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THE

MONTREAL MUSEUM.

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LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

Into it, Knight, thou shalt not look.—Scott.

I passed my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply regretted place; Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed-rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride: Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine; Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted high-minded rogue, and pretended as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interest of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophise. Nevertheless we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give the sample of a day.—We rose at seven (it was July), and wandered amongst moss-roses, velvet lawns, and sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her nest robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat, just large enough to hold two, and hidden

round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. *Sans doute*, I was a little over-rated. My riddles were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling, and then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world was perfectly blind. Then followed our 'equestrian exercises'. Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand for fear she would tumble off.

Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loneliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhymes or in canvass. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high mottled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of a simile. Of course we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been, excepting Barbara. "Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the General." Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different thing to be guide to her good young friend, the captain, and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which out-did the best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every stop, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought

the lights, and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was nothing now hoidenish in her behaviour, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad mad cap, and might not this be a freak of the moment? Besides, there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of; so I determined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Amongst other things Lady Betty signalized me by a purse and pencil-case and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in which I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it; casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting-place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another head-long! Of my own case I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence, by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short he was a spark of quality, who drove four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing rod, and his manner had a *je ne sais*

quoi of languid impertinence which was a great deal too overpowering. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connection with the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his fore-finger to the ladies till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my common-place appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara was a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks; and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. This visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that before the day was over, she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time, the whole tenour of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S——. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her, and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to the mercy of Lord S——, to whom walking was a low-lifed amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother as usual, had her sleeping fits, and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea things had not been brought in, and Lord S—— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed though the enemy had cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline I have given was occasionally intersected with little episodes that were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me on errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing candle and flannel petticoats for the work-house. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fear of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment.—My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for a termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage would require to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer: she was somehow or other hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would look like jealousy, but, engaged in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights that awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry. A scrap of paper was upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had vanity enough to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty’s most beloved lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and, lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in the desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention. The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close

the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's calligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated prettily, the plan of improvement I had suggested. The first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips and proceeded to

'REASON THE FIRST.—A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends.'

How! as much as to say I am a good-natured fool! Was there no other construction? no error of the press? None. The context assured me I was not mistaken.

'REASON THE SECOND.—Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of labouring for that end.'

Conceited and ill favoured! My head began to swim.

'REASON THE THIRD.—I have been told that very passionate regard between married people is productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, that I feel for dear M——, argues for the serenity of our lives —— Heigh-ho'

Furies!

'REASON THE FOURTH.—I have sometimes doubted if this temperate regard be really love, but, as pity is next akin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken.'

Pity!

'REASON THE FIFTH.—I pity him, because it is necessary to place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit, for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting.'

Place me upon the shelf!!

'REASON THE SIXTH.—I pity him, because if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to put poor dear M—— to the mortification of a refusal!'

! ! !

'REASON THE SEVENTH.—I pity him because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome.'

! ! ! !

'REASON THE EIGHTH.—I pity him because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him!'

! ! ! ! !

‘REASON THE NINTH.—I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S —— will tell every body that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four—— Heigh-heigh-ho!’

! ! ! ! ! !

‘REASON THE TENTH.—I pity him because he has so kindly consented to meet me in my return from the charity school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—— Ah well-a-day!’

Ah well-a-day ! ! ! ! ! ! ! &c. &c.—Let no man ever endeavour to enjoy the luxury of his mistress’s secret thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked towards the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horse, after the barouche, and shoot S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and ‘a grave where four roads meet’, Lady Barbara came dancing in to request my assistance at a drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, gentle, Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it. *She* now would be the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her, I found that my heart had all along been Barbara’s and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

Business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara’s turn ‘she was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say.’ She paused for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy—‘why,’ I exclaimed ‘why will you hesitate my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this lovely confession.’ Barbara regained her courage

‘indeed then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!’

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern I had felt for her blighted affection was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new misery upon me. What I said I cannot precisely remember, and if I could I doubt if my readers could make head or tail of it. I concluded however with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or cry. I gave her no time to collect herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn, I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return to the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S—— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health, she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity school had not answered to the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty’s affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man’s resolution; but for the honor of manhood, I continued once more to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess however humiliating the confession may be, that dignified behaviour was very naturally sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and I declared the necessity of my returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this.—‘I go,’ said I, ‘I go because it is proper to quit whenever my *presence becomes troublesome*. I will not oblige you to *put me upon the shelf*.—I will not be too encroaching upon your *temperate regard*.—— Heigh-heigh-ho!’ With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake

from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister; touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little library and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanours, and found the total, even *before* the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance, that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless and not at all uncommon; and I vow, that had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done anything to ensure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

SONG.

