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Edited by Mrs. L. Gosselin.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

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The Queen of the Belgians

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THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

VOLUME I,

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NUMBER I.

INTRODUCTION.

In the timid and anxious hope that this work may meet with a favorable reception, and that public indulgence may extend to the defects of a first essay, we take the liberty to premise a few remarks explanatory of the feelings which inspired the design, and of the basis on which rest our expectations for encouragement.

Deeply interested in the honour of our country, and conscious of her claims to a great degree of intelligence, our pride has been often and severely wounded by the sarcastic remarks of uninformed strangers, on our defective education, our slight acquaintance with literature—the total want of taste and spirit evinced in our Cities, and to render those galling reproaches unanswerable, they cite a fact—that in the Canadas there is not a single Literary Journal, whilst the neighbouring states abound with Periodical Publications, devoted to the general diffusion of knowledge—although we must admit the fact, we deny the inference—it is not from a deficiency of taste or of talent, that local Literature is not duly encouraged; but from a cause perhaps as culpable though not so humiliating, to a supineness, which render the reading community content, whilst strangers administer to their demands for information, regardless of all their own Country suffers by this ready given preference to the industry and activity of Foreigners, for we cannot cede to them a higher degree of superiority. The extraordinary facility with which American Works may be obtained, and their multiplicity, goes far to confirm this prevailing indifference towards the development of native genius, and the increase of national respectability. Many of our friends in representing to us the hazards of our enterprize, have dwelt on the cheapness, and superior

execution of American Works, over any publication likely to be produced here; but, formidable as this appears, we hope to obviate the evil, by opposing to it, a steady perseverance, and an unswerving solicitude to please, trusting that a spirit of emulation may arise to awaken the torpid feelings of those, who possessing the power, want not the generosity to foster talent, and who, even now, may be induced to smile benignantly on an humble effort which has for its object, the advancement and happiness of their native or their chosen land. The indulgent reception and ultimate success of one Work, will naturally lead to the establishment of others, perhaps of a more scientific and useful character. It is not within our sphere, as Ladies, to pretend to an acquaintance with those deep and abstruse studies necessary to the improvement and display of human ingenuity, in the great and important arts of life. Our views of utility are confined to the Domestic and social circle, and to those limits our capacities and inclinations alike restrict us. To the wish to yield instruction and amusement, is added a hope, that a taste for letters may extend, and be confirmed, by furnishing a medium through which the young aspirant to Literary honour shall become distinguished from his less gifted contemporaries, and by thus securing to him the admiration due to his merit, arouse his energies, and incite him to such exertions as may ultimately lead to excellence, and secure to him the reward of an undying fame.

In this exposition of the feelings which actuate us, we hope the public may find a counterpoise to the errors incidental to a first number, and considerately remember that a *little time* and great attention will correct faults which result from inexperience.

In all things improvement is progressive, and where a willing mind unites with a steady purpose, the advancement must be rapid. We are sanguine in the anticipation of an early period when the Museum will stand exclusively on its own merits; and when its patrons may look back with pleasure to the complacent welcome accorded on its first appearance.

In addition to the indulgence already solicited, we must further beg the public to overlook the absence of interesting extracts from the English and French Periodicals last published, as owing to the unavoidable delay in forwarding them, they could not reach in time for this date; and the anxious wish expressed by many of our subscribers to see the FIRST NUMBER, has induced us to commence our interesting task without delay.

We assure our Friends this fault will be but temporary, as we are in daily expectation of receiving several of the very best Journals from London and Paris.

We again respectfully invite the Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada to aid us in our labours by sending us the fruits of their leisure hours.

Reports of the Charitable Schools, and other Institutions, will be received

and inserted with great pleasure.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Distill'd amid the dews of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
'Till noticed by approaching light
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires her feeble power;
The sun outbeams with genial ray,
And gently in benignant hour
Exhales the liquid peril away.

Thus on afflictions sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue,
Condensing round the mourners head,
They bath the cheek with chilly dew.

Though pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To friendship's sun alone 'tis given,
To sooth and dry the mourners tear.

BARRY CORNWALL'S SONGS.

“England,” observes the author in his preface, “is singularly barren of song-writers; *good* song-writers he should have said; the fact is, they abound in no country. Song-writing is the most difficult species of poetry;—failure is not to be recovered—one slip ruins the whole attempt. A good song is a little piece of perfection, and perfection does not grow in every field. There must be felicity of idea, lightness of tone, exquisiteness or extreme naturalness and propriety of expression; and this within the compass of a few verses. And this is not all; the writer must betray a sustained tone of enthusiasm; the song would neither have beginning nor end,—it must seem a snatch from out of a continuous strain of melody—something that swells upon the ear, as if the previous parts had been unheard, and which dies away as if the air had carried its notes afar, and the sounds were wafted along to other lands. Men of genius are now and then born song-writers;—such were HORACE and BURNS, such is BERANGER. England has not had hers yet, and perhaps never may have. Englishmen are not nationally calculated to make song-writers; but individual genius makes light of running counter to a whole nation of habits, and there is no saying that we may not have our true lyricist yet. Song-writing is most likely to spring up among people greatly susceptible of the charms of music, and inventive of airs which, by some peculiar charm they possess, spread over all the country, sink deep in the memory, and come spontaneously on the thoughts in moments of sadness or joy, and in short become what are called national. National songs go with national airs, and spring up with circumstances. The English have few native airs, and as few native songs of any excellence. When an Englishman is in love, does he sing? In camp, what wretched braying goes by that name! at table, what have we of the generous, jovial sort? Generally speaking, our table songs—always excepting our glees—are pieces of bald sentiment; when they are English; but more generally, they are borrowed from the Scotch, the Irish, and other national song-writers. Gaiety, and that gaiety showing itself musically is not *English*; when we are poetically given it is in the sad piping strain of the forlorn, deserted, or hapless lover. Gaiety is not English; we can be sentimental, tender, witty, pretty, pompous, and glorious in our songs; but we ever want the essential quality of gaiety—gaiety of heart—the dancing life of the spirit, that makes the voice hum, the fingers crack merrily, and the feet fidget restlessly on the ground.”

BARRY CORNWALL steps forth to prove the truth of our proposition. If there is one true spirit of true gaiety in all his volume of Songs, we will forfeit our Library and all its celebrity. There is boisterous mirth, if you please, as if the

writer or the singer were determined to roar himself out of a fit of despair; there is drunken and maudlin jollity; there is also much sparkling of words—make-believe champagne, not so good as clever gooseberry—in short, an effervescence more like a bowl of whipped cream than a glass from the true Heliconian bubbling spring. When there is genuine mirth—as if to prove our proposition still farther—it is complete undertaker’s merriment, sepulchral in its subject, ghastly in its images, horrible in its whole conception, unholy jollity—a jig among the tombs—the feast of worms.—Such is the song about that lively old fellow King Death, with his coal-black wine. Of the forced, mirth, a specimen may be seen in the Hurrah for Merry England! A more doleful shout we never heard; it reminds us of the starved cheers of the gaunt and famine-struck mob in the *Siege of Calais*, who attempt to raise a shout, when they can only compass a long lugubrious howl, after the manner of a cat that has been three days in a trap.

Hurrah, for William of England!
Our friend as a king should be;
Who casteth aside
Man’s useless pride,
And leans on his people free.
Hurrah for the King of England!
The boast of merry England.

Merry England with a witness if this be one of its songs!

A Bacchanalian song, set to music by Mr. H. PHILLIPS, is another attempt at gaiety.

Sing! who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah! who is this lady fine?
The VINE, boys, the VINE!
The mother of mighty wine.
A roamer is she
O’er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Alack a-day, poor Mother Vine! if this is all that the poet can say of her.

Once there was a little voice,
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
Now 'tis—flown away.

It was, we have no doubt, a very little puny voice, and small hope is there that it will be ever heard again by one who thus laments its departure. Such small beer dribble never comes from the heart of a true song-writer. The man that can say there never was "so fair a thing," "nothing so brave," "nothing so free," as a certain wild cherry-tree, may have pretty fanciful ideas; he may have an imagination apt to run riot in soft sentimentality or refined sensualities; but he is no song-writer.

Oh! there never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew,
Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave—nothing so free,
As *thou*—my *wild, wild* cherry-tree.

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of its hoary crown:
Oak or ash—what matter to thee?
'Twas the same to my wild, wild cherry-tree.

What can be said of a man found throwing himself into hysterics over a "wild cherry-tree?" Much license is allowed to the poet; but if we saw any respectable middle-aged gentleman throwing up his hat and crying "Hurrah! for the wild, wild cherry-tree," we know what we should think of him. And this is a song which we have seen pointed out by a weekly critic of some note, as "at once wild, poetic, and original." As for its wildness, it is more than wild—it is wild, wild; and in respect of originality, we would say, it is *unique*; it is unlike any thing that went before or is likely to come after. It is, in fact, a specimen of the mock merriment: a song-writer must be merry, and this poet seems to have said—"Jove! I'll show you some gaiety; was ever any body as gay as I will be?—only let me once mount my 'wild, wild cherry-tree,' and no tight-rope danger ever cut such capers—

‘Beautiful berries! beautiful tree;
Hurrah! for the wild, wild cherry-tree,’ ”

The “Petition to Time” is, on the whole, perhaps, the best and most beautiful thing in the book; it is the only song which comes from the man as the songs of BURNS used to come.

PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)
Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

If any song in the present collection lives, it will be this Petition: it deserves to be in all elegant extracts and popular selections for a hundred years to come.—*London Spectator*.

The following communication on Lady Blessington's conversations of Lord Byron, we publish rather reluctantly: though we admire the sentiment it conveys, we do not by any means agree with the writer, in his severe censure on Lady Byron's conduct: it would be unfair, however, of us, to withhold opinions which have a moral tendency; because, we dissent from their individual application; and as her Ladyship probably has many friends disposed to defend her conduct, amongst the married of her own sex; we will be happy to give insertion to any observations which may place her disposition in a more amiable point of view.

To the Editors of the Museum.

If the conductors of the MUSEUM can discover any merit in the remarks of a censorious old critic, he may be tempted now and then to obtrude his views of men, manners, and books, on their notice. The enclosed critique, or whatever else they may term it, was written merely for amusement, and from the impulse of the hour, on reading the memoirs it refers to—if the Ladies find it admissible, they will gratify a friend, by giving it a place in their magazine:—

It appears from Lady Blessington's recent publications, that the world is not yet satiated with the exposure of all those petty details which go to form the dark outlines to Lord Byron's character. After Mr. Moore's voluminous exhibition, one might suppose, there was nothing more to be seen or said on the subject; and in good truth, there is nothing new, but Lady Blessington has, with infinite taste, placed old scenes in a pleasant light, and objects, with which the world was already familiar, to weariness: she has arrayed with such attractive grace, that we look at, and admire, what we have beheld without emotion, a hundred times before. Her own reflections and sentiments, are so interwoven with the work, that it might, with as much propriety, be termed, the conversations of Lady Blessington, as of Lord Byron; it is this melange that gives an air of novelty to the work. If the reader is weary of the faults of an old friend, to whom he owes a great deal, he may direct his attention to the merit of a new and very delightful acquaintance. She is, indisputably, a fine writer; full of sentiment and true feeling, perfectly free from the fashionable affectation of levity. She never betrays a wish to cheat her own sex out of feminine reserve, and softness of manners; a trait too observable in many of the favorite writers of the day. Nothing can be more beautiful, more just, and faithful, than her picture of the secret suffering of a delicate high-minded woman; but, Lady Byron's heart, is not the repository from whence the colours were taken, her soul was not imbued with those impassioned tints which impart light and loveliness to woman's life. There was nothing sacred in her sorrow—it was not the sad and silent grief, that in pride, shrouded disappointed affection, from the eye of vulgar curiosity, or withdrew itself from the compassion of the multitude—no bitter tear was dashed away, and hastily replaced, by a brightened glance, and smiling welcome, to conceal the anguish of a wounded spirit—hers was not the woman's heart resolved to bear all, to suffer all, with, for, and from, the being with whose destiny she had solemnly linked her own; far different the part she has chosen—undefined and shadowy wrongs were blazoned forth, the world's sympathy sought—and it was granted in an overwhelming burst, which drove the delinquent husband

from friends and home, and made him in reality the lonely, and isolated being, he delighted to pourtray himself, whilst, from his position in society, and at the summit of glory, he thought not the smiles of the world could turn to the hissing of serpents. She who caused this sudden revulsion, can never be identified with the gentle and forbearing wife, with the proud, yet meek, and feeling woman, who would fain shield her partners faults from the public gaze, and seek to win him from a reckless state, to the charms of domestic life, and the love of virtue. And if she failed in the pious effort, would still shade the frailties she could not subdue, and endure all, till life ebbed its last, rather than expose one error which might tarnish the lustre of his genius. A proudly delicate woman, would have done so; and had Lady Byron pursued this course, the world would have been spared a humiliating exposure of the discrepancy of nature, in one of earth's most gifted sons.

