single blessedness, the maid of honour to the Queen."

The sovereign who would not have heard her favourite Duchess treated so jeeringly by any other person in the Court, smiled at the merry maiden, and exclaimed, "Well, well, wench, please yourself."

But when the sayings of the maid of honour were repeated to the Duchess by some one of the Court, in whose hearing they had been delivered, she did not receive them so favourably; indeed, they awakened her indignation; and, the disdainful eye, and curled-up lip of scorn, when the beauty and the favourite met, indicated the feelings which the circumstance had inspired. Sir Denzill, too, was galled by this rejection, for he had long boasted of his conquests in the world of female loveliness, and the impossibility of resistance where his fascinations were developed. Disappointed and baffled, he sought opportunities of injuring the fame of the spotless beauty; and, practised craftsman as he was, he succeeded in his object. The innocent levity of Lucy, her bland and artless demeanour, the wild gaiety of her young heart, assisted his purpose, and so insidiously did he proceed, that, ere long, whispers and vague hints to the discredit of Lucy were heard in the Court. A former suitor of the maid of honour, Lord Arthur Alwyn, whom it was known she had been partial to, but had, nevertheless, rejected, was the hero of the scandalous innuendoes that were made; and it happened that Lord Arthur had departed for the continent, immediately after his rejection, almost broken-hearted, careless and reckless of the future.

The rumours to the discredit of Lucy reached the ears of the Queen very soon; the Duchess of Marlborough was nothing

loth to state what she had heard, and her ingenuity put the extravagant invention of Sir Denzill Falke into a more probable shape. She revealed just so much of it as to throw suspicion upon the Maid of Honour, and excite the indignation of the Queen. In this the shrewd Duchess, no doubt, became the dupe of the half-witted Sir Denzill; she did not believe he had the power to invent such a tale, and thought it possible that Lucy might have committed some impropriety. She was anxious to get her removed from the Court, and thought that a favourable opportunity now presented itself. Lucy had absented herself from Court for some days on the plea of illness; the rumours that prevailed in the palace had reached her ears, and with all the powerful effect, which it may be imagined such rumours were likely to have upon the fair and fragile girl, conscious of her innocence, yet without the means of making it apparent; for, although all the world knew who the slander implicated, it was not worded sufficiently plain to enable Lucy or her friends to admit that she was the being maligned. An order from the Queen, at length, compelled her attendance at Court.

Lucy Clayton appeared before her Sovereign with a modest and downcast look, in which was expressed all the agony of her young and spotless heart. Grief had strangely altered her countenance in the short time which had elapsed since the first rumour to her discredit reached her ear. The Queen gave her an audience in her private closet, but there also stood the Duchess, and she gazed upon the beauty with such a penetrating look that it seemed as if she would read her soul.

"Lucy Clayton," said the Queen, "there are strange things said about the Court of some one of our maids of honour. You have heard them?"

"I have heard them!" was Lucy's modest reply.

"And can you guess the name of her who has thus disgraced herself?"

"Disgraced herself!" exclaimed the beauty, assuming an air and attitude of conscious innocence. "Your Majesty is too just, too good, to doubt the honour of any of your subjects upon the authority of an unknown, and base traducer!"

"You are warm, Miss Clayton!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"I am innocent!" cried the Maid of Honour falling at the Queen's feet in tears.

"You have guessed rightly," said the Queen. "The story points at you. It is for you to vindicate your fame; do that, and the Queen of England will again receive you at her Court."

And the haughty, and, we had almost added heartless, Anne, turned her back upon the trembling beauty, who was kneeling in tears before her, and was about to leave the room. But Lucy caught her robe.

"Will your Majesty abandon me, unheard? Will you not hear my vindication? Who are my traducers? Let them appear, and prove their base assertions!"

The Queen, struck by the earnest manner of the suppliant, turned towards her, and said, "Her Grace of Marlborough, who knows far more than her friendly wishes for your welfare allows her to disclose, will hear whatever you may wish to represent to me. Henceforth, through her Grace must all your communications be directed."

"No—no!" exclaimed Lucy, "not her—not her!" and she gazed, for a moment, in speechless horror at the Duchess, and then upturning her face, imploringly, to the Queen, she murmured, "I am surrounded here with enemies! I have but one friend;—and if your Majesty abandons me, I am lost, indeed!"

"Do you doubt the friendship of her Grace?" asked the Queen.

"If her Grace has whispered aught to my discredit in your Royal ear, I do account her of my enemies the bitterest.—A light breaks in upon me now; my thoughts are all confused—but yet I see the author——," and then suddenly turning to the Duchess, she said, "Did Sir Denzill Falke give you this information?"

The Duchess sternly replied, "I am not bound to mention my authority!"

"Nonsense," said the Queen, "If the story be a true story, the teller can have no desire to lie concealed. It was Sir Denzill Falke!"

"Heaven bless you, gracious Queen!" cried Lucy, clasping her hands together, "I knew it! I knew 'twas he! Her Grace's favour and friend! And, pray, how did his story run?"

"Simply thus," said the Queen, who was more amused by the vexation of the Duchess, than interested in the Maid of Honour's behalf, "that he, being the confidant of Lord Arthur Alwyn, was entrusted with his Lordship's secrets, and, among them, with the story of your shame!"

"And yet he—the varlet!—would have made me his wife! Does that look like truth? Will your Majesty send for that man. Let him confront me!"

"Miss Clayton!" exclaimed the Duchess, "you surely forget whom you are addressing. Her Majesty cannot be thus annoyed."

"Your Grace is very considerate," said the Queen; "but it will not tire me if I sit out another act of this comedy. Let Sir Denzill Falke be sent for."

In compliance with the Queen's command, the knight appeared in the Royal closet; and there, before the face of the amazed beauty, he, with unblushing effrontery, repeated what the Queen had just before stated as the subject of his accusation. Lucy was unable to make reply; she stood paralysed and speechless; her heart was full of indignation and abhorrence, but her tongue clave to her mouth; her throat was parched, and she could not give utterance to a word; she shrieked, and fell fainting before her traducer. The Queen was moved to pity by this sight, and ordered the Duchess to see that the girl was taken care of. "It may be," she observed, "that Lord Arthur Alwyn is an idle boaster; and it were scarcely fair to condemn her upon no better evidence than this!"

On the following day, a sensation was created in the Court circles, by the announcement of the death of Sir Denzill Falke in a duel, in the Hampstead Fields, with Edward Clayton, the brother of Lucy, who had undertaken to avenge his sister's wrongs. He knew Lord Arthur Alwyn too well to believe that he could be the author of such gross calumny, and, concluding that it must have been an invention of the disappointed and unprincipled Falke, he had sought for him, and struck him in a public company. Sir Denzill, thus affronted, was compelled to challenge the brother of Lucy; and the consequence was as we have stated. Sir Denzill was left by Edward Clayton on the ground, apparently lifeless, and the victor, being conscious that he could only ensure his personal safety by flight, left his antagonist in the hands of the surgeons, and fled. The sensation, which this affair created, was very great. It was scarcely lessened, when it was found that Sir Denzill had not been killed, but that there were strong hopes of his recovery. The Duchess of Marlborough, mortified by the disgrace and discomfiture of Sir Denzill, availed herself of her influence over the Queen, and Edward Clayton was not merely banished from the Court, but a reward was offered for his apprehension. Just at this eventful period, it was said that Lord Arthur Alwyn had arrived in Eng-

land, and that he had been seen by several persons about the Court. But as he had not presented himself, the rumour did not obtain much credit. However, the spies that were set upon poor Lucy Clayton declared to the Duchess of Marlborough, that they had heard voices whispering in the apartments of Lucy, at times when it was supposed no one but herself was there. A closer watch was accordingly kept; and one night information was brought to the Duchess that from the proceedings of Lucy at her chamber-window, it was conjectured an ascent or descent from a rope-ladder was contemplated. The Queen was engaged in conversation with the Duchess when this information was brought; and, the latter, addressing the Sovereign, observed, "Your Majesty will acknowledge that this girl's conduct is suspicious."

"It is suspicious?" replied the Queen, "but go and see what happens."

The Duchess accompanied by two of the Queen's pages, proceeded to the palace garden; the night was dark, and, with almost noiseless steps, they came near to Lucy's window, when they discovered that a male figure enveloped in a cloak, was descending a rope-ladder. Lucy, who was at the window, beheld the Duchess approaching, she uttered a shriek, and the stranger immediately leapt from the ladder to the ground, and, scaling the wall with great rapidity, in a moment was out of sight. These tidings were instantly carried to the Queen; who, incensed thereby, proceeded directly to the apartments allotted to the unfortunate Lucy Clayton.

Burning with rage, the Queen entered the chamber where Lucy sat oppressed with care and grief. "Audacious creature!" exclaimed the Queen, "You have the boldness to bring your paramour within the palace walls! Well may you shrink back, and hide your face. Hypocrite! Your protestations of innocence were false. You are, at last, detected."

Lucy made no reply; but her sobs indicated that her heart was breaking.

"Those are crocodile tears!" exclaimed the Queen, "They are no longer of any avail! Your disgrace shall no longer remain concealed!—Beyond this night our palace roof covers not so guilty and treacherous a woman." "And who," continued the Queen, "is the saucy knave that has brought this scandal upon our Court? Answer me woman? Who is the knave?"

Lucy still was silent.

"Is not the Queen of England to be answered?"

Lucy exclaimed, as well as she could for sobbing, "I mean no disrespect; indeed, I do not; but I cannot—dare not answer!"

"The world will answer for you, then;" said the Queen, "and answer correctly, no doubt. We have, all of us, heard that Lord Arthur Alwyn is in England again!"

"Is he in England?" cried Lucy.

"Has he not been here this night?" replied the Queen.

"He!" murmured Lucy. "Gracious Heaven, protect me!" and she sunk back in her chair, fainting.

The next day Lucy Clayton prepared to leave the palace; but, ere she went, she craved an audience of the Queen: her application was refused indignantly.

"You cannot expect," said the Duchess of Marlborough, who conveyed the Queen's refusal, "that her Majesty will suffer you to look upon her face, after what passed last night. It was unwise to keep your lover's name concealed, when the fact itself was notorious!"

"You all believe me guilty!" murmured Lucy; "all, all—but my own heart and Heaven!"

"Are there not proofs of your guilt?" demanded the Duchess.

"No—no—no!" was the reply, "you are deceived!—you misinterpret——" and she paused.

"There's a mystery then?" said the Duchess, with an ill-suppressed sneer, "'Tis a pity that you did not make the Queen your confidante."

"I can confide in no one. The secret must remain in my own bosom; and come what may, there it shall remain, and only there."

"Unfortunately," said the Duchess, "the world will not give you credit for sincerity."

"The world may do as it pleases," rejoined Lucy; "I am prepared for the worst. Banished, as I am, from the Court and from the Queen, and suspected by all mankind, yet the secret shall remain undivulged until I can disclose it with honour."

"Honour!" echoed the Duchess.

"With honour!" repeated Lucy, turning from the Duchess with a look of withering contempt; and immediately she quitted the apartment.

It was two days after Lucy Clayton had left the palace when the Queen made inquiry respecting Sir Denzill Falke of his friend, Sir Bernard Walton, when the latter replied, that Sir Denzill was, to the surprise of his medical attendants, recovering, and was pronounced quite out of danger.

"'Tis a strange business, Sir Bernard!" said the Queen, "I could not have believed that girl, Lucy Clayton, the guilty thing we've found her."

"There seems to be a strange mystery," said Sir Bernard, "in the whole affair. Indeed, I am, in some measure, concerned in it; and, so peculiar is my situation, that I scarcely know how to act."

"Aye, indeed;" said the Queen, "Let me hear more of this mystery."

"In confidence, I may disclose all that I know to your Majesty. When Sir Denzill Falke believed that his wound was mortal, he deposited in my hands a sealed paper, which he charged me to deliver to your Majesty in the event of his death. But, now that he is recovering, he has asked me to return it to him. What shall I do?"

"Why, Sir Bernard," replied the Queen, "if the paper interests me at all, I fancy that whether Sir Denzill Falke be living or dead, it should reach the hands for which it was intended."

"But the surrender would amount to a breach of confidence."

"Not when your Queen commands. But let me see the paper; and, if its contents be not of much importance, it shall be re-sealed, and none will be the wiser."

In obedience to the Queen's command, Sir Bernard produced the paper, and deposited it in the Sovereigns hands. The seals were immediately broken; and, the Queen, after glancing over its contents, hurriedly, exclaimed, "Let the girl, Lucy Clayton, be sent for instantly; and make it known that her brother may appear at Court again. Quick—quick—Sir Bernard! we cannot be too expeditious when an act of justice is to be done to a poor, unfriended woman."

Sir Bernard retired, and the Queen sat down again to peruse the important paper which had so accidentally fallen into her hands. It was to this effect:—

"Your Majesty has been deceived. It is possible that I may not have many hours to live; and, let it be known, therefore, that the rumours to the discredit of Lucy Clayton are false. She had rejected me, and I had resolved to ruin her. May I obtain your Majesty's and her forgiveness. DENZILL FALKE."

The Queen had just finished the perusal of this letter, when one of the ladies in waiting entered the room, and laid before

her Majesty a brace of pistols, upon which were engraved the name of "Edward Clayton," and a pocket-book, containing many papers, also belonging to Lucy's brother, which had been found in the garden, directly under Lucy's window, and which seemed to have fallen from the person who had escaped from that window by the rope-ladder, as already related.

"These explain the mystery!" said the Queen; "What ignorant people we all are here, not to have guessed the real state of the case before. Poor, innocent, Lucy Clayton! How much we have wronged her!"

"Wronged her?" exclaimed the lady, one of the most censorious of the Court.

"Yes, my lady, wronged her; for she is innocent. Sir Denzill Falke has acknowledged that he invented the tale of her dishonour; and now we discover that the man who descended from her chamber-window was her gallant brother, who risked his life to vindicate his sister's fame; and to save whose life she risked her reputation and lost it. My lady, they are excellent people, and we must strive to repair the wrong we have done them!"

Shortly after, Edward Clayton and his sister stood again in the presence of the Queen. The injured beauty was warmly received, and her explanation, now that her brother could with safety appear, and there was no longer any cause for secrecy, was in agreement with the conjecture of the Queen. When a reward was offered for her brother's apprehension, she had concealed him in her apartments; and on the night when he was observed descending, he was about to make arrangements for his escape to France. But the happy discovery that had been made, restored him to the Queen's favour. Anne, who was in a generous mood, bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood. Sir Denzill Falke received an intimation that his presence at Court would no longer be required, and from that time the influence of his patroness declined.

Lucy Clayton again became the ornament of fashion's world; but she did not long remain one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour; whatever of coquetry there had been in her disposition, was now quite eradicated; and, when Lord Arthur Alwyn again presented himself, and again offered his hand, it was accepted in the same generous spirit in which it was offered.

"Well, Lucy," said the Queen, on the night before the wedding, "You have chosen a man for your husband who is well worthy of your love. You have your Queen's wishes for your happiness, and you may depend upon it that she will not forget her beautiful and much-injured Maid of Honour!"

#### THE STAR OF LOVE.

When other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine;  
When other's flow'rs shall crown thee,  
More fresh and green than mine,  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This doting heart will be,  
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,  
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains;  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's troubled sea;  
And whatever fate betides me,  
This heart still turns to thee.

## THE ACTRESS.

"I saw her happiness, so brief,  
So exquisite;—her error, too,  
That easy trust, that prompt belief  
In what the warm heart wishes true."

*Loves of the Angels.*

"—— God! thou know'st  
(Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast)  
What happiness is theirs who fall  
'Tis bitterest anguish,"

*Id.*

Brightly blazed the fire, and as cheerfully shone the wax lights on the table in the dressing-room of the theatrical female star. She was already attired for her part; the white satin looked not fairer than the arms which were pressed across her bosom, as if to keep down the agitation within—nor was the lace which fell in profusion over it, paler than her noble brow. This was to be her first appearance at a London theatre, and she doubted what might be her reception. In her imagination she already heard the hisses, like so many snakes, of disappointed spectators. Here she was to meet critics in every one. Her exertions had previously been confined to the provincial theatres, where, perhaps, among the fifty or sixty persons assembled, not one possessed a right knowledge of the principles of the histrionic art; but here she believed every spectator understood them.

A knock at the room-door interrupted her thoughts; the curtain was about to be drawn up, and her attendance was requisite. Trembling in every limb, her foot trod the boards. Her embarrassment was noticed, and with the true noble feeling of Englishmen, a round of applause was given to assure her. Tears stood in her eyes as she raised them, and the mass of heads which met her glance made her heart sicken. Cheers again were given, and, determined not to show herself ungrateful, she exerted her talents—and succeeded. If her beauty had at first made an impression, her feeling, energy, and the intensity of soul which breathed in her every action, perfectly enthralled the audience.

The curtain fell; and the house rung with plaudits, bestowed upon the young actress. She was loudly called for, and was led on, with tears of gratitude streaming from her eyes. The cheering was renewed when she retired, and she could hear the sound of the approving voices of the assemblage when she threw herself, exhausted, upon a seat in her dressing-room.

She returned home, and every little circumstance that had occurred passed again through her mind. She had thought when her eye glanced over the audience, that every separate face she should recollect, now nothing occurred to her but a confused number of countenances. Still there was one—and only one—fixed in her memory. She retired to rest, and that one being haunted her dreams; she fancied that he was before her, not as one who had paid to see her act a part, but as united with her in the bonds of pure and sweet affection. Her lip was pressed to his, and a sensation so heavenly, so extatic, rushed to her very soul, that the exquisite feeling broke the bands of sleep, and she awoke, fluttering with the new and strange emotion.

Helen Lacey was an unsophisticated child of nature; she had received a good education, but her parents died, leaving her friendless and unprotected; no house was opened to receive her, no hand to dry the orphan's tears. She felt for the first time in

her life a dreariness of soul in the world's space. When the principals of a family are gone, few of the world will look upon the lonely one they unprotected leave behind. Helen had now no one to assist her in her plans for her future support; all depended upon herself, and, luckily, she was not a girl to sink under perplexity. She had long loved theatricals; in secret, her thoughts pointed that way; and now she resorted to the stage, as a profession.

Her *debut* was made under most unfavourable and unpromising circumstances. It was in the little town of ——, and the performance took place before "a beggarly account of empty boxes," a pitiless pit, and a gallery of railings. This did not at all answer the expectations that Helen had formed, but she had entered into an engagement for two years with the manager, and was therefore compelled to abide by her agreement. At the close of her engagement, offers were made to her by one of the London managers. The offer was accepted, and the humbled—yet still proud—Helen Lacey commenced her engagement in the metropolis, with which we began our tale rather abruptly.

On the second night of her appearance the plaudits were given as freely as before, but those which proceeded from one box alone gratified the vanity of Helen Lacey; for in that box sat the stranger of the previous evening.

Why came he a second time? It surely was to see *her!* But then, the mortifying voice of reason whispered—perhaps he had been at the theatre many evenings before, and it might only be a thorough love of the stage which drew him there so constantly.

A fortnight passed. The stranger had not made his appearance for the last eight nights, and Helen gradually was losing all remembrance of him. Offers the most disgraceful, were made to her, but these she treated with indignant contempt, for Helen, though a poor, needy actress, had been brought up with a severe opinion of aught approaching to sin. One morning a letter was put into her hand. Thoughts crowded into her mind, and a blush mantled upon her cheek, as she read the following:—

"MADAM!—Though a stranger, unknowing and unknown, may I intrude my company for one hour; only one? I will not ask for longer time; and I pledge the honour of a man that no sentence calculated to raise a blush upon your cheek, shall pass my lips. Condescend to grant this favour to—Yours obediently,

"CHARLES WORTON."

Helen's vanity directly led her to suppose the writer was the stranger, and her conclusions were correct. Every knock at the door the next day, brought the colour to her cheeks. He came at last.

Two hours had flown, and he still retained his seat; Helen's hand was in his, his other arm was flung round her waist; her eyes were fixed on the ground, while the rivetted gaze of her companion caused her cheeks to glow with increased warmth. He at length arose.

"Then I may see you, Helen?" he said.

"Yes," was the murmured reply.

"Good bye, then, dearest."

He pressed a kiss on her high polished forehead, and quickly disappeared from the room. Helen still stood where he had left her; she heard the vehicle dash from the door, and again everything wore the same stillness as before he arrived.

She threw herself into a chair, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of her thoughts. She recollected nothing but the low musical tones which whispered, "Helen, I love you!"—saw nothing but the deep impassioned glance of his intense hazel eyes—felt nothing but the circling of his arm round her waist,

and the long burning kiss which he pressed at parting on her brow. She sighed, as she wished her parents could have lived to have seen her the destined bride of Sir Charles Worton; and as she broke from the thrilling thoughts which crowded over her, she breathed an inward prayer, that she might make as good and irreproachable a wife as her sainted mother had done.

From this hour a new world seemed opened to Helen Lacey. She was not now alone in the crowd; she had one to cheer her with his looks, to share her thoughts, her wishes, her feelings; and she basked in the full enjoyment of a kindred soul, participating in her griefs, her joys, and in every little incident of every-day life.

Her performance also borrowed from her heart's feelings, and wore a more impassioned manner; she pleased the public more and more; her beauty seemed to gain fresh lustre every day, or rather, night, to the public eye; the house was crowded; the people enraptured; and the manager in ecstasies. But yet, their admiration she felt was nought; the dazzling lights wearied her sight, and she always longed for the hour when her presence was no longer required; for then she would retire to the sweet quiet of her own room, and refresh her spirits by her thoughts of Sir Charles, or the remembrance of his last words and looks.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening sun had not quite set, but threw long slanting beams of gold through the blue-curtained windows of a drawing room. Everything was mellowed into softness by the rich tint of day's disappearing smiles; even the very glass seemed inclined not to shew the true harshness of things, but to cover them with a shade of beauty. Two breathing objects sat on a couch, and their arms circled each other; their foreheads were pressed together, for an instant they remained so, then they started, and seemed to ask what they had done. A tear started to the girl's eye; the youth saw it, and he breathed in a passionate tone—

“Helen, you do not love me.”

She lifted her eyes—better had they never looked again upon this world, far—far better had they from that instant sunk into eternal night: for in that glance was ruin. The face of Worton breathed nought but love—wild, deep, maddening love; his eyes seemed sparkling with the intensity of his heart's emotion. The hour—the witching hour of sunset was stealing over them; they were alone—no object breathed in the room but themselves. The brain of Helen grew dizzy and inflamed; her heart, soul, all trembled; love—passionate love—thrilled with deadly rapidity through every vein. She drank again—once more—the fearful poison of his gaze. She threw herself in his arms! And Helen Lacey fell!

Sir Charles Worton was a young man of the world; not of the thinking business world, but that of fashion and dissipation. Used from the age of twenty-one to have all his wishes gratified, he seldom thought of aught but what he obtained. He was dissipated, but it was more in consequence of his having had no kind and sincere friends to lead him into better courses; he had naturally a good heart, but its feelings were perverted, and often in his wildness he committed errors which he afterwards bitterly repented. When he first saw Helen Lacey, a wager was laid between him and others, that he would obtain her as his mistress; but the subsequent interviews erased the bad desire from his heart, and filled it with pity and interest for her lonely and unprotected situation. Her steady mind he found was not to be perverted, and gradually as the pure girl wound yet more

closely round his heart, his thoughts of her were purified, and he regarded her with feelings of the deepest and purest affection.

However, from that unhappy evening they never met; it seemed by a tacit agreement that they avoided each other. Grief and shame made Helen shrink from his eye; and he dared not to look on the ruin he had occasioned; there was but one atonement he could make; but pride—family pride—caused him to shrink from wedding a thing of shame, such as the guileless Helen had become. England contained no peace for him, for every eye seemed to reproach his conduct. He at length departed in search of that happiness in a foreign clime which it was impossible he could obtain here.

Four years had passed, and Helen was a mother; her child—her poor fatherless child, now three years old, she hated, while she pressed the boy with maternal fervour to her bosom, she hated him, for he proclaimed her shame—her ruin; he was a badge of crime which would for ever prevent her filling an honourable station in society, from being respected by the world. She loved him, for his resemblance to his father; he—who was the cause of all her grief, but whom she could not shut from her thoughts. The boy had the same sweet smile, the same laughing looks; often as he wound her thick dark curls round his little fingers, she would press him to her heart, and shower kisses upon his laughing lips. In the midst of these endearments the boy would sometimes ask for his father; then she would fling the innocent babe from her arms and rave like a maniac. But a sweet smile or glance of that angel face would bring to her heart's remembrance that the same loved looks of her babe's father had won her heart in the bright and happy days of her purity, and she would try to make up with her caresses, for the harshness of her manner to the little innocent creature, who could not be in fault for the error of its parents.