“I STOOD AMID THE GLITTERING THRONG.”—BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.—(*From the Morning Herald.*)

This Song, which is the same that created so great a sensation at the Evening Concert of Lady —— but a few nights past, is set to one of the most touching and plaintive melodies ever composed by Bishop, who appears to have exerted more than his usual talent in giving effect to a Ballad, which, like “Oh no we never mention her” has been, we are told, the result of feeling on the part of its Author. Mr. B. is said to have written it on his return from a soirée near Portmann-square, after gallopading with a certain illustrious person in this exclusive *coterie*; and the young lady alluded to, is supposed to be the lovely and amiable recluse of a cottage orné, in the vicinity of Cheltenham. Madame Vestris, Miss Inverarity, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Waylett, Miss Somerville, and Miss H. Cawse, are the ladies, by means of whose most sweet warbling it will make its debut before the public.

I stood amid the glittering throng
I heard a voice—its tones were sweet!
I turned to see from whence they came
And gazed on all I longed to meet!
She was a fair and gentle girl!
Her bright smile greeted me by chance!
I whispered low—I took her hand—
I led her forth to dance!

There was but little space to move,
So closely all were drawn;
Yet she was light of heart and step,
And graceful as a fawn!
A virgin flower gemm'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance;
She was the star of all who stood
In that close Cottage Dance!

I've moved since then in princely halls—
I tread them even now!
I hold in mine the hand of one
With coronetted brow!!
And I may seem to court *her* smile,
And seem to heed *her* glance;
But my *heart* and *thoughts* still wander home
To that sweet Country dance!

Oft when I sleep—a melody
Comes rushing on my brain!
And the light music of that night
Is greeting me again!
I take her still small hand in mine,
Amid my blissful trance;
And once more—vision worth a world—
I lead her forth to dance!

GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

In so far as this book can be said to have any specific object, it is to show that musical composers are in the habit of borrowing their ideas from the inflections of speech, the sounds of animals, &c. That this is frequently the case, every body knows; but it is only when some imitation is intended. Mr. Gardiner, however, notes down a great many sounds of all sorts of birds and beasts, and then finds passages in the works of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and the other great composers, in which he discovers some resemblance to those sounds; and then he infers that the composer expressly imitated them. Such passages as Mr. Gardiner quotes are to be found in every page of these authors; and if we were to believe that the composers constructed them according to Mr. Gardiner's principle, we should set them down as the most childish of human beings. Among other notable discoveries of this sort, we find that the vigorous fugue-subject in the overture to the *Zauberflöte* is an imitation of the snappish tones of the composer's querulous wife!

Every musician, however, should read the *Music of Nature*. There are much more than two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff, and there is little trouble in finding them. Many of his remarks, even where they have nothing to do with the *philosophical* object of his work, are extremely acute and valuable. There is much taste and judgment in his criticisms on the style of the principal composers, singers, and instrumental performers; and numberless curious anecdotes, pleasantly narrated. A fine tone of enthusiasm pervades the whole.

In a popular notice of such a work, we can only make a few disjointed remarks on its disjointed contents.

From the circumstance of Scotch tunes wanting the 4th and 7th of the scale Mr. Gardiner infers that they are as ancient as the lyre of the Greeks, and that they were probably carried into Scotland by the Roman soldiers. The peculiarity of the Scottish scale has led Burney and others into similar speculations respecting their antiquity,—speculations that have always surprised us; for nothing is more certain; than that what is called the Scottish scale is the general scale of rude tribes. Well authenticated examples of it have been brought from every quarter of the globe,—from Africa, from the heart of Central Asia, from China, Persia, and the isles of the Indian Sea. And there is nothing surprising in its being so. By means of this scale, the singer avoids the formation of a semitone, an interval too minute and delicate for coarse ears and uncultivated organs of sound: and it is to be observed, that, if the semitones are thus avoided, no other scale but this is formed. The universality of this scale, in a rude state of music, is precisely what is to be expected; and the learned

conjectures of Mr. Gardiner and others are wholly unnecessary.