The pride of a married woman must consist in the fulfilment of the duties her station in life imposes upon her—never can it be enlisted on the side of an abandonment of those duties; the preservation of the moral links of life, as regards marriage, are placed it may be said, exclusively in her hands; and an indifference in any shape to the sacred trust, is an injury done to society. On closely viewing the case, we may not discover a very great difference between the woman who forgoes the solemn vow plighted at the altar, from considerations purely selfish—and her who sacrifices her faith and fame at the unhallowed shrine of passion. At least, the world does not award a proportionate degree of censure to the wound inflicted, the one retires in triumph, entrenched within the pale of decorum, no matter how harrowing the individual misery she has caused, or the demoralizing effect it is likely to produce; whilst the other entails by her crime, a punishment immediate and eternal.

If unfortunate circumstances, lead to the estrangement of a wedded pair, the pride of a wife can never suffer from a desire to conciliate, therein is the strong line of demarcation, between wedded and unwedded love, a wife may acknowledge, nay, boast of her tenderness; may go all lengths towards forgiveness, and the farther a husband has strayed in the path of error, the more imperative is her duty, in demanding concession, entreaty, any device which may lead him from an evil course. There is no situation in life, however exalted, can exempt man or woman from the discharge of those moral obligations, voluntarily assumed, and that Lady Byron failed in the fulfilment—by repelling his Lordship's advances towards a reunion, must be admitted; there could not exist even a false delicacy to influence her conduct, she would not have lost one jot of matronly dignity, not a shade could be cast on the refined purity of her mind by the most fastidious, and she would this day have stood far higher in the estimation of mankind, if a yielding and compassionate

tenderness to the failings of humanity had marked her conduct.

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL. *Translated from the French.*

For the angel of the last hour, he whom we so harshly call Death; heaven sends us the tenderest, the best of the angels, that he may gently cull from life the fainting heart of man, and softly carry it from our fast cooling breast, to the high and vivifying regions of Eden. His brother is the angel of the first hour; twice he kisses the brow of man, the first time in order that he may enter this world less painfully; the second time that he may awake above without injury—and that he may arrive in the other world smiling, he who entered this one weeping.

When the fields of battle were wet with blood and tears, and the angel of the last hour gathered thousands of trembling souls, his eyes so mild, became dim, and he said “Ah! once I will die like man, to learn what is his last agony, and soften it, when I deliver him from life!” The infinite circle of angels who love each other, surrounded the compassionate angel, and promised to shed around him their celestial rays at his last sigh, that he might know that it had been death; and his brother, whose kiss uncloses our stiffened lips, as the first dawn of day causes the chilled flowers to burst forth in renewed loveliness, tenderly approached his face and said: “When I again embrace thee, my brother, thou wilt be dead on earth, and again with us.”

Agitated and filled with love, the Angel descended to a field of battle, where one man only breathed; a fine youth, full of fire, whose shattered chest still moved; by the young hero none remained, save his betrothed; he no longer felt her burning embraces, and her groans seemed the confused sound of distant combatants. Oh! how rapidly the angel covered him with his wings! under the form of his beloved, he pressed him in his arms; by a soft kiss he drew his wounded soul from his bleeding breast, and remitted it to his brother.—His brother kissed it, and instantly it smiled.

The angel of the last hour glided like lightning into the empty envelope, penetrated the corpse with his divine warmth, and powerfully reanimated the sources of life. But how painfully this body constrained him! His eye of light, enclosed in an orbit of nerves, became weak and veiled, his thoughts so immense and rapid, balanced themselves with effort within the ossified enclosure of a brain. The vaporous and resplendant atmosphere which reigned about him, like an eternal spring, became dry and dark: all his sensations became more confused, but at the same time, more tumultuous; they were connected with his whole being, and they seemed to him a simple instinct, in

like manner as the thoughts of animals appear to us; hunger goaded him with its stings, thirst devoured him, pain caused him to feel its rendings, his chest bathed in blood, rose with trouble, and his first aspiration was a sigh towards that heaven he had just quitted! "Is this the death of man?" He asked himself, but as he did not feel the sign of death that had been promised, or see the angels or radiant sky, he found it was only life.

At night the angel lost his terrestrial strength, the earth seemed to whirl under him for sleep was sending his messengers.—The interior images lost their light, and were enlarged like shades, and a confused and unruly world unfolded itself to him, the spirit of dreams was now descending. At length sleep covered him with his dark drapery, and he remained plunged in darkness, alone and immoveable, like us poor men. But then celestial visions, you extended over him your wings, his soul reflected itself in your magic mirrors, where he saw the circle of angels and the radiant sky; his terrestrial body seemed to detach itself from all its bonds: "Ah!" said he, in his rapture, "that sleep was then my departure!" But when he awoke, with a heart swollen with heavy human blood, when he saw the earth and the night, he exclaimed weeping, "this was not death, it was but its image, insomuch as I saw the stars of heaven and the angels!"

The betrothed of the departed warrior, perceived not that there remained but an angel in the breast of her beloved; she still loved the monument of a soul that had disappeared, and in the intoxication of joy she pressed the hand of him who was so far from her. But the angel in his turn, loved this deceived heart with a human one, jealous of the body which he animated, and he desired not to die before her, in order to love her until she should one day in heaven, pardon him for causing her to receive at once an angel and a lover to her bosom. But she died before him, past grief had too profoundly bowed the head of this tender flower; she fell bruised into the tomb. Alas! she did not disappear before the weeping angel like the sun which plunges magnificently into the waters before admiring nature; but like the evening star, which at midnight hides itself under a cloud, and vanishes in its white vapours. Death sent the mildest of his sisters, named Faintness, who with her icy finger touched the heart of the betrothed, instantly the brilliancy of her cheeks was extinguished, and the snow of death, that winter under which germs the spring of eternity, covered her brow and lovely hands.—The eyes of the angel were obscured with weeping; he thought his heart was about to take the form of a tear, like the pearl which produces a soft shell; but the betrothed awoke for the last sigh, drew him to her breast, and expired in that embrace, saying, in her delirium: "At length, I am near thee, my brother." The angel then expected to receive from his celestial father, the sign of the kiss and of death. But instead of divine rays, he saw around him only a dark cloud, and he sighed that he could not die,

but was forced to submit to this human grief. Oh—poor oppressed man, he cried, how can you survive your woes, how can you aspire to old age, when the circle of the cherished beings of your youth is broken, and finishes by disappearing entirely; when the tombs of your friends arise in as many degrees around you, as lead to your own, and when life is already but a silent and empty arena? Oh poor human beings, how can your hearts support such evils?

The body of the hero which the angel had taken, conducted this pure and gentle soul into the midst of men, and their injustice; among the disorders of vice, and of the passions; he was forced to bend under the tyranny of the great, and groan under the oppression of sceptres, he had a near sight of the claws of crowned eagles, who devour the substance of their people, and he heard their wings; he saw all the earth entwined in the thousand rings of the serpent who made it his prey, and who unceasingly plunges his envenomed dart into the breast of man. Alas! that tender heart, which had reposed during an eternity, on the burning hearts of angels, was pierced by the sharp sting of hatred; this pain seemed to him the last: Ah! he said, death is dreadful!—But it was not death, for no Angel appeared.

Then in a few days he was weary of this life, which we bear for more than half a century, and he turned to the past. His chest became contracted by pain, pale and depressed, he dragged his steps to the field of the dead, green closing scene of life, where the soul comes to quit the envelope it has worn here below. He seated himself, agitated by painful remembrance on the tomb of her he had inexpressibly loved, and he contemplated the sun, which was finishing its course. Reclined on this cherished mound, he cast his eyes on his pain-stricken body: thou wouldst already have been separated from this place, miserable corpse, he said, had I not preserved thee!—He then thought of the heavy existence of man, and the gnawing pains of his wounds taught him the price at which mortals buy their end, and their virtue. He felt himself deeply affected by their constancy—and he wept with infinite love, over those unfortunates, who labouring under their own peculiar wants, banished to the depth of a fallen planet progressing through a life obscured by long and thick shadows, turn not, however, their eyes from the divine light, extending their arms at each agony they feel towards heaven, and around whom no light shines, but the hope of one day rising like the sun on another horizon.—Such deep emotion caused his wounds to re-open; the blood, those tears of the soul spouted from his breast to the earth, and his weakened frame fell back on the grave of his affianced love. A distant echo, like that of a harmonious sigh, spread itself through the space; a slight cloud passed before the angel, and brought him sleep. A divine ray emanated from it, and the circle of angels appeared showing him an empty place: “Is it thee again, deceitful dream?” he said. But the angel of the first hour, advanced under an arch of light, and gave

him the sign of the kiss, saying, that was death. O eternal brother, and celestial friend! And the young warrior leading his betrothed, came to meet him with a sweet smile.—

JEAN PAUL^[1].

[1] Frederick Richter, one of the most celebrated German writers, and for whom Madame de Staël professed so high an opinion, published all his works under the name of Jean Paul.

We notice with regret, a decrease in the number of American Annuals, but two have appeared for 1833—the *Token*, and *Pearl*, and their pages seem not to be enriched, by the secret wealth of their suppressed rivals. The *Token* and *Souvenir*, are merged in one; and though sufficiently elegant to sustain its first claim to patronage, we cannot say it has received any extraordinary embellishment from the union. The slightest deterioration is more sensibly felt, than the most evident improvement, and any falling off in those works of taste, and refinement, give an unpleasant sensation, lest the public should become weary of the light and graceful productions of fancy. In proportion to the encouragement given, will efforts be made towards the attainment of perfection—and the deficiencies apparent in the Works now before us, may be more attributable to a change in public taste than to want of zeal in the conductors. The said public taste, is a most coquetish personage, the flowery wreath that binds her, must be for ever varied, the lightest and loveliest chains would fall heavily around her, if novelty be not interwoven with the links, and when that wears off, she slides from other merits, with amazing rapidity. We would fain hope that sufficient attraction may yet be found in this species of Literary *Bijouterie* to fix a partiality.—Those little works serve as pretty and appropriate tributes to friendship, and in each one that falls off; the Boudoir loses an ornament, and the fair occupant an offering, richer in sentiment and less evanescent, than the bouquets of Eastern story, The *Pearl* we can only recommend for its engravings, there are many of them very pretty. The first plate, Innocence, has great beauty, there are two or three plates in the *Token* too, that must arrest attention.

The following story is extracted from the *Token*, we consider it as a fair specimen of the whole, certainly, not one of absorbing interest, or likely to excite the imagination, but simple and amusing.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.
From the Token for 1833.

There are few beings in the world that are not united by some bond of relationship; if they have neither brothers, sisters, or still nearer ties, they have generally a great-uncle, or a far off cousin, that occasionally send them an enquiring letter.—Such, however, is not my case; I stand alone in the world.—How I became so is no part of the present narrative, the wounds that time has closed, I have no desire to tear open. I have heard wise people say, the blessings of life are equalised; perhaps they would have pointed to my lot as an exemplification; they might have said, look at his plantation, his negroes, his immense crops, his groves of orange trees. Go into the city, see his house with its verandas, his luxuriant garden, his stud of horses! but, after all, poor man, he is to be pitied, he is alone in the world, he has got no health, to enjoy any thing.

Such was the superficial survey. Alas! they knew not like me, the weary wasting regrets, that pressed on my heart, the recollections that neither religion or philosophy could banish. All that was fair and beautiful, added to the keenness of my sensations, and I found solitude and silence most conducive to my comfort, no one broke in upon my retirement. It is an easy art to live alone, for years I scarcely spoke to a human being; my slaves learned to communicate to me by signs, and the little negroes, for I am not hard-hearted, minded my presence no more than they did one of my palmettas.

