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**MONTREAL MUSEUM.**  
**OR**  
**JOURNAL**  
**OF**  
**LITERATURE AND ARTS.**

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# THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

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VOLUME I,

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NUMBER 2.

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## ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Oft in the pleasant villages of France,  
Some high-born lady crowns the rustic maid  
With floral emblems of her modest worth.

It must never be forgotten by young women that mental improvement should be always conducive to moral advancement. Piety, integrity, fortitude, charity, obedience, consideration, sincerity, prudence, activity, and cheerfulness, may be presumed to define those moral properties called for in the daily and habitual deportment of young females, whether in higher or lower stations of life. The chief of these virtues is piety; but while the juvenile heart glows with devotion to the Creator, it must be taught that there are many earthly duties to be performed in the business of life, and prudence will point out that the exercise of these is not incompatible with genuine religious feeling. Piety forms a solid basis whereon to rear a superstructure of human affections and human action; and when properly indulged in, it will not interfere with the necessary and virtuous pursuits of the world. It is one of the greatest errors which a young woman can commit, when she imagines that she will fall under the anger of the Almighty, by attending to the ordinary duties of life. This is the perversion of true religion, and there have been many melancholy examples of its mischievous character. I once heard of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the country, who, from mistaken motives on this score, or allowing her mind to go into a diseased state, became affected with a religious madness, if it may be so called; she spent not only whole hours but whole days on her knees in the exercise of prayer; she gave up all attention to her domestic duties; would not enter into conversation or see any company,

and almost broke the heart of a fond parent. No advice nor admonition could turn the current of her feelings; she gradually pined away in her health and personal appearance, and it was obvious that she was not long for this world. While in this dismal condition, it happened that a certain clergyman called upon her father, and remarked with pain the altered aspect of his daughter; on hearing the reason, he endeavoured to show to her the impropriety of her behaviour, and how ill it accorded with that dutiful devotion to God pointed out by the tenets of our faith. Yet all would not do; the lady was obdurate.— Before leaving the house, the clergyman, who was a poet, as well as a divine, and is well known in the South of Scotland for the exceeding beneficence of his character, and the kindness of his manners, conveyed to her the following lines applicable to her case:—

#### THE PIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

Why, lovely maid, thus waste thy blooming prime,  
Of earth regardless and the things of Time?  
Thou may'st become an inmate of the skies,  
Without dissolving nature's tender ties:  
The gracious Power who rules o'er heaven and earth  
Is not the foe of youthful, harmless mirth;  
And though He bids thee think on things above,  
Forbids thee not to own an earthly love;  
All sentient creatures happy are and gay,  
In the mild morning of life's little day,  
And seldom scorn to bless the cheerful light,  
Thro' apprehension of the coming night;  
Though Christ demands an undivided heart,  
Yet kindred beings justly claim a part:  
Thus heavenly objects may thy thoughts employ,  
In harmony with Friendship, Love, and Joy.

It is satisfactory to add, that these simple lines had the beneficial effect of awakening the lady to a sense of her folly; and their insertion here may possibly have a similar result in cases to which they bear a reference.

#### PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A recent writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person in these words.—“Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly

envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheek, unimitable by art. Ingenious candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give to their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card-playing, as well as novel-reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect, the second is the mother of wrinkles, and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and a very sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house, and twirling the distaff.”

#### A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful is it (says D’Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*), when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budaeus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations; the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budaeus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budaeus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was philosophy, who produced books. The Lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband’s, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is written that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually

employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, “her affection for me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions which she takes a pleasure in reading and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoy my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured.”

#### MUSIC.

The study of the piano-forte, which comprises within the compass of a single pair of hands, as much of harmony as is necessary to enjoyment, offers the greatest facilities to the improvement of the musical mind; and the amateur who has accomplished sufficient variety of mechanical difficulty to play with freedom and ease, will find it more pleasing to extend her studies into the styles of masters, than to prosecute her practice on the piano-forte to a very high degree of perfection.—*Young Lady's Book*.

## A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

*(Concluded from page 23.)*

When we arrived at the little Ogeechee river, remarkable but for two things that I know of, one for endangering lives, and the other for its limes, which the fair ladies of Georgia convert into a delicate preserve, we were advised not to attempt to ford it, but to wait a few days as the stage had done, for the waters to subside. I determined, however, to trust to my horse, and plunged in; he bore me safely over, but I was completely wet through, and why I did not get my death, do not know, unless upon some philosophical principle of caloric, that at my leisure I intend to investigate. As yet I had derived but little benefit from my journey, but I determined to keep on.

It is not my intention to describe the sufferings and hardships I went through, farther than they are connected with my state of health. I detest the egotism of travellers, and I hope I shall never fall into that disgusting error. I pass over the miserable quarters we found at night, the scanty meals and dirty table cloths we found at noon; then the interminable pine barrens through which we travelled; the naked half-starved negroes we encountered; the danger we ran from falling trees, and woods on fire. One circumstance I must not omit; on the evening of the memorable day when I was wet through crossing the little river Ogeechee, we arrived late at the bridge which crosses the broader part of Ogeechee; it was a fine moonlight night, and if I had not been under constant anxiety what the effect of the previous wetting might be as to my health, I should have enjoyed the scenery, but I had several miles farther to go for a lodging, and I greatly feared I should expire on the road: proceed, however, I must. Theodore helped me from my horse and took his reins, and I sauntered on; when I reached, the other side, I stood to gaze upon the landscape, the tangled vines, the trees that bent their tops to the breeze, the soft rippling of the waters—all soothed my mind, and led me for a moment to forget my sufferings.

Theodore had ascended the hill, and was concealed by a slight bend in the road; suddenly, a man jumped from the under wood, and seizing me by the collar, demanded my purse! He had no fire-arms, but had a large club that resembled a tomahawk. In my younger days I had been an expert wrestler; at this moment my so long dormant powers and faculties seemed to return; by a sudden, and to him unexpected movement, I disengaged myself, and turned fiercely upon him, with one push sent him over the bank into the stream, I then called loudly to Theodore, who hastened to me; I thought possibly, the man

might be drowned, and though he certainly deserved a heavy cold, I had no wish to take away the life of a human being.

Theodore hurried me away, 'perhaps there is a gang,' said he, 'let us begone.' 'I do not believe it,' said I, 'he is one of the half-starved wretches we have seen.' When I perceived he had gained the shore, 'you are a miserable dog' said I; 'take care how you attempt to rob again; if you are starving, on this stone is something to prolong your life,' and I laid a few shillings upon it.—We mounted our horses and thought it prudent to gallop off.—Here is another philosophical question, that at my leisure I shall investigate; notwithstanding the shock and exertion I had made, I never slept sounder than I did that night, and I fell unusually well in the morning. We made a short stop at Milledgeville, the seat of Government in Georgia, which is situated on the Oconee river; then another at Macon; here I received very bad accounts of the roads, but I had fixed on the western part of Alabama for the boundary of my journey, and to that I resolved to penetrate. I passed a night at Flint river, the place of the former creek agency, and the next day proceeded through a barren country, and passed a number of new settlers. They all of them brought Amie to my mind, if indeed she could be said to be absent from it. At night, a party of them encamped near where I put up, I walked out to see them. They had kindled their bright pine fires, and were cooking their suppers; the horses, the wagons, the groups of negroes and children, the tall and magnificent pine woods, free from brush or under wood, formed as picturesque a view as one might wish to see: on one of the beds was stretched a female; she was enduring all the vicissitudes of fever and ague, without any of the alleviations that home, or even a resting place, might give her. They were going to the Mississippi; they told me that they had had a succession of rains; the man said his wife had not much bone; that she got sick by change of weather; that the rain was bad enough, but when the hot sun came afterwards, it was still worse. I gave the poor woman money, and begged her husband to take her to some house and let her rest a few days; he said it was out of the question, that he did not expect she would be any better till the sap turned; that they should be long enough getting through the Mississippi as it was. I left the woman in a burning fever, and returned to the miserable log house where I was to sleep; the night wind penetrated in every direction, and when morning dawned upon my unclosed eyelids it was through the roof and sides of the building. For the first time in my life, I felt that heaven had dealt more mercifully by me than by many others; the image of the poor woman was before me, stretched on her damp bed, and exposed to the vapours that a hot sun elated from the humid articles around her; I tried to be thankful, to be grateful for myself; and I sent many a thought to Amie, who had, perhaps, endured all this. By degrees, however, my former state of feeling returned, and I recurred to my own miserable lot.



Heavens, what an apartment for a sick man! How I survived this night, and innumerable other hardships I encountered in the Creek country, upon which I had now entered, I cannot tell. The boundary has within a few years been removed to fort Mitchell, just beyond the Chatahoochie river. As there has been much question about Indian rights perhaps some may be inclined to examine how the purchase of lands were made from the Indians, and they driven sixty or seventy miles back; but I have neither nerves nor health for the investigation. Many specimens of the scattered race I saw; they were half naked, houseless and stupid: what they were or might have been, others must determine. The last night I slept at the Creek county, was at the house of a man not half civilized—he had trained a ferocious race of bull-dogs, and whether at war or in alliance with the Indians, I could not determine, tho' he had married one of their tribe. By this time, I had become heartily tired of log houses, pine barrens, and Indians, and was truly thankful to enter the town of Montgomery, which stands on the Alabama. There I determined to rest a few days; after the first, however, I began to grow restless; towards the second evening of my stay, as I stood before the hotel, I heard a great noise and uproar. Upon enquiry I found that the mob were executing summary justice upon a man who had sold them a quantity of stolen goods. I rushed in amongst them thinking if the man's life was endangered, my remonstrance might do some good; they had taken him to a pump, and were throwing cold water upon him; I approached near and caught a full view of his countenance; I could not mistake it, though I had only seen him before by moonlight, but under circumstances that were sufficiently impressive as we stood face to face; it was the very robber that attacked me on the banks of the Ogeechee.—Perhaps I was wrong not to have arrested him, but I turned silently away, and left him to the justice of the mob, well assured he would not be worse treated than he deserved. By the next morning I was quite ready to quit Montgomery. For the first time Theodore remonstrated; 'my dear Sir,' said he, 'you are going out of the reach of interest and amusement; by the steamboat we may have a pleasant trip and follow the Alabama, in all its fantastic wanderings; we may go on to New Orleans.' 'Stop, Theodore,' said I, interrupting him, 'my place is fixed, I go west.' 'May I ask,' said he, 'how far?' 'I think,' said I, 'I shall not go far short of Columbus.' If I had electrified him he could not appear more surprised; he looked steadfastly for a few moments, but said nothing. Again we mounted our horses, and set off, leaving the Alabama river on the right, but it is not my travels I am writing, and I will cut short my way, only mentioning that I stopped at Tuscaloosa, the present seat of Government in Alabama. Towards night, as we proceeded on our journey, after travelling all day through forests, scarcely marked by the track of wheels, we came to a log house; there was all the marks of a new settlement, a few trees were cut down, others only girdled and left

standing; the house was not more slightly built than I had been accustomed to seeing, it had its open space in the middle, and its rooms at each end; with a rough piazza; before were a group of children playing in the sand; one or two still slighter built log houses, for the negroes and cattle completed the settlement. We dismounted to ask for a night's lodging, a young woman came to the door with a white handkerchief fastened under her chin. At one glance I saw it was Amie!—Judge of her astonishment; she looked first at me, then at Theodore, and flung herself upon a little wooden bench that stood near, half fainting. As I have said before, I detest egotism; I will not therefore dwell on our meeting; Amie had been sick and she looked pale and languid; she said the climate agreed better with them all than with her. We were comfortably accommodated. Amie was full of wonder, and repeatedly asked me where we were going, and how we came there. I put her off however, and merely told her she should know all in the morning. It was a luxury to eat my boiled eggs from a clean table cloth, and a still greater one to throw myself into a clean bed.—Long after I had closed my eyes I could hear the faint whispers of Amie and Theodore's voices. How soothing it was to reflect that the beings I loved best were engaged in talking of me,—Theodore, thought I, is giving an account of my sufferings, my hardships, and 'hair breadth escapes,' Amie is listening, yes, my mind is made up; I will rescue this fair flower from an untimely fate; I will bear it back and cherish and watch over it; my devoted kindness shall repay her for the secret and heart consuming tenderness she has lavished on me. And I actually dropped asleep with those lines of Shakespeare's in my head which need not be repeated; 'she never told her love.'