Mr. GARDINER repeats in the *Music of Nature* his fantastic analogies between musical sounds and colours, which he had given the world already. The following passage, which we have read before, is a most whimsical illustration of these analogies——

"The sinfonia in the *Creation*, which represents the rising sun, is an exemplification of this theory. In the commencement of this piece, our attention is attracted by a soft streaming note from the violins, which is scarcely discernible till the rays of sound which issue from the second violin diverge into the chord of the second; to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour, as the viols and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony. At the fifth bar, the oboes begin to shed their yellow lustre, while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violin, as the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness; the orange, the scarlet, and the purple unite in the increasing splendour, and the glorious orb at length appears refulgent with the brightest beams of harmony."

The oboes shedding their "yellow lustre" and "the flute silvering the mounting rays of the violin," form, certainly, a most *luminous* exposition of the subject.

The following remarks on the barking of dogs are curious. The Author's theory, which he states with such composure—that "the barking of a dog *is an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man*"—is sufficiently startling. We are unprepared either to assent to it or to impugn it. The schoolmaster is abroad among dogs, it should seem, as well as men!

"Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchmen of Israel to these animals: 'they are dumb—they cannot bark.' But, on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the 'dogs round about the city.' Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty; an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man. The dog indicates his different feeling by different tones of voice; and thus the shepherds' dog (in England) has a command over his flock, without using positive violence. Their tones are so marked, that they are recognized as expressive of anger or fear. The horse knows from the bark of a dog when he may expect an attack upon his heels."

"It cannot be doubted that dogs in this country bark more and fight less than formerly. This may be accounted for by the civilization of the lower orders, who have gained a higher taste in their sports and pastimes than

badger-baitings and dog-fights; and it may with truth be asserted, that the march of intellect has had its influence even upon the canine race, in destroying that natural ferocity in war, which, happily for the world, is now spent more in words than in blows."

Under the head of "Phraseology," there are some excellent remarks on a subject with which our English musicians are very imperfectly acquainted—the correct adoption of words to music. The faults of laying the accent on unmeaning particles putting the musical and rhetorical punctuation at variance, &c., are well exposed. In psalmody, the most absurd and irreverent effects are thus frequently produced. In one instance, the line, "Just like a poor polluted worm," is sung thus—

"Just like a poor poll,
Just like a poor poll,
Just like a poor polluted worm."

"But the most profane instance," says Mr. GARDNER, "I ever heard, was the concluding line, '*Jesus and our Sal—vation*.' " In another place he notices a ludicrous blunder of HANDEL, who, in setting the line. "Give me but her, I'll crowns resign," by a mistake of the accent, converted into the ludicrous request of "*Give me butter*, I'll crowns resign."

Our readers will perceive that this work has many eccentricities as well as merit but that on the whole it deserves the perusal of the lover of music.

EXTRACTS FROM WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Migration of Woodcocks.—"The Woodcocks arrive in Great Britain in flocks; some of them in October, but not in great numbers till November and December. They generally take advantage of the night, being seldom seen to come before sunset.

"The time of their arrival depends considerably on the prevailing winds; for adverse gales always detain them, they not being able to struggle with the boisterous squalls of the Northern Ocean. The greater part of them leave this country about the latter end of February, or beginning of March, always pairing before they set out. They retire to the coast, and, if the wind be fair, set out immediately; but, if contrary, they are often detained in the neighbouring woods and thickets for some time. So well skilled are these birds in atmospherical changes, that the instant a fair wind springs up they seize the opportunity; and where the sportsman has seen hundreds in one day, he will not find even a single bird the next.

"At the Landsend, Cornwall, every fisherman and peasant can tell, from the temperature of the air, the week, if not the day on which the woodcocks will arrive on the coast. They come in prodigious flocks, which reach the shore at the same time, and from their state of exhaustion, induced by their long flight, they are easily knocked down, or caught by dogs. A short respite soon invigorates them, so that they are enabled to pursue their inland course, but till thus recruited they are an easy prey, and produce no small sport to those who live in the neighbourhood."