My ill health daily increased; my nights were sleepless; I consulted physicians, some said my complaints were pulmonary, others, that they were dyspeptic, all prescribed, but none benefited. I was one evening sitting in my veranda, and anticipating the miserable nights I was to pass, as one succeeded another, when one of my servants entered and said, here is a little girl want very much to see Masser. I felt some sensation of surprise, but said, let her come. A girl approached, about fourteen years old, she held in her hand a little basket of flowers, and seemed doubtful whether to come nearer or not. At length I said, do you want any thing? I have brought the gentleman some flowers, if he will take them. There was an expression in the child's countenance, that bordered on compassion, her voice too, was soft and sympathetic. 'I thank you, my dear,' said I, 'put down the flowers, I will take yours, and you may fill your basket with mine.' Won't you keep the basket, Sir, said she, I made it myself? I took it in my hand, and examined it, it was composed of small crystals, that sparkled in the setting sun, and beautifully

contrasted with the rich purple and crimson flowers that hung over it, I took out a piece of money, and offered her, she thanked me, but refused to take it, and said she did not bring the basket for sale. 'Where do you live my dear?' said I—there, said she, pointing to a little narrow building, the upper window of which, overlooked my garden. 'You have seen me in my garden?' said I. Yes, replied she, and I heard the gentleman was sick, and I thought she hesitated, and coloured; I might help him! Then you are a doctress, said I, smiling. No Sir, replied she, I am not, but Sook is. Who is Sook? said I. 'She is an Indian woman, that can cure every thing, all sorts of disorders.' She cannot cure mine, said I, involuntarily. O yes, Sir, she can; said the girl. I have got a cure in my basket; will you please sir, to try it? and she turned over her flowers, and took out a little square packet with some figures wrought in Indian characters. 'This is it sir,' said she, 'I went to her yesterday, and got it on purpose for your complaint?' I told her, said she, with an air of confidence, that it was an indigestion of the heart! The girl is right, thought I she is more skilful than all the physicians. 'Well, what am I to do with your packet? Swallow it,' and I made a sound nearer to a laugh than I had done for years. O dear, no sir; you are to hang it round your neck, and let it cover your heart; Sook says you have the cold disorder in the heart, and this will cure it, may I leave it Sir? said she. I could not refuse, indeed I felt some curiosity to know more about the girl, you may leave it to-night, said I, she made a low curtesy, and left me. After she had gone, my mind dwelt on her countenance; it perfectly bewitched me, she did not look like any thing I had loved, for her hair was light and curly, and her eyes of a bright blue; there was something however, in the tones of her voice, that brought recollections! Women's tones of kindness all resemble each other, they are like the dying notes of an aeolian harp. I made some enquiries of my servant, who the girl was, but could only learn that she lived with her mother, in the room that overhangs my garden. It cannot be, thought I, that this girl's sympathy has operated thus forcibly; no, no, I see the whole plot, her mother has sent her, she is trained to it, and I am the dupe.—I was indignant for a few minutes, and then again my curiosity was roused, to see how they would manage an affair so cunningly begun. I took the little parcel, and examined it, it was carefully closed, but emitted a spicy perfume that was agreeable. I certainly thought more of this occurrence than it deserved, but the truth was, I had but few objects to interest me, and this was a new incident; and then the girl's voice was simple and soft, the articulation so different from the Leah's and Dinah's, that surrounded me! I threw myself into bed, and actually began to dose, when my black boy awoke me to give me my laudanum, I could not get to sleep again; the girl had completely discomposed my nerves, and I determined to give orders the next day that she should not be admitted. The next day, however, she did not seek for admittance, nor the next

after that; but the third day she came. There was the same gentle, innocent expression of countenance, as she enquired after the success of her prescriptions. When I told her I had not tried it, her disappointment was too apparent to be feigned, and I said, you shall not lose the profit of your prescription, and I handed her a bill; it was five dollars; ‘that will do I suppose,’ said I. She took it and looked at it. ‘O sir,’ said she, ‘Sook dont charge any thing if it dont cure you, and only a dollar if it does.’ And what do you charge? said I, a little scornfully. ‘Nothing, Sir, replied she eagerly, nothing at all.’ Come be honest said I, tell me your motive, the girl did not seem to understand me.—When I explained myself, she said I want nothing, nothing Sir, I live with my mother, she is a widow, we are very happy, so happy added she, that I could not bear to see any body looking so sick and sad as you do, and I told Sook about the gentleman, and she said she could cure him.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Amie, for so she was called. I was at length persuaded to try the remedy, it certainly did me no harm, and it produced a pungent sensation upon the skin that almost amounted to a blister, and possibly might have done good. I think from some cause or other, I grew a little better. Amie used to come every day, and often brought me some little delicacy, I had gone the round of suspicion; at first, I conceived it was for money she had made my acquaintance; then I thought possibly, young as she was, and old as I was, for there were certainly thirty years difference in our ages, it might be for love; but after three years experience, I became convinced she had no motive under heaven, but the desire of serving a fellow-creature. All this time, I knew no more about Amie’s mother, than the man in the moon; I had no curiosity about her, and I don’t recollect that she ever mentioned her more than once or twice. One day Amie came to me with a sorrowful look, I shall not see you much longer, said she. I am going away. Where? asked I. ‘To Alabama,’ she replied, ‘What in the name of heaven carries you to Alabama?’ exclaimed I. ‘Are you going to be married?’ ‘No,’ said she, ‘but my mother is, and she is going to Alabama with her new husband.’ ‘And takes you?’ ‘Yes, Sir.’ ‘Poor child!’ I involuntarily exclaimed; ‘do you want to go?’ She hung her head, and I saw a few tears hastily brushed away. ‘It is a wild uncultivated country,’ said I. Yes Sir, that is the reason my father is going; he has worn out his land here, and he can purchase a hundred acres for fifty dollars. ‘But it is good for nothing?’ ‘Indeed sir you are mistaken, it is the best of land; he will have nothing to do but cut down the trees, build a log house, and plant corn or cotton, just as he pleases, and it will grow of itself.’—‘Well, well,’ said I peevishly, ‘perhaps your mother might think better of it.’ ‘O no Sir, she is to be married to-night, and next week we set off.’ I certainly felt vexed at the folly of the mother, but I determined not to interfere; if Amie chose to go, it

was nothing to me; I had a kindness for her, I could not but acknowledge; I had not so many disagreeable sensations since I had worn her amulet, and indeed I confess I had the weakness to renew it at her solicitation, when she said time had impaired its virtue. At last the day arrived for their departure; Amie came to bid me farewell. I really had laid her under as few obligations as could well be imagined, considering our relative situations; as we parted, I put fifty dollars into her hand, and said, here Amie you can buy your father out if you please; she hesitated a little, but I would not be refused. 'And now, said I, tell me honestly, which had you rather do, go or stay?' I don't know why I put this question, I believe because it rose uppermost in my mind, she said it is my duty to go with my mother, therefore I had rather go! 'Then there is no body Amie, you love as well, or most as well as your mother?' The tears rushed into her eyes, and the blushes to her cheeks, and she turned silently away.

For many years I had not had much curiosity; but after they set off, I thought I should like to see a new settlers equipage, and I mounted the only horse I could ride, and took the same road they went, it was not long before I overtook them; there were two covered wagons, and a small gig, with a sort of calash top, drawn by a miserable horse; the first wagon was driven by the bridegroom; the team of both wagons consisted of two mules and two horses for leaders; by the side of the bridegroom was seated the bride, on a feather bed; and over her head peeped half a dozen curly pated children. Various articles of housekeeping were apparent; a gridiron, frying pan, and other cooking utensils, with two or three wooden chairs, a tin pail, and a collection of old shoes and boots, fastened behind. The other wagon was driven by one of the negroes, and a small white boy was mounted on the foremost horse. This wagon contained the fodder for the horses, and the more bulky articles of housekeeping. Lastly came poor Amie, seated in the gig, with its crazy top, driving the miserable-looking horse, and bolstered up by blankets, a coffee-pot, an iron skillet, and various other articles that could not be distinctly enumerated. She wore a little blue bonnet with a cape, and there was an air of neatness, and even taste in her dress. Behind the wagons came a troop of negroes, of all sizes and ages, with their shoes and blankets on a pole. The sight of the white children, with the new married couple, explained to me the history of the love affair, on the man's side; nothing could be more convenient than Amie and her mother, to bring up his children, and take care of his family. As I rode past them, I looked back on Amie, and nodded; never was I so struck with her countenance as in this motley group; her eyes were as blue as her bonnet, and her fair hair was curling in ringlets on her forehead; the excitement of making the horse keep up with the wagons, which did not go more than two miles an hour, had sent a slight tinge into her cheeks, which were usually quite pale. I observed when I came opposite, that her favorite dog, who it must be

confessed, was an ugly spotted little cur, was tied under the gig by a string too short to give him the shadow of liberty.

Every body knows the changes that dyspepsia undergoes; its short intervals of alleviation, and its tenfold returns. About this time my disorder increased greatly, the physicians called it nervous affection; I pitied their ignorance, nothing could be more unlike a nervous disorder. After Amie's departure I remained solitary as usual, no body came near me, I ought to except a young lad that I had sometimes employed in writing; he was an intelligent, well-behaved boy, and lived near; I transferred in a degree, my kindness for Amie to him, for he in some measure, supplied her place; but who that has experienced the attentions of a kind-hearted woman, can feel compensated for their loss, by the awkward attempts of one of his own sex.

I grew more and more sick; the spring and summer wore heavily away. I thought continually of my last interview with Amie; of her evident emotion and embarrassment, when I asked her if there was no body she loved as well as her mother.—My first idea returned with redoubled conviction, I cannot doubt it, thought I, strange as it is, she loves me, she has loved me from the first! There is no accounting for these kind of prepossessions; there is no rule about them. It is true I am old enough to be her father; but such instances are frequently recurring. My mind continually dwelt on this idea; I began to think myself the most hard-hearted, the most ungrateful of human beings; I thought of her as of a sweet drooping plant, a perfect illustration of Washington Irving's 'Broken Heart.' I bitterly reproached myself, for letting her go. I was accountable to no body; I had more wealth than I could make use of; for whom was it accumulating? It is true, I had some vague plan of founding a medical establishment, for the investigation of non-descript complaints, and bringing forth latent diseases, but I had no great reason to feel much complacency towards the *faculty*. What had they done for me? Amie's prescription had really afforded me more relief than all the 'materia medica;' it was now, however, too late.

My complaints increased to such an alarming degree, that I concluded it necessary to have a consultation of physicians; the result was, that travelling on horseback was the only chance that remained of life; for as to recover my health, I did not dream of such an impossibility. They urged it perseveringly, and at length I consented, and began to make my arrangements. I concluded I might be able to ride my favorite, Charley, three or four miles on a fine day. My carriage was to follow, and a baggage wagon, with my bed and mattress, and my Napoleon pillows, with all the indispensable accommodations of an invalid; my medicine chest I preferred taking in my carriage, that it might be ready at a moments warning.

After I had made my arrangements, I informed Doctor Veto, on whose skill

I had more confidence than of any other of the faculty, what I had done, and that I was ready to set out on my journey; the man actually laughed in my face, and told me all this would not do, I might as well stay at home. He had the audacity to say my cure depended entirely upon the manner in which the journey was performed, and this must be positively on horseback, with a portmanteau to carry a few changes of clothes, but not a single phial. He said I might choose between a servant and a companion, but both were inadmissible. He concluded by adding, that this was the last and only remedy, that he and his brother physicians could suggest; and that if I would follow the prescription to the letter, they would promise me an entire restoration to health. I was at first indignant; the idea of setting a dying man upon horseback, to finish his days away from friends and comforts—it was not to be thought of. But I certainly grew worse and worse, and at last came to the conviction that I must die if I did not get relief. I asked Theodore if he was willing to go with me on horseback; he eagerly embraced the proposal. I pass over all the difficulties and misgivings of my mind, how often I relinquished the plan, and then resumed it again; at last, however, Theodore and myself were on our way; we travelled South. I never fully decided where I was going; the winter was some how or other to be got thro'; I loitered a week or two at Charleston, and finally found myself at Augusta. Theodore I found a pleasant companion, he often made me laugh heartily; and generally speaking, my health was not worse than when I left home; he was very attentive to my accommodation; and though I had many hardships to endure, I was saved from an actual suffering, by his constant and persevering efforts. At Augusta, the strange plan entered my head to penetrate into the interior of Alabama; they told me I must travel through a wild uncultivated country, and there was nothing to see after I had done so. They advised me when I reached Montgomery, to take passage for Mobile, and from thence to New Orleans, and then pursue my route back through the Western Country. I made little or no reply, my plan was fixed, and the first of March, Theodore and myself set off for Alabama.