She still retained the situation of “star,” though her acting, which had been before all animation, was now mellowed into a melancholy softness. The public did not notice this change, or if they did they seemed to like it the better, for Helen still met with the same applause as ever she did. If ever her heart beat with palpitation, it was when she considered that her boy, when she was gone, would hear her name spoken of with respect, for in no way had she forfeited the public's or her companion's esteem; for her moral degradation they considered a misfortune rather than a crime.

On the night of her fifth benefit she strove to surpass all her previous efforts; she was the heroine of the play—a lady whose husband, a great profligate and libertine, had abandoned her. Helen looked and played the character of the deserted one exquisitely. A woman's prayers, unheeded and unfelt, drew from the audience an almost overpowering burst of applause. In the last scene she had to make an appeal to the public for herself and child.

The many different incidents in the play reminded her forcibly of her own ill fate, and in the last scene, when kneeling and clasping her boy (her own) to her heart, and speaking of him as a fatherless babe, her feelings almost overcame her; she felt herself degraded, for though she was only representing an imaginary part, she felt that she was stating her own wrongs, loudly proclaiming her own guilt, and her child's shame. The tears which she saw falling from the eyes of the spectators appeared the out-pourings of gentle and innocent hearts, commiserating the wretchedness of a fellow sister. She fancied all this, and endeavouring to smother her feelings, she hid her face—wet with bitter gushing tears—amid the thick curls of her boy's flaxen hair. He saw and felt her burning tears, and putting

his little arms round his mother's neck, mingled his tears with her's.

All was silent for some moments. Nothing was heard but the child's sobs; the mother's grief could be seen by the wild motion of her dress. The apprehension of the spectators were excited, but Helen roused herself, and the sorrow—her unstudied, unpremeditated burst of anguish—was applauded, as the truest and most genuine representation of grief that had been witnessed upon the stage. Alas! It was more than "a show of grief."

The play was ended, and rushing from the scenes, Helen entered her dressing room; there she threw herself upon the ground, and burying her face in her folded arms, relieved her agonized heart by tears. Her boy crept gently to her side, and hiding his face in her lap, wept also; he knew not why, unless it was because his mother wept—such is children's sympathy. Thus had they remained for some time, when the door opened abruptly, and a stranger, unannounced, entered the room. The child started, and Helen rose to chide the male intruder, but his whitened lip withheld its reproach, and she gazed with speechless horror on the figure of her betrayer.!

"Helen!"—exclaimed Sir Charles.

"Well!"—she replied.

"Dearest Helen!"—"Away," she continued, "Have you come to tempt me again to sin?"

"No Helen, I come with a contrite heart, to beseech your forgiveness, your pity, your compassion—I come to speak of—to offer marriage."

"Marriage!"—repeated Helen, "Now I am certain you come for wrong. Leave me Sir, this moment."

"Helen, why this agitation?"

"Go, go, Sir Charles, if you have no remembrance of the love I once bore you, have pity on the wretchedness you witness now." Helen's fortitude was gone, and as she finished the sentence, she sunk on the ground. Sir Charles raised her in his arms, and as her head fell upon his shoulder, he gazed upon that countenance which had been hid from him for four long years, but which was forcibly impress upon his memory.

He had not been in England before that day, and chance, or something more, had led him to the place where he had first seen Helen Lacey; perhaps it was a lingering desire to look upon her once more. Reconciliation, however, entered not his brain at the time. He scarcely dared to breathe through the performance, the same similarity of situation struck him as it did Helen; he watched her steps, marked her looks, and dwelt on every word which fell from her lips. He saw her boy, his own—he could not doubt it, for there laughed its mother's blue eyes—besides he heard the little innocent whisper "Mamma" during the wild burst of sorrow—the mystery which only he beside herself in the house could solve. He understood those tears, he knew the harrowing thoughts which filled her mind, and heaved her breast with such wild emotion. His heart acknowledged her wrongs, and suggested the only way he could repair them, and soon, as we have stated, he was again at Helen's feet. When she recovered, he by degrees persuaded her to believe him, when he spoke again of love and marriage.

"It is but justice Helen, justice, that I owe to you and yours—but where is the child—our boy, Helen?"

The mother's cheek crimsoned with shame, as she placed the pledge of their guilty love in the father's arms.

"Charles," she almost whispered, "you will love him?"

"Love him, Helen!"—exclaimed the enraptured father, can you doubt it? If not for my boy's sake, I will for the sake of that love his mother bestowed on me!"—and folding him

closer to his breast, he breathed a father's first prayer over the deserted child.

Notwithstanding the urgent and angry reasonings of his family, Sir Charles Worton allowed his better feelings to triumph, and though disunion with his relatives was the consequence, he righted Helen as far as lay in his power now, for he married her. They retired from the scene of wealth, of vice and folly, into a sweet cottage home, where they educated their child in morality, and the first lesson taught him was this:—"Never to surrender himself to the blind impulse of impure passion, but to acquire the means of conquering and crushing guilty thoughts in the bud!"

M. A. S.

### THE GUM CISTUS,\*

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Lift up thy head, oh! flower, for bright  
And glad the sun is glancing on,  
And thou art dazzling as a gem;  
Lift up, then, thy half-bending stem,  
Greet him with smiles, thou fairy one!

Emblem of youth!—when nought hath stilled  
The ringing laugh or jocund song,  
But each yields freely to the gale  
Of life, unheard the sorrowing tale  
That to our after-life belong.

But noon-tide comes! oh! flower bend low,  
Dark clouds are rolling from the west;  
Let them go by;—nor look thou up,  
From out thy little tender cup,  
On yonder mountain's angered crest.

Bow low thy head! oh! no—oh! no,  
Thou'st stood the breadth and lengthened roar  
Of darkening storms; but, now, alas!  
Quick drops from out thy bosom pass,  
And half thy short-lived splendor's o'er!

Yet, ere the evening closes in,  
I'll crop thee, little beauteous flower,  
Save thee from night's cold arms and chill,  
And shield thee in my bosom till  
Thou smil'st with me in festive hour.

I turned—no flower was there, but far  
Scattered and torn on every side;  
Tossed by the gale,—now high, now low,—  
See where the fairy petals go,  
Cut off in all their youth and pride.

As sad I gazed, a stranger form  
Stood by my side, the wreck to scan,  
And sighing said, "That beauteous flower,  
In Erin's vales and sheltered bower,  
Bears this apt name, "The Life of Man!"

\* The Irish name for the Gum Cistus, is, "The Life of Man."

## HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

“ And why should I not form my speculation,  
And hold up to the sun my little taper ?  
Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation,  
On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour.”

BYRON.

† A short time before the death of a late eminent capitalist, he was one day seated in his office, near the Royal Exchange, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, striving to catch upon its white-brown surface what poets call a “ bright idea,” he was busied in cogitating upon some new scheme ; rail-roads, mines, Real Del Monte and others, steam, balloons, bitumen, &c., all were thought of and turned over, without seeming to offer anything novel and attractive in the market, and even a loan to the Iroquois Indians met with a negative shake of the head, though offering fifteen per cent. per annum, in the midst of his labyrinth of confused calculations and visionary schemes, the clerk opened the door, and announced Mr. Forrester.

A man about fifty years of age entered ; he was tall, thin, grey, grave, and dressed with much care and neatness ; he placed his cane by the fire-side, his hat and gloves upon the table, then seated himself in one of the arm-chairs, and taking from his pocket a handsome gold snuff-box, on which was painted the portrait of a handsome woman, he began to explain the object of his visit,

“ Sir,” said he, you may not remember me ; my name, however, is Charles Henry Forrester, you once wrote to me at Paris respecting some shares in the Catch-Flat Mining Association.

“ Yes, yes, I did ; I remember now.”

“ Well, Sir, mines, rail-roads, and such like bubbles are pretty much at a discount now ; the public do not like them ; the rail-roads are likely to go to the dogs, and the mines are out of their depth ; but, Sir, I have a new scheme—something quite new.”

The capitalist became instantly all attention.

“ But, Sir, you must be patient for a short time, as I must fully explain the circumstances to you, and with it my own history. Some few years since I left London to establish myself as a merchant at Paris, and in a short time succeeded beyond my expectations, finding myself at the head of one of the principal mercantile establishments of that capital city ; I became rich, and yet something always seemed wanting to my happiness. I was a bachelor, and the desire of finding some one to be my companion whom I could love and be loved by in return was always uppermost in my thoughts ; in short, I determined to marry : but, instead of choosing one somewhat about my own age, I selected the youngest daughter of one of my friends, a beautiful and fascinating creature, then entering her eighteenth year, and Ellen Vernier became my wife. This, you will say, was an imprudent step : it was so, for I found the honeymoon soon over ; and, alas ! I found, too, my wife was a coquette, and that she found me old, and preferred the society of those nearer her own age ; in fact, I became more than ever unhappy ; I became miserable and wretched in the extreme. You will say, perhaps, all this has very little to do with our speculation ; but I assure you it has, as you will learn. Among the circle of my acquaintances was a merchant about the same age as myself, and, like me, married to a young wife, a most beautiful crea-

ture. The similarity of our situations drew closer the bonds of friendship, and I confided to M. Bonaise the secret of my unhappiness.

“ You are unhappy,” he replied, laughing, “ I am not surprised at it ; I was so myself once, but now I am perfectly calm and tranquil.”

“ Indeed ! I exclaimed.”

“ Quite so, I assure you ; even at this moment my wife is somewhere, I don’t know where, and what is more I don’t care ;” and he laughed at the idea.

“ Ah !” I replied, “ you are a happy man.”

“ Will you be so too,” he replied ?

“ I would give half my fortune.”

“ Tut, tut ; it won’t cost so dear as that.”

“ Explain yourself, pray.”

“ Why then you must insure——”

“ Insure—insure what ?”

“ Why, your wife’s affections.”

“ Nonsense ; you are joking.”

“ Not I, on my honour, for I insure mine. Why not ? They insure every thing now-a-days ; houses, goods, lives, ships, and why not wives ; is that not the most precious thing a man possesses ; a company has been formed for that express purpose, and you can join it if you like.”

“ You astonish me ; I never heard of such a company.”

“ Very likely not ; you would’nt have it advertised in the papers, and placarded on the walls ; no, no ; the company works and acts in secret ; but, if you will insure, come with me, and the affair will soon be settled.”

I took him at his word, and followed him ; we went to an elegant house in the Rue Vivienne, near the Bourse ; where I saw one of the directors, who questioned me at some length respecting my circumstances and position in society and other particulars, all of which seeming satisfactory, my insurance was agreed to be taken. I was to be insured in the sum of ten thousand pounds, at a premium of two hundred pounds per annum, the conditions were to be as follows :—

1st.—The insurance was to be for twenty years.

2nd.—The first and last years were to be paid in advance.

3d.—The company does not guarantee the risk of war.

4th.—The company does not extend its insurance to foreign countries.

After I had effected my insurance I felt myself a different man ; I became gay, happy, and contented. This happy state of mind lasted some time, when, one day, I found in my wife’s room a little ugly three-cornered note, which my wife had received, and she had not mentioned the circumstance to me. I took it instantly to the directors and shewed it to them.

“ You are too hasty,” they exclaimed, “ for we cannot prevent any one writing to your wife ; we were well aware of the circumstance.” and turning to a large book, “ Look,” said they, “ folio 55, article No. 2, is the copy of your letter ; it is from a young fool, who has nothing better to do than to make love to every woman he sees. We have, however, our eyes upon him, and rest assured we have as much at stake as you in the affair.”

A short time after this, I received the further particulars from the directors, informing me of the plans they were taking to get rid of this young man ; and the resources of the company seemed almost inexhaustible. As soon as it was ascertained that a correspondence was established between my wife and this Chevalier de Cherfeuille, every difficulty was thrown in his way by the directors, but he still persisted ; they then found out that he was deeply in debt. The directors purchased some of his bills

of exchange, and one morning, when mounting his horse to pay a visit at my house, he was rather disagreeably detained by some bailiffs conducting him instead to the prison of St. Pelagie, to love and languish at his leisure. However, after some time, he found means to regain his liberty, and recommenced his attentions with more than his previous assiduity. But he had embrangled himself with his uncle, who refused to supply him with any further means of carrying on his extravagance; and in the midst of his distress, the directors, in the name of an unknown friend, offered him a situation in the colonies. This, however, he refused.

About this time another young man became remarkable for his attentions towards my wife. I mentioned the circumstance instantly to the directors, who told me they were well aware of it; that it was a person employed by them, and I should see the result. A few evenings after a quarrel took place at the opera-house, betwixt this young man and the Chevalier, and a meeting was appointed for the next morning, in the Bois de Boulogne; they met accordingly, but the Chevalier was too much for his antagonist, for the sword of the Chevalier passed through his antagonist's heart, and he fell dead at his feet. This rather surprised the directors, as they considered him a sure card on all occasions, and only resorted to in desperate cases; he was reckoned one of the first swordsmen in France, and the idea of his being killed never entered their calculations. However, the thing was done, and something further was now required. I believe everything was done that possibly could be, but without any satisfactory result; for, to be brief with my story, one morning my wife disappeared, and I learnt she had left me and gone with the Chevalier, and that they had embarked at Havre for America. The company assured me that they had left nothing undone that was in their power, and I felt they had done their best; they behaved honourably to me, for they paid me the ten thousand pounds without a moment's hesitation—a circumstance that you know is not always the case with the fire offices, who are but too ready to find objections and throw impediments in your way.

After this circumstance I had no wish to remain in France; my affairs became neglected, for I had no longer the heart to attend to them, and I was sufficiently rich without. I returned, therefore, to England; but, though rich, I am so accustomed to business that I must have occupation. The purport of my visit to you is to induce you to join me in forming a company similar to the one in Paris, and I am certain that in England it will succeed admirably; the shares will be at a high premium directly, for in this country the risks are so few, compared to any other country, that the company must succeed beyond all precedent. I have framed here a list of the conditions, and the various rates of premiums; they are much lower than in Paris, on account of the risks being so much less; and, with a few enterprising directors, we might extend our company, by agencies, to all parts of the world.

The worthy capitalist seemed to think the plan an admirable one, and merely required a month to turn it over in his mind, promising at the end of that time to give the definite answer. His death, previous to that time, prevented his co-operation in forming the company, and Mr. Forrester being still determined on carrying his plans into execution, has requested us to give the matter publicity. The prospectuses, and names of the directors, will be shortly printed, but not advertized; and persons desirous of becoming shareholders are requested to send their names and addresses to us, confidentially, (all letters to be *post-paid*), when the shares will be allotted with the strictest impartiality.

## LIFE'S ERROR.

In early youth we cannot doubt  
That bright days are before us,  
And never find our error out  
Till half these days are o'er us;  
Then memory broods, with sullen wing,  
O'er joys that time doth sever,  
Too clearly shows each lovely thing  
That's gone and lost for ever!

If the face be lit with a phantom smile,  
We think that joy has found it;  
The heart's a dreary night the while  
And desolation's round it—  
If the flower begin to fade away,  
Can the bud be fresh and full?  
Or can there be a brilliant ray  
If the orb itself be dull?

'Tis vain to strike a broken lute,  
Its chords can only harm you,  
Their melody's for ever mute,  
Oh! how they once could charm you!  
The world may clothe the cheek in rays,  
But after all its wiles  
We see too plainly as we gaze,  
They're desolating smiles.

## SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

Sweet songs, unknown to mortal ears,  
Come languishing through the air,  
And this music the merry elfn hears  
Sounding everywhere;  
But the senses of mortals hear not this  
As it joyously floats along,  
Nor ever partake of that heavenly bliss  
That is felt in nature's song,

There's a song that ascends from the beautiful earth  
As it yields its rich tribute again,  
But the creature that feels a human mirth,  
Is too selfish to hear this strain;  
For the song is the song of blooming flowers,  
As they open their cups to the sun,  
While the summer-wind laughs in the leafy bowers,  
But sighs when the day is done,

The daisies bright offer eternal bloom,  
And violets their perfume shed;  
While the primrose peeps out from its woodland home,  
And the lily from lucid bed.  
Ten thousand others of Flora's band  
Are joining with those in a song,  
That glides through the air of fairy-land,  
Heard alone by the elfn throng.



## A PAGE FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

*Sunday.*—I did not rise to-day till three-quarters past one; the morning was so dull that I preferred my downy pillow to the Park and its vulgar mobs. Sir Edward L—— B—— dined with us to-day, and amused us with brief sketches of a new novel, two new poems, a tragedy, a comedy, three philosophical essays, and a volume of historical researches in the ruins of Herculesaneum, all of which this extraordinary genius is about to present to the world in the next season! Spent the evening at Lady Florimonda Shriekerton's concert, met old Lady Phusborac, who, notwithstanding the whole artillery of paint, patches, &c., a headfull of Byron, and her gowns all cut upon a juvenile principle, has not been able to get a husband for herself. Poor thing!

*Monday.*—Finished a chapter of my new work, "Soft Sensibility, and Delicate Distress; or, The Mournful Maid of Marston Vale." I was thinking of introducing another caricature of fashionable women who exclude me from their circles, but the Count has bought them off with an enchanting smile. Employed the rest of the morning in choosing a dress for Lord George Grigwigg's fancy ball. Really, the stupid-looking things that appear at fancy balls are enough to make one declare off from all entertainments of the kind. There is no taste, no genius, no soul, in English women of rank. I am determined to go as Diana. Went to Lady Gilrasp's card party; returned at three o'clock, minus thirty guineas. I must get instructions in whist-playing from the Count.

*Tuesday.*—Employed all day on my new novel; displeased with the name of my hero and heroine. The Count is desirous of having the one called Gustavus Adolphus, and the other Angelina Rosalie; but I prefer something simpler—I like Eugene, or Charles, or Lucy, or Emily. There are no names so sweet and mellifluous as those in all the volumes of circulating inspiration. Sir Edward says he thinks of making a bold effort, and calling the hero of his new tale plain Richard or Robert; but this would be sinking to the vulgar with a vengeance. Combine either with the prefix "Sir," you represent a gouty old 'squire, who is at the same time a justice of the peace, and intimately acquainted with the game laws and the art of brewing strong October. Affix the diminutive by, and make it "Bobby," while you drop the prefix Sir, and you create a petted, tall, family looby. Something of the same process occurs in the name William; with "Sir" prefixed to it, indicates good ale, blood hunters, excellent packs of bounds, and an unencumbered estate. Francis is a good name, provided it be spelt Frank, because Frank vividly suggests the idea of a young rattle-brain. But oh! carefully, most carefully, avoid the names of Peter, Nathaniel, Joseph, and Job. Obadiah is a Quaker, and Hezekiah cannot avoid being a Methodist. As to Christopher, you might as well admit Pluto to your privilege as him. Again, there is Jeremiah; who out of Bedlam would dare to think of Jeremiah for a hero? Better were it to dissolve Nicodemus in fine emotion, and melt Moses or Mordecai in sentimentality. The same distinction holds with regard to female names; Betty is an intriguing chamber-maid; make it Betsy, and you convert the character into a smart, pert, little grisette. The same graduated ascent of dignity may be traced from Dolly, the dairy-maid, through the maiden aunt Dorothea, up to Dorinda, the heiress and fine lady. But Eliza—oh! there you have at once a sentimental heroine, while Elizabeth, with the prefix Lady, is always an Earl's daughter and Right Honourable. As to Susan, you can make nothing of the wench whatever, above the rank of

a laundry-maid. But Grace is of higher rank, something between a cousin and a younger sister. Deborah is only passable as a maiden aunt. Barbara, Rebecca, Sarah, Ann; confine them without mercy to the servant's hall. No person who has the feelings of sentiment above a cheesemonger, could think of weeping over the vulgar woes of such anti-sentimental names. But oh! what tears—what tender agonies—what weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth—what handkerchiefs are steeped, and what pillow-cases are drenched with the delicious woes of Belinda, and the blissful torments of Clara, Arabella, Rosa-Matilda, Henrietta, and "though last, not least" in love, Sophia Maria! Those heart-rending appellations defy the iron nerves of barbarity itself to withstand. An Eastern nabob, a black flesh dealer, a hungry usurer, a Justice of the Peace, a scalping Mohawk, or New Zealand Cannibal, would drop the exercise of their profession to weep and sympathize with Emily or Isabella, Gertrude, or Geraldine. I am resolved my heroine shall be Geraldine! Went to the opera in the evening, and, as usual, a thousand glasses were raised at me. The Count's whiskers were provokingly restive, and would not curl gracefully at all.

*Wednesday.*—Went to the fancy ball. Every body enraptured with the Diana; Lord Phadeington I thought never would have taken his eyes off me. His lordship was certainly struck, and may be considered one of my admirers. The dancing was very bad; nobody seemed to know how to dance. Lady Susan Sligsenham horridly at fault in the gallopade, and little Eugenia Mountlofty, who is let into society full eighteen months before she ought to have escaped from the nursery; provoking in standing up in a Mazurka with the beautiful Charles S——. The presumptuous little creature! Forced to dance, myself, with that blundering individual, Sir Charles Calvigsintown, who, not contented with exhibiting his perfect ignorance of all principles of grace and elegance, actually teased me into an admission of his dancing abilities. I praised the insignificant little wretch to get rid off him. It was quite a relief when Lord Eustace Faddelburgh came up, and even his everlasting rhymes were endurable after the puppyism of Sir Charles.—I had given him a lock of my hair a few days before, and he presented me now, in return, with a copy of verses on the occasion, which though I say it, are not bad.

TO THE DISSEVERED TRESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY B——.

Come to my lips thou beateous tress,  
 Love's comforter, not wholly vain:  
 Come to my tears, and when thou'rt wet  
 With the salt gush of wild regret,  
 I'll dry thee at my heart again.

Come to that heart, and round it twine,  
 So close not death itself shall sever—  
 There's not a silken thread of thine,  
 However feebly spun and fine,  
 But bound its love and faith for ever.

Oh! closer yet—and drink its core,  
 And root thee there, and never part—  
 For smallest gift in love's vast store,  
 When love's forbad to offer more,  
 How sadly sacred to the heart.

Thrice precious tress! I prize thee so,  
 Fonder than fondest devotee;  
 For thou wert all that hopeless woe  
 Might dare to give or ask below,  
 And thou art all that's left to me.

The heat of the room, together with the fatigue of dancing, so discomposed my rouge, that, finding, by a hasty glance at my reflection in the glass, that I no longer looked like Diana; I thought that I should do well to retreat.

*Thursday.*—Dreamed of Lord Faddlburgh's delightful verses, and was disturbed by a message from Sir Marmaduke Maggringwood, who has promised me a scene for "Soft Sensibility," and requesting the honour of accompanying me to hear the *Puritani*, on Saturday. Having seen the *Puritani* only ten times, I consented, having made Sir Marmaduke wait in his britchska three quarters of an hour for my reply.

*Saturday.*—Dressed for the opera. Set out in high spirits with the Count Tom Trifle and Sir Marmaduke. Returned horribly disappointed; the carriage was overturned, and the glass being down, and it raining very hard at the time, the dirty water from a spout directly above came pouring into the coach, blinded Sir Marmaduke, half-drowned the Count, and washed the rosy tint of youth entirely off my cheeks. The rude people, who dragged me out of the vehicle, laughed prodigiously at the deplorable condition I was in; I took refuge in the crush room; but my feathers and flowers were so broken that I was glad to avail myself of a hackney coach, and return home. My state of mind, as I should say in one of my own novels, may be better imagined than described.

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#### THE SINGING BEAUTY.

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"If music be the food of love, play on."

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"Music hath charms," says the poet, "to soothe the savage breast," and I quite agree with him; but then the savage breast must not have too much of it. Too much of one thing is unendurable. Summer would not be enjoyed as it is, if it were always summer; and Miss Clarinda Flyinkeigh, beauteous as an angel though she were, was a most intolerable bore, because, day after day, from morning till "dewy eve," there she would sit thumping the keys of her unfortunate piano, torturing harmony into all the fantastic shapes of Herz; and, "O! rumblante and quiverante!" as Mr. Acres says, pouring out from her vocal organ the strains of the *Cenerentola*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Puritani*, *Lucia de Lammermoor*, and of every other opera that happened to be popular at the time; her chest was a perfect music-seller's shop; she was at home in every thing. Unhappy wretch was he that should ask her if she had heard *PERSIANI* in the *Sonnambula*; "Oh yes!" would be the eager reply, and away would the fair Clorinda go to the music, and before that unlucky individual could make his escape, the whole opera, from the opening chorus to the finale, would be inflicted upon him!