The next day Amie looked still paler; I had not the heart to let her languish longer in concealment, and I invited her to walk with me; for in the log houses every sound is communicated from one part to another. When we reached an old log that made a convenient seat, I sat down, for I was a little out of breath, and I motioned her to sit by me. It was for me even an agitating moment, I breathed quicker than usual, she perceived a change, and was alarmed. 'Let me run back,' said she, 'and got some of your *restorative drops*.' 'No, no,' said I, 'Amie, you are my *restorative*, the drop of happiness in my cup.' She gave me a sweet smile, and kissed my hand. 'Ah! Amie,' said I, 'I have found out your secret, and it was for your sake alone, I have come this long way! Foolish girl,' said I, drawing her towards me, 'why did you not tell me you were in love? it would have saved us both this long journey.' Her blushes grew deeper and deeper; I really pitied her, and thought it best to finish the scene. 'Come, confess,' said I. 'There is no need of confessing,' said she, half playfully, half bashfully, 'if you have found me out.' There was something so bewitching in her manner that I really began to feel love's young dream starting over me. 'Well, well,' said I, 'I will send Theodore to the nearest town for a parson, we

will have the ceremony performed and return all together!’ She seemed wholly overpowered. ‘You are too kind,’ exclaimed she, ‘how shall I repay such goodness! It shall be the occupation of my life to make yours happy! and Theodore too, what shall he say! let me go tell him the joyful news.’

Before I could speak, for I was seized with a slight attack of my asthmatic cough, she was off. I confess, I thought considering her previous silence and reserve, she was a little forward in communicating the matter, that it would have been as well to have left it to me; but I made every allowance for the intoxication of happiness; and in a few moments I saw them returning, arm in arm. ‘I have brought Theodore to thank you for himself,’ said Amie, as they approached; ‘indeed,’ said Theodore modestly looking down, ‘I have no words to do it; how little I imagined what were your intentions, and that it was to make us happy you were enduring all those hardships.’ ‘And how little,’ interrupted Amie, ‘did we suspect, that our secret was known.’ I was perfectly astonished; my cough became so bad that I thought I should have strangled; the children were really alarmed; when it ceased, Amie again began to express the overflowing of her heart. ‘Theodore was the first,’ said she, ‘that told me how much you suffered, and how good and kind-hearted you were; how you felt for every body, and tried to do every body good.—I went to Sook and told her your case; I knew she could cure every thing, but I little thought what a blessing was to come of it.’

She might have run on for ever as she seemed inclined to, for I was perfectly bewildered, ‘Theodore and I,’ continued she ‘have loved each other from children, he always made my pens for me at school, and proved my sums; but when I came away to the Alabama country, I never expected to see him again,’ and again she seized hold of my hand, and kissed it. But what signifies all this? egotism is detestable. I wish only to say that I had the wisdom to keep my own council, and concealed my mistake in the best manner I could. By degrees I grew quite reconciled to the change things had taken, and thought it was for the best, I determined to adopt them as children. Amie returned Mrs. Theodore Grey. I gave up a useless part of my house, and kept the southern veranda for myself. Little Henry Grey, who is named for me, is sleeping on the sofa by my side; his father is a fine intelligent manly fellow; and Amie, Amie is the joy and comfort of my life, and bids fair to be the prop of my age.—As for my Dyspepsia, I really dont know what has become of it, or when it left me; I have not thought of it for months, but I now recollect that it was to recommend Sook’s prescription that I began this narrative; whether it would be as successful in all complaints, I cannot take upon me to determine, I can only say I have found it a complete cure for dyspepsia.

## THE FIRST SAD LESSON.

*By Caroline Bowles.*

“Come hither, my little child to me—  
Come hither, and hearken now—  
My poor, poor child! is this a day  
For thee to dance, and sport, and play,  
Like blossom on the bough?

“Fair blossom? where’s the fost’ring bough,  
And where’s the parent tree?  
Stem, root, and branch, all, all laid low—  
Almost at once—at one ‘fell blow!’  
Dear child! cling close to me;

“My sister’s child! for thou shalt grow  
Into my very heart;  
But hush that ringing laugh—to me  
The silver sound is agony:  
Come, hearken here apart;

“And fold thy little hands in mine,  
So—standing at my knee—  
And look up in my face, and say,  
Dost thou remember what to-day,  
Weeping, I told to thee?

“Alas! my tears are raining fast  
Upon thine orphan head;  
And thy sweet eyes are glistening now—  
Harry! at least believest thou  
That thy poor mother’s dead?”

“No, no, my mother *is not* dead;  
She *can’t* be dead, you know.  
Oh! aunt! I saw my father die—  
All white and cold I saw him lie;  
My mother don’t look so.

“She cried when I was sent away,  
And I cried very much;  
And she was pale, and hung her head—  
But then her lips were very red,  
And soft and warm to touch:

“Not like my father’s, hard and cold;  
And then, she said, beside,  
She’d come to England soon, you know.”  
“But Harry! that was months ago—  
She sickened since, and died;

“And the sad news is come to-day—  
Told in this letter. See!  
'Tis edged and sealed with black.” “Oh dear!  
Give me that pretty seal. Look here,  
I’ll keep it carefully,

“With all these others in my box;  
They’re all for her. Don’t cry;  
I’ll learn my lessons every day,  
That I may have them all to say  
When she comes by and by?”

“Boy! boy; thy talk will break my heart;  
Oh Nature! can it be  
That thou in *his* art silent so?  
Yet what, poor infant! shouldst thou know  
Of life’s great mystery?

“Of time and space, of chance and change,  
Of sin, decay, and death,  
What canst thou know, thou sinless one!  
Thou yet unstained, unbreathed upon  
By this world’s tainting breath?

“A sunbeam all thy little life!  
The very being bliss;  
Glad creature! who would waken thee,  
To sense of sin and misery,  
From such a dream as this?”

## FOLLY OF MARRYING “ALL FOR LOVE.”

Mrs. Kendal was well aware, meanwhile, of the importance attached, among the sublime and beautiful of the Bath coteries, to the designation of a “charming young man,” whether rich or poor. She was not blind to the value of personal and mental attractions; but she saw that merit of mind and body is too often made to cloak a deficiency of estate. The prudent mother entertained a lively remembrance of the period when, as a lovely girl in *her* teens, she had been warranted in the folly of marrying Sir Vavasor Kendal’s cousin Fred., (with two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in addition to her own seventy,) by the superiority of *his* personal and mental attractions, *She* had married for love; had united herself to “the most charming, the most elegant young man about town.” Yet, among the pains and penalties of adapting three hundred and twenty pounds to the maintenance of eighteen hungry and full-grown individuals, during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, the charming young man had become a sulky brute, and the elegant young man most profanely addicted to brandy and water. She had seen him grow more and more fretful at the disappointment of every fresh application to his cousin, Sir Vavasor, for a small place, or rising clerkship; and more and more fretful when, every spring, a young child was added and an aged relative subtracted from the family stock, without the addition of half a-crown to his means of maintenance, whether by legacy, donation, or salary. She had seen cousin Fred. come to be voted a bore by the Baronet, and a bear by every one else; monopolising the fire from his poor little red-nosed children, and swallowing five mutton chops for his own share, when there were only thirteen left for the other seventeen individuals of the family. When a rich uncle sent the thrifty mother some old Malaga during a severe illness, the charming young man appropriated it without compunction; when a kind godmother bestowed some pieces of nankeen on a fine little boy, (one of their last three or four specimens of the infant Hercules,) it had found its way to and from the tailor of “the elegant young man,” in the shape of a fashionable dressing gown. No, no!—no more marrying for love in the family!—a comfortable home—a respectable competence—afford the truest ground-work for wedded happiness. Having snatched, between the pauses of her stichery, a daily hour or two to impart to her daughters those elegant accomplishments in which she had formerly been a proficient, she could not bear that their graces of mind should be benumbed by the touch of poverty, despised by a needy husband, and rendered sinful by encroaching on the duties inseparable from a growing family.—*The Fair of May Fair.*

## THE COURT OF EGYPT.

*(From The New Monthly Magazine.)*

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favorite residence of the Pacha of Egypt. The palace on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a Kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember. Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees you suddenly perceive before you, tall glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. There you ascend, and entering, you find yourself in a large quadrangular colonade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonade terminates towards the water by very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonade, the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size admirably sculptured and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a color vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole Kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pacha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the Lake. As his highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of course cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunucks rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian nights is realized in Egypt. The guard of Nubian eunucks with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, wearing their glittering damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is perhaps the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous Harem, the crowds of civil fonctionnaires, and military, and naval officers in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pipe bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses, and high bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the days of Bagdad, and its romantic caliph.

Yet this Court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra, during the festival of the Bairam, the Pacha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on persian carpets, smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadows over the moonlit waters: from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.



## LETTER FROM A STATESMAN TO HIS LADY.

*Translated from the Corsaire for the Museum.*

Dear treasure, the approaching season of the loves and flowers is about to re-unite us once more, in a few days I shall bid adieu to the saloons of the great, and the eating rooms of the rich; I shall return under the conjugal roof to repose after my labours, and *re-form* my stomach. Oh! Clara, it must be to return to thee and only thee that can cause me to leave this place without a sigh! Do you know from what seductions I must tear myself! Of course you do not; a fond lover of home, you never quitted the skies of Gascony; called by your state as a woman to the gentle occupations of domestic life, your life has flowed softly on, through the midst of household cares. Now scolding your housekeeper, now modulating your flexible voice into the delicious air of "Hush, my baby, hush;" while our Edward abandoning himself to sleep is pressed in your lovely arms. You have never seen life but at a distance, and as you have never done any thing for your country, as you have never taken any share in the grave labours of diplomacy, of deep politics, so you have never shared the recompense attached to these glorious labours. Did you ever even eat three truffles in your life?

But you will tell me, the doctor says the coat of my stomach is destroyed; he said, eat a great deal, and you are a dead man. Alas! my dear, how can one fast in the midst of a set of epicureans? And then when one talks much, it is very exhausting, and restoratives become indispensable. So I have to eat right or wrong, and like *verl-verl* who gave up the ghost on a pile of sugar plums. I had like to have died over a pile of truffles. In consequence too, I bring back a good situation for your brother, some pretty stuffs for your own use, and for myself, a stomach reduced to the third degree.