The roads are always bad, and at this season particularly so; the streams are swollen high; and internal improvement, in the way of bridges, has not yet made much progress in Georgia, of course we were compelled to ford them. We were often obliged to dismount, and help our horses out of the quagmires into which they had sunk.

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now.

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

THE COUSINS.

Written for the Museum.

In the neighbourhood of a sea-port town in the South of Ireland, once eminent in the history of that fine, but unfortunate country, though now famous only for the silence of its harbour, and the rottenness of its borough, stood a modern mansion, about half a mile from the sea board. A small plot of ground, which went sloping from the front of the house, was separated from the highway by a hedge of thorn and apple tree, knotted strongly together by creeping tendrils of ivy, and other parasitical plants.—Divided and partitioned into patches of sweet flowers, and blooming parterres, this plot, the nursling of female fondness, exhibited every where traces of the highest cultivation, and most delicate taste, whilst a few old elms overshadowed the foreground, and half concealed from the gaze of the passers by, the residence and retirement of the relict of Perci De Courçi, and her only daughter.

It is not our intention to fill those sheets with a detail of these ladies. The late Mr. De Courçi, in his life time, held an official situation. At his death, his widow retired to the retreat above described, employing her late years in relieving the wants of the simple inmates of the poor hamlets, in the neighbourhood, and in superintending the education of her only child, who, at the age of eighteen, had the character, with all who knew her, of being good, amiable, benevolent and accomplished—we would have added *beautiful*, but *mere* beauty is not in the catalogue of our recommendations.

Two years previous to the period of which we write, De Courçi lodge was visited by a young gentleman, a nephew of Mrs. De Courçi's, who came hither from college, to spend the summer vacation, and to recruit his health, at the sea-side. He had not been long, however, an inmate in the "Lodge" until he found the society and conversation of his cousin, the most agreeable restorative the country possessed. The constant enjoyment of her company produced the most decided benefit, and in the end, left an impression on his mind, too deep to be either speedily forgotten, or easily eradicated. Won by the affectionate attention and kindness which he experienced at the hands of his aunt, and delivering himself up to the sweet bonds which the study of the various exalted qualities of Miss De Courçi's mind had twined around his affections, he laid before them, in vivid colors, his wishes, and his hopes, and begged permission to be received in the character of a dearer, and nearer relative, than that in which he then appeared. How great was his disappointment, when his aunt mildly, yet positively, declined to grant his request.—However favorably

disposed Miss De Courçi might be towards him, her mother was too strict and rigid a Roman Catholic, ever to harbor for a moment, the idea of her daughter being married to her *cousin*—she looked upon such a union as a sin, not to be forgiven in this world, or in the next, and Reginald De Courçi was obliged, shortly after, to tear himself from the society of her, in whom he now felt too much interested, speedily to forget, for in her were concentrated all those hopes, the realization or disappointment of which tinge the future with happiness or misery.

The young heart, however, is the last to despair—the youthful mind quickly recovers its elasticity. De Courçi, therefore, on his return, applied himself, whether from prudence or vexation, with renewed energy, to the accomplishment of his studies, and at the end of his probation, retired from the seclusion of his college, with honor and credit. By the interest of some powerful friends, he was soon called into the bustle of active life, and was shortly after nominated to a confidential Mission, of some importance, to one of the South American States, which the policy of Canning, together with their own perseverance, had raised then almost to the rank of independence.

Flattered and elated by his good fortune, he turned once more his thoughts on the inmates of De Courçi Lodge. He felt they were all the relations he had in the world, and fondly persuaded himself that it would be merely polite, to spend a short time with his aunt, were it but personally to thank her for the various attentions she bestowed on him, previous to his departure for another country, whence, perhaps, he was never to return. He fancied, likewise, that his personal influence might have had some effect on his cousin, whilst the favorable change in his prospects, might incline his conscientious aunt to lend a more willing ear to his suit. Having applied for leave, and left his address at the foreign office, he wrote to Mrs. De Courçi, to acquaint her of his appointment, and of his intended visit, as before his embarkation, he thought it his duty, to take his leave of her in person, to thank her for her innumerable kindnesses, which duty he was anxious to acquit himself of, as it was not probable that he should have the pleasure of seeing her again for many years. A few weeks afterwards, found him once more an inmate of De Courçi Lodge, in the society of her whom alone he most valued on earth.

After the solemn assurances which his aunt had given him that she could never listen to the wishes he entertained, in regard to her daughter, she gave herself but little further solicitude on that head, thinking reasonably, that he would not seek to ingratiate himself into the young lady's good graces, after she had so positively declared her opinion of its impropriety. Proof, however, against a non-suit, Reginald daily, and sedulously, by those unspeakable attentions intelligible only to those interested, demonstrated, by his assiduous care to the various trifles in which his cousin's ease was interested, how much

her most trivial wants and wishes, were anticipated by his watchful eye. Not a look could escape her—not a motion could she make, but he was ever ready to lay at her feet, the object of her desire. Yet so guarded was he, at the same time, in his conduct and address in the presence of his aunt, that her pride often warmed, when she witnessed how polite and gentlemanly, as she thought, was her nephew, in his attentions and deportment. “He certainly has given up those foolish notions of his,” she would mentally say, as she watched him, “for though he is attentive, yet I could not expect otherwise from one of his education. It was but reasonable, after all, she would satisfactorily conclude,” that a gentleman should be *polite* to a lady, when in her company.

Far less certain, was Miss De Courçi in her conclusion, when alone, she brought her feelings to task. She was perfectly confident she never could be brought to marry her cousin. But it sadly puzzled her, notwithstanding, to find out why she should now hang down her head, nor any longer dare to look Reginald straight in the face, when she replied even to his most commonplace observations, or wherefore her nights were becoming more devoted to thoughts of him, and her demeanor more restless, now the period was approaching, when he would bid them all adieu. She never dreamed, and had yet to learn, that the human heart receives and retains impressions, oftentimes, alas! at variance with the cold closet dictates of dogmatic theology.

It was now May, and Reginald De Courçi, had already been nearly two months his aunt’s guest. The period of his sojourn was fast drawing to a close, and, one by one, the days stole imperceptibly away. Sun after sun arose, and set unmarked and unheeded, for there was a spell around him, beyond the sphere of which all was forgotten. He lived the hours of a dreamer, whose fancy dwells deliciously on some ecstatic vision, forgetful of the past, regardless of the future, and entirely absorbed in the present, making no provision for the unwelcome moment, when painful reality would dissipate the airy images which he was fondly contemplating. And thus it was with him, when at length, the summons came, and word by word, he read the letter ordering his embarkation. A smile passed across his features, as he recollected the engagements he was bound to fulfil, and how unconsciously they had been forgotten. “A change passed o’er the spirit of his dream,” and he awoke feverish, as if from an unrefreshing sleep.

It was wearing late in the day, his aunt had gone to visit some of the poor sick in the neighbourhood. The sinking sun gave out its light and heat temperately, over the budding vegetation abroad. The faint low of the distant kine, broke at intervals, on the ear, and the jocund whistle, or song, of the peasant, as he passed by the house, homeward from his work, spoke peace and contentment all around. De Courçi was sitting by his cousin’s side, as usual, when the letter was placed in his hand, when he had made himself acquainted

with its contents, he handed it to her, rivetting his gaze upon her, whilst she perused it, in order to discover if the news which it contained, affected her—and his heart beat thick when he saw her eye quiver, and her ill-dissembling cheek whiten, as she became acquainted with its contents. Emboldened, he took her passive hand, and poured into her listening ear, a tale of his bosom's all-absorbing love—so guileless—so passionate, and withal, so eloquently, drew such a disinterested picture of his hopes, his unworthiness, and his doubts—his fond devotedness—his painful solicitude—how lonely he would feel, if she rejected him, for save her, there was not one to feel an interest for him whilst living, or to lament him when ——. He ceased suddenly, for a large tear fell heavily on his hand—a thrill, like electricity, shot through his frame. He raised her drooping head, and gazed on her wet and downcast face. He gasped in the excess of his expectancy; but a dampness quickly overshadowed his brow, and his heart and hopes drooped, withering within him as he watched her, and his ready eye saw hers resume its dryness, and her blanched lip again become florid.

“Reginald,” she said firmly, “it cannot be.”

“Wherefore, my own love?” exclaimed the impassioned youth.

“We are *Cousins!*” responded the collected maiden.

“And do not cousins intermarry?” quickly he asked.

“Yes, but—”

“Oh *but* me not thus,” exclaimed he passionately, interrupting her, “for silently and fondly, have I thought of you, and loved you, and long, long have I resisted these feelings, and tried to drown them within my breast, for I doubted that I was worthy of you—but all in vain.—I have checked my desires until they have accumulated in their strength, and swept away the feeble barrier that I have opposed to them. Oh! if you knew how many and many a day has had its hours consumed in thought of you—how many a sleepless night I have passed, with nought to cheer its loneliness, but your dear image. Oh! did you know how I used to feel, gazing on the full bright moon, careering thro' its cloudless sky, and wishing that like that moon, I might have the power to traverse space, to enjoy the privilege of watching over you, and protecting you, you would not thus pitilessly reject me, for I have so long ceased to think of happiness except with you, and so recklessly abandoned myself to that passion which consumes me, that I fear 'tis now too late to retrace my steps, and if at last disappointment shall come upon my hopes and—laugh at me—Charlotte, it may be a triumph to you, but misery in this life must be the future portion of Reginald De Courçi.”

“Talk not thus wildly, Reginald,” said Miss De Courçi, mildly addressing him, “your extravagance alarms me. If it will quiet you to know, be assured, you do not lament more than I, our unfortunate relationship. Since *this*,

however, cannot be removed.”

“It *shall* be removed,” he exclaimed impetuously, “I’ll disown you.” She smiled doubtingly upon him, and shook her head. He bent his face within his hands, and seemed, for some minutes sunk in a deep mental abstraction. —“Cousins have been man and wife before,” he muttered disjointly to himself, “and instances thicken crowdingly around us—but they were rich, and I——” a sudden jealous suspicion look possession of him—he arose—an ashy paleness had overspread his features—his eyes and his nostrils had become gradually dilated and set—his lips moved, but no sound was audible, save a faint low gurgling in his throat—the expression of his countenance was vacuity, like one waking from a dream into sudden stunning, unintelligible reality, and then he shook through every limb, until from very weakness, he was forced to lean against the wall—he was sick at heart. Alarmed, Miss De Courçi approached him, placed her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and with compassionating expression in her countenance, she looked in his face, for she pitied him. The paroxysm passed away—he took her hand coldly in his—his features retained still their paleness, and his lips were white, and the large globules on his forehead, told how intense had been his suffering. “Charlotte!” said he, and his voice was steady, like the tones which reverberate hollow from a sepulchre, “Charlotte, I love you, and Heaven above knows how disinterested is that love—I would take you to my bosom, and whatever of honor and happiness, fate has in store for me, I would share it with you, and I would ask for no return, for my heart would gladden, and my spirit would smile within me, when I would see your eye beam back contentedly upon me—but you will not confide in me, because I am po-o-r-r-r!”

“Oh! no, Reginald, you wrong me, indeed you do,” she cried, as she heard the odious word, letter after letter, grating bitterly through his clinched teeth—but he heard her not, the curse of a proud spirit was upon him, and she was unheeded. Shortly after, on the dark blue sea, far, far away from his country and his love, pacing the deck, he was seen, by the light of a midnight moon, to raise his hand to heaven, and in its face he sternly vowed, never to return, until fortune would have removed the obstacles which he thought, at present, opposed his happiness.