I was once enamoured of Clorinda. I had heard her one evening under extremely favourable circumstances; she was in a very ill humour, and would only entertain the company with a little French song, which she sung, however with so much animation, that I was quite delighted. Upon our second meeting, I prevailed upon her to join me in a duet, for I was very fond of music myself at that time, and was accounted a tolerable musician. Clorinda consented with a smile! We sung together. It was a beautiful piece of music, expressive of the devotion of two affectionate hearts. I gazed upon the lustrous eyes of Clorinda, and their beautiful expression, as she gave

utterance to the sweet poetry, allied to equally delightful music, overcame me quite.

I attached myself to "dear Clorinda." I obtained permission to visit her. I declared the state of my heart, and became an accepted suitor. For a week all went on pleasantly enough, but then I found that dear Clorinda's voice was not so very agreeable as it had at first seemed to be; I detected a great many faults in it;—her execution was also bad, and she had a very bad habit of screaming and alarming the neighbourhood, whenever she wished to be *expressive*. I mildly, as I thought, pointed out her error, but my lady was pleased to consider my friendly hint as a gratuitous insult; and, as if to shew her vast superiority of taste and intellect, and the utter contempt in which she held mine, down went her fingers with greater fury than ever upon the suffering keys of the piano-forte, and up went her voice to a most astonishing height. "There!" cried her good-natured, silly old mamma, "There's science—there's execution!" "O! it is quite divine!" exclaimed her singing-master, Signor Adolphe Bammiani, a little gentleman, with a ponderous head of black hair, an olive countenance, formidable whiskers, and his waistcoat covered with mosaic gold chains. "O! it is quite divine!" and he threw up his eyes, and clasped his hands, as though St. Cecilia, herself, was singing.

The music done, Clorinda darted at me a look of overpowering *pity*. She seemed to pity my ignorance! This I could not endure; and, making my bow, I quitted the house of discord and Clorinda for ever.

Clorinda married the Signor; but the biter was bit. Clorinda's father was a merchant, and accounted very rich; but by some extensive failures he became very poor. The Signor, instead of a fortune and a wife, got the wife without the fortune. Poor Clorinda! her voice is never elevated now, unless it be to rebuke the errors of a cold unfeeling husband. CLAUDE.

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#### THE BLIND BOY.

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Oh, tell me the form of the soft summer air,  
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,  
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,  
But gives me no answer though often I speak.  
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,  
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And music—what is it? and where does it dwell?  
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell.  
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,  
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.  
Now what the bright colour of music may be,  
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odour of flow'rs that are hovering nigh,  
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?  
Are these shining angels who come to delight,  
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?  
The face of the sun never comes to my mind,  
Oh! tell me what light is—because I am blind!

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS AND LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THEATRES.

EMBELISHED WITH THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS,  
&c. &c. &c.

No. CLXXVII.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1838.

VOL. XV.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFULLY-ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.

PLATE THE SECOND.—NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR DECEMBER.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SEVENTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## THE COURT.

### LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

God save the Queen! all Britain through,  
One burst of joy repeats the prayer;  
And all are loyal, firm, and true;  
Subjects are lovers every where.  
Our tributes are the hearts we bring,  
The debt of loyal love we pay;  
God save the Queen we gaily sing;  
God bless the Queen, in fervour pray.

There is little to notice in the life of our young and beloved Sovereign during the month of November. That illustrious Lady has remained at Windsor, in retirement from the gaieties and enjoyments of public life; surrounded, however, by a little circle of the aristocracy, whom it has pleased Her Majesty to invite to partake of her Royal hospitality. There has been some idle rumours industriously circulated of "intrigues," with a view to secure Her Majesty's hand for the various contending parties in whose favour the intrigues have been set on foot; and we notice them here in order that we may give to the whole of them, the most positive and direct contradiction. We cannot imagine the motives of the authors of those ridiculous representations, who, no doubt, would be loud in their expressions of love and loyalty; but, nevertheless, scruple not to put forth statements, which cannot but be annoying to the illustrious Lady, though, at the same time, she regards them with feelings of contempt and scorn.

We are happy to state that Her Majesty continues in the enjoyment of perfect health, and whenever the weather permits takes equestrian exercises in Windsor Park, and occasionally walks on the terrace and the slopes, where hundreds of persons

are permitted to look upon their Queen. One afternoon we visited the royal gardens and terrace, and found a large assemblage of persons, all anxious to behold their Sovereign. In a short time the Queen appeared, accompanied by her august mother, Lord Melbourne, and a long train of noble lords and gentle dames, forming the Court of England's virgin Queen. The illustrious party passed through the delighted assemblage to the slopes—a beautifully arrayed plantation on the eastern side of the castle; but returned soon afterwards. Ascending the steps from the orangery into the gardens, they passed the spot where we stood. No painter has yet succeeded in giving us a likeness of the Queen. Her countenance is fair and healthy; her eyes large, dark and expressive, or as Byron sings,

"Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

Then there is a slight parting of the two rosy lips, between which, if you are near enough, you can discover little nicks of very white worry-like teeth. Some one behind us exclaimed, "O! how sweet, and pretty, and simple!" The Queen is certainly very simple in her appearance, but, withal, dignified and womanly. Her countenance is by no means childish as some of the portraits would make us believe it to be. The healthfulness of her countenance appeared to us that of a young lady who had passed a month at the sea-side, and paid much attention to her ablutions. She was dressed with remarkable plainness; a light green *chalis* shawl and white silk bonnet. She passed through the long line of living faces evidently flattered by the curiosity excited by her appearance, and chatted pleasantly with her companions. She subsequently walked on the pentagon terrace, immediately under the royal apartments, in view of the visitors to the gardens, but free from their interruption. On this beautiful promenade her Majesty paced about for nearly an hour. The gay and sprightly manner in which the Queen walked, seemed to put the pedestrian powers of Lord Melbourne to the test; with the aid of a stick he contrived to

hobble along; but we almost fancied we saw in her Majesty a sportive desire to play off a practical quiz on his Lordship's disagreeable associate, the gout. Her style of walking is not the creeping, lifeless, ambulation that distinguishes many young ladies who affect to shine among the *haut ton*; she dashes off at a quick pace, and maintains her movement with a peripatetic animation that would highly please my Lord Brougham, impelled onward by a vigorous spirit. Whenever the Queen arrived at either end of the terrace the sentinel presented arms, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court formed opposite lines, through which her Majesty passed. In this ceremony the Queen assumed a majestic dignity. In the midst of a jocund laugh the sudden change was very striking. The following day we had an opportunity of seeing her Majesty on horseback. She sat well on the steed, bowed gracefully, in acknowledgement of the homage offered to her by the spectators, and seemed proud of the distinction to which she had arrived. Her face shone with good nature, and her eyes beamed with affectionate respect to all around.

On Sunday the 18th, a person, who had entered St. George's Chapel at the morning service, placed himself in a conspicuous situation, and attracted considerable observation by his conduct. He was desired by the Verger to take one of the seats appropriated for strangers, which he declined, but subsequently, during the service, crossed the Chapel, and entered one of the stalls, the door to which happened to be opened. The Verger then, accompanied by a private of the Blues, ordered him out; and in the course of ejecting him from the Chapel, he called out, with a loud voice, when under the Queen's closet, "Your Majesty, I am being arrested in the church—Queen Victoria." From his general conduct, there is little doubt of the man's insanity.

Intelligence has been received of the arrival of her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Naples, and, we are happy to say, in the enjoyment of good health.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has been making a tour in the north, and has been hospitably entertained by the Earl of Zetland, at Upleatham. Many inhabitants of the vale of Cleveland being anxious to have an opportunity of testifying their regard for his Royal Highness and his illustrious family, invited the Duke to a public breakfast, which his Royal Highness accepted, and was sumptuously entertained in the Exchange Rooms, at Middlesborough.

#### CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

*The Diadem.* Edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan.

This is the most beautiful, rich, and intrinsically valuable of the ornamental works published this season. Nothing can surpass the splendour of the binding, the loveliness and finish of the thirteen fine engravings, or the merits and interest of the literature of this superb volume of genius and aristocracy. Miss Sheridan's editorship is sufficient to guarantee that the contents are of the best class and character of composition; they unite pure morality with feminine taste, playful wit with genuine and elevated feeling, and there is a most unusual degree of variety and novelty in the contents, whose superiority will secure a principal place on every fashionable table, where it will be a permanent ornament, as (very wisely) there is *no date* affixed to the volume, to make it old-fashioned at the year's end, like the annuals. The story of the Priest is the cleverest and most touching of the compositions, showing a fine devotional feeling,

and deep knowledge of human nature. The contributors are of the highest class of rank, fashion, and genius; the latter quality having been the first consideration, as their clever writings clearly indicate. Altogether there has rarely been a work which has become so universally popular, both in private circles, and with the critical press, who have unanimously eulogized it; and we cordially join our opinion to the general assertion, that it will be **THE BOOK** for presentation.

*Edwin and Morcar. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* London: Miller, Henrietta Street.

That dramatic genius is not extinct among us, but that it only requires favourable opportunities for its development, the recent productions of Talfourd, Bulwer, Knowles, and other writers, afford convincing proof. While the theatres remained in an immoral state, men of talent and education seldom turned their attention towards dramatic literature, conscious that the fame acquired by any successful dramatic writings would be tainted with the bad odour of the stage; and pecuniary advantage was out of the question. A brighter day, however, dawned when Mr. Macready undertook the management of Covent Garden Theatre, and commenced his Herculean labour of reform, by sweeping away all traces of vice and immorality, and making it possible again for decent people to frequent that establishment. Then, encouraged by his exertions, and tempted by his overtures, authors of celebrity became play-wrights, and the dormant genius of our country was revived! Several valuable additions to our dramatic literature have been represented on the stage, and other works of high merit, though scarcely adapted for stage representation, have appeared in print, and given satisfaction and pleasure in the closet. To this latter class the tragedy of *Edwin and Morcar* belongs. By the preface we learn that it is the work of a minor; but it would reflect no discredit upon an experienced writer. Indeed, it contains scenes and passages of a highly poetical description; and one of the female characters, in particular, is so beautifully and naturally conceived, that Knowles himself might adopt it without sacrificing any portion of his reputation. The characteristics of woman in the purity and holiness of girlhood, were never more charmingly expressed. The tragedy is historical, and is founded upon the contentions between the Saxons and Normans, after the successful invasion of England by William the First. Though scarcely adapted for stage representation, the tragedy will be read with great interest, and we can recommend it to our readers' attention, in preference to any romance of the season. A beautiful scene between William and his daughter, in the first act, will be particularly admired.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.

Paris, November 20th.

Since the destruction of its well-known pretty little palace of the Rue Favart, the Italian Opera has taken up its residence in the immense and aristocratic building of the Odeon. It is true that the theatre is larger and more commodious, but the world is not content, and no one hears the music so well, or sits so much at his ease, as every one did in the former *salle*. The difficulty of obtaining a box or a stall was formerly so great, that those who had possession of the house felt an enjoyment truly English and exclusive. Now places are to be had for payment, and places are vacant because they are not in request, and the Italian Opera has consequently lost one-half of its old attraction. RUBINI, and LABLACHE, and TAMBURINI, and GRISI, and

PERSIANI, sing as often and as well as they did before, but they occasionally waste their sweetness on a half filled house, and public curiosity must be provoked before an overflowing audience can be got together. It was so pleasant at one time to step in from the Boulevards to the Italian Opera—to carry the news from the Café de Paris to the stage-box—to return to one's friends and tell how splendidly the last air was sung; but now, who will cross the water—wind through the dreary streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, and undergo an exile of four hours from the centre of pleasure and delight? Even those who have carriages complain of the length and *ennui* of the journey; but what must the great crowd say, who have no equipages, and who think the price of the tickets a sufficient expense for one evening? The very hackney coachmen escape from a *course* to the Odeon. And then the prospect which awaits you when the opera is over! Three miles away from the habitable world—rain, heavy rain—no *fiacre*, no *cabriolet* to be had, the omnibuses all filled, and no alternative but a walk through lanes where dirt has turned to mud, where you walk through overflowing channels, and get splashed to the eyes by every carriage that passes. What coquette of the third class will make the experiment. Still a few daring people will hazard life and limb for the Italian opera. We suffer much for our country, we must go through a little for our taste. PERSIANI would not feel happy if we had not compared her execution before a French and an English audience. GRISI would not be content unless assured that her talent is undiminished. The *Sonambula* was sung a few nights since as it has been in London, with the exception of TAMBURINI's part having been given up to MORELLI, and CASTELLI's little character to BELLINI. PERSIANI was brilliant. She sung with great force and tenderness. What a pity that her voice is not a little more full and round. It sometimes becomes too acute, and we are every instant afraid that it is about to rise into a scream; but her judgment is excellent, her musical skill perfect, and she takes good care never to commit a glaring fault, and she avoids a great display rather than fall into a striking error. RUBINI sung in that manner that no one but himself can accomplish. The whole house was wrapt up in wonder and delight. Thunders of applause rewarded every effort. The French assert that DUPREZ is equal to RUBINI, but they are not fit to be named on the same day. We do not deny DUPREZ's merits. He is a noble singer, full of fire and enthusiasm; but there is only one RUBINI. MORELLI acquitted himself very well in the character of the Count, and when he feels more at ease on the stage, and indulges in natural action, he must hold a respectable rank. The great triumph of the season was the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in the presence of the composer, DONIZETTI. It appears that DONIZETTI had not until that night the good fortune to hear his opera sung by the great *artistes* who have performed it in London and in Paris. Judge of his surprise and delight. He sat in ecstasy for the whole evening hearing these thoughts, which he had given to his music, for the first time, fully and perfectly displayed. PERSIANI, TAMBURINI, and RUBINI, aware of his presence, sung with more than usual care. The orchestra was led with the most delightful precision. Not a note was wrong—not an emphasis wanted. It was the most perfect—the most brilliant performance. TAMBURINI bore the palm. He seemed inspired, and astonished the whole theatre by the immensity of his voice and the fervour of his execution. He seemed as if incapable of governing his own emotions, and poured forth a volume of melody which his greatest admirers could not have believed that he possessed. In the celebrated quintette he placed even RUBINI and PERSIANI

in the back ground, and no one in the house had an ear except for him. RUBINI had, however, his revenge, in the well known malediction and in the last scene. PERSIANI achieved a triumph; the applause of the maestro bore testimony to her merits. The KING of the FRENCH and all his family sat in the stage-box. They formed a happy picture. The King paid due respect to the witchery of music, and appeared delighted with the opera. When the curtain dropped all the *artistes* were called for, and then DONIZETTI was demanded by the whole house. He refused at first to appear, but his reluctance was at last overcome, and RUBINI led him to receive the greatest honour that could be paid a young composer. He seemed most grateful, and must have gone home a happy man. Mdlle. ERNESTA GRISI, a cousin of our celebrated singer, has appeared in the opera of *Norma*, and in the character of *Adelgisa*, hitherto played by ALBERTAZZI. She was well received, and sung with no slight share of talent. Her voice is a good contralto, but not of the first class. She is a pupil of PESARONI, and she frequently reminds us of the manner of that great *artiste*. She may become an acquisition to the stage, though at present she does not promise extraordinarily brilliant qualities. Mad. GRISI played with her, and encouraged her in all the difficult duets.

#### GOSSIP AND GAETIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE PALACE.—Those of the nobility and gentry who were honoured with invitations to the banquets and State balls at Buckingham Palace in the course of the last season will remember the inconvenience they were subjected to in coming down stairs, by meeting with parties just arriving, and the crowding and other annoyances they experienced. Remembering these things they will be gratified to learn that their recurrence will be prevented in the ensuing season, one of the alterations now making in the palace being the construction of a new grand staircase for the accommodation of parties leaving, and which is to be devoted to such use exclusively.

THE PRINCESS OF CAPUA.—One of the most attractive of the fair stars of fashion, is the Princess of Capua (formerly Miss P. Smyth). We had the pleasure of seeing her highness at the Lord Mayor's entertainment on the 7th, at which the Princess created much sensation. It would be trivial to say that this lady's features are regularly beautiful:—*that* is often a misfortune; attracting the attention of the curious expectant multitude to every glance and gesture, and as it were inviting disappointment. How frequently, in gazing on such beauty—

“——— We start! for soul is wanting there!”

Such is not the style of beauty of the Princess of Capua. It is not exactly Irish, English, Italian, or Spanish, but all! Its peculiarity consists in the bright intelligence which pervades every varying phase of her expressive features; in its capability of revealing, without effort, without affectation, without disguise of any kind, the wit, the spirit, the delicacy, and above all, the native benevolence which we ever seek the expression of in woman's eye. Each and all speak in those of the Princess, by turns, most truly and harmoniously, and reveal to every one (who has arrived at years of criticism, and can coldly analyze his sensations, as we do) the secret by which indulgent nature has enabled her to win all hearts and charm all eyes in her romantic career. In her own land, they describe such harmonious characteristics in four words:—“She is happy born.” We require seven to express our conviction:—“She is born to be a Queen!”

**PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.**—Our illustrious visitor has excited great interest, and every one has shown the greatest desire to make England agreeable to him. He has been entertained at the tables of the noble and the gay, and has received the most marked attention. He has entered most cordially into all the fashionable amusements. Some of his horses are expected from Switzerland; he has lately made some purchases of others, and intends shortly to take the field in the style of an English sportsman. We understand that the Prince possesses, in an eminent degree, many of those striking and engaging personal qualities which threw such a *prestige* round his celebrated uncle. It is the opinion of some of the persons who have been admitted to his intimacy, that he possesses a mind capable of the greatest efforts, united to qualities of the heart, calculated to endear him to all who approach him.

**A DEBUTANTE.**—The lovely and accomplished Miss Hornby, third daughter of Captain Phipps Hornby, and niece of the Earl of Derby, has made her *débüt* in the world of fashion, of which she is destined to become one of the most attractive ornaments, at a grand ball, given by the gallant Captain, at Woolwich. The suite of apartments appropriated to dancing were arranged with great taste and splendour, and the supper included a profusion of the delicacies of the season.

Lord Suffield is keeping open house at Lowesby Hall, Melton Mowbray, to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who hunt with his fine hounds. Lord Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Villiers, Mr. Massey Stanley, &c., have joined the hunt.

Lord Beresford has purchased Betchworth Castle, in Surrey, from Mr. Hope, and is making great improvements there.

**LADY HESTER STANHOPE.**—This eccentric lady, who for years has dwelt in the desert like a second Zenobia, has been compelled, in consequence of the reduction of her pension to one-half its former amount, to relinquish her state, and retire into complete seclusion. She is residing in the convent of Marsellias, on Mount Lebanon.

**ENGLISH FASHIONABLES IN VENICE.**—Many of the English nobility are at present residing in Venice, in the enjoyment of its gaieties. A correspondent intimates that a masked ball at the theatre, a few Sundays ago, was remarkably splendid. It was a re-union of beauty and brilliancy. The theatre was dazzling in the extreme; its boxes being all tenanted with bright eyes and brilliants. The Emperor and Empress retired early, but the gay company, assembled to meet them, remained to a late hour. There were about 3,000 persons present. The ladies were principally dressed in domino, while the *cavaliers* appeared in the sombre, unpicturesque garb of every-day wear. The music and the dance were continued to a late hour, and the grey tinge of morn coloured the grand canal ere the last straggler disappeared from the arena of the revel. At an early hour on the following morning, a fresh gala took place in honour of his Majesty; and at mid-day, he and the royal *cortege* visited the island of Lido, on which was celebrated a *fiesta dei popoli*. The sound of cannon announced his arrival, and a mass of people was congregated for his reception. It was nightfall ere the royal *cortege* alighted on the terrace of the palace. The Duke of Devonshire arrived on the 28th ult., from Milan, and is sojourning at the Hotel Dadielli. The Earl and Countess of Lincoln took their departure on the 29th for Florence; her ladyship in the enjoyment of better health than for some time past. Lord Lyttleton and Lord Foley have arrived from Milan. The Countess of Stanhope and Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope left a few days since for Florence. Viscount Exmouth and Lord Dorchester have arrived, and are staying at the hotel Leon

Bianco. Sir Frederick Lamb has taken his departure for Florence. Viscount Lowther is at the Hotel Europa; Lady Rendlesham is at the same hotel.

**FLORENCE.**—Florence is another rendezvous of the English nobility. There was never known so many British families of rank and fortune at one time resident there, as at the present moment.

**THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.**—There has been much talk in fashionable circles of a separation in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. The monster whose eyes are denominated green, paid a visit, in the course of his suburban rambles, to the mansion of a nobleman of high rank and most princely fortune, the walls of which mansion had, for the last ten years, heard the mutual vows of the nobleman and the lady of his affections. Ten years, we say, and upwards, they lived together, as the song very appropriately observes, "through many a changing scene"—for the lady travelled with him to foreign climes, and whenever he surveyed "mankind from China to Peru," she accompanied him and did ditto. Each was devoted to the other. But, alas! the monster got into the noble Lord's bosom, and, finding the apartments there very pleasant, began to do just what he liked with the feelings of the ground landlord, and even to turn his heart against the being that heart had so long worshipped. Suspicion is the mother of inquiry, and, it would seem, the grandmother of conviction—for the lord, at last, thought he had no doubt of the infidelity of the lady—felt sure that some Cassio had robbed him of his Desdemona's love. This horrible fact made him sell his furniture, *all of it*—even to an arm-chair—and instantly afterwards to send his *chère amie* to her friends in the country, where she is weeping in the picturesque scenery of her native county; while the noble Lord, stunned, as it were, by the circumstance, has gone to lament his unhappy situation among the hills and vallies of Switzerland.

**THE VALSE.**—A strong opposition to the *valse* is being again got up in the circles of fashion, but, we trust that the enemies of this beautiful dance will fail. There are very few people who understand the *valse*, and many think they are dancing when they are only putting themselves into very unsightly and preposterous attitudes. These, of course, are unfriendly to the *valse*. But they, whose motion is all elegance, and they who have been bred up among innocent impulses, thoughts, feelings, and habits, and who are not the beings likely to turn things of themselves beautiful, wilfully into something offensive, to these we look for the preservation of the *valse*. If there be such a thing as the poetry of motion (and, among a million others, we believe there is, and shall continue to do so long as the swan floats down the river, "the winds do gently kiss the trees," and people who are not impertinent kick people who are), if there be such a thing as the poetry of motion, surely the sweetest of all such poetry is the *valse*. It has been written against and talked against (especially by those who could not dance)—the best abused as well as the best of dances. The *minuet* is graceful, but it is stiff, elaborate, and with no more soul in it than is perfectly compatible with excessive artificiality—if we may be allowed the expression, with excessive *natural* artificiality—and therefore no soul at all. The *gavotte* is graceful and fanciful, a very elegant love-making indeed, and very well adapted to the communion of the souls of two entire strangers. The *galopade*, next to cricket, is the best thing in the world, perhaps, for giving one an appetite. Quadrilles, which may be called the *glees* of dancing, are meritorious, because they give enjoyment to a number; but where, we ask, where is the lady to be found, or the gentleman to be discovered, who will not agree with us that the *valse*, the *duet*

of dancing, is the most delightful of all its kind. Away, ye old women who wink at young gentlemen, but manage to get up a kind of a ready-made blush if young gentlemen *ocularize* young ladies! Have the goodness not to interfere with us, ye young gentlemen whose legs are objectionable on many accounts; and keep out of the way, or do not listen to us, all ye who fancy you see any thing but the most delicate as well as cordial sentiment in the true lovers of the *valse*. Away with ye all, and let Johann Strauss "strike up."

LYRICS.—Three young noblemen, who fancy they can write poetry, were requested the other day, by Lady E. M., to write in her album. Eager to show off their respective abilities, they took pen in hand, and their eyes in a fine fury rolling, after three-quarters of an hour's deliberation, gave birth to the following exquisite couplets:—

By Lord C.—

Sweet rose! When thou wast made, Nature did blush,  
And that accounts, sweet rose, for thy red flush!

By Lord M.—

Miranda's eye is blue;—and why?  
Because it's very like the sky!

By Lord J.—

Is she not beautiful? Her nose beneath  
Are set, like pearls, two rows of ivory teeth!