I shall have some months in which to restore my strength.—So prepare what is necessary to compose a reasonable course of diet. Vegetables. Oh! Clara, vegetables, herbs, in a word, put me upon greens for a time, in order that I may re-enter the lists with redoubled vigour, and that *Feroidis evitata rotis*.

Ah! how stupid I am, you do not understand latin.

You ask what is my opinion of the equilibrium of Europe, what shall I tell you? Apropos, beef costs sixpence here, and veal seven pence half-penny, that is not extravagant, is it? Did you get the last years pig killed? Your cousin the lieutenant is quite well. What a strange place is Paris! some are going, others coming, such noise and confusion. . . . But adieu, dove, in eight days I will be with you. Yesterday I saw his Lordship, of whom I took leave. Adieu once

more, épouse chérie.

## POPULAR ESSAYS ON SCIENCE.

(Concluded from page 41.)

So far as evaporation is concerned, the presence of water over the surface of our globe may be considered *universal*; for, even in the smaller portion occupied by land, it is so profusely distributed as to maintain a perpetual exhalation. Pasturage, corn fields, forests, &c., supply evaporation, augmented by the dryness of the air and the rapidity of its sudden contacts. Even ploughed land will exhale as much moisture as an equal sheet of water; it is only when the ground is quite parched that it ultimately retains a latent store. Whilst evaporation is constantly going on from the surfaces of all accumulations of water, which are thus subjected to a natural distillation, the impurities with which they are impregnated remain behind, while the pure aqueous vapour ascends into the air, where it gives origin to a multitude of meteorological phenomena, and, after a time, descends again upon the earth. It may here be incidentally mentioned, that this process has been ingeniously pointed out as the cause of the saltiness of the ocean and inland seas and lakes. The innumerable springs and rivers which supply these vast bodies of water must contain, more or less, saline matter, which they have dissolved in their passages through the crevices of the crust of the earth, or flowing along its surface. This will be all carried into the water which they supply, and must gradually accumulate by being left behind, whilst the water rises pure again to fall and dissolve fresh quantities of saline matter, which will also be deposited in the same great reservoir. This process (which certainly goes on) may be deemed inadequate to impregnate so large a mass as the waters of this globe with salt; but if we consider its effect during the countless ages which geology shows the world to have existed, we cannot estimate its extent. True it is, that inland lakes or seas, from being salt, are much more strongly impregnated than the ocean itself, which would support the present view by showing an increase in the effect, unless we suppose that the difference began at the creation, which is certainly unphilosophical; besides, observation records a perception of the change. But to resume our subject. From the fact that vapour is every where and at all times rising into the atmosphere, it follows that the mass must be compounded, at least, of two elements, viz., the permanently elastic air, and the elastic moisture existing within the interstices of the former. The aqueous part differs from the ærial in its ready condensation by cold, and therefore, its quantity must be perpetually varying with the changes of temperature to which the atmosphere is subject; but, even when the temperature is the same, the

quantity of vapour is still found to vary, for the air is not always in a state of *saturation*. At one time it is excessively dry, at another it is fully charged with vapour, and at all other times, it varies between these two extremes. As evaporation goes on to a certain extent at the lowest temperature, even from the surface of ice and snow, it is probable that the atmosphere is never absolutely free from moisture. The absolute quantity of vapour which the air is capable of containing may be conceived from the following statement of Professor Leslie:—"Air, at the freezing point, is capable of holding a portion of moisture equal to the 160th part of its weight, at temperature of 59°, the 80th part, at that of 86° the 40th part, at 113° the 20th part, and at that of 140° the 10th part; so that the air has its dryness doubled at each rise of temperature answering to 27 degrees of Fahrenheit. While the temperature, therefore, advances uniformly in arithmetical progression, the dissolving power which this communicates to the air mounts with the accelerating rapidity of a geometrical series." This law provides the clear, bright air of a summer's day which begins with a misty morning; as the sun mounts high in the heavens, the temperature of the air is elevated and its solvent powers geometrically increased, so that the misty drops are held in transparent solution. Professor Leslie calculates, that, if the greatest amount possible of the aqueous element were to be suspended in the atmosphere, and this were to pass from a state of extreme *dampness* to one of extreme *dryness*, and discharge the whole of its watery store, it would form a sheet of somewhat less than five inches in depth. Therefore, to furnish the usual supply of rain, the air must undergo very frequent changes, equal to that of from dryness to humidity, in the course of the year. Professor Daniell calculates, that the smallest quantity of water lifted into the atmosphere, near London, is in the month of January, and the greatest in the month of June. The mean annual quantity held in a cubic foot of air is 3,789 grains. When Dr. Halley was at St. Helena, he made a variety of curious experiments on the evaporation of water from the surface of the sea, and found that ten square inches of water evaporated one cubic inch in twenty four hours, or, that a surface of a square mile would evaporate daily 6,614 tons. It is calculated, that the Mediterranean Sea evaporates daily no less than 5,280 *millions* of tons; but this quantity is much greater than is evaporated from any other body of water of equal surface, owing to its proximity to the land which surrounds it. The total average quantity of water evaporated from the whole surface of the earth, is calculated, by Dr. Thompson, to amount *annually* to 94,450 cubic miles.

## GENERAL INVITATIONS.

“Pray, do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone; we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you.” Such is the kind of invitation one is apt to get from considerably intimate acquaintances, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of fowls, ends in disappointment and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in this world who think every thing is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:—

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen’s French horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of those obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can’t tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Currie, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a bit of cheese just sent home by Nicholson, and understood to be more than excellent. But, as the old Scots song says, the *lid* had come over us, and forth we must go. No sooner said than done. Five minutes more saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly, on such an occasion the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we were fully into the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if any body was at home. The servant girl, surprised by the forward confidence of our entrée,

evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room as clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of Eolus in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Currie entered with a flurried surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But alas! poor Mr. Currie; he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavouring by the advice of Dr. Boak, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was unquestionably the *desperatio cibi*—the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy, to the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment.—Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicions that we ever contemplated supper, or were in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Currie as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments and condolences, and "hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures," the door at last slamming after us with a noise which seemed to say, "How very glad I am to get rid of you."

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing, that we had not like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that we could hardly believe for some time that the adventure was real. By this time we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who we anticipated, would almost expire at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out on the cold inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but, being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home, *re-infecta*, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own let it cost what may. "Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there are the Jacksons; They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them. I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—"

we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come *if* we liked, and *when* we liked.” Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open as it were, by enchantment, and the servant girl so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entrée. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give *some* people particular invitations. Her object was now to make an honourable retreat, for although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife’s cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we were asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and saw us, than whom, perhaps she would rather have seen a basilisk. “Oh, Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I’m so delighted that you have come in this easy way at last. A few of the neighbours have just dropped in upon us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room and take off your bonnet, and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as to step up to the drawing room. You’ll find numbers there that you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you,” &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of speciality in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in an easy way in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, “we would rather see you and Mr. Jackson at Jericho than darken your doors again.” And so off we came, with the blandest and most complimentary language upon our tongues, and the most piqued and scornful feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—yea, once again. What was to be done now? Why, said Mrs. Balderstone, there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they supped with us in the spring), that I think we cannot do better than take this opportunity of clearing scores.

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in a third floor in ———— Street. Thither we marched, with a hope, undiminished by

two preceding disappointments, that here at length we would find supper. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles's hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within, and when the servant appeared, I observed in the far, dim vista of the passage one or two slip slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others again crossing in the opposite direction, and then there was heard a low anxious whispering, while a single dishevelled head peeped out from one of the doors, and the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs. Smiles herself, and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to any body at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say, "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them agadding to-night? I suppose we *must* ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else—confound them. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary accordingly came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had got enough, however, of the Smilesees. We saw that we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smilesees to put them about at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*These Balderstones!*" The phrase was wormwood. My wife, therefore, made up a story to the effect that we had only called in on going home from another friend's house, in order to inquire after the character of a servant. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining to supper, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them, She



was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and green cheese which lay in our larder, and picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlour fireside, with a good bottle of ale toasting within the fender, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness unless there should be something like a certainty, of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. "Do call on us some evening, Miss Duncan, just in an easy way, and, pray, bring your seam with you, for there is nothing I hate so much as ceremonious set calls," is the sort of invitations you will hear in the middle ranks of life, given to some good-natured female acquaintance, while you yourself, if a bachelor, will in the same way be bidden to call "just after you are done with business, and any night in the week; it is all the same, for you can never catch us unprepared." The deuce is in these general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home, to have the chance of doing so. Other people accept and act upon them, at the risk of either putting their visitors dreadfully about, or receiving very poor entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest who has come on the faith of one of these roving invitations, indeed, in many instances, disorganizes the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be a notable, and consequently not a regular curer of beef, or curious in the matter of fresh eggs, a hundred to one but she feels herself in an awkward dilemma, and, I have no doubt, would wish the visitor any where but where he is. The truth is, by general invitations you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give a definite invitation at once; a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; it is little else than an insult, however unintentional; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. In "good" society, a conventional understanding exists in the delicate point of invitations; there is an established scale of the value of the different meals adapted to the rank of the invited. I advise all my friends to follow this invaluable code of civility. By all means let your invitations have a special reference to time. On the other hand, if a friend comes plump down with a request that you will favour him with your company at a certain hour of

the day, why, go without hesitation. The man deserves your company for his honesty, and you will be sure to put him to no more trouble than what he directly calculates on. But turn a deaf ear, if you be wise, to *general* invitations; they are nets spread out to ensnare your comfort. Rather content yourself with the good old maxim, which somebody has inscribed over ancient doorways in one of the old streets of Edinburgh, TECUM HABITA—*Keep at Home*.

*Chambers' Journal.*

*Memoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes.*  
Vols. VII. & VIII.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We commence our translation this week with the meeting of the fair Duchess and one of the principal actors in the French revolution. It is related with spirit.

“Just before I left Madrid, I met with an adventure at the ambassador’s, singular enough to induce me to give it a place in these Memoirs.

“I dined every day at the ambassador’s when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. I was generally very late, because my excursions of curiosity so fully occupied my mornings that I was never at home until five o’clock, after which I had to dress; so that I always arrived after the third bell had rung. But Madame de Beurnonville, always indulgent, readily excused this. One day I came just as the party were entering the dinner-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady, before we were seated at table. Next to me was a man, of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a morose and bilious complexion. His look was sombre; and something made me think he had but one eye, but I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not however blind him. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador’s lady was very attentive to him. At the second course, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, although I was conscious of the rudeness of the question, I could not help asking General Beurnonville, in a whisper who my silent neighbour was.

“What!” he replied, with an air of surprise, “do you not know him?”

“I never saw him.”

“Impossible!”

“I declare that such is the fact.”

“But you have often heard his name mentioned, particularly when you were a child.”

“You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he then?”

“Shall I send you some spinach, TALLIEN?” said a well-known voice.

“It was that of Junot who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, which he had guessed.

“I almost started from my chair . . . TALLIEN . . . I looked obliquely at the

horrible man, who having perceived the effect he produced upon me, became of the colour of the spinach which my husband had offered him. The latter had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connexion with Tallien.