It was some seven or eight years after the occurrence of the circumstances which we have narrated above, on the close of an evening in harvest—the sun all brilliancy and gold, was dipping his broad disk into the bosom of the vast sheet of water, which stretched itself away to the South-West, that a small skiff shot from the side of a vessel, riding broad away in the Roadstead, and made for the land, skipping like a sea-mew, lightly over the surface of the waves. It was not long until she gained the beach, when throwing his purse as a parting

douceur to the crew, a stranger leaped ashore, and with an agile and elastic step, speedily gained the summit of the hill, whither the wind had already wafted the hearty farewell cheer, with which the sailors were bidding "God speed." He was in the prime of manhood—perhaps thirty-five—tall, upright, and well-set, full of vigour, and of health. He wore the undress uniform of a foreign country; green frock, richly braided on the breast, trowsers of the same colour, along the outer seam of which, descended a narrow stripe of gold lace, a travelling cap of green silk velvet, with band and tassel, to correspond to the trimming of the trowsers, whilst from a narrow black belt, at his waist, hung a small dagger, apparently more for ornament than use.

On reaching the top of the acivity, he drew up, not in admiration of the prospect, for his back was turned on the sublimity of the west, but as if in quest of some land-marks, which he seemingly expected to find in the neighbourhood. As he paused in his uncertainty, a sea breeze wound coolly across, he uncovered his head to its influence, and exposed a forehead high, and strongly developed, over which, fell thickly, his dark, bushy hair. There was in his countenance, an air of foreignness—sunburnt and brown, if not altogether a native of another clime, they spoke of years of exposure to the strong rays of an intertropical sun. Further observation was here interrupted. A peasant passed by from whom the stranger enquired if Mrs. De Courçi did not reside in the immediate vicinity. She had been dead many years, and the lodge had been abandoned ever since, until about a couple of months ago, when Miss De Courçi came down to reside there, during the season, for the benefit of her health. "She was but very poorly," the peasant added, "and those who ought to know, were afraid that she would not winter on this side of the grave, she was mighty far gone in the decay."

Reginald De Courçi, for it was he, on his return from South America, where he had amassed a splendid fortune—heard no more. The Elm trees of De Courçi Lodge caught his wandering eye, and he started forward with rapid strides, to throw himself at the feet of her, who unknown to him, had long been hastening to the grave, a victim to the hard-fought struggle between the dictates of conscience, and the yearnings of affection.

The sun had set, and over the mountains at the eastern extremity of the bay gilding the pensive twilight, the "harvest moon" rose slow and majestic, a red, rayless globe, of splendid fire. Not a breeze was abroad—the genial air bore balm upon its wings for a moment to the patient spirit that sat in the parlour of De Courçi Lodge, gazing on the scenery around, her thoughts, the while spreading themselves abstractedly over the past, ere hope, disappointed, required a staff. Her mother, her cousin, the scenes of other days, flitted in visions before her. From the past, her thoughts, at a bound, dived into the dark abyss of futurity, and her busy fancy began again to dream of happiness and

pleasure yet in store, as a reward for the bitter troubles she had experienced, when her attention was called back to the world, to which she still belonged, by a gentle tapping at her parlour door. The invitation to come in, scarce escaped her lips, when Reginald stood before her astonished sight. Ere she recovered from the surprise of recognition, he was at her feet, and embracing her hand, exclaimed:

“Charlotte, my long-loved Charlotte, behold thy Reginald again before thee—weary of his wanderings, and sick of a world, a barren desert without thee, he returns to lay once more at thy disposal, his faithful, unwavering love. I’ve wandered far, far away, and have not been without friends, among strangers, but wanting thee, the loneliness of the tomb was around me. Oh! in pity, reject not my love—in mercy send me not again from thee”—and he gazed intensely on her, who all the while he was speaking, busied herself abstractedly, burying her beautiful hand within the thick ringlets of his long hair, unconscious of his earnestness, and when she at length spoke, ’twas as if she were but thinking aloud: “How changed! and yet so young, surely men are not wont to become grey in their youth—but so it is, all things have changed since *then*—even I who thought——” A faint convulsive shriek here interrupted her for the moment, the hair through which her tapering fingers were wandering, was suddenly grasped with increased firmness, and as she rivetted her eyes firmly on his upraised countenance, and after having made various efforts to speak, she gave utterance to the following words interruptedly.

“Oh! no Reginald, it cannot be—I am unworthy—undeserving—thy constancy—but Reginald,” and her beautiful eyes filled with large tears, her grasp suddenly relaxed as she spoke, “Reginald, though I always loved thee, my heart is not now worth thy acceptance, that heart is—broke!” and, as she concluded, a tremulous quivering, ran through her delicate frame, a deep hectic shot across her pale cheek, her bright blue eye sparkled, for a moment with increased animation, then became fixed and glazed, a faint gurgling arose in her throat, and like the tender lily, whose stem is rudely touched, she drooped her lovely head, and her meek spirit passed away to that home, “where the wretched cease to mourn, and the weary are at rest!”

Supporting her head on his breast, Reginald remained for some minutes patiently on his knee. He thought the shock of his sudden appearance had overpowered her, and that she had fainted. Fearful, lest the slightest motion would be too great for her gentle frame, he continued motionless, anxiously expecting her return to animation. Minute after minute, dragged its slow length along, at last, he bent his ear gently over her, to hear if she breathed, his cheek accidentally touched hers, ’twas icy cold, a horrid suspicion darted through his brain, he placed his hand quickly over her heart, ’twas as a stone, pulseless, he gazed on her face, her lips were livid, her chin had fallen, and her sightless

eyes, through their half closed lids, glared upon him, glossy, and lustreless. Seizing her in his arms, he sprung towards the bell rope, and in one wild peal, announced the dreadful event. Then gently laying her on the sofa, he seated himself on the one side, still as if half dubious of the certainty of what he had witnessed.

Our melancholy task is nearly at a close. Already the second night was overshadowing all around. The coffin, in which the dead was to be deposited, had arrived, and to-morrow was to see her consigned to the last earthly abode. Reginald De Courçi spent all his hours in the room with the corpse, a stranger alike to nourishment and repose. He evinced a horrid callousness, to the various mournful preparations which were going on in the house, and sternly discouraged all conversation, for words could but ill relieve the withering blight, the hopes of years had experienced. They said, 'twas pride, but little did they know that there is a grief which abhorreth communion, which nestles as it were in the breast, and like the bird of the wilderness, draws its sustenance from its own heart's blood, and feeds in silence on itself. Such grief was his—yet he exhibited no trace thereof. Every muscle of his face was immoveable, and his pale lip he compressed, for he was determined to suppress even the sigh that would burst and betray the anguish of the soul within.

Alas! for the young, the warm-hearted, and the sanguine, whose happiness is at the mercy of the affections, who with an eagle eye, and lion heart, pursues his course, and deviates never, but perseveres to become the jest of disappointment—alas for him! the scattered pine is not more completely a ruin than he. Alas for him! no desolation is like unto his.

'Twas night, as was said before, and the quietude of the grave overshadowed all around. The untrimmed candles flickered dull and dispirited, by affording merely light sufficient to embody the gloom beyond, with the distorted imaginings of a feverish brain, now disturbed and excited by constant watchings, and alone with the dead, in all the helpless hopelessness of blighted happiness, Reginald De Courçi sat motionless, his eyes fixed on the wreck of all that this world ever offered him worth living for, and as feature after feature, he traced the delineations of that fine and delicate countenance, whose mild expression was seldom absent from his thoughts, memory for a moment led him back to the past, and he lived over again those hours when his soul, in all the ecstasy of silence, hung entranced in passionate adoration over the object of its idolatry, and self-deception whispered him, and he willingly believed that her death was but a dream, and that *now* he was awake, and that she was before him, and alive, and that her eyes beamed fondly upon him, though in apparent sadness, as if reproaching him for his long absence, and seeming want of affection. His heart smote upon him for his truantship. To

dispel the cloud of doubt which hung upon her brow, he approached her with a warm and assuring look.—He opened his arms wide to clasp her to his breast, and to kiss away her fears, when just as he was in the act of advancing, good God! he staggered over *her* coffin, and pressed in horror to his, her cold, and clammy lips!

Oh! never did mortal man awake to such a realization of misery—Oh! never did the tortured soul shrink beneath the pressure of such an overwhelming agony—Oh! never did human reason cower down beneath such an accumulation of wretchedness, wildly he recoiled, and when the remnant of his distracted senses, brought conviction to his already half-maddened brain, he glared wistfully around, and unsheathing the instrument of self-destruction, which hung but too opportunely at his side, he plunged it deep into his heart, and fell forward, lifeless, on the bosom of her, whose loss bereaved him in one instant, of happiness, of reason, and of life!

Beneath yonder knoll, at the foot of that weeping ash, side by side, in the bosom of one grave, lie Reginald and Charlotte De Courçi. Fair broke the morning of their lives, all hope, and all promise; but ere it was yet at its meridian, the sun set amidst tears, disappointment, and death, and their memories have no place in the records of by-gone days, save what is faintly traced by the feeble pen of

A PERI-PATHETIC PATLANDER.

Quebec.

MELANGE IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

M. Martin de la Voye's *Mélange* is in truth a literary curiosity. The author is a native of France; and he tells us, that a very few years ago, he could not be understood in England without an interpreter. At present he is *peritus utriusque linguæ*; and writes poetry, or verse at least, with as much apparent ease in English as in French,—and not merely verse, but blank verse. His ambition to compose blank verse, he says, arose out of the ridicule attached in the minds of some of his friends to the idea of a Frenchman's even attempting to write blank verse in English. The author's success is indeed remarkable: both the versification and the ideas of the different poems in this *Mélange* are equal if not superior to the productions of the run of our *poetæ minores*. An example may satisfy the curiosity of our readers: we judge the author not only to be a man of talent, but of *esprit*.

The following passage is taken from the poem called "Sunrise."

Crime is a coward that a shadow frights;
It hates the day, and only breathes in nights
Of darkest hue! 'Twill cross the torrent surge,
But sink at human voice; and, like a dirge,
It hears in hollow caves the howling blast
Telling its doom; detects the footsteps fast
Of horrid death in every leaf that falls
Rustling upon the ground. The shrieking calls
Of owls, are groans that gurgle through the blood
Of murdered men, or infant cries, in flood
Suppressed, of cherub slain.—O, wretched state!
Long days of dread!—Yet men will bear the weight
With seeming preference, and live and die,
By choice, sad monuments of misery!

Hark! how the busy hum of nature swells!
Nor pine, nor bush, nor lonely weed, but tells,
With smiling looks, the presence of the morn—
Pervading glance of God! exhaustless horn
Of Mercy's gifts that pour from shore to shore,
On all alike, the treasures of its store.

Borne on the wind, sonorous hear that bell—
It chimes for matin prayer. Each silent cell,
Soon populate, will pour its share of praise,
And then the cloister vaults their voice will raise
To rend the peaceful vale with holy lays.

Now, now! the exulting peal, harmonious, breaks
And moves the pile, and walls, and turrets shakes!
Ay, louder still the chorus grows; the sheep,
Attentive, cease to browse; and, buried deep
In seeming reverie the lambs are still,
While the shepherds feel within a pious thrill
That warms their souls, and kneel beside the hill.

London Spectator.

POPULAR ESSAYS ON SCIENCE.

Although the pressure of the atmosphere prevents the rapid vaporization of water until it is hot enough to force the air aside, as in the process of boiling, yet we know, that vapour is constantly forming *at all temperatures*, because we find fluids, when exposed, gradually to disappear. In these cases, instead of *removing* the air, the vapour creeps up into the space between the particles of the atmosphere, and in this way, the whole ærial mass is constantly acting as an immense sponge to suck up the rising vapour from every part of the earth's surface, and the process is technically termed *evaporation*. As its effects produce some of the more remarkable of the natural phenomena, we will consider them in detail.