Extraordinary Springs.—"There are no rivulets, or springs in the Island of Ferro, the west-most of the Canaries, except on a part of the beach, which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of a fountain, however, Nature, ever bountiful, has bestowed upon this island a species of tree, unknown to all other parts of the world. It is of a moderate size, and its leaves are straight, long, and evergreen. Around its summit a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture, that they continually distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these trees, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort; and are thus supplied with an abundance of water for themselves and for their cattle."

The Eagle.—"Mr. Lloyd mentions, that in Sweden, the eagle sometimes strikes so large a pike, and so firmly do his talons hold their grasp that he is carried under water by the superior gravity of the pike, and drowned. Dr. Mullenbog says, he himself saw an enormous pike with an eagle fixed to its back by his talons, lying dead on a piece of ground which had been overflowed

by a river, and from which the water had subsided.

"This naturalist also gives an account of a conflict between an eagle and a pike, which a gentleman saw on the river Gotha, near Wenersburg. In this case, when the eagle first seized the pike, he soared a short distance into the air, but the weight and struggling of the fish together, soon obliged the eagle to descend. Both fell into the water and disappeared. Presently, however, the eagle again came to the surface, uttering the most piercing cries, and making apparently every endeavour to extricate his talons, but in vain; and after a violent struggle was carried under water."

The Song of Birds.—"Male birds procure mates by the power of their song. Hence it may be inferred, that if a confined bird had acquired the song of another species, without retaining any notes of its own, and was set free, the probability is, that it would never find a mate of its own species; and even although it did, there is no reason to doubt but the young of that bird would be devoid of its native notes. There has been much controversy among naturalists, whether the notes of birds are innate or acquired; the greater part of which has originated amongst those who argue on general principles without experimenting. We have ourselves instituted these experiments, and have hence proved clearly, that the song of birds is innate. We have brought up repeatedly broods of young chaffinches, and they invariably sang their native notes when they arrived at maturity; and this without the possibility of their hearing the song of their kindred. Nay, on the contrary, they were brought up in the same room with a grey linnet, and never acquired any of its notes; but had their peculiar notes, which cannot possibly be mistaken."

Attachment of Animals.—"There were two Hanoverian horses, which had assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanour indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell."

Fishing Cats.—"Many instances have been recorded of cats catching fish. Mr. Moody, of Jesmond, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had a cat in 1829, which had been in his possession for some years, that caught fish with great assiduity, and frequently brought them home alive. Besides minnows and eels, she occasionally carried home pilchards, one of which, six inches long, was found in her possession in August, 1827. She also contrived to teach a neighbour's cat to fish; and the two have been seen together watching by the Uis for fish.

At other times, they have been seen at opposite sides of the river, not far from each other, on the look out for their prey.

"The following still more extraordinary circumstances of a cat fishing in the sea appeared in the *Plymouth Journal*, June, 1828:—

"There is now at the battery on the Devil's Point, a cat, which is an export catcher of the finny tribe, being in the constant habit of diving into the sea, and bringing up the fish alive in her mouth, and depositing them in the guard-room, for the use of the soldiers. She is now seven years old, and has long been a useful caterer. It is supposed that her pursuit of the water-rats first taught her to venture into the water, to which it is well known puss has a natural aversion. She is as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog, and takes her regular peregrinations along the rocks at its edge, looking out for her prey, ready to dive for them at a moment's notice."

Migratory Birds.—"It has been generally believed that migratory songsters, both old and young, return to their native haunts in the breeding season. From this circumstance it is believed, that if any of these could be bred beyond the ordinary limits of their incubation, they would return in the following season to their birth place. Impressed with this belief, Sir John Sinclair, bart. long known for his patriotism, commissioned the late Mr. Dickson, of Covent Garden, to purchase for him as many nightingales' eggs as he could procure at a shilling each. This was accordingly done, the eggs carefully packed in wool, and transmitted to Sir John by the mail. Sir John employed several men to find, and take care of, the nests of several robins, in places where the eggs might be deposited and hatched with security. The robins' eggs were removed, and replaced by those of the nightingale, which were all sat upon, hatched in due time, and the young brought up by the foster-parents. The songsters flew, when fully fledged, and were observed, for some time, near the places where they were incubated. In September, the usual migratory period, they disappeared, and never returned to the place of their birth."