“This name, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression upon me. . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination fed with the most horrible recitals connected in the most particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, as I have already stated, which he must have perceived; for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! How did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question; and also how it happened that one of our decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

“I am as much surprised as you,” the General replied, “and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified this dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true, that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards such officers as were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at head quarters on this account.” \* \* \*

“After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe, at Malaga; at all events I am certain that it was somewhere in Andalusia:

“The name of Tallien is famous in the bloody page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th of Thermidor, he deserves honourable mention in history. I am not one of those kind creatures determined to find good in everything; nor can I agree with those who now attribute good intentions to Robespierre, and pretend that, had it not been for what occurred on the 9th of Thermidor, we should have had a return of the golden age. It may be so, and I am willing to believe it rather than differ in opinion from those persons, who, even at the present day, say—*be my brother, or I will kill thee*. And yet I am a good patriot. I was brought up during the dawn of that glorious revolution; I imbibed its principles, and my young years were spent under the shade of the tri-color flag and the wide-spreading tree of liberty!”

Our next anecdote relates to M. de Limoges—and we really know not which most to admire the gentleman or the thief.

“M. de Limoges was then a banker, and was to set out for Bordeaux the

next day upon business. In the evening he went to the play, with a tortoise-shell snuff-box set in gold, upon the cover of which was a beautiful miniature of his wife holding her son in her arms, painted by Augustin. The child was then about two years old, and remarkable for its beauty, Madame de Limoges was also a beautiful woman, and the execution of the picture was admirable. On leaving the theatre with a lady of his acquaintance he felt some one press against him, and having turned suddenly round, a handsome young man, of seemingly elegant manners, apologized for having pushed him. He ought perhaps to have apologised for something else; for scarce had M. de Limoges entered his house than he discovered that he had been robbed; his snuff-box was gone. This loss was doubly felt, because, independently of the subject, the painting was one of great value. He lodged a complaint at the police office; and in an advertisement, which he had inserted in all the papers, he promised ten louis to any person who would bring him back the miniature only. On his return from Bordeaux two months after, he found a packet addressed to him, which, to his great delight, enclosed not the snuff-box, but the miniature. It was accompanied by the following letter, of which I have seen the original:—

“Sir,—I can easily imagine your regret at losing the miniature, which I have the honour to return to you. So charming a child, and so beautiful a wife, must necessarily be the pride and delight of him who has a right to have them painted. But permit me, Sir to offer a word of advice. A man who has such a wife and child painted by Augustin, and carries them upon the lid of a snuff-box; should have the latter of gold, and should surround the miniature with brilliants of the first water. Had you done so, it would have been more honourable for you, and more profitable to me.

“I have the honour, &c.

“THE THIEF.

“P. S. you have promised ten louis to any one who should return the miniature into your hands. This is something like the promise of a Gascon, for you could not suppose that I am such a simpleton as to put you to the test, If, however, you really meant to keep your word, put the ten louis into your pocket, and come to the Favrat theatre the day after tomorrow—I will then pay myself with my own hands.”

“This singular epistle was left at the house of M. de Limoges during his absence. On the night after his return, he put the ten louis into his pocket and went to the theatre, but he met not the thief. The latter perhaps had been more unfortunate with another than with him, and might have been in the hand of

justice. Be that as it may, M. de Limoges never heard any more of him.”

The next anecdote which we shall translate, is the account of an attack made by robbers in Spain, upon M. d’Aranjo, the Portuguese minister at Berlin.

M. d’Aranjo preceded us by some weeks. An adventure, à la *Gil Blas*, occurred to him on the road. He was attacked by banditti, who plundered and ill-treated him. He was of a very mild, but firm character. As soon as the robbers had opened the carriage door, they brutally dragged him out, and demanded where his money was. The count d’Aranjo had with him a secretary, who was a coward of the first water. Him, the robbers had thrown into a dry ditch, just after they dragged his master from the carriage. There the poor fellow lay, with his nose to the ground, in a state of agony, which excites no commiseration when it is produced by cowardice. As for M. d’Aranjo, he was as calm as such a situation would allow, and was considering how he should save a watch which Madame de Talleyrand was sending to the Duchess of Ossuna, and another valuable trinket, of which he had taken charge for the marchioness of Ariza, mother of the Duke of Berwick. The watch was of blue enamel with diamond hands, and each hour indicated by a superb brilliant. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls set by Foncier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where stones are always so badly set. M. d’Aranjo was considering, in the midst of the *bandoleros*, how he should conceal these things. The watch soon found its way into one of his boots, and the chain into that part of his habiliments which no person had ever thought of examining, since he was whipped as a truant schoolboy. The robbers expected a rich booty; for what they wanted, was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne, with several others; and a report was prevalent that M. d’Aranjo had been entrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal, to have them reset. His overprudence had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them; and at this period the Spanish police were so inefficient, that you could not walk a league from Madrid without incurring the danger of being carried off by a fine troop of brigands, well dressed, well armed, and whose appearance was a thousand times more splendid than the king’s troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the latter met the brigands face to face, they always sustained defeat. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. The men most to be depended upon as guards were natives of Arragon, or Asturians. M. d’Aranjo had taken this escort; but, as he was not timid, and fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles when he was attacked as I have before stated. The robbers immediately

plundered the carriages, and broke open all the boxes in that in which the minister travelled; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives and threatened to kill M. d'Aranjo, who having secured the watch and chain, bid them defiance, told them that they were a set of villains, whom he would give orders to have hanged. This was rather imprudent; but it was right, he said, always to endeavour to intimidate such men by an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But you braved death," said I, "which, permit me to say, was an act of madness; and, indeed, with a pignard at your throat, you were not far off!"

"Oh no . . . I cannot think so. . . . Besides," he added, after having reflected an instant, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels. . . . They might *take*, but it was not for me to *give*!"

"It seems that the secretary was not so absolute as his master in his ideas of personal dignity, for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the Count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron merged in his fears.

"My lord! my lord!" he cried, in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about.—My good gentlemen. I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there, on the left side of the carriage, there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all, but pray do not kill us. . . . The jewels are there likewise.

"And he uttered every word in a tremulous and doleful voice and accompanied with a frightful chattering of the teeth. . . . The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after was like one bewildered.

"But, my lord," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain had been saved, which alarmed him so much that he wanted to call back the brigands and give them up these trinkets. "For depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

## SKETCHES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

*Original.*

How lovely Emily Osborne looked last evening, said Blanche Levingstone to her sister Clara, who languidly reclined on a couch yawning over a novel; her features are strictly Grecian, and those melting blue eyes, and long silken fringes, would give a charm to the plainest face.—Not forgetting her milk-maid complexion and red hair, replied Clara, and her affected simplicity of dress—white muslin, and moss buds in her hair, I am perfectly of Egremont's opinion, "there is nothing elegant or fashionable in her appearance," all affectation and country-girl awkwardness—no style or manner about her whatever.—"She will get Lord Aubrey for all that," said Blanche, with a smile, "for he calls her red locks auburn, her milk-maid complexion the blending of the rose and lily, and her simplicity of dress is her greatest charm in his eyes, as combining modesty with elegance."

"You really seem to be very well informed, Blanche, as to Lord Aubrey's attachment, when did you become the confidant of his Lordship? Methinks, he must be strangely altered if he prates his love to every idle listener." "Nay! my sweet sister, I am neither his confidant, nor an idle listener, but judge simply from his intimacy at Lord Montcrief's, and from his devotedness of manner to Emily, and report too says—report! nonsense, who in the name of common sense, credits report?—and as to his intimacy with Lord Montcrief, was he not his guardian? Yes, and always spent his holidays at Elmsey Park. But Aubrey was of age some four years ago, has made the tour of the continent, and I believe never saw Emily until his return, was—was he not a beau of yours Clara, once upon a time? if my recollection serves me,—report—"

"Report! again, you talk like a fool Blanche. Report is ever the propagator of falsehood I tell you. Was there any truth when it blended my name with Lord Aubrey's?"

"Oh no sister dear," said Blanche, with a laugh, as she turned to leave the room, "had there been any truth in *that report*, I should long ago have congratulated you as my Lady Aubrey; and poor Emily in spite of her red locks, and gaucherie would have had many more charms in your eyes than at present. But good bye, I have no more time to spend even on my favourites' perfections, and must leave her merits to be discussed at some future idle hour," and humming an air she left the room.



That Clara Levingstone should not allow one personal advantage to Emily Osborne was nothing wonderful; both were the idols of the day, consequently rivals. Clara being two years Emily's senior, therefore made her debut a season before Emily, and it was with no little feeling of envy and anger, she saw the little Irish girl, draw many of her admirers from her, and receive a full share of admiration from the butterflies that fluttered around them. The most favoured of her admirers was the proud and elegant Lord Aubrey. The lovely face and symmetrical form of Clara had at first fascinated him. But Lord Aubrey was too much a man of the world, too highly cultivated to be long attracted by mere beauty,—and Clara had little else to boast of; educated at a fashionable boarding school where cultivation of mind is the last thought, her attainments were such as all fashionable boarding school young ladies boast of; namely, the art of dress, the graceful walk, and attitude to dance a la Vestris,—She drew pretty screens, and nick nacks—played scientifically but where was the soul of song—the feeling?—in vain you looked for it—all was mechanical—modulation of sounds. She could quote Scott and Byron. Knew the names of a few other poets by recollection, in short she was a new fashionist, and soon did Aubrey pierce the veil, and reason with him, resumed its power. Something independent of fashion and beauty did Lord Aubrey look for, in the woman destined to be his wife.

A refinement of mind, sense, tempered with mildness, in short Lord Aubrey like most men wanted an angel for a partner. And I believe, Emily came as near to the goddess of his imagination as frail mortal can. As lovely in her mind as in her person, she was gentleness itself, depending upon the judgment and opinion of others, she looked up to those she loved and respected with a deference almost amounting to weakness; but it was *this* weakness, *this* dependence, that endeared her to the heart of her noble lover. He loved her for the responsibility. She was in the pride of loveliness:—formed in nature's finest mould, her auburn tresses were parted on a forehead of parian marble, and fell in clustering ringlets on a neck vying with the lily, her rose-bud lips, half opened, displayed a set of teeth even and pure as ivory, her long silken lashes softened, but did not obscure, the brilliancy of her dark blue eyes. Such was Emily at eighteen. She was the daughter of a colonel in the army and of a titled mother, but unlike most titled mothers she educated her lovely girl with care, and early instilled into her youthful mind the precepts of religion. Her father died when she was in her twelfth year; and two years after, her doting mother followed him to the grave leaving her orphan daughter to the care of her only brother lord Montcrief, who solemnly promised to be a father to her. And faithfully did he perform the promise. After a residence of three years at a fashionable boarding school, including the many, many long holidays she had had at Elmsey Park, he finally brought her home to try his

utmost to spoil his pretty Emmy; and it was with no small pride and pleasure he watched the growing attachment between his favourite protegee, and the child of his adoption. There was no loveliness in his eyes like Emily's, no merit such as Lord Aubrey deserved. Both were the objects of his fondest affection, and their union the first and only wish of his heart.