Moore, himself, could not surpass these.

MISFORTUNE IN LOVE.—We have heard it whispered that a marriage in high life, which took place not very long ago, and which we, at the time of its occurrence, believed to be one of pure affection, while we expressed our wishes for the happiness of the wedded pair, was a forced match; that the lady loved another, but sacrificed her happiness for the sake of gratifying a parent's ambition:—

"Parents have flinty hearts,—no tears can melt them;

Nature pleads in vain,—and children must be wretched."

A DESIRABLE MAN.—All the *chaperons* are looking out for Lord L—; his fifty thousand a-year has been magnified into a hundred thousand, by the gossip of the clubs. He is the grand object of all the mammas of all the daughters and a few of the daughters of some of the mammas. Arrows have been launched against him from many a *meurtrière*, invisible to his naked eye, and he has been serenaded from behind lattices—sung at, danced at, rode at, smiled at—been wooed through a pincushion over the counter of a fancy fair—by the Forlorn Hope occupying a Pandora's box somewhat conspicuous in the pit tier of Her Majesty's Theatre; and by the seven daughters of the Dowager Lady —, in a conspicuous pew of the church. His comings and goings cannot pass unnoticed. The fashionable world is far more cognizant than he is himself, of the colour of his horse, the cut of his coat, the number of lustres necessary to illuminate his suite of rooms, and the number of bright eyes which are lavishing theirs upon him in vain.

NOSE-RINGS OF THE BAYADERES.—Our Parisian friends appear to be highly amused with the novelty of these Indian dancing girls wearing rings in their noses by way of ornament. A leading French journal concludes, from the prevalence of this custom, that in India colds in the head must necessarily be rare, as they cannot, otherwise, imagine how a pocket handkerchief can be used. However this may be, certain it is, that with the people of the East, as also of Arabia, Ethiopia, &c., this species of ornament is of the very highest antiquity. Some of our readers may perhaps be surprised to learn, and that too on very grave and orthodox authority, that the jewel or ring presented by Abraham's servant to Rebecca, and in our English version

rendered *ear-ring*—was in fact a ring for the young lady's *nose*. The learned Huet, Bishop of Avranches, is clearly of this opinion.

A CONNUBIAL CON.—"In what respect," quoth Lord —, to a friend, "is my lady equal to two sailors?" It is needless to say the friend was unable to solve so difficult a problem. "Because," continued the nobleman, she is a *tar-tar*." The wit of his lordship created great merriment.

MUSICAL PARTIES.—Musical parties are very often very delightful things; but are quite as often very great bores, especially to those who are fond of *music*. How often do we lament the awful determination of a young lady to hold possession of the piano-forte for an hour or so, while she thinks—poor soul—that she is amusing the company with her horrible noise! You go to a musical party, and in the course of the evening are told that Lady Amelia is going to sing, and the air is *Di piacer!* You are all attention. The lady's face is good, so is her figure; her manner is elegant, and she takes her seat quite in a professional way. Very good. Her fingers touch the keys, and after a most immense prelude, composed of the minuet in *Don Giovanni*, "Meet me by Moonlight," the overture to the *Magic Flute*, and the drum part of the "Battle of Prague," with an occasional sprinkling of unnecessary bangs in the bass, and skittish jerkings up into the highest note in the treble; and lastly, a sort of general mingling of confused melodies of all sorts, with a sort of inexplicable running about, apparently for not the least reason whatever; after all this the lady begins to sing, at least *so it seems*, as everybody is silent, though, since the lady's lips are closed and no sound can we hear arising from them, since her eyes are quite shut, and her whole face in a state of repose, how anybody manages to ascertain that the lady has commenced is a matter of some mystery. After a period we are convinced that she has been singing some time, for she suddenly shrieks out—"Piu lieto giorno," so she must evidently be far advanced in the air, and we, at last, begin to have symptoms of her finishing—alarming symptoms—screams decidedly violent, then vigorously violent, then awfully so, till at last the "pretty warbler" has stirred up her vocal confidence to such a tremendous pitch that she jumps up a whole octave higher than she has yet reached, sticks her chin out to help her up half a note higher, and finishes with a well-meant leap, therefore, to the safety of her terminatory key-note. Then the Duchess, her Ladyship's mamma, taps her kidded little finger lightly upon the summit of her open fan, Lord Charles pats his nail with the frame of his eye-glass, and Miss Hildebrand turns round, and says—"What an awful noise she's been making!" while Lady Amelia herself, blushing beneath a shower of all sorts of compliments, begins a set criticism on the compositions of Rossini. Is not a musical party, with such an incident as this, insufferable!

#### THE GUITAR.

Sing me that air he used to love so well:

But softly, sister—let its tones come stealing,

That echo wake not—gently weave the spell

To mournful memories of the past appealing.

Nay, that's too lovely—sing in sadder strain,

Like the lone bird that 'neath night's planet holy

(Methinks there's human passion in her pain)

Pours forth her soul in richest melancholy.

Ah! did'st thou love—and he were far away—

Thy heart's one thought, one life, one hope, one sorrow,

The voice had sweeter been, but far less gay,

For music pensive notes from love doth borrow.

The Earl of Chesterfield has taken Abingdon Abbey, near Nottingham, for the hunting season. The Countess has also arrived there.

**TASTE IN DRESS.**—Too little attention is paid by our English ladies to the science of dressing the bust; they seem to be quite unaware that what is becoming and elegant in one figure may be quite the reverse when applied to another. We have plenty of taste and genius in English ladies, but sufficient attention is not paid to the *science* of dress. We will imagine a young lady magnificently dressed. She has a profusion of beautiful hair, her figure is faultless, and her face extremely lovely; but withal she does not look well, she is not attractive. She is very fair, has very light hair, large languishing blue eyes, her throat is full and rather short, her neck is large and possesses a good deal of the *en bon point*. Unfortunately for her, however, her dress nearly reaches the throat, it is well made, elegant in itself, but totally unsuited to the style of beauty of its wearer; in fact, she looks dumpty and apoplectic. Now, what is the remedy? Evidently to lower the body of the dress; and it may be lowered without sacrificing anything of the delicacy of the female character. Cut off a small portion of this high necked dress, and the wearer appears extremely elegant. This Cleopatra-like figure requires a low dress; but the sleeves should sit well upon the shoulders; if the sleeves were to hang upon the arm it would give a childish appearance to the figure; we might be apt to pat the lady on the head, take her on one knee and treat her with a *bon bon*. We will now speak of another figure, a lady of a sterner style of beauty. The forehead is broad and low, the eyes piercing, black, and deep set, the lips well-defined and firmly closed—certain indications of a powerful mind. The features are not so regular as those of the other lady, and they are a little more elongated—the neck rises pyramidally from the shoulders, and the figure is particularly good. The effect would be spoiled by a dress similar to that which would make the other attractive. What is the cause of this difference in effect? Undoubtedly because the length of neck exposed is too great in proportion to that of the figure generally. There is an angularity and gawkishness about the appearance far from pleasing. Let us make the requisite alteration in the dress; let it rise nearly to the base of the throat, and the difference will be astonishing.

**FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.**—The example of Queen Victoria, as appears by a letter of the 19th ult. from Odessa, has excited a passion for horsemanship in the Lesser Russia to an extraordinary degree. The writer affirms that there is not a lady in the whole province, with any pretensions to fashion, who, in imitation of her Majesty, has not at least one saddle horse, and that some have as many as six. He adds—“At the Kherson races of the 7th all the horses that ran not only belonged to ladies, but were ridden by the fair owners, dressed in fancy habits, and wearing caps *à la Reine Victoire*. The number of horses entered was no less than eighty, most of native breed, which were brought to the course attended by numerous grooms in liveries, gaily decked with gold and silver lace. The first grand prize, a silver cup, valued at 1,500 roubles (about 6,000f.) was won by Fœdora, a bright bay mare, belonging to the beautiful Countess Naritschin, and ridden by herself; and the second prize, a pair of candlesticks, worth 500 roubles (about 2,000f.), by Boujan, an entire black horse, ridden by Mddle. Nechtajeu, a native of Castellaccio, in Naples.

**ANNoyANCES.**—A habit of considering (in any case of vexation or distress) how much *worse* we might be off, instead of

how much *better*, would be worth a casket of jewels to any one who could attain it. And wretchedness is so much more certain a thing than happiness, that we need be at no loss for finding out a case with which to compare our own, whereas the better one which we imagine would often be found just as bad as our own, did we but know it equally well. Suppose we are plagued—

“Narcissa’s temper, *tolerably* mild—

To make a wash, would scarcely stew a child.”

Well that same *is* something. Doubtless there are others who *could* stew a child without the slightest compunction, and upon a mere ferocious impulse. Your Octavia molests your equanimity by bringing about your house a cloud of coxcombs, male and female, who talk you dead about literature and science, though not one of them has for seven years read a book more than seven years old. It is provoking, but you are better off than your friend whose Belinda brings about her people who never look into any book at all save their betting-book—who calculate upon their balance, not at *Drummond’s*, but upon the *Derby*, and of whose characters the most prominent points are guinea points at short whist! The things which make up the annoyances of life are, for the most part, not positive calamities, but circumstances which may be very painful, or the contrary, according to the temper in which they are contemplated. The best philosopher is he who separates the good from the evil in what happens to him, for the purpose of welcoming the one, and learning how to escape a second visit from the other.

**CLIMAX.**—I stood in the deserted halls of my father—I gazed round on the bare walls and down the hollow sounding corridors—I cried aloud—“The friends of my early youth—where are they? where?—and Echo answered—“*Really I don’t know.*”

An Irish gentleman having been found one day by a friend practising with his sword against the wainscot, and having asked him the reason for his assiduity at this exercise, replied, “I have some company to day to dinner, with whom I expect I shall quarrel.”

## THE DRAMA.

A CRITICAL REPORT OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES.

“The Drama’s laws the Drama’s patrons give;  
And they who live to please must please to live.”

The most important theatrical production of the month was the opera of *Francis the First*, by Mr. E. J. LODER, a musician of first rate talent, and who only requires opportunities to distinguish himself. This attractive novelty was produced at Drury Lane theatre, and with decided success. The plot is founded upon an adventure of the gay and chivalrous Francis, and is very well worked. The music is full, to overflowing, of pure and genuine melodies; and some of the pieces are destined to enjoy a very long life. “Woman’s Love” is a charming song, executed with much effect by Mr. Allen, in the RUBIN style. “The Old House at Home,” by PHILLIPS, is extremely beautiful, and narrowly escapes a double encore. It is one of those delightful ballads which we never become tired of hearing. Miss ROMER’s songs, “Amid the Battle’s Rage,” and “The Home of Early Years,” are masterly works, and as well suited to the drawing-room as to the stage. The Vintager’s song,



"To the Hills," is another fine manifestation of Mr. LODER'S powers as a musician. The opera has been got up very carefully, and will, doubtless, have a long run.

*The Spirit of the Air*, an adaptation of a French ballet, by Mr. GILBERT, is too much like the *Syphide* to become a very attractive novelty; but it is, nevertheless, pleasing, and some of the dances are spirited.

*The Tempest* is highly attractive at Covent Garden Theatre, and will, doubtless, continue to be attractive throughout the season. A new farce, called "*Chaos is Come Again*," is an extremely droll affair.

At the Haymarket Mr. KNOWLES'S new play of the *Maid of Mariendorpt* has been very successful. Two new farces are also added to the attractions at this theatre. *But, However*, written by Mr. MAYHEW, and Mr. *Greenfinch*, the production of the author of the illustrious *Tom Noddy*. In the first of these clever farces, WRENCH has some fine opportunities for displaying his irresistible comic powers. He has a Jeremy Diddler kind of character to sustain—a cheating, deluding adventurer, with more brass in his face than silver in pocket, and it is almost needless to say that he sustains it admirably well. Mr. *Greenfinch* is full of droll situations; it being impossible to describe the plot, let it suffice to say, that Mr. *Greenfinch* is an old bachelor, who wants to marry a young lady and who is beloved by his jealous housekeeper. STRICKLAND plays the bachelor, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, the housekeeper. BUCKSTONE and Mrs. GLOVER have also *telling* characters; and it may, therefore, be supposed that the piece goes off with spirit.

The Olympic is ably directed, in the absence of VESTRIS. *The Idol's Birth Day*, and *Ask no Questions*, are the titles of two very amusing burlettas, which have been produced in the course of the month.

At the Adelphi, a serious burletta, entitled *Louise de Lignarolles*, and a piece, founded upon the adventures of *Nicholas Nickleby*, are the attractions.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"O, if there be one hour, which more  
Than any other craves a parent's presence,  
'Tis that which gives his child away from him!  
She should go with his blessing warm upon her, breathed  
With an attesting kiss; then may she go  
With perfect hope, and cheerly take with her  
The benisons of all kind wishers else!"

KNOWLES.

In another part of our present number will be found some "Thoughts upon a Wedding Day," to which we would direct the attention of the happy pairs whose names we are about to mention, and of all, indeed, who desire or expect to enter the married state. The way to happiness is now before every couple that go up to the altar, and if they proceed in a wrong direction, it will not be for want of a directing-post to set them right. The marriages that have occurred during the month may be briefly described as follows. At Sunbury (one of the pleasantest of villages, where we have ourselves spent many, very many, happy hours),—RICHARD TRYGARN GRIFFITH, Esq., only son of HOLLAND GRIFFITH, Esq., of Carreglwyd and Berw, in the county of Anglesey, to EMMA MARY, daughter of Captain Carpenter, of Hawke House, Middlesex. The bride is niece to

Sir JOHN STANLEY, Bart., Alderley Park, and to the Bishop of Norwich.—At Preston, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. T. TROCKE, Capt. YORKE MARTIN, 67th Regiment, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. COOTE MARTIN, Grenadier Guards, to ELIZA, youngest daughter of the late ELPHINSTONE PIGGOTT, Esq., and niece of the late Sir ARTHUR PIGGOTT.—On the 13th inst., at Heckfield, R. P. SMITH, Esq., M. D., to KATHERINE, daughter of the late Sir NATHANIEL DUKINFIELD, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, WILLIAM SUTTON, Esq., of Bayford House, Herts, to JANE GEORGIANA, eldest daughter of the Rev. EDWARD HODGSON, of Rickmansworth.—In addition to these marriage celebrations, we have the pleasure to announce the union of the fair MARGARET BRUCE, niece and heiress of Mr. HARRY BRUCE, of Clackmannan, to the Earl of AIRLIE, which took place at the family residence in Edinburgh. His Lordship is in his 53rd year, and had previously been married, in 1812, to Miss C. DRUMMOND, who died in 1835. A select circle of relatives and friends were present at the ceremony, immediately after which the happy couple started for Airlie Castle, Forfarshire, to pass the honeymoon.—The Rev. ARTHUR MOGG, son of the Rev. H. H. MOGG, Vicar of High Littleton, in the county of Somerset, has led a willing bride to the nuptial altar in the person of ELIZABETH VERE, youngest daughter of the Rev. ARTHUR ANNESLEY, Rector of Clifford-chambers.—On the 21st inst., at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, ROBERT THOMPSON, of Brompton-square, Esq., was united to SUSAN SOPHIA LETITIA RAMSBOTTOM, youngest daughter of JOHN RAMSBOTTOM, Esq., M.P. for Windsor.—A letter from St. Petersburg of the 7th of November, has the following interesting paragraph:—"On Sunday the ceremony of betrothing the Duke of Leuchtenburg to Princess Mary took place, at Zarkskojeselo. The Duke has already entered the Russian service as Major-General in the regiment of Hussars of the body guard. The marriage will probably not take place till next spring."

We have now to record the loss of one of the most amiable of ladies, and whose death has eclipsed the gaiety of many distinguished families—Lady JOHN RUSSELL—who died a few days after presenting her afflicted partner with his second child. It is stated that the earlier symptoms on the last occasion were not so threatening as those that accompanied the former *accouchement*; but they were, nevertheless, such as to give rise to much anxiety in the first instance, and ultimately to serious alarm. Within a day or two of her Ladyship's death, the danger visibly increased, and for some hours immediately previous to it there was scarcely any ground for hope. The infant is doing well, and likely to live—a painfully interesting reminiscence of the melancholy circumstances by which its birth has been accompanied. The late Lady JOHN RUSSELL—ADELAIDE, eldest daughter of the late THOMAS LISTER, Esq., was born on the 14th of September, 1807; and married, on the 9th of February, 1826, to THOMAS, Lord RIBBLESDALE, by whom she had four children. Her Ladyship was married to Lord JOHN RUSSELL on the 11th of February, 1835, and has left two children—a daughter, and the infant now prematurely deprived of a mother's care. It gives us much pleasure to hear that her MAJESTY has expressed her desire to stand sponsor for this infant, and that it should bear her Majesty's name—VICTORIA. The loss to Lord JOHN is very great; for Lady RUSSELL was one who understood the art of happiness, and constantly wove spells of delight round her husband's home. The remains of this lamented and distinguished lady were deposited in the family vault of the Duke of BEDFORD, in Chenies Church, Bucks. The mournful cavalcade

assembled at the Green Man, at Rickmansworth, whence it moved forward in the following order;—First, the Duke of BEDFORD's Buckinghamshire tenantry, on horseback; second, fourteen horsemen, outriders; third, the hearse, drawn by four black horses, with three pages on each side; fourth, four mourning coaches, in the first were Lord JOHN RUSSELL, for whom the carriage called at the residence of Lord WRIOTHESLEY RUSSELL, the Rector, and CHARLES and THOMAS LISTER, Esq., brothers to the deceased lady; the second contained the Marquess of TAVISTOCK, and his sons, Lord RUSSELL and Lord EDWARD RUSSELL; the third contained the Marquess of ABERCORN, the Hon. CHARLES A. GORE, Private Secretary to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and WILLIAM RUSSELL, Esq., nephew to the Duke of BEDFORD; in the fourth were his Lordship's domestics; and then followed a numerous train of private carriages. The service was read by the Hon. and Rev. LOWTHER BARRINGTON, the curate, during the performance of which the noble widower was intensely affected. After the conclusion of the mournful ceremony Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the Marquess of ABERCORN, and the other mourners, returned to the Rectory House, where their carriages called to convey them to their respective residences, Lord JOHN returning to Cashiobury Park.—It is only little more than two years since we recorded the marriage and happiness of Viscount DEERHURST; now we have to record his death! His Lordship had been obliged to keep his room since August, when he caught cold in returning from one of her MAJESTY'S parties at the New Palace. This brought on consumption. The Earl of COVENTRY and several other members of the family were present at his Lordship's dissolution. Viscountess DEERHURST, who, during her late Lord's illness, had been unremitting in her attendance, is inconsolable at her bereavement. His Lordship was the eldest son of the Earl of COVENTRY by his first wife, second daughter of the late Earl of BEAUCHAMP, and was born October 25, 1808. He married, March 16, 1836, Miss HARRIET COCKERELL, the only daughter of the late Sir CHARLES COCKERELL, Bart., M.P., and sister of the present Earl., by whom, we believe, he has left issue an infant. By his Lordship's death a numerous circle is placed in mourning.—It is with regret that we announce the demise of DOROTHY, Countess of NEWBURGH, widow of FRANCIS, fifth Earl of NEWBURGH, and mother of the present Earl.—The name of Lieut.-Gen. Sir CHARLES PRATT must also be added to our mournful list. This distinguished officer commanded the Fifth Regiment in several general engagements during the Peninsular war.—We regret to state that the Earl of SEFTON, who had for a considerable time been in a dangerous state of health, expired on the 20th ult., at his house in Arlington Street. The noble Lord was Earl of SEFTON and Viscount MOLYNEUX, of Maryborough, in the Peerage of Ireland; Baron SEFTON of Croxteth, in the county of Lancaster, in the Peerage of Great Britain; and a Baronet of England. His Lordship was born on the 18th of September, 1772, and married on the 1st of January, 1792, to the Hon. MARIA MARGARETTA CRAVEN, second daughter of WILLIAM, sixth Lord CRAVEN, by whom he has left four sons and five daughters. The Earl is succeeded in his titles by his eldest son, Lord MOLYNEUX, now Earl of Sefton, who was born on the 10th of July, 1796, and was married in June, 1834, to MARY AUGUSTA, only daughter of ROBERT GREGG HOPWOOD, Esq. His Lordship has one son, born on the 13th of October, 1835.—The Duke de FITZJAMES died a few days since, at Paris. He was the great grandson of the Duke de BERWICK, natural son of JAMES II., by ARABELLA CHURCHILL, sister to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

He was born at Versailles, in 1776, emigrated during the revolution, but was taken out of the list of proscription during the Consulate. In 1814 he became Aide-de-Camp and First Gentleman of the Chamber to the then Count d'ARTOIS (CHARLES X.), and also a member of the Chamber of Peers. After the revolution of 1830, he took the oath to LOUIS PHILIPPE; and in 1831, on the abolition of hereditary peerage, he voluntarily resigned his place as a member of that body, and was elected twice a Deputy for the department of the Upper Garonne to the Lower House. For some time he had been in a bad state of health; he was in his 62d year. On the evening of the death of the Duke, he was sitting by the bedside of the Duchess, who had been confined to her bed in consequence of a fall, for more than two months, and was listening to her as she read to him. He had lain for a few moments with his head against the bed, and the Duchess thought he had fallen asleep, but he was observed to change colour, and on lifting him up he was found to be dead.

ANTICIPATED MARRIAGES.—EDWARD KING TENNISON, Esq., the immediate descendant of Archbishop TENNISON, and youngest son of the late THOMAS TENNISON, of Castle Tennison, county Roscommon, will shortly lead to the altar the highly accomplished LOUISA MARY ANNE ANSON, eldest daughter of the Earl LICHFIELD. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair will proceed to Florence.—A letter from Berlin states that the proposed marriage between the hereditary PRINCE of BAVARIA and the Grand Duchess OLGA, of Russia, has been broken off, through the influence of the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin, because they feared that the alliance would render Bavaria too powerful. "The same reason," it adds, "will induce them to oppose a union between the same Prince and a Prince of the house of Orleans. Prince METTERNICH is not opposed to the alliance between the Duke de LEUCHTENBERG and the Grand Duchess MARIA, and is desirous of uniting Madlle. de ROSNY with the hereditary PRINCE of BAVARIA."

#### OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

M. A. P.'s communication was nearly lost, by being misdirected. Our office is 299, Strand. We shall be happy to hear from her again.

Will Craven send us the conclusion of *Mercy O'More*, by the 5th inst? We never publish to-be-continued articles, which are mere tricks to torment readers. The first part promises well.

We have again to apologise to the author of *A Legend, &c.* It shall certainly appear in our next.

*The Mariner's Grave* requires so much alteration, that to make it fit for publication, would be to deprive our correspondent of the merit of its composition. Our pages bear evidence that our correspondent is capable of superior things.

*Rose Raby*, if possible, in our next.

C. T.'s *Fuel of the Heart* we have consigned to the flames. We could not possibly shew it mercy.

*The Corsair's Bride* is an old subject, and very indifferently treated.

*Jeune Veuve* declined, with thanks.

M. We did not receive the marriage announcement till it was too late for publication in our last number. The letter from Cowes did not reach us till the 28th.

Received:—*Hypolita*, Charles R.—, *The Marriage for Money*, *Climax*, and J. O. Y.