Evaporation is then, that process in nature and art, by which vapour is formed *quietly*, and, often *insensibly*, and, therefore, at a temperature below the boiling point. It takes place when the temperature of the fluid is *above* that of the *surrounding air*, and, also, when *below* it. In *all cases*, however, the law of evaporation is, that it accords with the quantity of heat which influences the fluid. The presence of the atmosphere does not determine the *quantity* of evaporation, but only the quickness or slowness of its operation. This will be evident if we consider the remarkable fact, that *as much vapour*, at a given temperature, occupies the same space in the air as it would in a vacuum, the difference only being the rapidity with which the latter is filled, whilst vapour can but slowly creep up among the ærial particles to occupy their interstices. Instances of evaporation constantly present themselves. When water is exposed in a shallow vessel to the air, it will gradually diminish, and, in a few days, disappear entirely. In domestic purposes it is familiarly termed "drying," as when wet clothes are hung upon lines, in order that the water they contain may slowly pass away. A washer-woman is seldom aware, that, in this part of her occupation, she is taking advantage of one of the most beautiful and useful of natural operations—the rising of vapour in the atmosphere. Most fluids, if not all of them, are susceptible of this gradual dissipation; and, it may also be observed, in some solids, as, for example, in camphor. Some fluids more readily evaporate than others, and it is always found, that those liquids whose boiling points are lowest, pass off with the greatest rapidity. Thus, alcohol more quickly dissipates than water, and ether again, than alcohol.

The process of evaporation depends upon several circumstances, the principal of which are, 1st. temperature, whether of the fluid or surrounding air; 2d. extent of surface; 3d. state of air as to dryness or moisture; 4th. stillness of the air; and, 5th. density of the atmosphere.

Since vapour is no more than water elevated by, or dissolved in, heat, it must follow, that its power must depend upon this active principle, or upon the degree of temperature. The commonest experience proves this. Hot fluids evaporate more rapidly than when cold, and hence why heat is employed with this view in various processes of art. It is also equally well known, that if water be exposed to a warm and to a cold air, it dries up more quickly in the former than in the latter. In winter, the laundry-maid makes a large fire, before which she places her wet clothes, in order that they may soon dry in the warm apartment.

As evaporation only proceeds from the *surface* of fluids, it follows, that the process must depend upon the *extent exposed*, all other circumstances being the same. Thus, when we wish a speedy vaporization, we put the fluid into a shallow vessel, so as to have a large surface; for the same purpose a maid spreads out and turns her drying linen.

The state of the air, as to dryness or moisture, also influences the degree of evaporation, for the plain reason, that a portion of air, the interstices of which are *already* filled with vapour, or that is what we call *moist*, cannot absorb more water as a portion of dry air would. In some dry, cold days of winter, vaporization goes on more quickly than when the air is warmer but already humid.

Because the air immediately in contact with water soon becomes charged with moisture, a check is put to further evaporation; and hence the influence of currents or winds in assisting the process, by bringing successive portions of dry air over the fluids. The expression of a “drying wind,” so commonly heard, is thus explained.

Density of the atmosphere (the 5th and last influencing cause in evaporation) also interferes with the elevation of vapour.—This must be the case from its circumstance of decreasing the sizes of the interstices or spaces between the particles of air, and so lessening their capacity for moisture. A sponge, when squeezed, will not suck up as much water as if it was at liberty to expand. The truth is also easily proved by means of the air pump, in the exhausted receiver of which, fluids boil and evaporate with great rapidity. Chemists adopt this means to dry substances thoroughly which they cannot expose to the action of increased temperature and it is on the same account that moisture, in any way connected with the vacuum, destroys it by swelling out into an atmosphere of elastic vapour.

Since a large quantity of heat unites with water to form vapour it follows, that cold must be the consequence of evaporation. If a few drops of ether be allowed to fall upon the hand, a strong sensation of cold will be produced by its rapidly evaporating and carrying off some of the vital heat; or if the bulb of a thermometer, covered with lint, be moistened with ether, the mercury will

immediately begin to descend. It has been asserted, that an animal might be frozen to death in the midst of summer by constantly keeping its skin moistened with ether and exposing both to the vacuum of an air pump or to a current of wind. Water placed under the exhausted receiver of an air pump evaporates with great rapidity, and so much cold is generated as would speedily freeze the water, did the vapour continue to rise for some time with the same velocity; but the vapour itself forms an atmosphere in the receiver and retards the evaporation. This may be prevented, by enclosing in the receiver some substance which will readily absorb the moisture as it is formed. Such as high-dried oatmeal, concentrated sulphuric acid, &c. On this principle professor Leslie founds his elegant method of producing artificial congelation. He encloses a portion of water in a shallow cup, and standing over a large surface of oil of vitriol, in the receiver of an air pump, and exhausts the air until the cold produced by the evaporation freezes the remaining water. It is by evaporation that wine is cooled in hot climates, in the bottles being exposed to a current of air, wrapped round with moistened linen. Mats hung up around the walls of houses in India, and frequently wetted through the day, preserve a delightful freshness in the apartment. Sprinkling water or vinegar over a hot, sick room, cools and refreshes it, and watering the streets of a city moderates in them the intensity of summer heat. In tropical countries water is cooled for drinking by being put into earthenware vessels, so porous that the external surface is always moist, the vessels being then suspended in a current of air, or, during a calm, being made to vibrate in the manner of a pendulum.

Scientific men have differed concerning the cause of evaporation. Some, Professor Millington for instance, have supposed it to be owing to a chymical attraction between the air and water, and they illustrated this plausible idea by adducing oil as a fluid which does not evaporate, because of the absence of such affinity, and, certainly, some degree of it does appear to exist; but it is nevertheless impossible to attribute the effect to this cause; for evaporation takes place, as we have seen, *in vacuo* as in the air, but with much more readiness. The experiments of Mr. Dalton prove, that heat is the true and only cause of the formation of vapour. He finds, that the actual quantity of vapour, which can exist in any given space, is dependant solely upon the temperature. If, for instance, a little water be put into a dry glass flask, a quantity of vapour will be found proportionate to the temperature. If a thermometer, placed in it, stands at 32° , the flask will contain a very small quantity of vapour; at 40° more vapour will exist in it; at 50° still more; and at 60° , the quantity will be still farther augmented. If, when the thermometer is at 60° , the temperature of the flask is suddenly reduced to 40° , then a certain portion of vapour will be converted into water, the quantity which retains the elastic form being *precisely the same* as when the temperature was first at 40° .

(To be Continued.)

TO A FRAGMENT OF SILK.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

[FROM THE TOKEN.]

Well radiant shred of silk, is it your choice,
Here on my carpet, thus at ease to lay,
I've heard the veriest trifles have a voice
Unto the musing mind; what can you say?
You seem to wake a dream of southern bowers,
Where sprang your rudiments, among Italian flowers.

Who were your ancestors? Me-thinks you pause!
Excuse me, Yankees always ask the question;
What! those unsightly worms, with tireless maws,
And such a very marvellous digestion?
Their spinning wheels no doubt their health supply;
But lo! in cone like urns they fold themselves to die.

Perchance to reel their slight cocoons did foil
The patient skill of many a purblind dame,
While firmer nerves essayed the shuttles toil,
From whence your rainbow tinted tissue came;
Bound on a voyage o'er the boisterous ocean,
Quite snugly packed secure in bales from all commotion.

What was your destiny in this new world?
In dazzling robe to make young beauty vain?
Or for some waning lady, pranked and curled
To hide time's ravage from the giddy train?
Or bid pale envy's pang the bosom swell,
That erring deems true bliss, with outward show to dwell.

Your history's not complete. Your second birth
Is in bank-paper to allure the eyes,
Making the rich o'erprize the gifts of earth,
And the poor covet what his God denies;
Man's vanity from a vile worm may grow,
And paper puff his pride; go, gaudy fragment go!

THE THIN GENTLEMAN.

The remains of the castle of Yberg consist of two grey towers, one of them shattered from top to bottom by thunder. The family to which the building belonged has been long extinct; and the last of the race, by his crimes and impiety, is said to have drawn down the vengeance of heaven even upon the roof which sheltered his sacrilegious head. It appears from the tradition that he had ruined his fortune by excess and debauchery, and then lived—like other knights of the time, who had strong towers and sharp swords—by strife and robbery. Chancing, however, to lose one of his arms in an encounter, his success was no longer proportioned to his daring; and his followers at length, disgusted with bare walls and short commons, deserted their chief. The latter, left alone in his castle, amused himself cursing the world and its want of virtue, and with taking a purse now and then, when nights were dark and travellers few or unwarlike.

One evening, when sitting in his porch, on the walls of which the ivy and wall-flower were already mingling with the vine, a pilgrim approached the den of the robber.

“You are poor, Sir Knight,” said he, “you would be rich?”

“Certes,” answered the knight surlily, but with the kind of bastard hope which springs up when rational expectations are at an end.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the pilgrim, “that is strange; but no stranger than to see a man moping in poverty and misery, when gold and jewels may be had for the gathering, even under his own roof.”

“If I but knew how to gather!” exclaimed the knight bitterly, as he sunk again into despondency. “You allude, I perceive, to a tradition which is known to every peasant-serf in the country-side—that my great-great-grandfather, when this castle was about to be taken by assault, buried his treasures before giving himself up to the knife.”

“I do,” answered the pilgrim; “I was by at the time.” The knight jumped upon his feet.

“You!” said he, “You! Why that is a hundred and fifty years ago!” and he looked suspiciously at the stranger. The latter was a man about the ordinary height, but marvellous thin. His legs had no more calf than the tongs; he was as grey as a rat; and his skin looked as if it had been drawn wet over his bones, and then left, in the course of years, to dry, and harden, and bleach, and seam, and crack.

“I was by, I tell you,” repeated the stranger: “Where is the harm? What have you to do with that? Having been present at the when, I of course know

all about the where; and as I perceive you are a chip of the old block, who was always a great friend of mine, I will tell you the secret if you have a mind to hear it."

"Say on, then," said the knight with a gasp, "only I wish you were not so thin, and that you had come to me in the forenoon."

"The forenoon would not have answered the purpose," said the stranger, "things must be done according to rule. Thin! I would have you know I have turned the head of many a pretty girl before now!" And he cut a caper with so much agility that the other knew not what to think.

"Well, well," said the knight, a little enviously perhaps, "my dancing-days are over, if yours are not. Tell me the secret, and to pick and shool with us at once! Where is the treasure buried?"

"In the graves of your ancestors; who have it in as safe keeping as if it was under lock and key." The knight started and grew pale.

"What is the matter? Are they not your ancestors? Is it not your money? However, these dead folks, who can make no use of riches themselves, are too apt to play the dog in the manger, and keep them from those who can. It will be needless to dig in the graves so long as one bone of one of them is there. You must bring up your relations, one by one, apron-full by apron-full, and lay them here, in the moonlight, all around the porch. It is a fine night, and they will not be the worse of the airing." The knight trembled! he was about to cross himself.

"Hallo! No nonsense!" cried the stranger, hastily staying his hand: "If you do not like the adventure, say so at once without mummery; and I shall carry my advice to men of more sense and courage." As he spoke he threw his cloak in dudgeon upon his shoulders, and was turning away, when the knight caught hold of the garment, (which felt like a blanket made of spiders' webs), and besought him to have patience.

"I cannot starve," said he; "I am not strong enough to rob, and I must have money. Sacrilege or no sacrilege, I will do your bidding!" The stranger accompanied him to the door of the chapel; but when the knight besought him to enter and assist—

"I beg you to excuse me," said he, with a strange chuckling laugh; "they are no kinsfolk of mine; I have no right to lay a finger on them; and I confess I am punctilious in matters that touch my honour."

"At least come in, then, if it is only across the threshold; that I may know there is something living near me in this dismal vault, where the moonbeams are gliding like spectres among the pillars."

"I really would oblige you if I could: but I dare not."

"How, dare not?"

"No; I have got such a cold; it would be the death of me:" and the stranger

by way of a specimen, emitted a dry hollow cough, so oddly mingled with chuckling laughter, that the knight felt his hair rising upon his head as he entered the chapel alone. His strength seemed increased, however, rather than diminished, by his terror; and with the aid of a pick-axe, he speedily raised the stone from every grave in the place. It is an awful thing to see the effect of the moonlight as it fell quiveringly upon the skeletons. One seemed to stir its foot—another to point with its finger—and a third to grin and leer; but when the knight seized upon some of the bones in desperation, and found that the pieces of the skeleton fell asunder in his hand, he had nearly fainted with horror. It was like committing parricide!