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It was one of those bright autumnal days, when the brilliancy of sunshine, gives elasticity to the spirit, and brightens every object, that Lord Aubrey led Emily as his bride, to his superb travelling chariot, from the door of Grace church; still did she retain her simplicity of dress, white muslin robe, chip hat adorned with a wreath of evergreen, her fine form enveloped in the folds of an Indian Shawl, she looked the emblem of innocence and loveliness, so thought her happy husband as encircling her with his arm he whispered "my own for ever."<sup>[1]</sup>

FRANCIS H——

[1] For very particular reasons, we have changed the name of one of the characters, we hope the fair writer may pardon us for doing so;—and for the liberty we take, in recommending her to direct her descriptive talents to local society and manners. She writes in a pretty style, a little of the old school of novels observable, but all the better for it. Sketches from her pen of fashionable life, as it is at home, would be more to the purpose, more piquant, than stories told of "gallant lords and ladies fair" who figure in a "far far land."

## THE POLE.

*By the Author of Frankenstein.*

It was in the early part of the month of February of the year 1831, near the close of day, that a travelling caleche, coming from Rome, was seen approaching at full gallop towards Mola di Gaeta. The road leading to the inn is rocky and narrow, on one side is an orange grove, extending to the sea; on the other an old roman wall overgrown by blossoming shrubs, enormous aloes, floating tangles of vines, and a thousand species of paradise plants peculiar to the South.

Scarcely had the caleche entered this defile, when the careless postilion drove one of the wheels over a protruding ledge of rock, and overturned it, and in the next moment a crowd of people came running to the spot. Not one of them, however, thought of relieving the traveller within the fallen vehicle; but with violent gestures and loud cries began to examine what damage the caleche had sustained and what profit they might receive from it. The wheelwright declared every wheel was shattered; the carpenter that the shafts were splintered; whilst the blacksmith passing and repassing under the carriage, tugged at every clamp and screw and nail, with all the violence necessary to ensure himself a handsome job.

The traveller it contained having quietly disengaged himself from various cloaks, books, and maps, now slowly descended and for a moment the busy crowd forgot their restlessness to gaze with admiration upon the noble figure of the stranger. He seemed to be scarcely two and twenty. In stature he was sufficiently tall to give an idea of superiority to his fellow mortals; and his form was moulded in such perfect proportions, that it presented a rare combination of youthful lightness and manly strength. His countenance had you taken from it its deep thoughtfulness and its expression of calm intrepid bravery, might have belonged to the most lovely woman so transparently blooming was his complexion; so regular his features, so blond and luxuriant his hair. Of all those present he seemed the least concerned at the accident; he neither looked at the caleche, nor paid any attention to the offers of service that were screamed from a dozen mouths; but drawing out his watch, asked his servant if the carriage was broken.

Pann,<sup>[2]</sup> “the shafts are snapt, two of the springs are injured, and the linch pin has flown.”

[2] My Lord—in Polish.

How long will it take to repair them? “Twenty four hours.”

“It is now four o’clock. See that every thing be in order by tomorrow’s day-break.”

“Pann, with these lazy Italians I fear *it will be impossible*. \* \* \*”

“Ya paswalam,<sup>[3]</sup>” replied the traveller coldly, but decidedly. “Pay double—triple—what you will, but let all be ready for the hour I have mentioned.”

[3] I will it—in Polish.

Without an other word he walked towards the inn, followed by the crowd, teasing for alms. A few seconds ago they had all been active and healthy beings, so full of employment they could not afford to mend his caleche, unless tempted by some extraordinary reward; now the men declared themselves cripples and invalids, the children were orphans, the women helpless widows, and they would all die of hunger if his Excellenza did not bestow a few grani. “What a tedious race!” exclaimed the traveller casting a handful of coins upon the ground, which caused a general scramble, and enabled him to proceed unmolested. At the inn new torments awaited him; a fresh crowd, composed of the landlord, the landlady, and their waiters and hostlers, gathered round and assailed him with innumerable questions.

The landlord hoped none of his limbs were broken, and begged him to consider himself master of the house; the waiters desired to know at what hour he would sup; what fare he chose, how long he intended to stay, where he came from, whither he was going, and the landlady led him ostentatiously through all the rooms of the inn, expatiating endlessly upon the peculiar and indescribable advantages of each. Ineffably weary of their officiousness, the traveller at last traversed a long and spacious hall, and took refuge in a balcony that looked upon the bay of Gaeta.

The inn is built upon the site of Cicero’s Villa. Beneath the balcony, and on each side, along the whole curve of the bay, stretched a thick grove of Orange trees, which sloped down to the very verge of the Mediterranean. Balls of golden fruit, and blossoms faint with odour, and fair as stars, studded this amphitheatre of dark foliage; and at its extremity the liquid light of the waves, pierced the glossy leaves, mingling their blue splendour with earth’s green paradise. Every rock and mountain glowed with a purple hue, so intense and so soft, they resembled violet vapours dissolving into the pale radiance of the evening sky. Far away in the deep broad flood of the ocean, rose the two mountain islands Jochia and Procida, between which Vesuvius thrust in his jagged form, and his floating banner of snow-white smoke. The solitary Heaven was without a star or cloud, but smiled in that tender vestal light,

which speaks of eternal immutable peace.

It would be difficult to define the feelings of the traveller as he gazed on this scene; his countenance, uplifted to heaven was animated with a profound and impassioned melancholy, with an expression of an earnest and fervid pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. He was thinking probably of his country; and whilst he contrasted its ruined villages and devastated fields with the splendour and glow of the fair land before him, was breathing inwardly a passionate appeal against that blind and cruel destiny which had consigned Poland to the desolating influence of Russian despotism.

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a female voice singing in Polish among the orange trees at his feet. The singer was invisible; but the sweetness of her voice, and the singular reference of words (the following prose translation conveys their meaning) to the thoughts of his own mind, filled the traveller with surprise:—"When thou gazest upon the azure heaven, so mighty in its calm, do not say, O bright enchantment, hast thou no pity, that thou dawnest thus in unattainable loveliness upon my world wearied eyes. When the Southern wind softly breathes, do not say reproachfully, thy cradle is the ether of the morning sun, thou drinkest the odorous essence of myrtle and lemon blossoms; thou shouldest bear upon thy wings all sweet emotion all soft desires; why bringest thou then no healing to the anguish I endure? Neither in the dark hour, when thou thinkest upon thy country and thy friends, say not with grief; they are lost! They are not! Say rather with joy, they were illustrious! And it is bliss to know they have been!" It were wise in me to obey this lesson, sweet songstress, thought the traveller, and revolving in his mind the singularity of the serenade, he continued to gaze upon the trees below; there was no rustling amid their branches, no sound which told a human being was concealed beneath their foliage; nothing was heard beyond the almost imperceptible breathing of the evening air. Did such things exist any where but in the imagination of the poet? He could almost have believed that the spirit of that divine scene had assumed a human voice and human words, to sooth his melancholy, so floating and airy had been the strain, so deep the silence that succeeded it. One moment more, and there arose from the same spot cries for help uttered in Italian, and shrieks of distress so piercing, they made the traveller fly with the speed of lightning through the great hall, down the staircase into the garden. The first object that met his eyes was the figure of a girl about sixteen, her one arm tightly embracing the stem of a tree, her other angrily repelling a young man who was endeavouring to drag her away. "I will not go with you—I love you no longer, Giorgio—and go with you, I will not," shrieked the girl, in a tone of mingled violence and fear. "You must—you shall," retorted her aggressor, in a voice of thunder. "I have found you again, and I wont be duped by your fooleries, Marietta. . . . And who are you

and who begged you to interfere?” added he turning fiercely upon the traveller whose strong grasp had torn him from Marietta. “An officer, as it should seem by your dress:—be pleased to know that I am also an officer, and risk my displeasure no farther.” “No officer would ill treat a defenceless girl,” the Pole replied with quiet contempt. At this taunt Giorgio quivered with rage. His features handsome and regular as those of Italians generally are, became quite distorted. His hands with convulsive movements sought about his heart for the dagger that was concealed there. His dark flashing eye fixed intensely at the same time upon his adversary, as if he hoped the fiendish spirit that burned within them might previously annihilate him.

“Be on your guard—he is a perfect wretch,” cried Marietta, rushing towards her protector. The arrival of several servants from the inn dispelled all idea of present danger; they dragged off Giorgio, telling him that, although the girl was his sister, he had no right to separate her from the *corps d’Opera*, with whom she was travelling through Gaeta. “*Evero, é verissimo*” cried Marietta with joyful triumph. “What is it to him if I like my liberty, and prefer wandering about, singing here and there, to being his unhappy par——”

“Marietta! beware! dare not to speak ill of me!” screamed the retiring Giorgio, looking back over his shoulder, and accompanying his words with a look of such frightful menace as completely subdued his sister. She watched in anxious silence till he disappeared, and then with affectionate humility and a graceful quickness that allowed not of its prevention, knelt lightly down, and pressed the strangers hand to her lips “you have more than repaid me for the song I sang to you,” she said rising and leading the way to the inn, “and if you like it, I will sing others to you whilst you sup.”

“Are you a Pole?” enquired the traveller.

“A fine demand! how can I be a Pole? Did you not say yourself there was no longer any such country as Poland?”

“I, not that I recollect.”

“If you did not say it confess at least you thought it. The Poles are all become Russians, and for nothing in the world, Signor, would I be a Russian. Why in all their language they have no word that expresses *honour*.<sup>[4]</sup> No! rather than be a Russian, much as I hate it, I would go with Giorgio.”

[4] This is true. The Russian language is without that word.

“Are you an Italian?”

“No—not exactly.”

“What are you then?”

“Um! I am what I am, who can be more? But Signor, one thing I must beg of you, do not ask me any questions about myself, nor any about Giorgio. I

will sing to you, wait upon you, any thing of that kind you please, but I will not answer questions on those subjects.”

Seating herself upon a stool, in a dark corner of the travelers apartment, as far removed as possible from him, and all other interruptions, Marietta passed the evening in playing on her guitar and singing. She was a most accomplished singer, possessing and managing all the intricacies of the art, with perfect ease, but this scarcely excited admiration in comparison with the natural beauty of her voice. There was a profound melancholy in its intense sweetness, that dissolved the soul of the traveller in grief. All that was dear to him in the memory of the past, the joys of home, and childhood, the tenderness and truth of his first friendships, the glow of patriotism; every cherished hour, every endeared spot, all that he had loved, and all that he had lost upon earth, seemed again to live, and again to fade, as he listened to her strains. Without paying any attention to him, and apparently without any effort to herself, she breathed forth melody after melody for her own pleasure, like some nightingale, that, in a home of green leaves, sings to cheer its solitude with sweet sounds. Her countenance and figure would have been beautiful, had they been more fully developed. They resembled those sketches of a great artist in which there are only a few lightly traced lines, but those are so full of spirit and meaning, that you easily imagine what a masterpiece it would have been when finished.

The first visit of our traveller, on arriving next day at Naples, was to the Princess Dashkhoff. She was a Russian lady whose high birth, immense wealth, and talents for intrigue, had procured for her the intimacy of half the crowned heads of Europe, and had made her all powerful at the Court of St. Petersburg. Detesting the cold barbarism of her native country, she had established herself at Naples, in a splendid mansion, near the Strada Nuova; and affecting an extravagant admiration for Italy, by her munificent patronage of the arts and artists, and by perpetual exhibitions of her own skill, in drawing, and singing, dancing and acting, had obtained the name of the Corinna of the North. Her *salon* was the evening resort of the wise, the idle, the witty, and the dissipated. Not to know Corinna was to be yourself unknown; and not to frequent her *conversazioni* was, as far as society was concerned, to be banished from all that was fashionable or delightful in Naples.