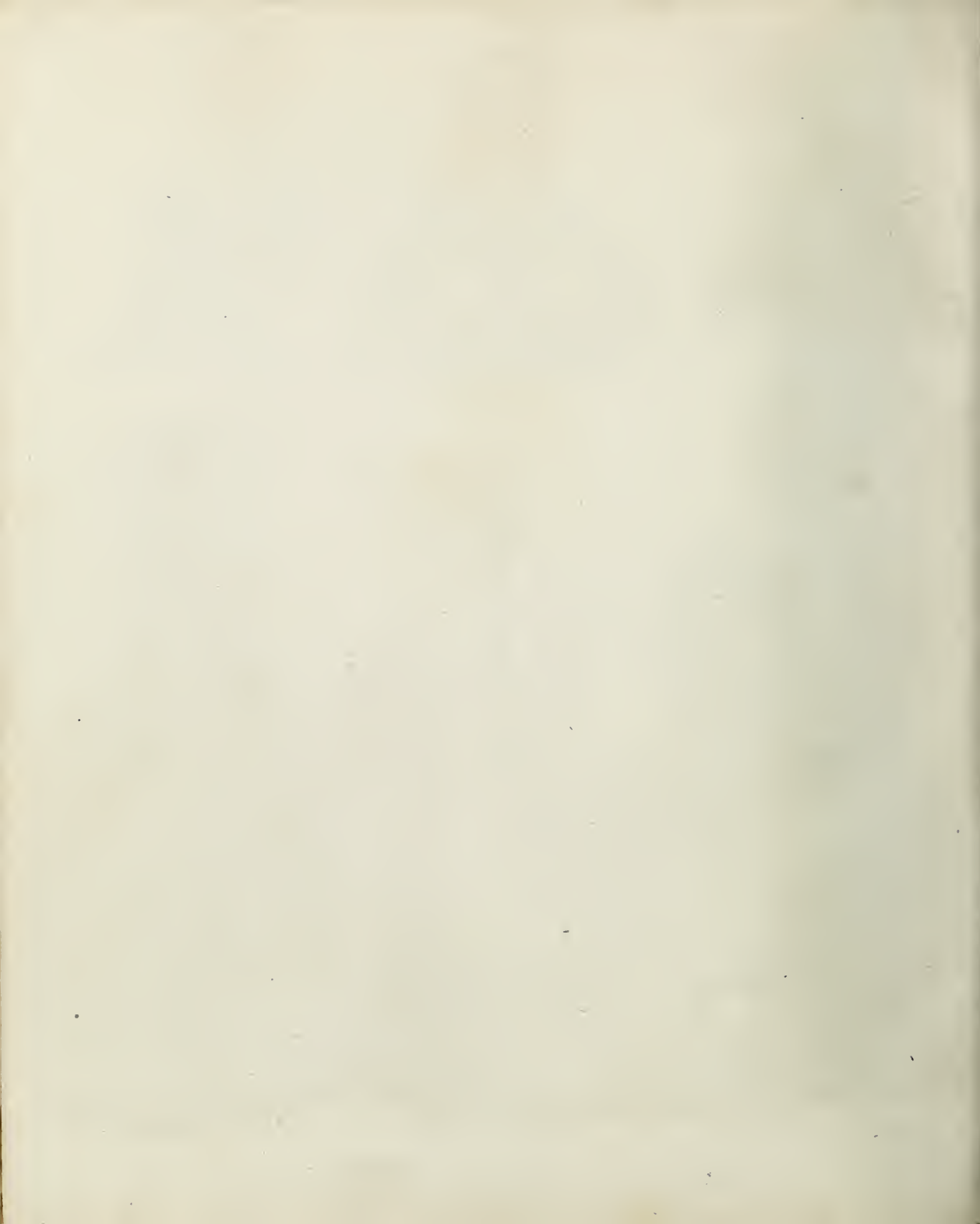


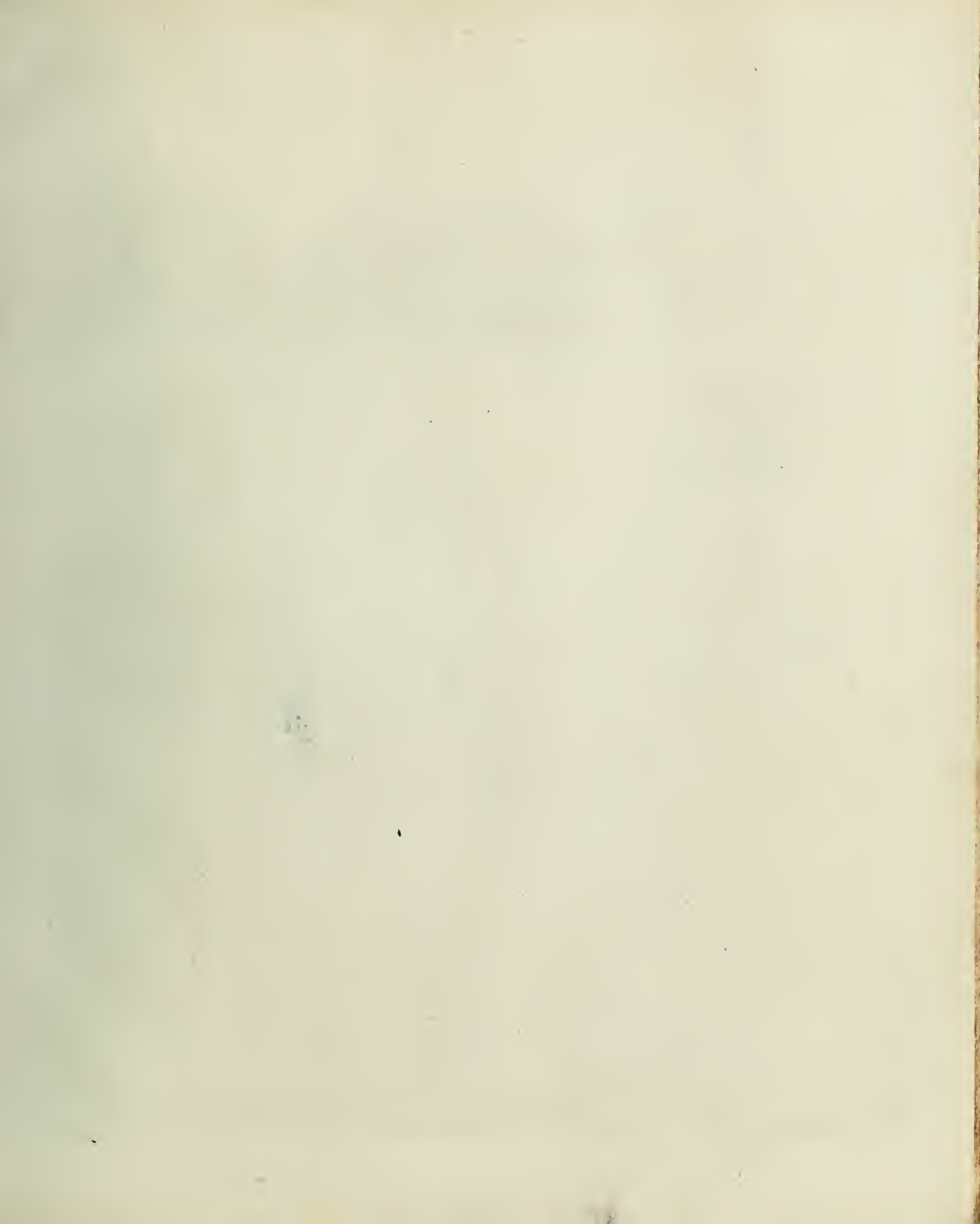


Portraits of Ladies of the Court of S.<sup>t</sup> James.  
and  
Fashionable Head Dresses for December, 1838.



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Morning Dresses.*





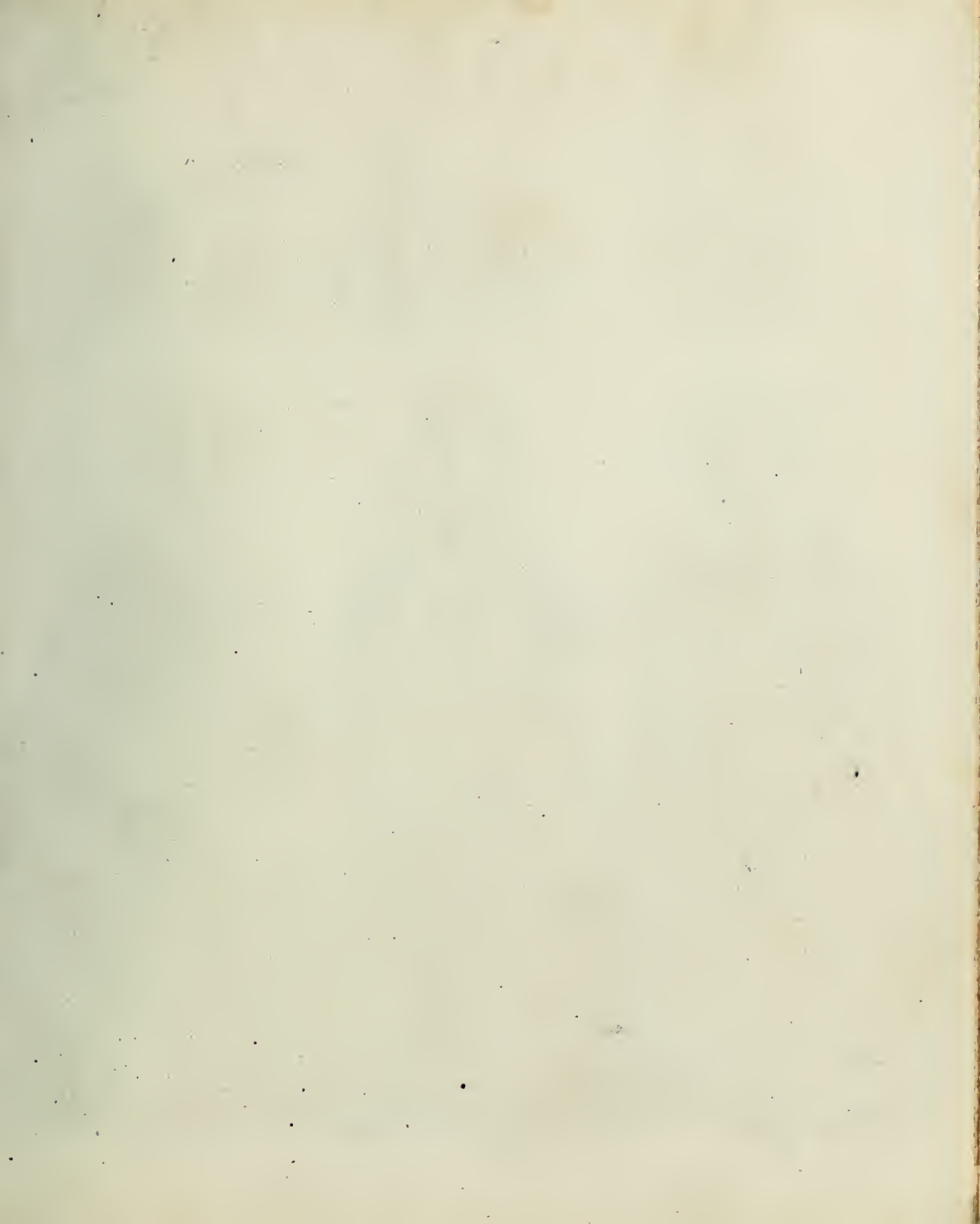






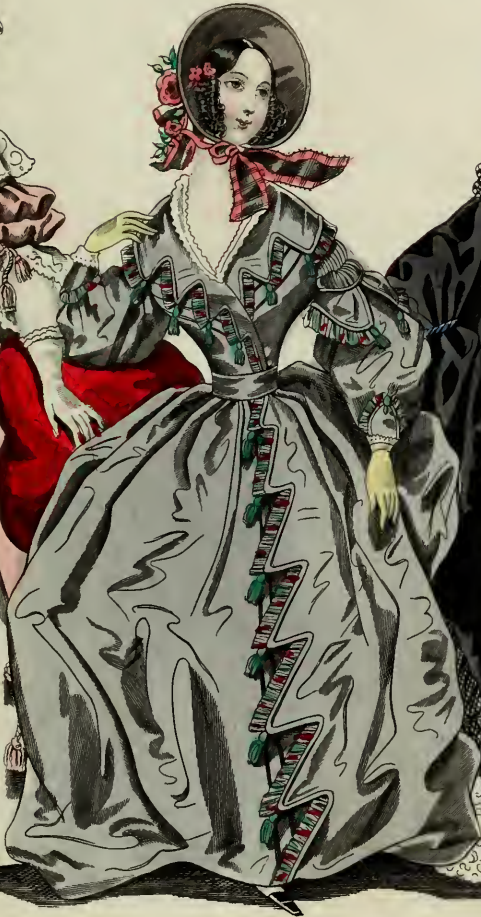
*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*







*The Last & Newest Fashions - 1838. Morning & Evening Dresses.*



*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1838. Evening & Morning Dresses. (5)*



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1838.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

NINE PORTRAITS OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT, IN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES FOR DECEMBER.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse-robe of dark blue satin; the front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with velvet, and *papillon* bows of ribbon; *corsage* half-high, and plain; *pelerine-fichû*, made to cross, and trimmed with bands of velvet and knots of ribbon; Victoria sleeve. Point lace collar. Hat of Indian green satin, trimmed with a bunch of grapes and black lace draperies.

MORNING CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Dove-coloured satin robe; the *corsage*, half-high, is tight to the shape, pointed, and trimmed with antique point lace; demi-large sleeve, trimmed with the material of the dress, *en manchette*. Rose-coloured satin hat; a horse-shoe crown, decorated with antique black lace and rose ribbon; a black lace drapery and a *gerbe* of flowers adorn the brim.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A fawn-coloured satin pelisse, over a blue silk robe; the *manchet* is black *levantine*, trimmed with the same material, and lined with satin to correspond with the pelisse; it is made ample, with a hood of moderate size. The bonnet is a *demi-bibi* of black velvet, lined with fawn-coloured satin; the interior of the brim is trimmed with blue flowers, and the crown adorned with a blue and white shaded feather, and puffs of blue ribbon.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—White satin robe; the border trimmed with a deep flounce headed with a *bouillon*; the *corsage*, crossing in front, is trimmed with a *bouillon* and a fall of lace; very short *bouillon* sleeve. The head-dress is an antique cap of dark green velvet, lightly embroidered with gold, and decorated with a bird of Paradise.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Rose-coloured *gros de Tours* robe; the front of the skirt is ornamented with a trimming disposed in a double row of hollow plaits; *corsage à revers*, trimmed to correspond; the sleeve, full at the bottom, has the upper part ornamented with a *bouillon*, placed between two flounces. The cap is a *bonnet à la Fermière*, simply trimmed with rose ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of drab coloured satin, with a black velvet *corsage*, made quite tight to the shape, with a heart *pelerine*, which, as well as the bottom of the *corsage*, is trimmed with black lace; the sleeves, trimmed with lace and velvet, are open, but may be closed at the pleasure of the wearer; the skirt, which is short, and very open in front, is also bordered with black lace; cords and tassels at the waist and throat complete the trimming. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with lilac *marabouts*.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of purple *levantine*; the front of the skirt is ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond. A high *corsage*, draped longitudinally; the sleeve, a little of the *gigot* form, is tight just below the shoulder, and trimmed with folds. Rose satin bonnet; the crown is decorated with a drapery *en marmotte*, which also descends upon the brim, and is bordered with lace; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a double bias fold of *tulle*.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue *gros de Naples* robe. White cashmere shawl bordered with Thibet fringe. White satin bonnet, a front view of Fig. 1.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Crimson velvet frock and pantaloons, trimmed with sable. Bonnet of pink *gros de Tours*, ornamented with a *bouquet* of short Ostrich feathers, and ribbons to correspond.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 4.—*Poussière pou de soie* robe. Green satin shawl; it is of the *fichû* form, trimmed with a deep lappel of green velvet and rich *chenille* fringe. White satin cottage bonnet, decorated with white ribbon, and a half wreath of red roses. White *tulle* veil.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

5.—EVENING DRESS.—Blue satin robe; the *corsage* is trimmed with a heart lappel, bordered with blond lace. *Tulle* cap; it is a *bonnet Leontine*, ornamented with roses, and pointed *tulle* lappets.

6.—DINNER DRESS.—Fawn-coloured velvet robe; *pelerine* of antique point lace. Small round cap of blond lace; the ornaments are a mixture of blond lace and velvet ribbon.

7.—EVENING DRESS.—India muslin robe; a low *corsage*, trimmed in a novel style with folds and lace. *Tulle* cap, of a simple form, ornamented with *gerbes* of flowers.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue spotted *pou de soie* robe. Mantle of rich brown satin, made shorter than the robe; rounded in front, and trimmed with bullion fringe to correspond; large sized velvet collar. The hat is very pale blue satin; it is trimmed with blue and white figured ribbon.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Crimson merinos vest; and pantaloons of black satin striped *coutil*. Velvet cap, trimmed with an ostrich feather.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Green satin robe; a high *corsage*, trimmed with velvet, and a row of interlaced satin *rouleaus*. Sleeve of the bell form at top, with a trimming of folds. The front of the skirt is decorated *en serpente* with satin *rouleaus*. Black velvet *pelerine* of a small size, and of the heart form; it is bordered with sable. Hat of *oiseau velours épingle*; an *aureole* brim, decorated with

## THE WORLD OF FASHION.

twisted ribbon and satin foliage; ribbon and a *gerbe* of roses adorns the crown.

### PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Fawn-coloured cashmere mantle; it is trimmed with a heart *pelerine*, which forms the shape in a very becoming manner, and is bordered with brown velvet; the fronts of the mantle are faced to correspond. The sleeve is straight, and moderately wide at the upper part; the lower part, of the demi-Mameluke shape, is bordered with velvet. A brown silk cord and tassels supplies the place of a *ceinture*. Rose-coloured *rep* velvet hat, trimmed in a light style with flowers, and a blond lace veil.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.—EVENING DRESSES.

5.—*Bonnet Babet* of tulle, ornamented with pink ribbon; *fichu pelerine* of *organdy*, embroidered, and trimmed with lace.

6.—Blue satin robe. The cap is a *bonnet à barbes*, of tulle, edged with blond lace, and trimmed with flowers.

7.—Blond lace cap, of a round shape, and trimmed with rose ribbon. *Pelerine* of antique point lace; rose-coloured satin robe.

## PLATE THE SEVENTH.

### EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An open robe of pink satin, over a white satin petticoat; the bottom of the robe is terminated with a flounce, which is headed by fancy silk trimmings, terminated at each end by tassels; pointed *corsage*, trimmed with a point lace *pelerine mantilla*; *bouffant* sleeves, with point ruffles. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with *marabouts*.

### EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse robe of lavender *pou de soie*; a shawl *corsage*, decorated—as is the front of the robe—with a trimming of a very novel description; *manche à la Duchesse d'Orleans*. Velvet hat; an *aureole* brim; the trimming consists of flowers and *ruban rayé*.

### EVENING DRESSES.

FIG. 3.—Robe of Indian corn-coloured satin, trimmed with pointed lace. *Palletot* of black satin lined with blue satin, the lining forms a very rich facing, which, as well as the rest of the cloak, is trimmed with wire-grounded lace; velvet collar. Head-dress of tulle, disposed in twisted folds on one side, but descending on the other in a floating end, edged with blond lace; a bunch of gold grapes is placed *en gerbe*.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1838.

From the splendid preparations made to usher in the season, we last month augured that it would be a most brilliant one, and there is the strongest reason to believe that our predictions will be amply fulfilled; but before we speak of the splendour of evening costume, or the elegant novelties in ball-dress, let us take a glance at the rich and comfortable envelopes that will be fashionable for carriage and promenade dress.

CLOAKS.—Although we have been already rather diffuse in our notices upon them, we cannot refrain from speaking of those that have just appeared, composed of velvet and lined with satin; the velvet is either black, or some rich dark hue; the

lining should be either rose, green, blue, or yellow; it is wadded and quilted, and in some instances, turns over, so as to form a facing, but not a very deep one, on the fronts of the cloak; an embroidery, either in the colour of the lining, or in small shaded flowers, encircles the border, and ends in a *gerbe*, which mounts rather high at each corner. The *pelerine* is pointed, is of very moderate size, and descends but little below the waist; it is embroidered to correspond; as are also the bottoms of the sleeves, which we must observe are long and wide, but not immoderately so. Although it is yet early for cloaks, trimmed with fur, to make their appearance, we have seen several, both of satin and velvet, bordered with sable. Some were made with sleeves, which answers the purpose of a muff; and are, in fact, more comfortable; they are wide, and deeply trimmed with sable, so that when the arms are folded on the bosom, and the hands enveloped in the sleeves, the resemblance to a muff is perfect.

SHAWLS.—A new one has just been introduced, called *châle-lama*; it has come from the banks of the Ganges, and promises to become very fashionable; they are of a large size, and of one colour only, either green, *groseille*, Peruvian blue, *écru*, or grey; they are bordered with a *galon*, composed of gold and silver twilled, interspersed with acorns of the same. These shawls are expected to be in great favour for morning concerts, &c., &c. Those of shot *peluche*, black and orange, or lavender and rose, trimmed with rich party coloured fringe, are beginning to be very numerous in carriage dress.

BONNETS.—Velvet ones begin to appear, but the most decidedly fashionable, as well as novel, are those of the drawn kind, composed of black crape, edged with *ruches* of the same; and the crown trimmed with black lace, intermingled with flowers. Bonnets are decidedly smaller, and we perceive that those of the *demi-bibi* shape, are in great request; it is a pretty and becoming modification of the cottage form.

HATS.—We cannot say that their form is yet absolutely settled; but one thing appears certain, that they will not be worn large. The brims up to the present time encircle the face *en aureole*, and the crowns descend low behind. Those of shot silk and velvet are a good deal in request; but we have reason to believe this is but a caprice of the moment, which will soon wear itself out. The favourite style of trimming for hats consists of an intermixture of feathers, with either black or white lace; the most novel fancy feathers are the *marabouts argus*.

DINNER DRESS.—It is expected that furs will be very generally adopted in the trimmings of dinner robes; indeed, several have already appeared decorated with them. Some were trimmed *en tunique*, that is to say, a *rouleau* of sable descended from the waist on each side, and turned back round the border at a considerable distance from the bottom; the extremity of the skirt is finished with a broad flat band of sable; the *corsage*, half high, is trimmed with a lappel, forming a V, and edged with a narrow *rouleau* of sable, and the sleeves large at the lower part, and terminated by sable cuffs, have the tops confined to the arm by three narrow *rouleaux* of sable.

TURBAN CAPS will be in very great vogue for dinner dress; these head-dresses have an excessively light and pretty effect. Some are composed of tulle *Sylphide*. Others of blond net, but the most elegant are of blond lace. The caul is always low, and placed far back, the front small and light, is decorated with velvet flowers, placed on one side only.

TURBANS will enjoy more than their usual vogue, both in dinner and evening dress. We may cite in the former, those for social parties, of *grenadine* gauze, either plain or figured in rich full



colours, and trimmed with a dyed bird of Paradise; black ones are the most in request. The turbans for grand dinner parties are either of velvet trimmed with feathers, or of gauze, embroidered in gold; these last are decorated with *esprits*.

**EVENING ROBES.**—The materials, as we predicted, are extremely varied—the richest silks, the most superb velvets and satins. India muslins, gauzes and *tulle*, are all in request. The generality of velvet robes have no trimming round the border, but the *corsages* and sleeves are profusely decorated with lace. Some have short sleeves made a little full, the fullness arranged in oblique puffs, by very narrow *biais* descending from the shoulder piece. India muslin robes are flounced excessively high, and several have them entirely of lace; the sleeves of muslin dresses are almost universally long, and of the demi-large form; the ornament most generally employed for these sleeves is composed of two or three very small *biais* folds, set on without any fullness below the shoulder; the same kind of ornament is often employed to trim the lower part of the sleeve, but the folds are reversed, and retain the fullness of the bottom of the sleeve.

**CORSAGES** offer us little change, but we see with pleasure that they are not in general cut so low as they were last winter. A good many form but very slightly indeed, the *demi-cœur* in front.

**HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS** offer greater variety than we ever remember. We will begin with those destined to toilettes, simple but *recherché*, and we may justly cite among them the *bonnet Clorinde*; it is composed of black *tulle* or lace, with black ornaments intermingled with orange ribbons and yellow moonshoods. The effect is exceedingly striking and original. More simple, but exquisitely pretty, is the *bonnet Rachel*, which has nothing Jewish about it, but its name; the caul small, and placed very backward, is composed of *tulle Sylphide*; the front of blond lace, an extremely open ground, and very light pattern, is disposed *en aurore* round the face, and intermingled with small field flowers; this is one of the most generally becoming caps we have ever seen. Where the *coiffure* must be splendid, nothing is more suitable than a small velvet hat, or a *chapel* of the fifteenth century, decorated with a superb bird of Paradise, or else a heron's plume; this last style is at once splendid and aristocratic.

**COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX** being principally adopted in ball-dress. We shall speak of them under that head.