“It is sacrilege!” said he to himself—“It is sacrilege!” Nevertheless he filled an apron with bones from one of the graves, and carried them out into the moonlight. He then returned for another load; and so on till he had emptied all the graves, except the last and newest.

When he came to this one, it was not alone from fatigue that he paused, or from fear that he trembled. In the grave was buried a little child, the only one who had ever called him father—the only being he had ever loved. This had been the single bond of connexion between him and the sympathies of his species; and when the child died (many years ago), there fell upon its pale cold face the only virtuous tears its father had ever shed.—The child was now lying in the grave—

As if he had not been dead a day!

The little boy had not even shrunk in the grasp of death. It was like an image of virgin wax, (which itself being formed of dead matter) imitated sleep. The father felt a film come over his eyes as he knelt before the grave, and took up his child. He laid it tenderly in his arms and against his bosom, like a living infant; and, forgetting for the moment the purpose he had in view, carried it out unconsciously into the moonlight.

Loud and long laughed the stranger as he appeared.

“Set it down here,” said he, “and the circle will be complete—then step over the line of bones to me, and I shall whisper the remaining secret in your ear.” The knight, as he was about to set down his gentle burthen, fancied that the infant stirred.

“Make haste, make haste!” cried the stranger, bending over the circle, and curving his long lean hand to take hold of the knight’s. The infant opened its eyes.

“Make haste!” cried the stranger again, and his voice rose to an unearthly shriek: “Throw down the bantling, and follow me or you are lost!”

“My father shall *not* follow you!” said the dead child: “Hence, mocking

fiend, for this place is mine! You have no final power where a single holy affection remains, as a bond of union between the soul of man and his creator!” At these words, the stranger vanished, with shrieks of mingled laughter and agony! the earth shook, and a peal of thunder broke over the building, which laid it in ruins.

Unarmed, bare-headed, wrapped in hair cloth, and with a pilgrim’s staff in hand, the old robber that night left the castle of his ancestors, never more to return.

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH; OR, THE POST OFFICE.

By *Miss Landon.*

All places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse, which Johnson’s Dictionary entitles “conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves.” Every body knew what every body did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, sayings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of a Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly, for Mrs. Mary’s windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.’s pair of fowls, and Mrs. B.’s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours’ dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two segars, read the *Morning Herald* [for the post came in of an evening], and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There was no chalybeate-springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and pic-nic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was “no nothing.” It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger’s name was Mr.

Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from him self. Conjecture, like Shakspeare, “exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.” Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped a mad-house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was on the 23 of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to “John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton.” Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep, while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith’s look grew more intent—she had succeeded in decyphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. “Oh the monster!” shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—“We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great.” Not a syllable more could they make out but what they had read was enough. “He told me,” gasped the landlady, “that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!” Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

“I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don’t come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing,” observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

“I dare say,” returned the post-mistress, “Williams is not his real name.”

“I don’t know that,” interrupted the landlady; “Williams is a good hanging name there was a Williams who murdered Mary’s family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear little children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it’s no place for his doings, I can tell him; he shan’t poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I’ll take the letter to him myself.”

“Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters;” and the post-mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was

rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

“Murder will out,” said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past “the witching hour of night,” deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberations was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. “He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience,” pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o’clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise; out of it steps, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady’s pity redoubled—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen!—“I see how it is,” thought she, “the old wretch is jealous.” All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, “Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!”—All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. “I am happy, Madam,” said the little bustling magistrate, “to have been, under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity.” Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

“My life!” ejaculated the astonished lady.

“Yes, Madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account.” And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—“We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife”—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentlemen, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

“I can explain all,” at last interrupted the visitor. “Mr. Williams came here

for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius! he is writing a melodrama called 'My Wife'; he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being immoral.

"Quite mistaken, Sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud in the hope of your approval, at least, of your indulgence"—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In remembrance of Sir Walter, we shall collect under his name, from time to time, such anecdotes as fall in our way.—We cannot begin better than by a few extracts from the delightfully flowing narrative of Allan Cunningham, in “Some Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,” published in the *Athenæum*.

His personal Appearance.—In person Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well formed, strongly knit, and compactly built; his arms were long and sinewy, his looks stately and commanding, and his face as he related a heroic story, flashed up as a crystal cup when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brows; their colour was a bluish grey: they laughed more than his lips did at a humorous story; his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out amongst a thousand, while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the lisp and the burr, yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, “it became him wonderous well,” and gave great softness to a sorrowful story; indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters of a facetious or humorous kind, and brought out the lisp part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the least, and would fit no one’s head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance. He delighted in manly exercises; in his youth, he was foremost in all sports and matters of harmless mischief; his health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday, continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout galloway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure, moreover, to walk out among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand-saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marring the growth of others.

His Popularity.—I told him, that when he passed through Oxford, a lady at whose house he took breakfast, desirous of doing him all honour, borrowed a silver tray from a neighbour, who lent it at once, begging to be allowed to carry it to the table herself, that she might look upon the author of *Waverley*. —“The highest compliment,” said Sir Walter, “I ever received, was paid me by a soldier of the Scots Greys: I strove to get down to Abingdon-street on the coronation-day, and applied for help to a sergeant who guarded the way; he shook his head, saying, ‘Countryman, I can’t help you.’ I whispered my name—his face kindled up, and he said, ‘Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down!’”

He instantly gave me an escort.”

His Bust by Chantrey.—So much was he sought after while he sat to Chantrey, that strangers begged leave to stand in the sculptor’s galleries, to see him as he went in and out. The bust was at last finished in marble; the sculptor laboured most anxiously, and I never saw him work more successfully: in one long sitting of three hours, he chiselled the whole face over, communicating to it the grave humour and comic penetration for which the original was so remarkable. This fine work is now in Abbotsford, with an inscription, saying, it is a present to Sir Walter Scott, from Francis Chantrey;—I hope it will never be elsewhere.

Visit to Abbotsford.—I visited him at Abbotsford about the end of July, 1831; he was a degree more feeble than I had seen him, and his voice seemed affected; not so his activity of fancy and surprising resources of conversation. He told anecdotes, and recited scraps of verse, old and new, always tending to illustrate something passing. He showed me his armory, in which he took visible pleasure; and was glad to hear me commend the design of his house, as well as the skill with which it was built. His heart seemed bound to the place; it is said, that he felt more pleasure in being thought the builder of Abbotsford, and the layer out of the grounds and plantations around it, which certainly seemed most tastefully done, than to be thought the author of the *Waverley Novels*. This I am willing to believe. Of Abbotsford, and its fine armory and library, he might well, indeed, be proud; they contained presents from the first men of the world, either for rank or talent; the collection of volumes relating to the history, poetry, and antiquities of Scotland is extensive. In a small room, half library, and half armory, he usually sat and wrote; here he had some remarkable weapons, curious pieces of old Scottish furniture, such as chairs and cabinets, and an antique sort of table, on which lay his writing materials. A crooked-headed stall of Abbotsford oak or hazel, usually lay beside him to support his steps as he went and came.

The Sheriff and the Shepherd of Ettrick.—When I next saw Sir Walter, King George was about to be crowned, and he had come to London to make one in the ceremony, This was an affair which came within the range of his taste; with the processions of the old religion, and the parade of chivalry, he was familiar; and when he called on me, he talked of the magnificent scene which Westminster Abbey would present on the morrow, and, inquired if I intended to go and look at it. Now, I happen to be one of those persons who are not at all dazzled with grand processions and splendid dresses, and the glitter and parade of either court or camp; and when I said that I had no curiosity that way, having, when I was young, witnessed the crowning of King Crispin, in Dumfries he burst into a laugh, and said, “That’s not unlike our friend Hogg: I asked him if he would accompany me, and he stood balancing the matter

between the coronation and St. Boswell's fair and at last the fair carried it."

Scott's Prose and Byron's Poetry.—It is a note-worthy matter, that while Scott was pouring out romance after romance, Lord Byron was pouring out poem after poem; the prose of the one and the poetry of the other were so popular, and at the same time so excellent, that no other author could obtain a hearing. It was also curious to remark, that as Byron had certainly beaten Scott by song, so as assuredly Scott was vanquishing his lordship by prose; for I think no one will contend, that the poems of the one were ever so popular with all ranks as the novels of the other.

We add the following acute comparison between Byron and Scott from *Galighani's Messenger*:—The voice of him who was truly called the Minstrel of the North sleeps in death, and all the mountains, vales, and glens of Scotland must resound with wailing. Ages may pass before his rival will appear. Eight years and a half have elapsed since we lost Byron, then in the prime of manhood—the two most popular authors which Great Britain ever produced, yet whose genius had no similitude. The one had intensesness, the other copiousness and rich variety—the predominance of the one was tragic, of the other comic. Byron was but a variety of self; Scott was every body, and every where, Byron, at least in the present writer's apprehension, was not often happy in his prose; of Scott, the prose was for better than the poetry. There was deep misanthropy in Byron; the truest *bonhomme* and sunshine in Scott. Scott rose occasionally to pathos and sublimity, but they were not his leading characteristics; he dealt in familiar and colloquial life, in dialogue, in fulness and rapidity of incident, in filling his canvass with groups of busy people, and in the humour of a Dutch fair. All the touches of accidental character, of the peculiarity of habits and manners, were caught by him to the very life. But his native country had been the grand object of his happy observances. He knew her in the past and the present, as if he had lived with her every age. He knew the shapes of the surface of its varied soils in its mountains, its heaths, its precipices, its depths, its rivers, and lonely sea-shores; and he knew all the secrets of the hearts of its people. He threw a smile upon all nature, and cheerfulness echoed from him through all the tracts of Caledonia. He came like a magician, sweeping across the stormy seas of the Hebrides, and peopled the isles with the airy beings of poetic spirituality. Yet he was no enthusiast; he was a perfect man of the world—social, lively, sagacious, quick, and happy in conversation—of exquisite tact, and willing to bend to all men's humours. The turn of his invention enabled him, more than any other fabulist, to play off a contrast of characters. In this sort of combination and grouping lay one of his grand spells—the collisions were always happy. He never, like Byron, represented a single figure in the wild aberrations of his solitude. All his ideas were in rapid movement—he never seems to have pondered long on one

excluding thought. I do not think, therefore, that profundity was often his character. The familiar was that which he seemed to execute *con amore*, in direct opposition to Byron, whose forte was the gloomy and misanthropic; and who, though in *Don Juan* he has exhibited much comic satire with extraordinary strength and point, yet seems to have done it by mere *defiant* effort, and surely deals in a degree of caricature which is not in the purest taste. Scott could not have written *Manfred* or *Cain*—Byron could not have written one of Scott's novels. Scott's is an intellectualised materialism—Byron's primary inventiveness is spirituality. One is more touching, the other more harrowing.

MY LITTLE MAN.

[FROM THE LONDON WORLD OF FASHION, FOR OCTOBER.]

A page from the Autobiography of a Fashionable Widow.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis pity, pity ’tis true!”—SHAKSPEARE.

There was nothing to me more abominable than the idea of a little man. I had been made miserable by little men—the odious creatures! I married a little man. Ridicule is the keenest weapon wherewith the feelings can be attacked, and mine were wounded deeply and severely by it. It was my misfortune to attract none but little men; wherever I went, into whatever society I passed there was sure to be some little man start up; and endeavour to do the agreeable for my amusement. *Pour passer le temps*, I encouraged one of these gadflies, and at length found that what I undertook for amusement, mere pastime, assumed another aspect—and the little piece of humanity, that I looked upon as a plaything, soon became the chief actor in something more than a little *affaire de cœur*. Well, “things change their titles as our manners turn,” instead of being annoyed, I became pleased with the attentions of “my little man;” and, at length, I gave my hand at the altar, to my little man; and became *une femme*—a wife.—I was the wife of my little man.

So far, all went pleasantly enough: but I do not know how it was—*fraicheur*—the novelty of matrimony, went off, I saw nothing but my little man day after day, and the honey moon spent in the horrible seclusion of Rookery Park, was any thing but a month of sweetness. I was glad enough when it was over, for then I was enabled to return to the metropolis, and make one among the circle of fashion. But then, alas, alas! every thing wore a different aspect. I was no longer envied by the women, no longer the object of men’s devotion; a mere commonplace salutation greeted me, and every body wished me joy, I, and my little man.