Hodden Grey.—"The cloth peculiar to Scotland, called *hodden grey*, was a manufacture from the natural fleece; and throughout the domestic farming districts, the housewives still use their influence to have one black lamb retained among the flock, as the wool takes on dye more kindly, and is indeed often spun into thread for the stockings of the family, without receiving any artificial tinge."

The Climate of Britain.—"The climate of Britain, it is very generally believed, has deteriorated by becoming much more changeable than it was sixty years ago. This has with much probability, been attributed to the extent of planting, to the introduction of green crops, and abolition of fallows in an improved system of agriculture. Mr. Murray is of opinion, that trees by

condensing the moisture of the air in foggy weather, materially affect the climate, and that thickly wooded countries must be colder and more humid than naked savannahs. Trees are, therefore, it would seem, ready conductors of aërial electricity, the climate being improved when woods are cleared away, and becoming more moist by planting. This fact receives corroboration from the history of our own country, as well as from that of North America."

Crocodiles in Scotland.—"In Corncockle Moor, Dumfriesshire, there is a sandstone quarry, on the slabs of which are distinctly imprinted the tracks of the foot marks of animals. These were discovered in the year 1812. They differ in size from that of a hare's paw to the hoof of a pony. On a slab, which forms part of the wall of a summer-house, in Dr. Duncan's garden, at the Manse of Bothwell, there are twenty-four impressions, twelve of the right, and as many of the left foot. Professor Buckland considers, that the animals must have been crocodiles or tortoises."

Stags' Horns.—"There is a curious fact, not generally known, which is, at one period the horns of stags grew into a much greater numbers of ramifications than at the present day. Some have supposed this to have arisen from the greater abundance of food, and from the animal having more repose, before population became so dense. In some individuals, these multiplied to an extraordinary extent. There is one in the museum of Hesse Cassel with twenty-eight antlers. Baron Cuvier mentions one with sixty-six, or thirty-three on each horn."

Eels.—"There are no eels in the Danube, nor in any of its tributary streams. The rivers of Siberia, though large and numerous, are destitute of them."

THE SUBALTERN, OR THE GOOD OLD NAME.

Written for the Montreal Museum.

By a Lady, the Author of "Scenes at home and abroad," and other popular works.

"Virtue, my Laura, is woman's richest treasure, its value is beyond estimation,—a gem that will sparkle in obscurity and add lustre to rank; but without this engaging quality, fortune however richly attired, must bare the ignominious stamp of opprobrium and submit to the degradation of public reproach."

Such were the dying words of Colonel Elvyn to his daughter, soon after which he breathed his last, universally regretted by a numerous circle of friends, to whom the exalted qualities of his mind had *more* than endeared him, and by whom, he was long deservedly and sincerely lamented—but perhaps none more sensibly deplored their loss, than the Major, his brother, whom he had appointed his Executor and the guardian of his child—they had been tenderly attached to each other, were educated at the same college—instructed in the same principles—friends in every revolution of fortune—and fellow soldiers in the field.

Colonel Elvyn had been by death deprived of an amiable wife, soon after the birth of his only child his darling little Laura, to whom, from the date of that melancholy event, he had devoted all his leisure from military duties:—unlike the generality of his sex, he had spurned the idea of a second marriage, although it has been confidently asserted that many maiden ladies of a certain age, and many young widows of an *uncertain* income, have been seen to cast a longing, and sometimes a *languishing* look towards the fascinating, still obdurate Colonel, and, if they did so, it was no wonder!—for nature had formed him in her *good-natured* mood—He was tall and commanding in figure, soldier-like and gentlemanly in his appearance, his manners were mild, and, if his mode of life did not contradict the assertion we should say the language of his eye was love, and fire!—He was also wealthy, with only one child—and no poor relations—was it not therefore *provoking* that a *Colonel* with all these, and many more equally agreeable attractions should remain single? And what is still *more* unpardonable, seemingly insensible to the glances—sighs—and even mortifications, to which his indifference subjected many a fair spectator, not only in his immediate neighbourhood, but for miles round the country! Yet so it was—Colonel Elvyn had determined on forming

no second alliance, and he was inflexible to his purpose!