It was the hour of evening reception. The Pole burned with impatience to speak to the Princess, for on her influence, at Petersburg, depended the fate of a brother, the only being in existence he now cared for. A splendid suite of apartments, blazing with lights, crowded with company, and furnished with the munificence of an Eastern harem, lay open before him; without allowing himself to be announced he entered them.—When an highly imaginative mind is absorbed by some master feeling, all opposing contrasts, all glowing extremes, serve but to add depth and intensity to that feeling.

The festal scene of marble, columns garlanded by roses, the walls of Venetian mirror, reflecting the light of innumerable tapers, and the forms of lovely women and gay youths floating in the mazy dance, seemed to him deceitful shows that veiled some frightful sorrow, and with eager rapid steps, as if borne along by the impulse of his own thoughts, he hurried past them. Scarcely knowing how he had arrived there he at length found himself standing beside the Princess, in a marble colonnade, open above to the moonlight and the stars of heaven, and admitting at its sides the odorous air and blossoming almond trees of the adjacent garden.

“Ladislas!” exclaimed the lady, starting, “is it possible—to see you here almost exceeds belief.” After remaining some moments in deep silence, collecting and arranging his thoughts the Pole replied. A conversation ensued, in so low a voice as, to be only audible to themselves; from their attitudes and gestures it might be inferred that Ladislas was relating some tale of deep anguish, mixed with solemn and impressive adjuration to which the princess listened with a consenting tranquilizing sympathy. They issued from the recess walked up the colonnade, and entered a small temple that terminated it. From the centre of its airy dome hung a lighted lamp of a boat like shape, beneath which a youthful female was seated alone sketching a range of moonlight hills that appeared between the columns. “Idalie,” said the princess, “I have brought you a new subject for your pencil, and such a subject, my love—one whose fame has already made him dear to your imagination: no less a person than the hero of Ostralenka, the Vistula, and the Belvedere. So call up one of those brightest, happiest moods of your genius, in which all succeeds to you, and enrich my album with his likeness,” spreading it before her. It is difficult to refuse any request to a person who has just granted us an important favour. Ladislas suffered himself to be seated, and as soon as the princess had quitted them, the gloom that had shadowed his brow at the names of Ostralenka, the Vistula, and the Belvedere, vanished. The surpassing beauty of the young artist would have changed the heaviest penance into a pleasure. She was lovely as one of Raphael’s Madonnas; and like them, there was a silent beauty in her presence that struck the most superficial beholder with astonishment and satisfaction. Her hair, of a gold and burnished brown (the colour of the autumnal foliage illuminated by the setting sun,) fell in gauzy wavings round her face, throat and shoulders. Her small clear forehead, gleaming with gentle thought; her curved, soil, and rosy lips; the delicate moulding of the lower part of the face, expressing purity and integrity of nature, were all perfectly Grecian. Her hazel eyes, with their arched lids and dark arrowy lashes, pierced the soul with their full and thrilling softness. She was clad in long and graceful drapery, white as snow, but, pure as this garment was, it seemed a rude disguise to the resplendent softness of the limbs it enfolded. The delicate light



that gleamed from the alabaster lamp upon them, was a faint simile of the ineffable spirit of love that burned within Idalie's fair transparent frame; and the one trembling shining star of evening that palpitates responsively to happy lovers; never seemed more divine or more beloved than she did to Ladislas, as she sat there, now fixing a timid but attentive gaze upon his countenance, and then dropping it upon the paper before her. And not alone for Ladislas, was this hour at the dawn of passionate love. The same spell was felt in the heart of Idalie, veiling the world and lifting her spirit into vast and immeasurable regions of unexplored delight. One moment their eyes met and glanced upon each other, the look of exalted, of eternal love, mute, blessed, and inexpressible. Their lids fell and were raised no more. Rapture thrilled their breasts, and swelled their full hearts, a rapture felt but not seen; for motionless, and in deep silence, as if every outward faculty were absorbed in reverence, they continued, each inwardly knowing, hearing, seeing nothing but the divine influence and attraction of the other. I know not if the portrait was finished. I believe it was not. Idalie arose and departed, to seek the princess, and Ladislas followed. "Who is that lovely being?" enquired an English traveller sometime afterward, pointing out Idalie from a group of ladies. "A Polish girl—a protégée of mine," was the reply of the Princess; "a daughter to one of Kosciusko's unfortunate followers, who died here poor and unknown.

"She has a great genius for drawing and painting. But she is so different in her nature from the generality of people, that I am afraid she will never get on in the world. All the family are wild and strange. There is a brother who they say is a complete ruffian; brave as a Pole and unprincipled as an Italian; a villain quite varnished in picturesque, like one of Lord Byron's corsairs and giours. Then there is a younger sister; the most uncontrollable little creature, who chose to pretend my house was insupportable, and ran away in Calabria or Campagna, and set up as a *prima donna*. But these, to be sure, are the children of a second wife, an Italian; and Idalie I must confess, has none of their lawlessness, but is remarkably gentle and steady."

Disgusted with this heartless conversation, which disturbed his ecstasy, Ladislas hastily quitted the Dashkhoff palace and entered the Villa Reale, whose embowring trees promised solitude. Not one straggler of the many crowds that frequent this luxurious garden from morning till midnight was now to be seen. Whilst its straight walls buried in gloom and shadow; its stone fountains of sleeping water; its marble statues, its heaven pointing obelisks and the tingling silence of its moonlight air, it was holy and calm as a deserted oratory, when the last strains of a Vesper hymn has died away; the last taper has ceased to burn, the last censer has been flung, and both priests and worshipers have departed. Ladislas cast himself upon a stone seat in the Ilex-grove that skirts the margin of the bay. "I dreamt not of love," he exclaimed, "I sought her not!

I had renounced life and all its train of raptures, hopes, and joys cold and void of every wish, the shadow of death lay upon my heart; suddenly she stood before me, lovely as an angel that heralds departed spirits to the kingdom of eternal bliss. Fearless but mild, she poured the magic of her gaze upon my soul. I speak the word of the hour. She shall be mine—or I will die.”

Reclining in the Ilex-grove, Ladislas passed the remaining hours of that too short night, entranced in bliss, as if the bright form of his beloved were still shining beside him. Gradually, every beauty of the wondrous and far famed Bay of Naples impressed itself upon his attention. The broad and beamless moon sinking behind the tall elms of Posylippo—the broken starlight on the surface of the waters—their rippling sound as they broke at his feet—Sorrento’s purple promontory, and the gentle wind that blew from it—the solitary grandeur of Capri’s mountain Island, rising out of the middle of the bay, a colossal sphinx guarding two baths of azure light—Vesuvius breathing its smoke and flame, and sparks into the cloudless ether—all became mingled in explicable harmony with his new born passion, and were indelibly associated with his recollections of that night.

The next morning Idalie was sketching in the Villa Reale. She had seated herself on the outside of the shady alley. Two persons passed behind her, and the childish, petulant voice of one of them drew her attention. That voice, so sweet, even in its impatience, certainly belonged to her fugitive sister. “Is it she!” exclaimed Idalie, gliding swift as thought between the trees, and folding the speaker to her bosom. “Marietta,—my dear little Marietta! at last you are come back again. *Cattivella!* now promise to stay with me, you know not how miserable I have been about you.” “No! I cannot promise any thing of the kind,” replied Marietta, playing with the ribbons of her guitar. “I choose to have my liberty.” Idalie’s arms sunk, and her eyes were cast upon the ground when she heard the cold and decided tone in which this refusal was pronounced. On raising the latter, they glanced on the companion of her sister, and were filled with unconquerable emotion at discovering Ladislas, the elected of her heart. “I met your sister here a few minutes ago,” explained he, partaking her feelings; “and having been so fortunate the other day as to render her a slight service”——“O yes,” interrupted Marietta; “I sung for him a whole evening at Gaeta. It was a curious adventure. His carriage was overturned close to the inn. I had arrived half an hour before, and was walking in an orange grove near the spot, and saw the accident happen, and heard him speak in Polish to his servant. My heart beat with joy to behold one belonging to this heroic nation. He looked wondrous melancholy: I thought it must be about his country, so I crept as softly as a mouse amongst the trees under his balcony, and sung him a salvo-song in Polish, I *improvised* it on the spur of the moment. I do not very well recollect it, but it was about azure heavens,

southern winds, myrtle and lemon blossoms, and the illustrious unfortunate; and it ought to have pleased him. Just as I had finished, out starts our blessed brother Giorgio, from the inn and began one of his most terrific bothers. Imagine how frightened I was, for I thought he was gone to Sicily with his regiment. However, they got him away and I followed this stranger into his room, and sang to him the rest of the evening. All my best songs, the *Nio ben quando verra*, *Nina pazza per Amore*, the *All armi* of Generali, the *Dolce cara patria*, from Tracredi, the *Deh calma* from Otello,—all my whole stock, I assure you.” Thus rattled on Marietta; and then as if her quick eye had already discovered the secret of their attachment, she added with an arch smile, “but dont be frightened, Idalie, though his eyes filled with tears whilst I sung, as yours often do, not a word of praise did the Sarmatian bestow on me.” “Then return and live with me and I will praise you as much as you desire.”

“*Santa Maria del Piè di Grotto!* What a tiresome person you are, Idalie, when you have got an idea into your head, an earthquake would not get it out again. Have I not told you that I will not. If you knew my motive you would approve my resolution. I said I liked my liberty, and so forth, but that was not the reason of my flight. I do not choose to have any thing to do with Giorgio and the Princess; for, believe me, dearest, Idalie, disgraceful as my present mode of life seems to you, it is innocence itself, compared to the mode of life they were leading me into.” “Some suspicion of this did once cross my mind,” her sister replied with a sigh, “but I rejected it as too horrible. Dear child think no more about them. Do you not know that I have left the princess’ house, and am living by myself in a little pavilion far up on the Strada Nuova. There you need not fear their molestations.” “Is not Giorgio then with you?” “No, I have not seen him for some time, I doubt if he be in Naples.” “So, Messer Giorgio, you have deceived me again. But I might have known that, for he never speaks a word of truth. Be assured, however, he is in Naples, for I caught a glimpse of him this morning, mounting the hill that leads to the barracks at Pizzofalcone, and he is as intimate with the Princess as ever, tho’ she pretends to disown him. As for me, I am engaged at San Carlos, the writing is signed and sealed, and cannot be broken, without forfeiting a heavy sum of money; otherwise I should be happy to live peacefully with you; for you know not, Idalie, all I have had to suffer; how sad and ill-treated I have been! how often pinched with want and hunger; and worse than that, when Giorgio takes it into his head to pursue me, and plants himself in the pit, fixing his horrible looks upon me as I sing! how many times I have rushed out of the theatre, and spent the night in the great wide Maremma, beset by robbers, buffaloes, and wild boars, till I was almost mad with fear and bewilderment. There is a curse upon our family, I think. Did not our father once live in a splendid castle of his own, with an hundred retainers to wait upon him; and do you remember the miserable garret

in which he died? But I cannot stay any longer. I am wanted at the rehearsal: so farewell, dearest Idalie. Be you at least happy, and leave me to fulfil the evil destiny that hangs over our race.” “No! No!” exclaimed Ladislas “that must not be—the writing must be cancelled,”—and then with the affection of a brother, he entered into their sentiments; with sweet and persuasive arguments overcame their scruples of receiving a pecuniary obligation from him and finally taking Marietta by the hand, led her to San Carlos in order to cancel her engagement. And in an other hour it was cancelled.