**BALL DRESS.**—We have great pleasure in announcing that heavy materials are decidedly *hors de la mode* for ball-robés—*tulle*, gauze, *mousseline de soie*, and *organdy*, all, be it understood, over satin slips, are the materials that will be in request this winter. An embroidery in columns is expected to be very much the rage; it is wrought in coloured silks with an intermixture of gold or silver. We have seen some in both, and the effect is beautiful. Some of the most elegant ball-robés are composed of *tulle*, trimmed with a deep flounce of blond lace. One side of the front of the skirt is ornamented with a row of blond lace, disposed in a serpentine direction, and intermingled with flowers; it reaches to the flounce, which is looped, and attached to the lace by a *bouquet*. The *corsage*, draped in front, is ornamented in the centre of the bosom with a single rose with buds and foliage; the back is trimmed with a blond *mantilla*, and the short sleeve is partially covered by a full fall of blond lace. Several robes of the different materials that we have mentioned, are trimmed round the border with two wreaths of flowers encircled at regular distances with *bouillons* of *tulle*, the upper wreath rises on the left side in a *gerbe*, which mounts very high.

**BALL HEAD-DRESSES** are of hair, and decidedly low; the antique style is most prevalent in the ornaments of fancy jewellery adopted for them. We may cite as extremely elegant, the *couronnes moyenâge*, the *couronnes renaissance*, composed of coloured *geins*. Wreaths of small gold flowers and Venetian pins of gold, with the heads enriched with precious stones. Artificial flowers will also be very much employed both in wreaths and sprigs.

**FASHIONABLE** colours are claret, crimson, and several other deep full shades of red; dark and light green, some new shades of brown, particularly red brown, grey, violet, orange, and flame colour.

### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Late as it is in the season, the autumnal fashions still struggle with those of winter, and even in a certain degree successfully; it is true that furs, which are indispensable appendages to all out of door dresses, renders a toilette, otherwise light, conformable to the season. Thus we see, for instance, in

**PROMENADE NEGLIGE**, several robes of Cashmere or *poult de soie*, of dark or full colours, worn only with *fichú mantelets* of the same material, trimmed with silver bear fur, or *martre du Canada*. We must observe that these *fichú mantelets* are of a large size, lined in general with satin of a rich full colour, and wadded; they are, consequently, very comfortable envelopes. They are also, in our opinion, of a pretty and graceful form. A boa, of a fur to correspond with the trimming of the *mantelet*, is indispensable; and if a satin *capote* of *la dernière* mode is added, the toilette will be *parfaite*. The *capote* must be of shot satin, lavender and rose, or purple and gold colour; it may be either of the form described in our last Number—that is to say, *bouillonée*—or else the material laid on plain; but in either case a curtain veil of *tulle* or *gaze blonde* is added. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a few wild flowers, partially concealed by the blond lace with which they are mingled; the latter is put full at the sides, but plain over the forehead. Ribbon only is employed for the decoration of the crown; it is simply and sparingly, but very tastefully arranged.

**SPENCERS** have very much increased in vogue, but under a new name, and after all, "What's in a name?" whether we call it *corsage* or spencer it is the same thing; and an extremely pretty effect, we must say, these *corsages* have; they are always composed of velvet, and are made of the same colour as the skirt worn with them, or else of a different and strongly contrasted hue. We have at this moment nothing actually novel to announce in the make of spencers, indeed, they cannot be said to admit of much novelty, but we have reason to believe that some change will take place in regard to their trimmings, and if there should, our fair readers may depend upon our being the first to announce it.

**CAPOTES.**—Several in half-dress, as well as *negligé*, are of an autumnal description; the most fashionable are of rose or green satin, trimmed with velvet foliage. The effect of this style of trimming is equally distinguished and becoming. We see, also, several of these *capotes* trimmed with flowers, composed of the *barbes* of feathers. This is a revived fashion, which, in our opinion, has nothing to recommend it except its extreme lightness, for it wants the rich and glowing tints of velvet, which are so beautifully appropriate to some and particularly the larger flowers.

**CHAPEAUX.**—Those of velvet are at present very numerous, and afford considerable variety; besides those of violet, *maron*, *écar*, straw colour, white, and azure blue, we see some of *velours frisé*, and others of *velours changeant* or *à reflets*; they are in general trimmed with feathers. The newest style of ornament, as adopted by our *merveilleuses*, consists of down feathers of a novel and pretty kind; but we see also, several decorated with two feathers of the colour of the bonnet. This is a kind of trimming which always looks well, and though it has been in for several seasons, seems as if it would continue in vogue. Another mode of ornamenting hats, which is now in vogue, but against which we must enter our protest, is a dyed bird of Paradise; they are either black, dark green, or some full shade of red; as nothing can exceed the beauty of the bird's plumage in its natural state, we think it is a thousand pities it should be spoiled by dying.

**MORNING DRESS.**—*Robes-peignoirs* maintain their vogue, both for *negligé* and half-dress; we have seen in the latter several composed of plain Cashmere, either *ponceau*, Spanish brown, dark green, or grey, this last colour is in general request; the border is ornamented with two flounces, they are headed with an embroidery in *floize* silk to correspond with the robe, and edged with *éfilé*; this style of trimming has a pretty effect, it is also novel; the union of fringe and embroidery not having been, at least for many years, attempted. There is no alteration in the form of the *corsage*. The sleeves, full at the lower part, and tight above, are finished with two flounces placed at some distance from each other on the upper part of the arm; they are surmounted by embroidery, and edged with *éfilé*, corresponding, but on a smaller scale, with those of the skirt. Silks are also a great deal worn, both in morning and half-dress; the favourite form in the latter is a high *corsage*, sleeves *à la Jardinière*, and the skirt trimmed with deep flounces.

**LINGERIE.**—As we have just spoken of high *corsages* in half-dress, it may be as well to say that they are rendered exceedingly dressy by the lace or embroidered muslin collars worn with them. We need not speak of the forms of these latter, as we have given whatever is most novel in our plates; nothing can exceed the beauty of the embroidery; it is generally in feather-stitch, and often as valuable or more so than lace. We must observe that in most instances it is edged with Valenciennes lace, of narrow width but of exquisite fineness. The novelty of the moment, if one may call that novel which was fashionable some centuries ago, is the collar of old point lace, now the distinguishing mark of an expensive toilette; the form may be either round or of the small *fichú* kind, but it is indispensable that the pattern of the lace be of a very antique kind, in fact, its price is in proportion to its antiquity. A *collet* of this kind, and *manchettes* to correspond, give the last finish to an elegant demi-toilette.

**MORNING CAPS.**—In truth our *élégantes* display quite as much coquetry in their choice of a *bonnet du matin*, as in that of a *coiffure de soirée*. We have given some very pretty models of these caps, and we hasten to add to them such information as may be useful to our fair readers. We must observe, first, that those of *tulle* are not in a majority, the finest and clearest India muslin being more in favour, though not to a very great degree; but whatever the material may be, the caul is always of a simple form, composed of one piece only, nearly flat to the head, and terminated by a very deep curtain at the back; the *papillon* is always small, and placed very backward, so as to leave the forehead free and display the hair to advantage. The trimming consists of knots of ribbon, or in some instances, muslin edged with lace. We shall cite one morning cap, which we consider

sufficiently novel and becoming to merit a particular mention. It is composed of clear India muslin; the caul of moderate size, and the front in the form of a long square, is terminated by two short lappets; it is cut in scallops, which are edged with Valenciennes lace, forming a full *papillon* at each side, but leaving the forehead free. A cockade, formed of intermingled rows of blue ribbon and Valenciennes lace, is placed on one side; the lappets are carelessly tied under the chin, but do not form a bow. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an exceedingly pretty, simple, and youthful style of morning cap.

**DINNER DRESS.**—Velvet robes begin to appear in dinner costume; they are trimmed with satin tresses; three rows are generally employed to ornament the border of the skirt, but the front of the skirt and also the *corsage* is usually decorated with fancy silk trimming. As to the forms of *corsages* and sleeves we cannot do better than refer to our plates.

**HEAD-DRESSES FOR DINNER AND EVENING DRESS.**—Those for social parties will be principally distinguished by their simple elegance, and we may say also, in one instance at least, originality. We allude to a very pretty turban cap which has just appeared, ornamented in a very light style, with fancy silk cords and tassels. The cap is composed of *tulle*; the front, of the turban form, is entwined with blue silk cord, which also encircles the caul, forming a knot, terminated with two light and elegant tassels on one side. Another simply elegant head-dress is the pretty *bonnet d'Appenzel*; it is composed of blond or *tulle*, and bears a very strong resemblance to the Swiss peasant's cap. The *coiffures* most remarkable for their magnificence are a cap of gold blond lace, terminated by long lappets of the same superb material; the form resembles—a little, and but a little—the *bonnet à la Chatelaine*; it is altogether lighter, and the caul lower. The *coiffure à la Diane de Poitiers*, copied from one of the portraits of that celebrated beauty, is majestic and imposing, but it can be becoming to very few ladies. The *chaperon* of the fifteenth century, and the *petit chapeau* of Agnes Sorel, both composed of velvet, are rendered splendid by the superb feathers and ornaments of gold and gems with which they are decorated.

**DES JEUNESSES.**—The name and thing goes oddly together, for the *Jeunesses* are one of the modes of our grandmothers, which we have just revived; it is a kind of *fichú* of black silk net, netted by hand, that our grandmothers wore on their heads of an evening, either to go to the theatre, or to the evening service; but with this difference, that at the *spectacle* they threw it back, and at church they suffered it to fall over the face in the style of a curtain veil. At present it is worn thrown carelessly over the neck; and we need hardly say, that on a beautiful fair neck the effect is very good.

**HOOPS AND TRAINS.**—Their revival has been announced so often that we have hitherto given very little credit to it, but we are forced at last to admit not only that there is a strong probability, but even almost a positive certainty, that as soon as the season has fairly opened both will be introduced in full dress. The first resemble, in no respect, those cumbersome machines of whalebone and buckram, in which our great grandmothers were encased; they are light, flexible, and of moderate size, and are so constructed that by touching certain springs a lady may raise or lower her hoop in a moment. Trains, which are certainly indispensable with hoops, are very graceful if properly managed. We do not, of course, speak of the demi-trains, which have been for some time occasionally adopted by our *élégantes*, but of the long and flowing ones. Should they appear, it will be very early in the season, and we have the strongest reason to believe that they will soon be very generally adopted, but in full-dress only.

## TALES, POETRY, AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE ;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY  
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND ;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## EARL OF LONGFORD.

Here let us lie, upon a primrose bank,  
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are fair ;  
For Heaven is fair, and Earth all round is fair ;  
And we reflect both in our souls to-day.  
Art thou not joyous ? Does the sunshine fall  
Upon a barren heart ? Methinks it is  
Itself the sweet source of fertility !  
In all its golden warmth it wraps us round—  
Not us alone—but every beast and bird  
That makes the breathing forest musical ;  
Not these alone ; but every sparkling stream,  
And every hill, and every pastoral plain,—  
The leaves that whisper in delightful talk,—  
The truant air with its own self at play  
The clouds that swim in azure—loving Heaven,  
And loving Earth—and lingering between each,  
Loth to quit either ; are not alive,  
With one pure unalloyed consummate joy ?

The pleasant neighbourhood of Pakenham Hall, in the county of Longford, has been the scene of great festivity, and general rejoicing, during the month, for the noble owner of that stately Hall—the highly-respected Earl of LONGFORD—having attained his majority, the event was celebrated with hospitality characteristic of olden times. On this happy occasion a profusion of beef, flour, and strong beer, was delivered to upwards of two hundred families, who, at their own fire-sides, sat down to the enjoyment of these comforts, and in their prayers wished that health and prosperity might continue to attend the young and benevolent nobleman. Moreover, the Countess of LONGFORD gave out a large quantity of blankets to various poor people, thus enabling them to meet the coming winter season without fear. This is true charity, and the benevolent acts of the noble Earl and the Countess must be indelibly written upon the hearts of those whom they have benefitted. The happy occasion of the Earl of LONGFORD'S attainment of his majority was otherwise celebrated. A select party of friends dined at the Castle of Pakenham Hall on this occasion. JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq., deputy sovereign of Longford, entertained a select party at dinner. At night the town of Longford was brilliantly illuminated ; a number of bon-fires were lighted, several barrels of porter distributed, and the night passed off in the utmost harmony and good humour, without the slightest

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accident or disturbance. There were also illuminations at Castle Pollard, Trumroc, and Coole, and fires blazed in every direction. A modern poet asks—

“ How shall wisdom shew itself so well  
As in administering joy ? ”

And we may say, that the Earl of LONGFORD has manifested his wisdom by spreading joy among his tenantry.

Let us now proceed to the genealogy of the noble Earl, and shew from what distinguished persons his Lordship has descended. Let us go back to the times of “ long ago,” when it is difficult to find the records of families, obscured as they are.

Follow yon majestic train  
Down the slopes of old renown,  
Knightly forms without disdain,  
Sainted heads without a frown ;  
Emperors of thought and hand  
Congregate, a glorious show,  
Met from every age and land  
In the plains of Long-ago.

In the reign of King EDWARD the First, surnamed the Confessor, we find that an antient and honourable family, the PAKENHAMS, settled in the county of Sussex ; WILLIAM DE PAKENHAM being one of the Judges of the land. In the year 1576, Sir EDWARD DE PAKENHAM, Knight, accompanied his cousin, Sir HENRY SIDNEY, to Ireland, whither the latter went out as Lord Lieutenant. Sir Edward settled in Ireland, and his grandson, HENRY PAKENHAM, Esq., who occupied Pakenham Hall, in the county of Westmeath, in the reign of CHARLES the First, obtained a grant of the lands of Tullynally, and became Member of Parliament for the borough of Navan. He was twice married ; his first lady being MARY, daughter of ROBERT TILL, Esq., of Trevor, in the county of Meath, by whom he had a family of four sons and three daughters. After the death of this lady, he married ANNE, sister of Sir ROBERT PRIGOT, by whom he had one son. His death occurred in 1601, and his eldest son succeeded to his estates. This was Sir THOMAS PAKENHAM, Knight, who also became a member of the legislature, and having attained great eminence at the bar, was honoured with the gift of the high situation of first serjeant at law in Ireland, in the year 1695. He died in 1796, and was succeeded by his eldest son, EDWARD PAKENHAM, Esq., M.P. for the county of Westmeath, who died in 1720, and was succeeded by his eldest son, THOMAS PAKENHAM, Esq. He was one who

“ Prized the matron summer most in smiles  
And gave his heart up to her rose-crown'd hours.”

He loved and was beloved by the fair daughter (ELIZABETH) of MICHAEL CUFFEL, Esq., (whose sole heiress the lady was), and niece of AMBROSE AUNGER, Esq., second and last Earl of LONGFORD, of that family, (a peerage which expired in 1704), to whom her father was heir. This lady he led to the nuptial altar, and in the year 1756 he was created Baron of LONGFORD. His lady, on the 5th of July, 1785, was created Countess of

A A

LONGFORD. By this marriage his Lordship had (together with three daughters who were taken from this sublunary world before their sire),—

1. EDWARD MICHAEL, his successor.
2. THOMAS, an Admiral of the red, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. He married LOUISA, daughter of the Hon. JOHN STAPLES.
3. ELIZABETH.

His Lordship, dying in the year 1766, was succeeded in the barony by his eldest son, EDWARD MICHAEL, who was born in the year 1743. In 1768 he led the blushing CATHERINE, second daughter of HERCULES LONGFORD ROWLEY, and Viscountess LONGFORD, to the temple of Hymen, whose hearts as well as hands, in this case, combined. The result of this happy union was a family of nine children.

1. THOMAS, who succeeded to the peerage.
2. EDWARD MICHAEL, a distinguished military officer, who received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services in the Peninsular war. He gloriously fell on the battlefield, on the 8th of January, 1815, near New Orleans.
3. HERCULES ROBERT, born in 1781, who also received a honorary distinction for his gallant services during the Peninsular war. He became a votary of Hymen in 1817, leading then the accomplished EMILY, fourth daughter of THOMAS STAPLETON, Lord DE SPENCER, to the nuptial altar.
4. WILLIAM, an officer of the Royal Navy, who was unfortunately drowned, in 1811.
5. HENRY, who embraced the clerical profession, and married ELIZA, second daughter of the Rev. W. SANDFORD.
6. ELIZABETH, who in the year 1793 became the wife of HENRY STEWART, Esq.
7. HELEN, married to J. HAMILTON, Esq.; she died in 1807.
8. CATHERINE, married in April, 1806, to ARTHUR, Duke of WELLINGTON. Her Grace died some years since.
9. CAROLINE, married in 1808, to HENRY HAMILTON, Esq. The noble father of this family died in the year 1792, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, THOMAS, who inherited the Earldom of Longford at the decease of his grandmother, ELIZABETH, Countess of LONGFORD, in January, 1794. He also was honoured by his Sovereign with a barony of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron SILCHESTER, of Silchester, in the county of Southampton, on the 17th of July, 1821. His Lordship was not one of those

Whom not the tones  
Of woman's voice e'er charmed; and who can look  
Upon the roses of her cheek, and turn  
With brute indifference away; or meet  
The lightning of her eye-glance, and retire  
Unscathed by its keen fires!

He bowed before the shrine of woman's beauty, and in January 1818, led to the hymeneal altar GEORGIANA, daughter of WILLIAM, first Earl of BEAUCHAMP, by which lady his Lordship had the following family—

1. EDWARD MICHAEL, the present peer.
2. WILLIAM LYSSON, born January 31, 1819.
3. THOMAS ALEXANDER, born February 3, 1820.
4. CHARLES REGINALD, born September 21, 1821.
5. HENRY ROBERT, born September 26, 1822.
6. FREDERICK BEAUCHAMP, born September 25, 1823.
7. CATHERINE FELICIA.
8. A daughter.

Upon the death of his Lordship, his eldest son succeeded to the titles.

EDWARD MICHAEL PAKENHAM, Earl of LONGFORD and Baron LONGFORD, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron SILCHESTER, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, was born on the 30th of October, 1817, and has, consequently, just attained his majority, the rejoicings in consequence of which happy event we have already noticed.

The arms of the Earl of LONGFORD are as follow:—Quarterly, *or.* and *gu.*; in the first quarter, an eagle, displayed *vert.* for Pakenham; second, *ar.* on a bend, indented *sa.*, cotised *az.*, three fleurs-de-lis of the field, each cotise charged with three bezants for Cuffe; third, *erm.* a griffin, segreant, *az.*, for Aungier; fourth, per bend, crenellée, *ar.* and *gu.* for Boyle. Crest: a demi-eagle, displayed with two heads, quarterly, *ar.* and *az.* Supporters: dexter, a lion, *az.*, charged on the shoulder with an escarbuncle *or.*; sinister, a griffin, *az.*, beak, forelegs, and wings, *or.* Motto—"Gloria virtutis umbra."

The seats of the noble Earl are Pakenham Hall, in the county of Westmeath, and Longford Castle, Longfordshire. May his future life be bright and happy as the past.

#### A SIGH.

What is a sigh? You wait my reply,  
List, and I'll tell thee, love, *what* is a sigh.  
In grief, a sigh is like the rose  
Around whose stem the rank weed grows;  
The weed the infant bud will press—  
The rose will die in its caress—  
So grief will on the dove-lorn sit,  
And choke the heart that pillows it.  
But then a sigh—to wit like mine,  
(And, Ella, such, I hope, as thine,)  
A sigh that's just so faintly deep  
As wakes the soul from out its sleep,  
When lips we love and cheeks we prize  
Come dimpling to our ravished eyes—  
A sigh, ye Gods; conceived like this  
Is *cousin-german* to a kiss.  
We talk with fingers and with eyes—  
Then, prithee, say—why not with sighs?  
A sigh can sever Cupid's chain—  
A sigh can join its links again—  
A sigh is woman's surest dart—  
A sigh's the echo of the heart.  
A sigh that heart may blissful make—  
A sigh can whisper it to break.  
A sigh in every land you'll find—  
A sigh's the lightning of the mind.  
A sigh has oft the affections stole—  
A sigh's the message from the soul—  
And on a sigh, with wings of light,  
The spirit takes its heavenward flight.

There is no plan so certain for discovery, as that of abusing a lover to the object of his love. She is then almost sure to defend him; be secrecy ever so much desired.

LOVE'S VICTORY;  
OR, THE ARMOURER OF BRUGES.

A Tale.

"Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove."

The great clock of St. Peter's had struck the hour of midnight. The silence was faintly disturbed by the light stroke of the oars of a small boat gliding rapidly down the Tiber. The boat contained two persons—the boatman and another; in the latter of whom, notwithstanding the ample folds of a large cloak that enveloped his person, it was easy to distinguish an air both noble and graceful. His face was handsome, his eyes beamed with vivacity and intelligence, whilst richly clustering curls falling over his shoulders, according to the fashion of the times, were surmounted by a velvet hat, ornamented with a plume, fastened by a loop of precious stones; and his high-heeled shoes, of immense length, richly embroidered, betrayed the fastidious and whimsical style of dress adopted by the *élegant* of the opening of the sixteenth century.

It was a glorious summer's night; the moon shone unclouded in Rome's lovely sky; the majestic dome of St. Peter's rose proudly above the rich palaces that environed it, like a monarch amidst his courtiers. Ere the last stroke of the clock had died upon the ear the boatman dropped his oars. The young cavalier, springing from the boat with rapid strides, pursued his way on the banks of the river; suddenly he found himself checked in his course. Three men stood ready to dispute his passage. To disengage his cloak, to draw his sword, and put himself in an attitude of resistance to their attack, were acts occupying less time than is required to record them. The contest was difficult. Our young gallant soon perceived that he had to deal with bravos. Their long and heavy swords, the toughness of their breastplates of iron mail, their ferocious aspect, left him no doubt in this respect. The Chevalier, who was a perfect master of his weapon, opposed a vigorous resistance, and his lawless assailants, not expecting so much courage and address, redoubled their efforts. Their adversary, who had placed himself against a wall, kept them at bay, when, upon an active parry, his treacherous rapier snapt near the hilt. Vainly did the bravos call upon him to surrender. With desperate fury he wielded the fragment that was left him, and his desperation had nearly proved fatal, when suddenly the scene was changed; a loud shout was heard; a fourth sword glistened in the air, and a stroke, rapid as lightning, laid prostrate at the feet of the Cavalier the nearest ruffian, whilst the others, seized with fear, took to instant flight.

"By St. Guiseppa," cried the young Cavalier, "be assured that your sword never could have fallen at a more propitious moment. Heaven be praised! But, I pray you," he continued, advancing towards his deliverer, "to [whom do I owe this service?"]

The person addressed was a tall and handsome youth, whose blue eyes, fair complexion, and high and vigorous stature, bespoke him of another clime. He was encased in a close coat of leather, which displayed to advantage his muscular and well-formed figure; his athletic proportions, his countenance still flushed by the contest, his sword upon which he leaned, all—even to the subdued light falling upon the scene—gave to the stranger an almost supernatural appearance. The Italian surveyed him with no less pleasure than surprise; he fancied he saw one of those splendid models of antiquity with which his

country was so richly endowed; he, however, failed not to ask to whom he was indebted.

The stranger replied—"You would know my name; by my faith I need make no mystery of it. I am called Valentine, the armourer of Bruges; and as to the service of which you speak, it is not worthy of your thanks. Three to one," cried he, with an energetic oath, "is rather longish odds for a Cavalier; I had been upon and strangled them, could I not have drawn my weapon from its scabbard. But, now that you know who I am, you will not refuse, in your turn, to tell me who the Cavalier may be, that has proved himself so perfect a master of his sword?"

"My name is Giulio," replied the Italian, grasping with cordiality the hand of the armourer; "and I pray you say in what manner I can best serve you. You are a stranger, I perceive.—" And it may be, his eyes resting upon the simple though serviceable garments of Valentine. He was understood.

"Oh! for that matter, it is true the purse of the Armourer of Bruges," replied he, slightly colouring, "is not as heavy as when he forged coats of mail and cuirasses for the rich nobles of the North; but by St. Nicholas it is not yet so light that it's master need come thus far to beg."

"What, then, has brought you hither?" said Giulio, smiling. "Is it that your citizens of Bruges have no more need of coats of mail, than our prowling serenaders of Rome? Velvets sell better here than steel or iron. But, Ah! I see there is something beyond all this; some fair-haired beauty, with bright and sunny smile. Ah! now;—a pilgrimage, perhaps? Ah! You laugh; I could venture much thereon."

"By St. Jacques! You are right, I believe, and I forgive your mirth at my expense, for my folly is worthy of little else. However, you shall hear all, and judge of me afterwards as you like."

"Gladly; for on the faith of a gentleman, the story of a love adventure is ever musical."