Upon opening his lamented brother's will, the Major found that he had left the chief part of his property to his daughter, with a clause however in the codicil, that should she marry a *subaltern*, or without her uncle's consent, a considerate part of her portion should be annexed to a freehold estate in ——shire and transferred to Frank Elvyn the only son of his brother—this estate which had descended to the Elvyns from generation to generation for nearly two-thousand-years, he bequeathed to his nephew, from a wish, as he was pleased to say, "that the good old family name might not be extinct in that part of the world where it had for so many ages been highly respected."

A very few years marked the difference of age between the two brothers, the Colonel and the Major, the latter was also a widower, and a truly worthy, as well as very brave man. In the early part of the late war, he had distinguished himself and gained promotion—but alas! that promotion was bought by the loss of a leg and other severe wounds which laid him upon the retired shelf for the rest of his life—he had a son however to supply his place in the army, and who gave promise that his father should not be the last of the Elvyns to gather laurels in the field.—He had been actively employed in the Peninsula, and about the time of the death of his uncle, he received his first reward from his king—a company in the —— Regiment of foot.

The important duty of guardian having devolved on the Major, it now became a matter of consideration how he should form arrangements most consistent with the future happiness of his ward,—wisely considering, that it would be imprudent to permit her to remain any longer in a place where every object served to remind her of her recent sad loss.

After due consideration, he decided, upon taking her into Devonshire, and, for a time, placing her under the care of a widowed sister, whose utmost endeavour would be, by every possible amusement, to disperse a gloom which had taken so entire possession of her mind, that they feared the most fatal consequences to her health—the plan of removal was no sooner suggested than it was executed, and in a few days Laura found herself introduced to an aunt whom she had never before seen.

Mrs. Martyn though a widow, had scarcely passed her twenty-ninth year, and notwithstanding she could not be pronounced any way remarkable, either for her mental or personal charms, yet she was one of those individuals whom it is impossible to see without wishing to be more intimately acquainted with—and as she had not, like her late brother, formed the resolution of continuing in "single-blessedness" her house was the rendezvous of the young and gay.

At the time Laura was presented to this circle she had just attained her seventeenth year; innocence and beauty were the characteristics of her countenance, whilst grace and modesty marked her steps.

The arrival of the lovely heiress had been announced in the neighbourhood by cards of invitation to a numerous party,—not one excuse was returned, all were anxious for the first interview. After some days of tedious suspense passed chiefly in the selection of gew-gaws, ribbons and rouge the eventful evening arrived, and Laura made her *debût* in that *coterie* in which it would be conjectured she might in future, form an important character; her entrée gave full employment to every tongue, the gentlemen were lavish of their encomiums, and the air distingué which so peculiarly marked Laura, did not fail to produce among some of the ladies envy the most piquant; she was however as insensible to the flattery of the one, as she was superior to the invidious remarks and sarcasm of the other.

Among the number numberless who professed their admiration of the fair one, was a Lieutenant Clifford, who had received his first commission in the regiment which her uncle had formerly the honor to command, and, from being an attentive young officer he had raised himself high in the estimation of the Major, through whose favor, he now hoped to gain a more intimate acquaintance with Laura. He accordingly seized the first opportunity of paying his devoirs to his old commander, but alas! a momentary disappointment awaited him; he learned from the servant that the Major had left home for London, and would not return for some days—but Clifford was not to be discouraged; he therefore further enquired if Mrs. Martyn and her niece were also absent? “They are at home Sir,” was the reply, and the man conducted the young officer into the drawing room, where he was received by the ladies with marked attention, particularly by the agreeable widow, who invited him sans-façon to pass the remainder of the day with them, his residence being a long ride from Elvyn Hall.

Nothing could have been more happily suggested to the ardent feelings of Clifford, who it need not be said, accepted the invitation and determined, that moments so portentous, and so opportunely offered, should not be lost:—he believed he had already seen enough of the young lady to feel convinced that he was not entirely indifferent to *her*, and, he was also fully persuaded that *she* was absolutely necessary to his own happiness, and therefore determined to lose no time in addressing her uncle on the subject nearest his heart. Clifford was not, what is generally termed, remarkably handsome, but, with a graceful person, possessed an accomplished and well stored mind. His character was as different, as his manners were superior to the greater number of *dashing* young men, who frequented the fashionable and gay coterie at Elvyn Hall. And consequently it was no great wonder, that he was by Laura particularly distinguished, and singled for *her own*.