Marietta was once more free and joyful; and affectionate as old friends, the three met again in the pavilion which was Idalie’s home. It stood alone in a myrtle wood on the last of the green promontories, which form the Strada Nuova, and separate the bay of Naples from the bay of Baia, a lonely hermitage secluded from the noise and turmoil of the city, whose only visitors were the faint winds of morning and evening, the smiles of the fair Italian heaven, its wandering clouds, and perchance a solitary bird. From every part of the building you could see the Baian Ocean sparkling breathlessly beneath the sun, through the windows and the columns of the portico you beheld the mountains of the distant coast shining on, hour after hour, like amethysts in a thrilling vapour of purple transparent light, so ardent, yet halycon, so bright and unreal, a poet would have chosen it, to emblem the radiant atmosphere, that glows around Elysian isles of eternal peace and joy. Marietta soon left the building to join some fisher boys who were dancing the tarantella upon the beach below, Idalie took her drawing, which was her daily employment, and furnished her the means of subsistence, and Ladislas sat by her side. There was no sound of rolling carriages, no tramp of men and horse, no distant singing, no one speaking near, the wind awoke no sound amid the leaves of the myrtle wood, and the wave died without a murmur on the shore. Ladislas’ deep but melodious voice alone broke the crystal silence of the noonday air. Italy was around him, robed in two splendours of blue and green; but he was an exile, and the recollections of his native land thronged into his memory, and oppressed him with their numbers and their life. During the three months it had taken him to effect his escape from Warsaw to Naples, his lips had been closed in silence, whilst his mind had been wrapt in the gloom of the dreadful images that haunted it. In Idalie’s countenance there was that expression of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, that excited the warmest admiration, and inspired sudden and deep confidence. She looked like some supernatural being that walks through the world untouched by its corruptions; like one that unconsciously, yet with delight, confers pleasure and peace; and Ladislas felt that, in speaking to her of the dark sorrows of his country, they would lose their mortal weight and be resolved into beauty, by her sympathy. In glowing terms he described the heroic struggle of Poland for liberty; the

triumph and exultation that had filled every bosom during the few months they were free; the hardships and privations they had endured, the deeds of daring bravery of the men, the heroism it had awakened in the women; and then its fall—the return of the Russians; the horrible character of Russian despotism, its sternness and deceit, its pride and selfish ignorance; the loss of public and private integrity, the disbelief of good, the blighted, hopeless, joyless life endured by those whom it crushes beneath its servitude. Thus passed the hours of the forenoon. Then Ladislas fixing his eyes upon the coast of Baia, and expressing at the same time his impatience to visit that ancient resort of heroes and emperors, Idalie led the way by a small path down the hill to the beach. There they found a skiff dancing idly to and fro upon the waves, and unmooring it from its rocky haven, embarked in it. It had been sweet to mark the passage of that light bark, freighted with these happy lovers, when borne by its sails it swept through the little ocean channel, that lies between the beaked promontories of the mainland, and the closing cliffs of the Island of Nisida; and when with gentler motion it glided into the open expanse of the bay of Baia, and cut its way through the translucent water, above the ruins of temples and palaces overgrown by sea weed, on which the rays of the sun were playing, creating a thousand rainbow hues, that varied with every wave that flowed over them. In all that plane of blue light, it was the only moving thing,—and as if it had been the child of the ocean that bore it, and the sun that looked down on it, it sped gaily along in their smiles past the fortress where Brutus and Cassius sought shelter after the death of Cæsar; past the temples of Jupiter and Neptune; by the ruins of that castle in which three Romans once portioned out the world between them, to the Cumean hill that enshadows the beloved Linternum of Scipio Africanus, and in which he died. The whole of this coast is a paradise of natural beauty, investing with its own loveliness, the time-eaten wrecks with which it is strewn; the mouldering past is mingled with the vivid present; ruin and grey annihilation are decked in eternal spring. The woody windings of the shore reveal, in their deep recesses, the gleaming marble fragments of the abodes of ancient heroes; the verdurous hues of the promontories mingle with the upright columns of shattered temples, or clothed with natures voluptuous bloom, the pale funeral urns of departed gods; whilst the foliage and the inland fountains, and the breaking waves upon the shore, were murmuring around their woven minstrelsy of joy. Earth, sea, and sky, blazed like three gods, with tranquil but animated loveliness; with a splendour that did not dazzle, with a richness that could not satiate. The air on that beautiful warm coast was as a field of fragrance; the refreshing sea-breeze seemed to blow from paradise, quickening their senses, and bringing to them the odour of a thousand unknown blossoms. “What world is this?” exclaimed Ladislas, in a tone of rapture that nearly answered its own question. I could

imagine I had entered an enchanted garden; four heavens surround me; the one above, the pure element beneath me, with its waves that shine and tremble as stars; the adorned earth that hangs over it; and the heaven of delight they create within my breast. ‘Morning is here a rose, day a tulip, and night a lily; evening is like morning, again a rose, and life seems a choral hymn of beautiful and glowing sentiments, that I go singing to myself as I wander along this perpetual path of flowers.’

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It was night ere they again reached the pavilion. It stood dark and deserted in the clear moonshine; the door was locked, the windows and their outward shutters had been closed within, so securely as to deny all admittance, unless by breaking them open, which the solid nature of the shutters rendered almost impossible. After calling and knocking, and calling repeatedly without obtaining any answer, it became evident that Marietta had quitted the dwelling. In the first moment of surprise this occurrence occasioned, they had not observed a written sheet of paper of a large size, which lay unfolded and placed directly before the door, as if to attract attention, Idalie took it up and read the following lines, traced by Marietta.

“Oh Idalie! what a fiendish thing is life, but a few hours ago, how calm and secure in happiness—now danger and perhaps distinction is our portion. One chance yet remains, the moment you get this, persuade—not only persuade—but compel that adorable stranger to fly instantly from Naples. He is not safe here an instant longer. Do not doubt what I say, or his life may be the forfeit. How can I impress this on your mind. I would not willingly betray any one, but how else can I save him? Giorgio has been here. Oh! the frightful violence of that man. He raved like an insane person, and let fall such dark and bloody hints as opened worlds of horror to me.—I am gone to discover what I can. I know his haunts and his associates, and shall soon find out if there be any truth in what he threatens. I could not await your return, neither dare I leave the pavilion open. Who knows if, in the interval between my departure and your return an assassin might not conceal himself and your first welcome be, to see the stranger fall lifeless, at your feet. His every step is watched by spies, armed for his destruction. I know not what to do—and yet it seems to me that my going may possibly avert the catastrophe.”

MARIETTA.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN.

*Written at the tomb of Napoleon by Colonel W.—F.*

Oh! let not with willows his ashes be shaded,  
Oh! let not the cypress wave over his grave,  
For though the last leaf of his laurel has faded,  
Such trifles unhallow the tomb of the brave.

What! he whose ambition, though vast and mistaken,  
Still thirsted for more than a world could supply,  
Shall that hero be mourn'd, like a maiden forsaken,  
With a poor drooping willow, a tear and a sigh?

No! if emblems must be, take the pine newly riven,  
That on Athos' proud top, check'd the tempest borne cloud,  
Whose towering height drew the lightnings of Heaven,  
And was riven and blasted, but never was bowed.

Yet no symbol is wanted—his deeds live in story,  
Recorded alike is his fame and his doom,  
And the world he has shaken, his record of glory—  
And less than a world would dishonour his tomb.

## ON THE IMMORAL TENDENCY OF MODERN NOVELS.

Would that I had the pen and the imagination of a MICHAEL CERVANTES to treat this subject as it deserves, aye more yet, were I so gifted, I would steep the said pen in the bitterest gall, and to the imagination should be joined that of any virtuous female, thus armed, I would go forth and combat the monstrous dragon worshipped by most of the male; and I deeply regret to say, too many of the female writers of the present age.

When MICHAEL CERVANTES composed the book that has immortalised his name, literature yet in its infancy, produced but imperfect works which merely tended to spoil the taste and keep the mind in a state of blindness and superstition. The apparition of *Don Quixote* produced the effect of a thunder bolt which destroyed the temple of Ignorance, or rather, it was like a beneficent sun, that dissipated the darkness in which the writers of that time were plunged.

But the works attacked by this celebrated author fell chiefly under the burlesque, they had not for avowed or concealed object the corruption of morals. The ideas of chivalry which then prevailed inspired lovers with the respect due to those who had captivated their hearts, and romance writers rarely wandered from the bounds prescribed by decency and morality. Can we say so much for modern novelists? No! the highly boasted march of intellect has, it is true, effected a striking change—but it is not wholly for the better; our literature may be more deeply erudite, more refined, but alas it is far less chaste. What pity that we should have fallen into more pernicious excesses than our predecessors. With a few honorable exceptions our writers now take delight in portraying vice in the most glowing, and fascinating colours, or at least where this is not exactly the case, the chief interest of a work is made to hang on the description of a series of the most indelicate, and immodest scenes. Why for instance should the powerful D'Israeli cause Mrs. Felix Loraine, in VIVIAN GREY, to tempt that *nice* man Cleveland, to stray, her character was sufficiently perfect of its kind without that additional spot; and it is no improvement to his, that all absorbed as he was by ambition and affection for his own wife, he should turn a deaf ear to the hyena like blandishments of a woman he detested. In the YOUNG DUKE, apparently with no other view than of following a general rule, such as that—so many wicked women, and so many bad men, with a pretty young lady who does odd things, and a wild youth who reforms, make a novel. I repeat with no other apparent object in view than this, he has created an anomaly, a solecism in nature. The Lady Aphrodite Grafton, described at first as a heavenly being, one who had married from the most



devoted love, surrenders her heart at first sight, to a vain conceited coxcomb, wearing lace and a pink waistcoat. In his delineation of her character there is not the least attempt at consistency: she is quite passive, makes no effort to struggle against her disgraceful passion; and at length proposes an elopement!

Of Bulwer's works, some are unexceptionable; his EUGENE ARAM is almost beyond praise, not so with several of his others, which by creating an absorbing interest, and exciting the imagination, prepare the mind for the worst consequences.

The few books I have particularised are from the pens of men, I will not attempt to review any of the many of the same faulty description by female writers; the following few lines from *Tail's Edinburgh Review*, and which I read with real sorrow, I shall insert here to prove I am not the only disapprover of this style of writing.

The Editor in a note to a review of Miss F. Kemble's *Francis the First*, says, "Ladies have sometimes odd tastes, it appears impossible for some of the best of our female writers to weave a story together without some naughty episode at the very best. Miss Porter for example, can imagine no perfect hero, nor one worthy of her stamp, till his virtue is exposed, and comes forth immaculate from the fiery ordeal of one or more of the above mentioned monsters the——Potiphar's wives."

Should not the object of such authors be to pass lightly over the vices of human nature, rather than dwell upon them as though the theme was grateful to their feelings—"What weak mind was ever strengthened by reading of a Lady Mar"?

The above reproaches equally apply to those who cry up such works and recommend them to perusal. The newspapers frequently teem with praises of books, which should rather be pointed out as worthy of being ignominiously burnt by the public executioner. This may be termed a harsh and unfeminine expression, but the disease is deep, and requires more than a delicate probing.