"Be it as you desire; and I will try not to abuse your patience, though, in truth, I fear I weary you. You may, perhaps, have heard of one Nicolas Hubert, who enjoys as an artist a great reputation with us. Hubert has one child, a fair-haired lovely girl, such as we Northerners paint as objects to admire.—As children we had learnt to love. I was some years older than Marie, and as a child, oft-times have I carried her in my arms, danced her on my knees, or changed her tears to smiles. She, too, had learnt to love. We were daily together, and looked forward to a future day, as if our union would follow as a thing of course. Her parents opposed it not; they saw, and watched the growth of our affections. Marie had attained her sixteenth year; no dream of the future disturbed our peace; heedless as the Neapolitan, who basks in the sun's bright rays, with no thought of the morrow! Without fortune—without ambition. One day,—one unlucky day for me—a letter arrived sealed with black. Hubert was heir to a distant relation, whom he scarcely knew. Marie was now rich! The same roof sheltered us no longer. The garden with its trees that had grown with us, and with our love was there; heaven's blue expanse still smiled above; but, oh! how changed to me that scene! Marie had been the gentle spirit of the scene, but the spirit that shed its bright lustre o'er it was no longer there. She had quitted, for a splendid mansion, the lowly dwelling I had decorated for her; her simple robe of white, suiting her so well, was exchanged for the costly materials that wealth and fashions' law commanded;—but do not think, Signor, that she was altered, or that she ceased to think of me. If, by chance, her father's pride permitted her to visit me, she wanted not the will, and to her I

was still the same Valentine she had learnt to love in lowly truth, and 'ere wealth had raised its cold and heartless barrier.

One day she arrived pale and aghast, "Valentine!" exclaimed she, "My father would marry me to another!"

"Marry thee!" I exclaimed; "to whom?"

"I know not; but I will be thine and thine only."

"Oh Marie! those dear words thrill through my heart; let us together to your father." Then hurrying her away, I threw myself at the feet of Hubert; "Give me your daughter," I exclaimed, "she is mine, since I have your promise." Hubert repulsed me without deigning a reply. In vain I insisted, in vain I urged my suit—nothing, not even her tears could move him! A sudden thought struck me! "Be it so;" I replied, "Keep your daughter; but, at least, give me three years grace; if, at that time, I bring not fortune equal to your own, dispose of her hand as you will. He was about to refuse, when Marie threw herself at his feet. The entreaties of his child succeeded. He replied, "You are mistaken; it is not fortune I require; but your station will not allow me to receive you as my son-in-law;—return in three years an artist, and my child is yours, further I cannot and will not say."

At this recital, Giulio burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; "By our Lady of Loretto, your's is a wild story; so you have quitted home, family, and friends to seek—you scarce know what; truly, a pursuit almost as visionary as seeking the philosopher's stone; but if, in the mean time, your beauty should be content to receive consolation from some more favoured gallant?"

"Hold! Sir!" eagerly interrupted the armourer; the Flamands, when they pledge their faith, know how to keep it; aye, as well as your fair dames of Rome, though not so ready, perhaps, to plight it;" and he glanced at the belt of the young Italian, where was suspended an embroidered glove, that could only belong to a female.

"Then have you really," replied Giulio, "seeking to turn the conversation, undertaken this journey to devote yourself to the study of the great art?"

"What else could have brought me to Rome? You have asked me in what manner you can best serve me. You can assist me. But teach me where to gain instruction. Ah! if you knew how from morn to night this hand has worked and toiled to image forth some of the works of nature!"

"Holy Virgin!—that hand, my friend, were fitter to forge a crested morion, than to sully canvass! really I could smile."

"In pity, is it not? farewell, your mirth suits me not!" and Valentine turned to quit his companion, but Giulio restraining him, replied:

"Come, come, my friend, it was far from my wish to offend you, I owe you too deep an obligation, and though I may have trifled, the crime of ingratitude was never charged to me. Trust to me, my doughty friend, and, since you so earnestly desire it, trust to the efforts of one whose life you have preserved;—but, is it possible that you are yourself an artist?"

"A sorry one, I must confess."

The Flamand for a moment hesitated, then accepting his proffered hand, they departed together in the direction of the holy city. Valentine's new friend was no other than the celebrated Giulio Romano, the beloved pupil of Raphaël. It is well known that the similarity of their ages (for Giulio was but a few years his great master's junior) gave birth to a lasting friendship, and of which Raphaël gave so striking a proof, in naming him with another of his most esteemed pupils, his joint legatee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years had passed away, and the town of Bruges still felt the loss of one of her best citizens, for Valentine had never returned; the forge had ceased to resound to his mighty blows, and none had been found to succeed to his place as armourer of Bruges.

It was in the month of June, the last rays of the setting sun shed its golden beams on the towers of the old cathedral; it was a lovely sight. The Gothic windows, whose coloured panes of azure and purple hue dazzled the sight as the sun fell upon them, with its soft and chastened light. The night advanced, and no sound was heard, save the measured and heavy tread of the guard, who with shouldered halberds, patrolled the city. At the window of a house, situated in the principal street, was seated a young female, whose melancholy and dejected air shewed that grief had laid its stern hand upon her; her fair rich tresses were thrown back from a brow of dazzling whiteness; her arms were crossed upon her breast, and the agitated and unequal movement of the satin boddice betrayed the feelings she vainly tried to suppress. It was the beautiful Marie, the pearl of Bruges, whose name had become the war-cry of many a gallant cavalier,—who hand had been sought by many a proud noble. And, yet to the chagrin of her father, she resolutely rejected every suitor. She retired, after a time, from the window, and threw her fingers across the strings of a guitar, but the instrument, as though it echoed the heart of its mistress, produced but a mournful and plaintive sound, and she threw it from her. "Oh Valentine!" she exclaimed, "have they not wronged thee; you are not false, and yet they say—aye, let them say on: so that you believe them not," but her lips were closed from reply by the caresses of her lover, and the happy Valentine pressed to his bosom the delighted and bewildered girl, "My own Marie, my heart's best hope, thou art mine, and mine for ever!"

"I cry amen, my child," replied Hubert, an unperceived witness of this scene, "she is, indeed, thine own, Valentine, and by St. Nicholas, the wedding shall be no later than to-morrow. Well, why look so confused, it was clear enough, that hand was never made for an armourer; to-day an artist seeks it, why should I refuse? Come, come, my children, be at your ease to-night, for to-morrow sees the wedding," And sure enough, the following day had scarcely dawned before the church bells were in motion, and at mid-day the old vaults of the cathedral heard the happiest vows that had ever been pronounced.

The name of the armourer of Bruges, who held a distinguished rank in the artist's record, remains celebrated in the Flemish chronicles to the present time.

Let those of our readers, with whom the history of the arts is familiar, look back upon its page, and amongst those who have shed a lustre upon the art, that time alone can efface, will be found the name of the armourer of Bruges. The main incidents of the story are true, for "truth is stronger than fiction," and love that in its time has worked so many strange miracles, achieved the, by no means easy, task of changing a doughty welder of curiasses into one of the first of Flemish painters.

E. B.

WOMAN.—Without woman man would be rude, unpolished, solitary; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the smiles of life, like the honeysuckles of the forest which adorn the trunks of the oak with their perfumed garlands.

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

## No. I.

## THE SINGLE LADY.\*

There are two classes of the "single lady,"—one, long known as the "old maid," and the other the "romantic lady." The latter having characteristics peculiar to herself, we shall devote a future chapter to her alone, and speak now only of the "old maid." When in company you can scarcely perceive the distinction between her and the "Particular"; in both there is the same anxiety about their clothes, the same particularity in pulling out their dress before they sit down; but there is a pursed-up expression about the virgin's mouth; she casts her eyes modestly to the ground when a gentleman happens to look at her; and rates her pretty young niece, if she returns a glance, and calls her "an indelicate lost-to-all-sense-of-propriety creature!"

She generally gives over dancing, and takes to cards and tea-parties, when arrived at the age of thirty years. But the precise period of her arrival at that advanced post in life's pilgrimage it is rather difficult to determine; for they all seem to stand still from eight-and-twenty till thirty-five, when their hair begins to turn grey and they take to caps. Nature appears as though she pitied them, and gave them one more chance of getting off by making their age a matter of doubt. The old maid is useful to keep a brother's house, who is either a bachelor, or bereaved widower. It is wonderful how she makes her dresses last; summer after summer, winter after winter, she is to be seen in the same things she wore years before; the same old white bonnet, the same little fur tippet. She has her gowns turned and twisted a thousand different ways, and not one looks respectable!

She talks against and deplores the manners and impudence of the present race of young men; she shudders at the boldness and freedom of the girls, and whispers mysteriously her virtuous horror to a female fellow-scrag, at the Parliament not erecting a prison for the incarceration of poor unfortunate females, victims of man's perfidy, whom she denominates "horrible wretches," and turns up the yellow of her eyes to the sky, when she happens to look upon one! A cat, parrot, and one dog are generally found on her premises; the dog is mostly a spaniel (they used to be pugs) extremely fat, unwholesome, and ill-tempered.

She is very fond of "tit-bits," especially at another's expense. She either takes to a dissenting chapel, where she listens and receives comfort from the discourse of the "dear good man," or comforts herself before she goes to bed with some mysterious mixture, "nice and warm." The doctor is seldom out of the house, for she suffers dreadfully from indigestion.

It is a singular circumstance, which all lovers of natural curiosities should observe, that all "single ladies" have the extreme point of their nasal organ tinted after the age of thirty odd. Is it a kind of freemasonry, a sign to know each other by, in company; so that they may at once begin pulling the characters

\* We put in a saving clause; all old maids are not like the one so amusingly described by our correspondent. We know many amiable, happy, generous, and mirth-inspiring ones, whose friendship knows no end; and who are, indeed, perfect *treasures*.—Ed.

and appearance of all around and near them to tatters, without taking the trouble before they begin, to inquire if they each belong to the same tribe? Or, is this rosy hue the last and lasting concentration of all the blushes which coloured her cheek in the simple and foolish days of her girlhood?

No! I am afraid that through some malformation in these tabbies, the essence of all the "nice warm" mixture they swallow, to *comfort* themselves, flies up to and remains in this peculiar portion of their "human face divine." Should you see a bilious, gross, and snarling-looking lady, leaning on the arm of a pale, consumptive young creature, denominated by her, and the newspaper, as "Companion," sauntering along in the sun, where there are not many passers by, perhaps in the parks, you may fancy she is a single lady; but should you also perceive behind her at some slight distance, a little unhappy-looking wretch, about four feet high, clothed in green, with sugar-loaf buttons in regular rows on each side, from the shoulder down to the waist, perspiring under the weight of a large shawl, a camp-stool, and a pair of clogs, with an umbrella, moreover, sticking out under his arm, behind and before, to the peril of thoughtless pedestrians; and in advance of this nondescript, a spaniel, with a lover's knot of blue ribbon round its neck, waddling uncomfortably along, and both dog and boy looking ready to snap at you,—make *certain* she is an "old maid."

One thing more;—they have a dislike and horror of all children. And now, I think, if my reader has one grain of perception, he cannot fail, after all that I have said, to distinguish a "tabby," when he meets her, from a married lady.

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## No. II.

## THE MOTHERLY LADY.

The motherly lady is a kind, open-hearted, dear, generous, mirth-making soul; always at home among young people, and always striving to make them happy and comfortable; she calls them all her "dears;" and sure we are that if ever the word of affection falls sincerely from human lips, it is from hers that it comes. Should an unlucky young wight happen to get into trouble, she may be certain of this good creature's intercession, if she be nigh. She will not leave off pleading until the pardon of Pickle is sealed! She has a few "young people" (as she calls them) of her own, whom she is very fond and very proud of; it is evident that she thinks there are none in the world equal to them, and they return her affection as truly, as deeply. No one is like their mother; no one so kind. Every night, before going to bed, in the "motherly" lady's family, there is the parting kiss, the "Good night, God bless you!" all round. It is almost heavenly to see young men, mixing with the rough world, tossing up and down in its mingled society all the day through, at night blessing their mother and sisters, and pressing on their lips earth's purest and holiest action, and receiving the same hallowed kiss from them.

This lady often gives dances, for the pleasure of seeing the young ones who enjoy themselves around her. There are always plenty of "nice things" in her house, for, as she says, "she liked them when she was young herself, and she don't suppose young people's tastes have altered much in this, if they have in other things."

Reader, should you be so fortunate as to receive an invitation to visit this lady, never fear that the sheets are damp, or that your night-apparel is not aired; she is too careful to overlook

anything that is necessary for your comfort, and would consider it as determined murder to put any friend, or even a foe, in a damp bed. You may know her at a party by her genteel, but unobtrusive dress; there is a mildness and gentleness about her countenance, which always draws the juniors round her; and you may, perhaps, see her listening to the tirade of a furious mamma, who is pouring into her ear all her bitter complaints against her youngest daughter, who "ran away last week, and got married to a thoughtless young fellow, with more love in his heart than pence in his pocket." Now look how earnestly she pleads for the young scapegraces. Mamma is getting angry, but, nevertheless, the "motherly lady," does not give up the cause; there is mercy in her eye and persuasion on her lip; she pleads with earnestness; her words are few, but all to the point; they carry conviction with them; her companion becomes a trifle cooler; in a few moments, look again, and you will see her with tears trickling down each cheek, grasping with both hers, the hand of the successful intercessor, while her lips pour out her thanks to Mrs. ——— for opening her eyes to so correct a view of the case. And the "motherly lady" goes home, satisfied that she has succeeded in putting another mother's heart at ease, and in reconciling her to her worthy children.

In the street you may distinguish her by the kind smile which every young person receives from her, and by the tender care she takes in passing, and the few gentle words she gives to the merry groups of children, or the little uncertain loiterer along the pavement. She is esteemed by all friends of her own years, loved and respected by those of fewer years, and adored by children.

\* \* \*

### THE RETURN.

Is it no dream? Do I behold  
The well-known spot again?  
Where first our hearts were joined, in gold  
Bent love's sweet bonds in twain.  
Here is the lawn, the woodbine bower,  
The ivy-mantled tree;  
O, how each balmy shrub and flower  
Recalls the past to me.  
It is the same: time's chilling wing  
Hath left all fair and gay;  
Save that I am an altered thing,  
And he is far away.  
Ah! little did I think when last  
I gazed upon this scene,  
The future *could* be overcast,  
When all so bright had been.  
But all is closing on my view,  
No rays of hope are near;  
(Why did I trust the treacherous sea,  
That now leaves anguish here?)  
My heart is faint; my brain doth burn;  
My ebbing senses flee;—  
That I might *die* I did return:  
O! Heaven pity me!

M. A. P.

WOMEN'S LOVE.—If anything can make a woman look pretty, it is the presence of him she loves.

### THE SON'S VOW.

A Tale.

"LOVE is lord of Truth and Loyalty;  
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,  
On golden plumes up to the purest sky."

SPENSER.

#### CHAP. I.

"Casimir, I have yet a request to make; nay, a command—before I die."

"Say on, Sir. You shall be obeyed."

"You know what I have suffered, you know the injuries I have experienced; I would have you swear eternal hatred to Russia!"

"Father, I swear."

"Heaven bless you, my son. My persecutions, my misfortunes, my bodily sufferings, have often caused your heart to bleed for me, Casimir. It is not a common hatred to these Northern despots, these tyrants and usurpers, that I would urge upon you; it is a deep-rooted detestation—to the death—ha, ha!—hatred to the death, my son. Form no friendship with them; cherish no affection; lend them no sympathy; give them nothing but your curse!"

The old man, as he concluded, rose in his bed; and his son repeated the oath, which he dictated. The sight was even as that of the youthful Hannibal obeying the summons of the veteran Hamilcar, to wage a constant war upon Rome. Exhausted by the effort, the dying warrior sank on the young man's shoulder; and presently he ceased to breathe.

It was some ten or eleven months after the above-described event, that Count Casimir Varski was seated in his lodgings, at Vienna, engaged in earnest conversation with a young Austrian officer, whose acquaintance he had but lately made, and from whom he hoped to experience more of real friendship, than from the generality of individuals into whose society we are thrown upon first entering "the world."

"And where did you see this matchless beauty, this charming incognito?" yawned forth Leopold Ornitz, to his comrade, throwing listlessly away from him the elegantly carved pipe, his business with which he had just brought to a conclusion, and falling backward in his chair.

"From this very window," was the reply.

"So, so; her house is opposite your own *logement* then? This is admirable; you can interchange signs and glances, transmit billets, and perform a hundred other pretty lover-like ceremonies, from morn till night, or, if you will, till morn again; and, if skilfully managed, all without fear of detection."

"Nay, nay; you mistake; she walks on the opposite side of this street almost daily. I have watched her."

Ornitz somewhat sharply interrupted—"And has she ever seen her admirer?"

Varski coloured;—"Once, indeed," he said.

"And was the impression favourable?"

"I hope—I think it was."

"Indeed! Who accompanies her in her promenade?"

"An elderly lady; her mother, I should imagine."

"Ah, well. And her hour of walking?"

Varski hesitated.

"Nay, answer me. I have especial reasons for thus questioning you.—The hour?"

"About three."

"Excellent! We are upon the stroke now. Hark! do you not hear the chimes? To the window, Casimir; the day is fine, she may pass even as we look out."



"Impossible; go not, go not, Leopold."

"Nonsense. This is absurd, childish. You ask me to aid you in a love-suit, and actually decline to point out the object which attracts you. If you would blindfold me, better dispense with my services altogether."

"Well, as you will; but for *my* part——"

"Quick, Casimir, quick to the window, to the window; tell me, is it—*is* it yonder maiden—there—there?"

The Austrian's face was in a glow of excitement as he spoke, and Varsenski perceiving it, rose hurriedly and tremblingly to discover the cause of this effect.

"'Tis she!" he exclaimed. Is she not beautiful?"

"Bah! There are a thousand like her in the empire, that is, a thousand whom it should suit *you* as well to admire as that coquettish fair one. Take my word for it, she is a coquette—a determined coquette, Casimir. Love her? bah!"

"What! do you know her, then?"

"Know her? I have spoken to—danced with her."

"You are a happy man."

"On that account? I shall in all probability be made happy to-night then."

"Ha! Will she be at the Count Imloff's?"

"She will; do you wish to accompany me? that is—shall I play the introducer?"

"Imloff is a Russian. I cannot set foot in his house."

It seemed as though a sudden and happy thought had flashed across the brain of the young officer, as he quickly and anxiously added—"True, true; I had forgot. But you shall come with me to the English Ambassador's to-morrow night, and there I will introduce you."

"Agreed. I have no objection to that."

"Well, for the present, then, *au revoir*."

As his friend quitted the room, Casimir Varsenski could not avoid observing a sinister expression upon his usually frank and open countenance, and his thoughts recurred to the agitation evinced by his demeanour and words upon first perceiving the fair one in question. Moreover, he had left so abruptly, without even hinting the name or station of the maiden, although he knew her and had danced with her! But, then, he had seemed really anxious to introduce him; and with this reflection Varsenski endeavoured to suppress certain unpleasant suspicions.

When Orlitz came, according to appointment, to accompany his friend to the *soirée*, so light and joyful an air sat on his features that it seemed impossible to doubt or suspect any further. They entered together the spacious apartments devoted to the embassy, and the first object which met the gaze of the young men was the identical beauty who engrossed the Pole's every thought, and to his mind looked more beautiful and graceful than ever. Orlitz advanced, and after a few casual complimentary words presented his friend; but in so hushed a tone was the whole presentation made that Varsenski was totally unable to catch the sounds bearing the name he so coveted to hear. Yet did this form no impediment to the easy flow of words which he called up for the occasion. He had prepared a few trifling compliments to open with, such as must have proved inoffensive to the proudest; these were followed by the natural and unstudied language of sentiment and romance, which, finding a speedy echo in the bosom of her to whom it was addressed, was soon emerged in the more engrossing theme of love. Ay, start not, reader, it was a love at first sight, born of deep and searching looks to which words were but secondary. Start not, such a love does exist as love from the eyes!

The band struck up a waltz. To escape the scrutiny of the

ever-observant, the lovers (for we may now term them such) arose from the spot where they had been engaged in their entrancing little drama, filling up scenes, as it were, of which the plot and arrangement had been previously sketched out, and mingled with the dancers.

An approving murmur resounded through the *salon de danse*, as Valenski and his partner took their stations.

Suddenly the cheek of the young Pole turned pale, his eyes rolled in wild excitement, the big drops of perspiration streamed heavily down his brows, and when his beautiful companion awaited the pressure of his arm upon her waist, violently stamping his foot upon the ground, he turned his back upon her, and instantly disappeared!\*

Amid the general murmur, one voice had whispered, "Casimir Varsenski has done wisely to reject his rash oath. The lovely Russian was a prize not to be despised!"

## CHAP. II.

Catherine Altoff was the only child of a Russian General, who, dying in the service of his country, had left her to the care of an affectionate and indulgent mother. Educated in the rules of strict propriety and decorum, Catherine had learnt to moderate and soften down a natural sprightliness of character and youthful levity, into a thoughtful, yet highly *naïve* and unaffected demeanour; and slight out-breaks of childhood, which under a milder system might in after-life have run in an adverse direction, were thus brought back and impelled into the right course. She was, in fact, at the time that her ever-watchful parent took up her abode in Vienna, a very model to others of her sex and beauty; though in this latter respect she had certainly few equals; and it is little to be wondered at, that in due course of time the talented and beautiful Russian became environed with admirers. She received flatteries, compliments, even declarations, without number, both from peer and plebeian; but her own natural good sense and discrimination bore her triumphantly through the test of adulation, and, at the same time, left her vanity in all cases without wound. The most favoured of her suitors was unquestionably the young Austrian, Orlitz; but the flame of love never burned with true brightness in her breast, until she had beheld the Polish stranger. Their eyes had often met. Often-times, unknown to him, had she watched his footsteps; but, as he have shewn, their meeting at the ball, while productive of a mutual avowal of love, was terminated in a manner so strange and inexplicable that the pride of the lady was, for the first time in her life, galled and tasked to the utmost.

But, to revert for the moment to our hero; with a throbbing heart and burning brain did Varsenski throw himself on his couch, and yield up his mind to agonizing reflection; for he had madly loved, and was now determined, at all hazards, by reason of his vow, to shake off that love. At earliest dawn he arose, and wrote the following letter, which was dispatched with all speed to the party to whom addressed.

"Sir—When I first courted your acquaintance, my motive was to find one in whom I could confide, and whose confidence I might in like manner share; in short, a true and sincere friend: and I deemed that such a friend I had found in you. I have

\* A circumstance of this nature was stated by a Polish Count, now or lately in London, to have actually occurred to him, and from whose own relation of the fact to a friend, the writer derived material for his imperfect sketch.

discovered my error ; and though the lesson I have learned be a bitter one, it is nevertheless not unprofitable, nor shall it be unheeded, if destiny ever places me in a situation similar to that in which you found me—a wanderer and unknown to all. I have now to demand satisfaction from you ; satisfaction according to the customs of society. This you cannot deny me. You are a votary of the world, and must obey its dictates, and prove how worthy and zealous a champion you are in its cause. It is my intention, should I survive, to quit, ere morn, for Paris, consequently the bearer will arrange for our meeting this day at sunset. It is needless for me to explain my reason for this step ; you knew the secret of my heart, and have betrayed the confidence reposed in you.

“ To Leopold Orlitz, &c., &c.”

“ CASIMIR VARENSKI.”

Upon the receipt of this epistle, and after having arranged all matters with the bearer as to the proposed *rencontre*, Orlitz, with a firm and resolute step, set out for the abode of Madame Altoff, to pour into her daughter's ear a renewal of his love, and turn the conduct of the unfortunate Casimir to the best advantage for himself. He found the maiden seated in her *boudoir*, abstracted and melancholy ; but a curl was upon her lip when he entered.

“ I trust,” said he, “ that the fatigues of the past night have left but little trace of their existence in the frame of the fair Catherine Altoff.”

“ Oh, I have sustained but little.”

“ Nay, it was late when you stood up for the waltz with the young Varenski. By the way,” and Orlitz assumed a careless and indifferent air, while his listener was stung to the quick at his words, “ I regret extremely to have introduced one who knew so little of polite society as to start away at the very commencement of a dance, and abandon his partner, because, forsooth, a creditor, or an injured husband, or a discarded *protegee* was discovered in the apartment.”

“ And was this then the cause ?”

“ Nay, I know not ; it is merely from presumption, built upon appearance and general observation, that I speak. For myself, I regret the acquaintance of the man from the bottom of my heart ; but, alas ! he was in trouble, and my pity was excited for him. I could not have expected that my friend would have proved unworthy of it.”