But while this ominous attachment was daily gaining additional strength, the Major was cherishing ideas of a very different nature. He was calculating

that a marriage between Laura and his son would be very desirable! and not at all improbable, they were both young and had never yet seen each other!—at any rate, he would never deviate from his brother's injunctions by allowing his ward to marry a subaltern—besides, Mr. Clifford had no private fortune, being the younger son of an ancient and honorable, though *needy* family—the thing was impossible! it would never take place!—he resolved immediately to terminate an affair, which he feared would otherwise end in disappointment to his own wishes, and perhaps misery to his niece. He therefore sent for the young officer and after expostulating with him on the subject, insisted upon his promising to relinquish for *ever* all claim on the affections of Laura. "That I can never do Sir," was the stern reply; upon which the major indignantly left him, and instantly gave orders, forbidding his ever being admitted to his house in future,—nor was this the only step the cautious guardian adopted to complete his purpose, he immediately wrote to a noble friend at the war office requesting that Clifford might receive direct orders to join his regiment which was then on foreign service—this order however did not arrive so soon as might have been anticipated. In the interval an opportunity offered of communicating to Mrs. Martyn the result of the interview between the Major and himself—That lady espoused the lovers' cause, and endeavoured by all the persuasive powers of rhetoric to prove to her brother the cruelty of his mandate, but—the major was inexorable! the gates of Elvyn Hall were no longer open—or allowed to be opened to the aspiring subaltern. At length through the connivance of Mrs. Martyn he obtained an interview with his chosen, he repeated to her the great probability there appeared of his being obliged to leave her—and finally entreated by the sincerity of her affection for him, to remove the possibility of her uncle's disappointing their union, by giving her consent to a secret marriage.

Laura at first strongly opposed a step which she deemed derogatory to her duty—she had promised fidelity and could not be doubted—nor did she think her Clifford just in demanding any additional proof of her sincerity—this was a prudent argument but not calculated to allay the perturbation of a mind inflamed by love—and soured by apprehensive disappointment, Clifford continued to urge his suit—and to solicit with all the arguments his love was capable of furnishing him with.—When objections, founded on the basis of resolution, at length began to grow more and more faint, until at last womanly foiblesse yielded to entreaty!—And Laura consented to become his wife on condition, that her aunt should be present at the ceremony, and, that with *that* relation she should immediately return to the protection of her uncle, and remain under his roof until circumstances should render it prudent for Clifford to claim her as his own.

Mrs. Martyn was an adorer of mystery, nothing could give her greater

pleasure than being made a party in a secret of so much importance as a private marriage. Clifford therefore found no difficulty in prevailing on her to sanction his project—in short she was very useful in making the necessary arrangements; a day was fixed on which Laura should accompany her aunt to a village a few miles distant from their residence where a clergyman would be ready to tie the indissoluble knot. The ceremony was no sooner over than the newly married couple by mutual consent separated, and the ladies returned home—nor did the major entertain the least suspicion to what purpose their absence had been directed. A day or two now only elapsed when Clifford received the long dreaded order to join his regiment, he was however determined not to obey without first bidding adieu to his own Laura—labouring under excited feeling he immediately set out for her residence, though he dared not,—knowing the Major was at home—presume to present himself at the house. With agitated steps he paraded for some hours a sequestered path leading through a long avenue of trees at the back of the shrubbery, which he well knew to be the private walk of her he now so anxiously sought—alas! hour succeeded hour and not even a glance or shadow of Laura had appeared—the thought of seeing her had become hopeless! he was hesitating how to act—whether to address her by letter—or, to brave all consequences, to throw himself at the feet of her uncle, acknowledge his claim, and seek his pardon—overpowered with such contending feelings he was preparing to leave the place—when at the undecided moment fate favoured his wishes, and directed his beloved to the spot; her surprise and excess of grief when she heard the cause of his visit were beyond her control,—her heart melted within her—her frame trembled with emotion—and she would have fallen to the earth had not the extended arms of her no less agitated husband saved her! Unutterable grief filled the heart of the agonized Clifford, who, prepared as he was for the event, could not restrain the tide of his feelings—he pressed his lovely bride to his throbbing bosom, while the tear of affection rolled down his cheek—they were in this manner giving way to the excess of sorrow, when the Major surprised them by his sudden approach, his countenance fully expressive of his displeasure, and of the annoyance he felt at finding Clifford so unmindful of his commands—and it might be said that “fuel was added to fire” by seeing Laura so much afflicted at her lover’s departure.