Jean Jacques Rousseau said, "that as long as morals were so corrupt there would be novels." I do not entirely agree with him—but I believe that as long as such novels as I have described are written, morals will be corrupt.

The above author had at least the grace to place at the head of his NOUVELLE HELOISE that no virtuous woman should read it. Such frankness is now carefully avoided, on the contrary every endeavour is used to pass off for morality, what is absolutely the contrary. It would be well, as advised by an eminent French poet to

“Fouetter d’un vers sanglant ces dangereux auteurs  
Qui de l’honneur . . . infâmes déserteurs,  
Trahissent la vertu, sous un voile coupable  
Aux yeux de leurs lecteurs, rendent le vice aimable.”

But this task does not belong to a woman, it is more properly that of the natural defenders of her sex; and I trust there still exists among men, those who possess sufficient gallantry and courage to declare against the signal abuse of these writings. In the mean time mothers and guardians of youth, particularly of youthful females, beware! If you would preserve the peach like bloom of your daughters minds untouched, if you would not that the freshness of their purity be breathed on, keep from them as much as possible the knowledge of such grossness.

I cannot expect that my feeble voice will reach the great source of this crying evil. But I invite every modest woman whose eye may meet this, to join her efforts to mine, and discourage by a marked disapprobation the perusal of such books. They are an insult to our sex in general, let us teach the world of authors the respect which is our due. Our weakness will not be removed by exposing them to broad day. When I reflect on the conduct of men in the present age, I am almost tempted to regret the happy days of Chivalry when women were treated with such deference and respect under every circumstance.

But I must not terminate this article without once more acknowledging that there are many honourable exceptions. My limits will not admit of my enlarging upon them. One word however of a most splendid example,—it is of him who excelled in every discretion of character, who painted woman, lovely, virtuous and consistent. Whose heroines could be devotedly attached, and possess the utmost depth of feeling without any of that mawkish sensibility, whose possessor cannot receive a declaration of love without dropping her head on the declaree’s shoulder; I scarce need say I refer to the universally regretted *Sir Walter Scott*, who would believe that the heroic *Flora McIvor*, the high minded *Edith Plantagenet*, and the maidenly, gentle *Rose Bradwardine*, belonged to the same class of beings, as the *Ida’s*, the *Aphrodites*, and *Loraines*, of cotemporary authors.

*To the Editors of the Museum.*

LADIES,

Of old it has been the fashion to designate a work by the name of a ship which was launched on the ocean; therefore I cannot err, in still preserving the metaphor. I wish you every success in your voyage, and as no doubt you will have abundance of light articles on board, I take leave to send you something weighty, by way of ballast, which by adding knowledge to pleasure will ensure steadiness.

So may the Barque triumphant ride,  
Skim the light wave, and stem the raging tide.

## THE ST. LAWRENCE BELOW QUEBEC.

Those who have not seen this part of this greatest of the navigable rivers in the world, can form but a very imperfect idea of its grandeur, and the magnificence of its scenery. Above the Island of Orleans the St. Lawrence is comparatively confined to a narrow channel passing through a level country, offering much sameness on the south shore, with the mountains on the north too distant to produce much effect. The views on the great Lakes of the St. Lawrence in the Upper Province stretching out of sight of land, differ little from those on any extended sea coast studded with Islands and bordered with towns and habitations.—The St. Lawrence below the Island of Orleans, from many points on its northern banks, lays open to the view a hundred miles of a river varying front twenty to thirty miles in width, the whole course and coast of which, in this clear atmosphere, can be distinctly discerned. Beautiful islands covered with neat dwellings and cultivated fields, contrast with those that are of bare rock or covered with wood; the crowded settlements, the villages and distant highlands on the south shore, are opposed to the bold and lofty mountains on the north, crowned with the native forest and impending over the margin of the river, while the valleys formed by the streams and torrents of these mountain regions, leave openings in which the village spires are discernible in front of the bare, rugged, and stupendous ranges in the interior. In other places the settlements extend nearly to the tops of the mountains, presenting to the view neat dwellings, luxuriant harvests and green fields etched out on the face of nature's domains. Along the main channel of the river numbers of the thousand vessels which frequent Quebec during the season of navigation, are continually passing up or down under crowded sails, or quietly anchored waiting the tides or winds, and from behind every cape and promontory, among the islands and in every bay and creek, the smaller vessels and boats are constantly plying in the industrious pursuits of the inhabitants, or on excursions of social intercourse. It is a scene which elevates the mind to devout contemplation, and a just appreciation of the benefits of peaceful industry.

The inhabitants of this part of the St. Lawrence may now amount to about a hundred thousand souls. They owe almost everything to their own efforts, which indeed is the only sure dependence. With the progress which education is now making amongst them, and under our present form of government it is impossible but that a spirited, vigorous and moral population should proceed onwards in the march of prosperity, and force every obstacle or impediment, to withdraw or be overcome.

Every year must render this naturally grand and unparalleled entrance to the inhabited parts of the St. Lawrence, more worthy of the vast, fertile and populous regions which border its upper waters, and more suitable for the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On Thursday last, a public meeting was held at the Montreal Library, to devise means for raising a testimonial to the memory of the late Sir WALTER SCOTT. The hon. Chief Justice Reid in the chair.

It was moved by the Rev. Henry Esson, seconded by Michael O'Sullivan, Esq.—That this meeting, participating in the universal estimation in which the genius of Sir Walter Scott is held, and the profound regret which his recent death has awakened, feel themselves impelled to unite their voice, however feeble, with that of an applauding and sympathising world, to express sentiments of admiration of his genius, veneration of his virtues, and heartfelt regret for his lamented death.

Moved by H. Gates, Esq. seconded by the Hon. John Forsyth, Esq. That it is expedient to unite in the erection of a public monument, or in contributing to some other public testimony of our gratitude for the services which he has rendered both by his honourable life and immortal writings, to the best interests of mankind, and our profound sense of the glory which his genius and virtues have reflected upon his country and on nature itself.

Moved by the Rev. John Bethune, seconded by John Fisher, Esq.—That a Committee be appointed to fulfil the objects of the meeting, in conformity with the tenor of the foregoing resolution.

Moved by A. F. Holmes M. D. and seconded by J. C. Grant, Esq.—The said Committee be directed to write forthwith, in the name of this meeting, a letter of condolence to the family of this great and good man, expressive of their unfeigned sympathy for the irreparable loss which they have sustained in his death.

Moved by Dr. Wm. Robertson, and seconded by George Auldjo, Esq.—That the said committee shall consist of the chairman of the meeting and the following gentlemen—Rev. J. Bethune, Horatio Gates, Esq. Rev. Mr. Esson, M. O'Sullivan, Esq. A. F. Holmes, Esq. M. D. J. S. M'Cord, Esq. A. P. Hart Esq. together with the Secretary, and that the said Committee shall have power to add to their number.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. H. Esson, on moving the first resolution, in a very eloquent speech, (which we are compelled to omit for want of room,) Chief Justice Reid, H. Gates, Esq., Rev. J. Bethune, John Fisher Esq., Dr. Holmes, and A. P. Hart, Esq., also spoke at some length. The speech of the latter gentleman though short, was a very eloquent appeal to the meeting and breathed a spirit of liberality, which called forth the notice of the chairman.

It was finally agreed that no subscription exceeding ten dollars from one individual be received, and thanks having been voted to the chairman for his conduct in the chair the meeting adjourned.—*Montreal Courant*.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

### EVENING DRESSES.

A pink satin dress, figured a *colonnes*; plaited body; short sleeves with blond *epaulettes*, and bows of riband; sabre boa, cap of blond, with a single branch of flowers, and opened behind so as to admit one wide plait of hair on the right side. A *maïs* crape dress with a satin slip. Plain body, and pelerine all round, and separated on the sleeve with a bow of riband. Scarf of blonde a *colonnes*. The head dress with two *maïs* feathers of moderate length, and curls a l'Anglaise.—*Court Magazine*.

### MORNING VISITING DRESS.

It is of *chaly à colonnes*; the colours are white, lavender, and vapeur.—The corsage is plain behind, and crossed in drapery, *à la fichu* in front. The sleeve is of the gigot shape. White satin bonnet, it is a *la bibi*, a round and very open brim, trimmed on the inside with rose colour gauze ribands and blonde net. The trimming represents exactly a head dress of Mary de Medicis, and is copied from one of the portraits of that Princess in the Louvre. The crown of the bonnet is decorated with roses of different colours, scattered irregularly round it, and intermingled with gauze ribands. Scarf of white cachemire.

QUEEN OF BELGIUM'S WEDDING DRESS.—Dress of Brussels lace *à colonnes* with a rich flounce *en tête*, long sleeves and mantella, white gros de Naples slip, scarf of Brussels lace, the same pattern as the dress; head dress, orange flowers, with tiara of pearls and diamonds.

### BALL DRESS.

Dress of blue gauze St Vallier, trimmed with gauze ribbons and, body trimmed with rows of narrow blond forming the point, short sleeves fastened with gauze riband; head dress composed of marabouts and *forget-me-nots*.

### EVENING DRESS.

Dress of rich emerald green velvet, with a plain body; blond mantilla with ends; head dress, turban of pink crape with silver stars.



## TO READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many of our Correspondents, more ready to furnish us with *matter of fact advice*, than with *fiction*, have recommended the topography of the country as worthy of our attention—we freely admit it. Canada offers an extensive field to the painter. Her noble rivers, numerous lakes, her finely combined and picturesque views, afford the finest objects in the world for scenic description, whether of pen or pencil. But mere geographical details—such as the circumference of a lake, the length and breadth of a river, with the number of its verdant isles, the height of a mountain or the extent of a vale, would be dry and uninteresting, if imagination lent not its witching wand to enliven and animate the scenes. This idea is sweetly and truly expressed in the opening lines to HAWLEY'S little poem, "Quebec".

“Earth has no scene, however bright or fair  
Tho’ golden floods and beauteous skies are there,  
Unhallowed by the magic of the past  
With power its image in the heart to cast,  
The sweetest flowers their crimson leaves may throw,  
Unblest, unnoted, to the radiant glow.  
Of eastern suns, the purest stream may glide  
Bright foliage twining o’er its silver tide,  
Through vales of perfume, circling isles of light  
Unloved, unhonoured, if no spell be cast,  
Upon those flowers, that stream, by love or glory,  
But bring the rich memorials of the past,  
The hallowed legacy of ancient story  
And all is fair and beautiful and bright.”

As we cannot draw upon the legendary lore of ages past, imagination must be invoked to supply the deficiency, and that creative faculty of mind, would, if so directed, invest with an intense interest, scenes of a less romantic shade, than those to be met with in Canada. We hope some of our gifted friends may be induced to direct their talents to this object. For our own part supposing for a moment, that we could do justice to a subject requiring a master hand; occupied as we are, in the drudgery of transcribing and selecting we have not the leisure requisite for authorship—but laying this plea aside, the real and avowed object of this work is, to open a field to literary adventurers, not by any means with the view, to show off our own poor attainments.

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Leaves from a juvenile scrap book, would require the revisal of a mature hand. It will appear in our next.

M. N——'s communication came too late for this number.

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The MUSEUM having already obtained an extensive circulation in Upper and Lower Canada. We can recommend it to the public as an advantageous medium for advertising.

Extra sheets shall be added for this purpose.

## Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 2* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]