Wherever I went, there also my little man followed me, of course; at the Opera, beaux no longer fluttered round me like butterflies, attracted by my diamonds’ (or my eyes, as they said,) rays; nobody was near me but my little man. He was a fond, kind creature; but that very fondness, that very kindness which induced him to be perpetually near me, proved any thing but pleasant to me, for I soon got tired of the eternal smiling looks, and kind words of my little man.

At the concert, my little man was my conductor, but he frequently made

more discord than harmony: I used to return home in a dreadful state of *ennui*. Nobody had told me that I looked beautiful, but my little man. I thought myself in a deplorable situation.

Then I went to Almack's: there I pictured a recurrence of old scenes, and prepared my arts of coquetry accordingly. I was splendidly attired that night, and I am sure that I looked divinely. Well, alas! the usual finale; in despite of my attractions, I danced with nobody but my little man! People did say that he was of a jealous turn, and therefore the men were fearful of incurring his displeasure. Dear, dear, what a sacrifice I thought myself to a little man!

But I need not detail my sufferings; let it suffice, that wherever I went, there I was sure to hear and see nothing but my little man. He was so cruelly attentive. We appeared so attached, that really we in the world's opinion exemplified connubial happiness. Happiness, indeed! Happiness with my little man! when we were beheld approaching, it was whispered, "Here comes —— and her little man." Had I visitors, the first question after my own health was sure to be, "how is your dear little man." I would rather have heard enquiries after my poodle dog. Well thus I passed through ten years of married life, a very unhappy, miserable creature, because I was a fine figure myself, and had for my husband a very little man.

Alas! he died!—the fetters were suddenly dissevered, and I again became my own mistress. My year of widowhood expired, I returned to the gay circles of society in all my wonted loveliness. I was then but eight and twenty, having married at eighteen. I had felt very lonely in retirement; I ascribed that loneliness to the monotony of the scene wherein I was, as it were confined. When I re-appeared in society, all the beaux came round me, as they had done ten years previously; the days of my girlhood were revived, and I was again the object of universal homage. Then I thought I should be happy;—for the moment I was so; But alas! the heart-dreariness which I experienced in my seclusion was but the first thrill of that anguish which I afterwards experienced in fulness. As the amusements began to tire, I felt weary: there was no one near me to speak in tones which only one can utter. When I returned home, there was no one there to welcome me with kindness and affection. When I was happy there was no one to share my joy, or when I was in sorrow there was no one upon whose bosom I could lay my head, and find repose and rest. No; all had fled—all had passed away, I had no husband—my happiness had descended with him to his tomb.

I am a widow young and beautiful (they tell me so); the men hover round me, and my own sex envy my attractions. Alas, alas! they little know the bitter grief of her who would resign every thing—state, station, splendour—could she but recall into existence her dear, though once neglected "little man!"

MISCELLANIES.

MALIBRAN'S PROFITS.—Malibran lately accepted an engagement at Bologna for eighteen nights, at the price of thirty-six thousand francs! —*The World of Fashion*.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined. If you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time. —*Ibid*.

A NEW SINGER.—The musical world has been enriched with another precious gem, in the person of MADEMOISELLE CARL, who has just made her appearance at Aix-la-Chapelle. She is spoken of in the most exalted terms, as possessing a rare union, of organ and science. —*Ibid*.

HORTICULTURAL CURIOSITY.—There is now fast coming into flower in the gardens of the Marquis of Westminster, at Eaton-Hall, a beautiful specimen of the *Agave Americana*, or great American aloe, a plant commonly, but erroneously, supposed to flower only once in a hundred years. The stem of this specimen rises to an elevation of 25 feet from the ground, terminating in an immense cluster of from 80 to 100 flowers, of a greenish yellow colour, on stalks of different lengths. From its stem spring 32 great curved branches, resembling those of a chandelier, and the extremity of each is crowned with a cluster of flowers similar to the above, making a total of about three thousand flowers.

ANOTHER NEW DANCE.—We have received many communications respecting the new dance that has been introduced at a ball given by Lord Suffield, at Gunton Park, some of which speak highly thereof, while others seem to think it can scarcely become popular, from its complexity and *machinery*. We have made enquiries upon the subject, and learn that, with modifications the new dance may be rendered a most amusing one. The following is a brief description of the present figures as introduced and danced at Gunton Park. The dance bears the old name of "Cotillion," but the appellation should be altered; the dance itself being totally new.

It begins, by some six or eight couple waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents the gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when the "right man," as the saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the tone, and accent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the

circle is continued. All in turn go thro' the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who immediately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is seated in a centre chair, hood-winked, and a lady takes a place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the tantalus of the mirth remains, till by a sudden resolution he divides for right or left, uncovers his eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now placed triangularly dos à dos, and three ladies are thus seated. The *youths* pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to one alone is given, a ring, and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, and each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle; we have heard that this dance will be introduced at Almack's in the course of the next season; we shall then have a better opportunity of noticing its merits. —*London World of Fashion*.

SONTAG will not again appear on the stage; her professional savings amount to £20,000.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.

Of white crape, *corsage en demi cœur*, *bèret* sleeves, the *corsage* and border of the dress is trimmed with an embroidery, in white and coral colour, representing coral roots. The ceinture is tied in bows and ends, and is embroidered to correspond. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in two perpendicular bows behind, adorned with a sprig of exotics. Necklace and ear-rings, gold and rubies.



Morning Dress. Evening Dress.
Fashion for October 1832.
[Ed. illegible] *Lithographie.*

MORNING DRESS.

It is of grass green *chaly* figured in a darker shade, and a very small pattern. The *corsage* is square, and the drapery forms a heart; the folds are agraffed down the front by rouleaus of blue and brown *gros Tyrolienne*. Amadis sleeves with cleft *mancherons*, trimmed with blond lace. *Chemisette* of *tulle* finished with a blond net *rûche*. The front of the dress is trimmed *en Tunic*, with a Grecian border of blue and brown rouleaus; it turns back from the front round the border. The bonnet is a *bibi* of lilac *poux de soie*. The crown is trimmed with a sprig of tuberoses, and green gauze ribbons. A *tulle rûche* and ribbons decorate the inside of the brim.

GENERAL REMARKS.

HATS AND BONNETS.

No decided alteration has taken place in the shape of hats, but the brims are larger than they were in the beginning of the season, The most novel are composed of *moire*. The favourite colours are green and *pensé*: the first are trimmed with a bouquet of red flowers; the others are adorned with one of *pensées*, or else with a sprig of exotics.

Bonnets are still of the *bibi* shape; several of the new ones are trimmed with *marabouts* of different colours; there are seldom more than two employed to trim a bonnet—one is placed on the right, the other on the left side, so as to form the shape of a V. Several are trimmed on the inside of the brim with a triple *rûche* of *tulle*.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

Mrs. BELL has at this moment some very elegant autumnal pelisses in preparation. Some are of *moire*, others of *gros d'Automne*. The *corsages* made high and sitting close to the shape, and large pelerines: those with long ends are preferred. A pelisse lately made for a lady of high rank, is trimmed *en tunic* with swansdown, but in a very novel and graceful manner; the *corsage* is of the shawl kind, and the lappel is continued down the front on each side; a light rouleau of swansdown borders the lappel—the effect is singularly graceful. Cachemire and *chaly* are both in favour for robes. Some of the first are of shawl patterns, the others are flowered in detached sprigs or bouquets, or else

the patterns are in lightly marbled columns.

Mrs. BELL has already introduced autumnal mantles. Some of dark green *moire*, lined with white *Gros de Naples*, and trimmed with swansdown, struck us as being peculiarly elegant and appropriate to the season.

LINGERIE.

The inventive genius of Minette, that most celebrated of the Parisian *Lingères*, has not been idle, Mrs. BELL has just received from her some elegant accessions both to morning and half-dress. Among the first, we notice pelerines, *canezous* in jaconot muslin lightly embroidered, with a full back, confined round the waist by a *ceinture* of the same material which ties in front, this is a very graceful fashion. Another stile of pelerine has a double collar, and fronts with large ends, it is bordered by *dents* which are lined with the same material, and edged with very narrow Valenciennes lace.

Morning caps are of all the different shapes of children's caps, those of cambric are the most fashionable, but the *entre deux* should be of lace.

Some of the prettiest half-dress caps, are of plain *tulle*, trimmed with the same material festooned in deep points of open-work, forming a chain of wheels. This kind of embroidery, intermixed with ornaments formed of ends of rose-colored and gauze ribbon, has a very pretty effect. *Corsages tulle* to be worn with low dresses are made quite high, and trimmed either with a *rûche* of the same material, or a falling collar edged with blond lace.

Falling collars have the ends rounded, and are no longer finished by a broad hem; they are trimmed with lace sewed to the edge of the embroidery.

Fichus tied carelessly round the throat, are superseded by collars composed of *coques* of ribbons, forming *rûches*, and fastened in front by a knot.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.

Coiffures en cheveux begin to be worn higher; we see a great many adorned with knots of ribbon, which must correspond with the embroidery of the dress, or with its colour. Flowers are also much in favour, particularly exotics. Hats, blond-lace caps, &c., have not altered since last month.

The colours most in request, are, rose, oiseau, blue, fawn, and some new shades of violet, green, and chesnut, which are called *Dalia*, *Silene*, and *Opale*.

JEWELLERY.

The most novel necklaces are of jet; they are called car cans; it is the name of a kind of collar: they fit the neck exactly, and are about three inches broad. A very small chain falls from the centre of the necklace upon the bosom. A small square ornament is appended to the chain; both are of jet: the *ceinture*

buckle and bracelets very frequently correspond. This kind of jewellery is particularly fashionable with white dresses.

DINNER DRESS.

Clear muslin dresses over sarsnet are much in favour in dinner costumes; they are made with *corsages* half high; the upper part of the bust ornamented with a drapery composed of folds of equal size, crossed in the centre, The sleeves are of the *amadis* kind, Some of these dresses are trimmed round the bust with a triple fall of English lace, arranged *en mantille*. Others have a kind of collar which goes round the back and shoulders only, and deep pointed *mancherons*; both are richly embroidered.

Chaly and *moire* dresses are also in favour, they are also made half high, but with a single fall of drapery arranged *en cœur* on the *corsage*; it is generally bordered with narrow blond lace.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter with which we have been honoured by the HERMIT of Albany, came too late to hand, for an earlier acknowledgement—we now return our thanks for the kind interest he expresses in our success; and we beg to inform him, and other correspondents that all communications worthy of a place in the MUSEUM shall be inserted in the language in which they are written.

This plan we are induced to adopt for the benefit of our French Subscribers and contributors, and as an inducement to those who write in that language to favour us with their productions. Such pieces as we may deem of sufficient interest to our English readers shall be translated.

We have received a letter and Prospectus from Mrs. Fales of Halifax, which we are sorry to say has been mislaid; if a Prospectus can be procured from any of the booksellers in this City, we shall insert it in our next number, and on the appearance of the work we shall take the earliest opportunity to notice it.

To the Readers of the Museum.

It is with great satisfaction we direct the attention of our readers to the engravings in this number, executed by Mr. BOURNE. When commencing our work we did not indulge in the hope of having it embellished by the hand of a native artist; and we have no doubt but our subscribers will participate in the pleasure we experience on discovering Mr. BOURNE'S success in the Lithographic style.

The design of the frontispiece is by Mr. SPROULE—the pillar represents the country yielding its support to literature, the figures at the base, emblematic of the arts and sciences are entwining their ornamental wreaths around it, whilst genius at the summit has broken through the surrounding clouds of prejudice and indifference. We are too much interested to offer an opinion on the excellence of the execution, but it possesses one merit, that must be apparent to all, and we hope it may be duly appreciated—it is the production of Canada.

Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

The lithographer's name in the second illustration is not legible in the original; but see the above section, *To the Readers of the Museum*.

Unfortunately the frontispiece described in the immediately preceding section *To the Readers of the Museum* appears to have been lost.

This volume begins with a Table Of Contents that covers the entire series of this publication.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 1* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]