“ Well, it is over now, let us drop the subject.”

“ True, we will so ; and our meeting this evening ends my part of the business with him.”

“ Speak ! do you refer to a duel ?”

“ Could I suffer such behaviour to the beautiful Catherine to go unrevenged ?”

“ It must remain so, Orlitz, for my sake.”

“ Should I accede to your request, will you to that which I have to make ?”

“ What is its purport ?”

“ That you will become my bride.”

“ It is a bold one ; yet give me time for thought.”

“ I have none.”

“ Orlitz ! I entreat—I implore of you, be not so obdurate ; consent to this.”

“ Do you give me hope—much hope ?”

“ Ay, that will I, above all your rivals.”

“ All, Catherine ?”

“ All whom you have told me that you feared.”

Orlitz bit his lip, but added—“ Catherine, I will endeavour to conciliate my adversary ; I am unable to promise more.”

And at sunset, that same day, did Orlitz and Varenski meet,

as they thought, alone. The rude attempts at conciliation on the part of the former, were rejected with scorn and indignation. The Austrian smiled at the failure he experienced ; he knew his skill as a swordsman ; he had had the choice of weapons, and at the commencement of the affray Casimir Varenski fell, wounded.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late in the night ; a light, however, was visible in the drawing-room at Madame Altoff's ; and Orlitz, relying upon his intimacy with the owners, sought admission into the house.

A dismal spectacle met his gaze upon entering the chamber now occupied by Madame Altoff and her daughter. The one was pale and apparently lifeless, while the other was busily engaged in bathing her much-loved child's temples with vinegar.

As he approached, however, Catherine slightly opened her eyes. He was about to speak, when she interrupted him.

“ This is an unusual hour, and an unusual mode, for intrusion, sir.”

“ I thought that it would please you to know that I am safe, The duel is over, and——”

“ And Varenski !” exclaimed Catherine.

“ Alas !——”

Catherine gazed upon Orlitz for a moment, with speechless horror, and then fell fainting in her mother's arms.

Orlitz approached, but Madame Altoff raised her arm, and frowningly motioned him to leave the room.

He obeyed.

A letter was on the table. It was from Varenski, and ran thus :—

“ Much fearing that my hours in this world are numbered, and vain enough to think that I had succeeded in engaging some share of your regard, I cannot quit this troubled scene without explaining the cause of the agony—the madness—which one word breathed into my ear, last night, occasioned. Forgive me, lady ; that I loved you—still love you—with the purest and most disinterested affection,—I repeat, in this the perhaps final hour of my existence, but, I have an oath registered in heaven. My father had been persecuted by the Russians, and it was his last wish that I should swear eternal enmity to those of Russian birth. My father's dying eyes shone brightly on me, and his eyes blest me, as I took the oath. You are a Russian ; but you will pity and pardon the dying “ CASIMIR VARENSKI.”

On the following day two females were observed by the couch of Casimir, watching attentively the countenance of his medical attendant ; and when the latter pronounced his patient out of danger, the younger female fell upon her knees, and, while the hot tears streamed from her eyes, she out-poured her heart's feelings in thanks to heaven, for the preservation of her beloved. It was Catherine Altoff !

She was *not* a Russian, though she bore a Russian name, but the orphan of a Polish patriot, who had perished, struggling for independence. The General's ear caught the dying father's prayer for protection for his orphan child, and making enquiries, he discovered the girl, then but three years old, in the care of strangers. He adopted her, gave her his name, and, having no child of his own, he bequeathed her part of his fortune, when he died. This intelligence may be said to have rescued the lover from the arms of death. With the bright tear-gemmed eyes of Catherine hovering above him, and the music of her voice falling upon his ears, either speaking encouragement and hope, or engaged in prayer for his recovery, he gradually became convalescent ; and eventually, happy, in the enjoyment of the affections of the one bright object of his heart's idolatry.

## THOUGHTS ON A WEDDING DAY.

"Love!—Thou hast hopes, like summer, short and bright,—  
 Moments of extasy, and maddening dreams,  
 Intense, delicious throbs. But happiness,  
 Is it for thee?"

L.E.L.

It has often been asked, why should woman weep on her wedding-day; since that must, undoubtedly, be considered by her the happiest day of her life. The question may be answered by her few words. Of all the popular fallacies (and there are a great many) none is more fallacious than that which connects the idea of gaiety, exclusively, with a wedding-day. If the newly married couple be sincere in their affection for each other, and if they possess minds of the least susceptibility, the happiness of the moment will not assume a character of boisterous mirthfulness, but will be qualified by serious and anxious thought,—while the bridegroom meditates on the serious responsibility he has incurred in assuming the sole guardianship of the being whom he has just made his own, the bride will ponder upon the important change in her position in life, and sorrow over her separation from those tender and loving hearts she has left around the parental hearth. She is come into a new home, and with that new home there are new associations, new subjects for thought, new enjoyments, new cares; the past with its mingled sorrows and joys is behind her, the future is all hidden in the blaze of sunlight, in which it is enveloped. Her imagination pictures scenes of beauty and grandeur, and she hears only sweet songs of love and delight; but a vague fear of finding only sorrow and suffering when the glory of the moment shall pass away, and the voices of joyful companions are hushed, embitters her thoughts, and "she cannot, if she would, be gay."

There is not, perhaps, a more beautiful object in creation than a young girl upon her wedding-day. If the thoughts and feelings which then pervade her mind and heart, and the heart of him who loves her better than all the world, and believes there is no one like her in the world, no one so lovely, so virtuous, so good, could be maintained and preserved, the earth would become a paradise,—Eden would be renewed. Up to the wedding-day, the girl has been progressing towards the temple of happiness; she believes that she will get there at last; every one fancies that, although so many have missed their way, she is pursuing the right track, and that, on her wedding-day, her object will be accomplished, and the future be a round of enjoyment, peace, and bliss. There she stands at the altar, blushing and bending with the weight of her own extasy, tears falling from her eyes, which she draws her veil closer over her face to hide, while the enraptured, "the happy man,"

"—— with soul all flame,  
 And lips that beam in their own sigh,"

gazes delightedly upon the gentle creature, and with hearty fondness pronounces the vow of love and protection, and in his heart resolves to treasure her, "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

Can he forget, how gradual stole  
 The fresh awaken'd breath of soul  
 Throughout her perfect form, which seemed  
 To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
 The dawn of mind within, and caught  
 New loveliness from each new thought?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
 The progress of the noontide air,  
 Dimpling its bright and silent face  
 Each minute with some new grace,  
 And varying heaven's reflections there!—  
 Or, like the light of evening, stealing  
 O'er some fair temple, which all day  
 Hath slept in shadows: slow revealing  
 Its several beauties, ray by ray;  
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless;—  
 All full of light and loveliness.

One would think that a creature, "so enchanted round with spells, would be able to command the constant adoration of her husband, and that his love could never die. But, alas! too frequently, love declines from the end of the "honeymoon;" and husband and wife find that, instead of entering the temple of happiness on their wedding-day, that made the first step towards the abode of misery and wretchedness.

And whose fault is this? Frequently both are to blame. They become careless and indifferent when they know that the object beloved is their own, and instead of keeping up the fire of affection—which they both strove so hard to do before marriage—they allow it to become dull, and often to go out altogether. The wife has the most difficult part to play, because the husband is more exposed to temptations. But though her part be a difficult one, it is, nevertheless, one which every wife can perform, if she only put her heart and soul unto the task. And why should she not? The state is happiness, and surely it is well worth taking pains for. Remember! gay and happy bride, whose eyes run over these lines, that—"to win a man is easy; to keep him is the difficulty." Let every young bride be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family: the first is, by the expression of that which threatens force; the second is, by the power of love, to which even strength would yield. Over the mind of the husband, a wife should never employ any other power than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say "*I will*," she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband as much as possible, and never contradict him for mere contradiction's sake. When we smell a rose, we expect to imbibe the sweetness of its odour—so we look for everything amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs. Wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and not give your advice till you think it will be acceptable. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, to read lectures to him, without sufficient cause. If he be wrong, chide him gently and lovingly; you shall more persuade with your tears than with the bitterest rebuke. Let your preaching be a good example. Pratique virtue yourself, to make him in love with it. Command his attention, by being always attentive to him. Never exact anything, and you will obtain much. Appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more. Men, as well as women are vain. Never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instance. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness. When he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what is reasonable and just; when a husband is out of temper, behave kindly to him. If he is abusive,

never retort, and never prevail on him to humble himself; but enter thy closet, and pour out thy complaints in prayer to God in his behalf. The prayers of the righteous avail much. Choose carefully your female friends. Have but a few, and be backward to follow advice—particularly if it is inimical to the foregoing instructions. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess. Dress with taste, and particularly with modesty. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel." Vary the fashions of your dress in regard to colours. It gives a change to ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things appear trifling, but they are of more importance than imagined. Can such a wife as we have sketched in the above fail to be happy? We think not. She must, and will be happy, unless, indeed, the husband be a brute. Unless he be something lower than man, he will love and cherish the kind and gentle companion of his hours, and never wish to break the chain which binds their two hearts together.

We cannot conclude these brief observations upon the art of happiness in married life better than with the character of a deceased wife, as drawn by a clergyman of Plymouth, many years ago. "With the loss of my dear companion," are the words of the bereft husband, "died all the pleasures of my life; and no wonder. I had lived with her forty years, in which time nothing happened to abate the strictness of our friendship, or to create a coolness or indifference, so common and even unregarded by many in the world. I thank God I enjoyed my full liberty, my health, such pleasures and diversions as I liked; perfect peace and competence during the time; which were all seasoned and heightened every day more or less by constant marks of friendship, most invaluable affection, and a most cheerful endeavour to make my life agreeable. Nothing disturbed me but her many and constant disorders; under all which; I could see how her faithful heart was strongly attached to me. And who could stand the shock of seeing the attacks of death upon, and then her final dissolution? The consequences to me were fatal. Old age rushed upon me like an armed man; my appetite failed, my strength was gone, every amusement became flat and dull; my countenance fell, and I have nothing to do but to drag on a heavy chain for the rest of my life; which I hope a good God will enable me to do without murmuring, and in conclusion, to say with all my soul—*Te Deum laudamus*."—The above was written on a paper blotted by tears, and stuck with wafers into the first page of the family bible.—To this affecting picture of connubial felicity, nothing need be added. It is a strong incentive to virtue, and the practice of goodness. And may every bride who reads these observations, and every lady who expects to become a bride, determine upon pursuing the strait and simple course which leads to happiness. And not only determine upon it, but be able to keep their resolution.

"LADY."—*Lady* is a word which gives us a most pleasing idea of the customs of our Saxon ancestors. The term is compounded of two Saxon words, *Leaf* or *laf*, signifying a loaf of bread, and *dian*, to give or to serve. It was the fashion in the times of old for those families, blessed with affluence, to give away, regularly, a portion of bread to the poor, and on such occasions the mistress of the household herself officiated, distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence was she called the *laf-dy* or the bread-giver; and, in course of time, the word was abbreviated to its present form.

## THE VICTIM BRIDE.

They think that I am happy now, but, ah! they little know  
The wretchedness they've wrought in me—the deep, despondent  
woe,

That sicklies every hue of health—the unremitting grief  
That preys in secret on my heart, like mildew on the leaf.

Ay! happy do they deem me, if on my cheek they track  
At times the dubious April smile, that mocks the inward wreck;  
And when its wildfire lights the eye, they deem content is there,  
And dream not that the smile betrays but anguish and despair.

'Tis thus when round the festive board, 'midst friends that I  
beguile

The tedious hours of hopeless woe, with well-dissembled smile:  
That plays like moonlight on the stream—or sunshine on a  
grave—

Or like the light'ning-livid glare along the midnight wave,

They tore me from my early love, the cherished choice of years  
And wedded me with one unloved—despite my prayers and  
tears;

Uniting thus my destinies to servitude the worst,  
And tyranny o'er mind and will most cruel and accursed.

Ah me!—what mental agonies that fatal marriage knew!  
'Twas mockery!—"Twas perjury!—And yet what could I do?  
A father's frowns awaited me—a heartless mother's hate  
Ordained the love-unsanctioned deed—and sealed my future fate.

Alas! ye sordid parents! how frequently ye see  
Your hapless offspring victims fall, to your unblest decree:  
Their hopes of bliss all blighted, in joy's fresh-budding bloom  
Sends youth and beauty in their prime to wither in the tomb.

Have you, yourselves, not felt the bliss, the bliss of true-love  
plighted,

Or have ye known the frenzied grief, the grief of true-love  
blighted,

And can your hearts not sympathize with those whose passions  
flow,

From kindred sources with your own to cause commutual woe.

If wealth or lucre fascinate—can venal wealth restore  
The peace of crossed affections, when the reign of bliss is o'er?  
When Love is marty'd at the shrine of interest for your sake,  
Can you promote your happiness, by causing hearts to break?

Ye dream not of the wild despair, that thinks, but cannot weep—  
Ye pity not the hopeless wretch, whose misery cannot sleep;  
The victim of your tyranny, from you her grief may veil—  
Till sorrow o'er her early grave, may tell her mournful tale.

But when the deep-inflicted wound comes from a parent's  
hands,

Let duty bow, unchidingly, to their severe commands;  
And let no murmurs of complaint assail the ears of those,  
Who acted from misjudging mind our peace to discompose.

Then let the heart in silence break, nor ever heave a sigh,  
To bend a father's hoary head, or dim a mother's eye;  
For could they trace the lines of woe upon my heart so deep—  
Their own would break with keen remorse, and I should o'er  
them weep.

M. J.

LUCY ROSELAND;  
OR, LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

*A Tale.*

“How many hearts have nourished a vain flame  
In silence and in secret, though they knew  
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them.

L. E. L.

We were children together, Lucy Roseland and I, and as I grew up, and obtained the curacy of the little village of ———, I took a great deal of interest in her welfare, though I never regarded her with a stronger feeling than that of brotherly affection. Her father had died when she was very young, and her mother was sickly and infirm; it appeared to me, therefore, that she had a claim upon me for protection as she grew in years, and admiring voices spoke of her gentleness and beauty. She stood almost alone in the world, surrounded by temptations, and having no one to encourage her ideas of virtue, and strengthen her abhorrence of vice by presenting to her pictures of its wretched consequences, but her infirm parent, who could but imperfectly discharge her duty to her lovely child. I took a pleasure in cultivating the mind of Lucy, of instilling into it lessons of pure morality. The eagerness with which the poor girl would listen to the words and admonitions of her friend and pastor, convinced me that my labour was not in vain; and when I discoursed to her of the beauty of virtue and holiness,—the happiness of the pure heart, even under the severest trials of the world,—the exquisite joy, occasioned by the consciousness of well-doing,—the bliss, the never-failing well of consolation, which every living creature, who follows virtue as a guide, and obeys her precepts, has within themselves, and the last great reward of a virtuous life, in the world beyond the grave,—the innocent Lucy would turn away her head to conceal her tears, or allow her clustering auburn ringlets to fall over her face, and hide the gushing springs of feeling from my observation. Thus Lucy grew up to womanhood. She had many lovers, and many offers of marriage were made to her, but she rejected them all, expressing her unwillingness to alter her condition while her mother required all her attention and her kindest care. But I perceived that Lucy's health declined; her cheeks grew pale; her step was not so light and joyous as it had used to be, nor did she welcome me with a glad sunny smile when I visited her dwelling. I did not suspect the cause for a long time, but when it flashed upon me, and I treated the mournful girl to disclose any secret grief to me, which her young heart might be labouring under, and asked her if her changed appearance had been caused by misplaced, or unrequited affection, she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

She loved, and was beloved, by Ensign Ermandale, whose father, Sir Ernest Ermandale, was lord of the manor on which we resided; but the difference in the conditions of Lucy and her lover was an obstacle to their union, which it was impossible to overcome. Sir Ernest Ermandale was a proud and reserved man, and meditated an alliance for his son with the daughter of the wealthy Earl of Warrington. I found that he had insisted upon his son's compliance with his wishes, and that the high-spirited youth had resolutely refused to marry where his heart could never be given. He acknowledged to his father that his affections were bestowed elsewhere, and to the dismay of the cold-hearted Sir Ernest, admitted that the one be-

loved being whom he preferred above all earth's creatures was the orphan of a military officer, of very slender means. Sir Ernest stormed, and threatened to disinherit his son in the event of his continuing to oppose his matrimonial project; but the high-spirited youth was firm in his devotion to his first and only love, and the result was his expulsion from his home, with a father's curse upon him!

Ermandale sought an interview with Lucy, and disclosed to her the distressed condition to which his love for her had reduced him, Lucy besought him to return to his father, to comply with his desires, to forsake *her*; for “I shall be happy, Edward,” she said, “to see you happy.” Ermandale replied, “No, dearest Lucy, if fate has thrown an insurmountable obstacle in the way of our union, I will not marry another. I had an offer yesterday to exchange into a regiment about to embark for India; I will accept the offer; and, perhaps, in a few years, if I should amass sufficient fortune, and should return to my native land, and find my beloved Lucy still as fondly attached to me as at this moment, the happiness now denied to us may be enjoyed, and my Lucy become my bride!”

They parted; the lover with high hopes and sanguine expectations, but the maiden with a strange presentiment that they would never meet again.

Ermandale had been absent from England about six months, when I made the discovery of the state of Lucy's affections. She felt convinced herself that she should never again see her lover, but still she lived on with the delirious enthusiasm characteristic of woman's love.

It now transpired that Sir Ernest Ermandale had overwhelmed himself in difficulties, arising from gambling transactions; that, in fact, he had become a beggar. He had lost his all at the gambling table, and he became a suicide!

Edward returned to England, but oh! how changed! The climate had injured his health so much, that it may be said he returned but to see again his beloved Lucy, to clasp her once more in his arms, and then to die. Within a month after his arrival, Edward Ermandale was at rest in the grave!

Poor Lucy never looked up afterwards. At the sight of the wasted form of her lover, she felt assured that his life's sands were almost run out, but when the tidings of his death were conveyed to her, it was found that her mind had given way under the weight of sorrow, and that Lucy Roseland was a maniac!

Often would this poor bereft creature ask me to accompany her to the village church-yard, and there by the grave of her lover, she would address herself to him, as if he had been still present, and talk of happiness! “Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!”

One clear summer's evening, I had, as usual, accompanied her in her walk, and she had seemed more than usually feeble, “I will rest my head,” she whispered in tones sweeter than the fall of waters, or song of the nightingale from its green-wood tree. “I will rest my head, here on Edward's grave, and die, where his arms may fold me,—while the crimson rose sheds his last leaves—and the hollow blast whistles over the narrow bourne.” She paused, and the long absent tear fell on her cheek. “My memory,” she said, “makes broken music of the past, but you can tell me why I have come here. My fancy dreams wildly of the dance and village festival, of weeping over my lover's grave, and holding communion with his spirit that wanders here. But my task is done. I have come to this green spot of the wilderness, when no brightness was in heaven to light me on my journey, and braved many a storm of winter,

to speak to the shadows, resting on his grave. I have come, when the owl was shrieking through the abbey, and the visions of the glen, like April shadows, went and came around me. I have come, though Edward's father said that the bud of affection should never rejoice in the light of its prosperity—nor the shower of bliss which was stooping over our heads should ever descend to ripen our cankered blossoms."

"Dear Lucy," said I, "let us return home."

"I am going home," she said, looking wistfully up into my face. "You will remember me kindly?" And she took an artificial rose from her hair, and continued, "Keep this for my sake, when I am lying under the grass-green turf, with 'violets over me for remembrance, wet with true-love showers.' See how beautiful it is—*This* will never wither—but *my* beauty is faded."

"Yes, Lucy," said I, taking the flower from her cold hand, "I will keep it in remembrance of her who had youth and beauty like it in earlier days."

Professors of the healing art! who dive fathoms deep into the secrets of our miserable nature; when sorrow has blighted the gay ringlet which adorns the cheek, and the mortal angel is about to destroy the capabilities of existence from their frail tenement for ever—tell me, if you can, why He sends madness to cover the fine essence of our being from the arrow of death;—and then, at his good pleasure, as sweetly as unexpectedly, brings back reason to its misty lodging, even as he restores departed loveliness to its mansion—brief, but beautifully, like the lightning "which thwarts the collied night." You may tell to your admirers the how and the why this should be. You may trace the animal spirits, and mark volition in flux and reflux along its sensitive channels. You may follow the soul to its retreat, and point with knowing finger to the delicate loom, where spider-like mind, sits spinning her webs of wisdom and folly. You may pursue the blood through its capillary tubes, and say that the excitement which pushes it on, "now gives too little, and *now* too much;" but to humble the vanity of men, God has for ever hidden *this* secret from your comprehension—for who among us

"Can describe or fix one movement of the mind?"

"Hark!" said Lucy, "what sound was that which whispered, that the form of my true-love was bent in death, beneath the willow tree?" Her eye shone with more than earthly lustre, She stood before me like the creature of another element, tossing her withered arms and hands at times into the air—and seeming to listen with breathless anxiety to the reply which would issue from the rent of ruin. "He is dead—he is gone."

She had hardly spoken the words, when, uttering a low sob, she at once sank lifeless to the ground. I had not time to catch her in my arms. She was dead. Peace be to thy spirit, daughter of affliction! Thy cup of life was drugged with bitterness. Thy urn of beauty shall soon be laid in its mausoleum, and "from its unpolluted flesh shall violets spring." Early was its rose put back from flowering on the tree: the canker blighted the germ whose flower was destined to adorn the palace with its lilies. Lucy Roseland rests by Edward's side, and the hollow wind whistles over the narrow bourne.

WIDOW AND ORPHAN.—If this cold world has one tie more holy, and more redeemed from all selfish feeling than another, it is that which binds the widow and the orphan together.

## EVENING THOUGHTS.

The coming of "*still evening on, and twilight grey,*" is a summons from cheerfulness to contemplate the past, the present, and the future. Every object appears in unison with the pensive aspect of closing day; sadness loses its gloom, and joy freshens its brightness, while we review the truths or illusions of existence beneath a sunset glow, or the placid grandeur of the moon and stars.

Twilight hours are favourable to recollections of domestic story. Our musings are social: by the fading lights without, and the quiet shadows within, we appear to realize the presence of the absent; they emerge into visibility, as if the tenderness of our thoughts had power to identify the impression which memory has faithfully called up.

We wander from scenes of home, of cares, or of gladness, to sources of intellectual pleasure, tracing the flow of living or departed talent through its varied course; holding converse with wit, sentiment, or reason, as their possessors diffused these charmed gifts to fertilise the mental world, and to bless the recipients of such imperishable amulets.

Converse is more intimate by a twilight fireside than during the stir of morning. Thought is tinted with pictorial obscurity, giving effect to particular passages of our mind, as the flame which glances brightness over the room only brings a few objects into clear relief. It is then that an agreeable visiter assimilates into a valued friend: some accident of communion, thrown happily upon the heart, discovers its capacity to sympathise with the sorrow, and add to the joy, of another; some track of reasoning, followed undesignedly and explored together, leads us to the welcome conclusion that we talk to one who can rectify our faculties and understand our sentiments; our opinions are verified by the test of candour; our errors are not overlooked, but hidden from cold, unfriendly scrutiny by the gentleness of esteem and superiority in judgment. Sometimes in lonely meditation we watch the mild horizon, and personify that shadowy form of twilight so beautifully drawn by Collins—"waving her banners grey;" while the scene floats onwards, our mind reverts to the quick fading charms of life, and how soon its promises are lost to our anticipation, even as the shades of darkness veil these vesper pageants. It is a hour to pause upon the annals of this world; it recalls the history of nations written as the sand runs through the hour glass, till Time has filled the huge Chronicle of Mankind with matters to humble his reason and subdue his pride.

## THE RETREAT.

A glen in miniature—o'erarch'd by elm,

With clinging ivy, greenly interlaced:

Sweet spot; secure from those wild storms, that whirl

The world, and the world's creatures—war and waste;

How I do love thy calm delights to taste!

And, sure, I am not lonely on the spot;

Thou hast thy many voices;—gentle sounds

Float on each breeze to yon tree-bosom'd cot,

Divinest music, from these hallowed bounds.

Inmate hast thou? Do fays their revels hold

Where golden saxifrage, growa o'er the stream,

Spreads those green tiny cups, all drop'd with gold,

And pilewort stars, in deep-dyed beauty, seem

Lull'd by low-gushing sounds, in happiness to dream?—L.

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