After a moment’s expostulation, in language proving the excess of his anger, he sternly seized the afflicted fair one by the hand, and before she could well say, “farewell dear Clifford” forced her into the house.

Phrenzy for a time took possession of her soldier’s brain—he raved—writhed in agony—threatened, and in wild despair, threw himself on the ground—then hastily rose, determined to claim his wife, and rescue her from

what, he had too much reason to dread might be severity on *his* account—but the resolution had hardly been made when a sense of the impropriety of the disclosure flashed across his mind,—he saw the necessity of his quitting his beloved Laura in search of *promotion*, and that rank which would enable him publicly to claim his prize—he therefore hastened from the spot which had been the scene of such contending feelings, and prepared immediately to obey his orders.

Clifford now joined his regiment in Spain where he soon had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his military career,—nor was he less esteemed for his valour, than for the generosity and kindness of his nature.

Notwithstanding the vigilance with which the prudent Major watched the conduct of Laura, yet she found means through the assistance of her aunt, to correspond with her husband,—the only alleviation afforded her to the pangs of separation.

Merit soon raised the enterprising young subaltern to the command of a company,—but "as fortune does not always favour the brave," this event was quickly succeeded by a reverse in his prospects.—In an engagement with the army he was taken prisoner, and with several of his brother officers was conveyed to a garrison town, where, upon their parole they were allowed the liberty of walking through the city and its environs. Returning one evening to his quarters, he had approached the corner of a narrow dark street, when he suddenly came upon sounds which he distinguished to be the clashing of swords—impelled by the sympathizing feelings of his nature he hastened to the spot, the darkness of the night prevented the possibility of minutely distinguishing objects; he however, saw sufficient to convince him, that one man was engaged in contest with at least three others, and that *he* evidently had no weapon of defence, except a small bamboo, while his opponents were brandishing their stilettos. Clifford quickly decided which side to espouse—and, although as a prisoner of war, he was without arms, yet by an extraordinary effort of strength, or agility he wrested the stiletto from the hand of one of the assailants, and flew to the assistance of the man who had hitherto so nobly defended himself against such an unequal force.—A few seconds only laid one of the assassins at the feet of Clifford, the other two were quick in flight, leaving their fellow companion to receive the reward due to their villainy.

By this time the alarm had reached the garrison, and a detachment of soldiers were dispatched to ascertain the cause and particulars of the affray which was circumstantially related by the stranger, who, by timely assistance had just escaped with his life.—The fallen assassin who was severely, though not mortally wounded was secured, while Clifford, and the other gentleman were suffered to depart—they did not however separate until they had

exchanged cards of address, the stranger acknowledging his high sense of gratitude for the humane interference to which in all probability he owed his life, and expressed his intention to have the honor of calling upon his deliverer, as he was pleased to style Clifford on the following day.

The surprise of our hero may be imagined when upon reaching his quarters he read on the card the name, “Captain F. Elvyn”——“yes, yes it is—it undoubtedly is the cousin of my dearest Laura”! he exclaimed, “Heaven has thus in mercy enabled me to render him assistance,—but I will not divulge my secret—no,—I will not tell him the situation in which I stand with his family . . . nor, must I ever mention the name of her on whom my sole happiness depends!”

At an early hour on the following day Captain Elvyn made his promised visit.—He addressed Clifford with reiterated thanks for the service he had rendered him, and for which, he said, he should for ever feel the highest sense of obligation, he concluded by requesting to be honored, with a continuance of his friendship. From this period these young men were inseparable; implicit confidence existed between them! In due time Clifford entrusted his friend with the history of his marriage, taking care at the same time to conceal the name of the parties—Elvyn in return, related to him, every particular of his life not omitting to mention his father’s wish to promote an alliance between his cousin Laura and himself. “But that will never be effected,” continued the Captain “Though I hear she is a very amiable and lovely girl—my hand will only accompany my heart and that is already engaged to the daughter of my Colonel who sanctions our attachment, and has promised to bless our union upon my return to England.”

Had Elvyn been very observant, he might have traced in the various changes—and mingled expression of Clifford’s countenance the intense interest which his narrative excited in the bosom of his friend; which recital however, concluded much to his satisfaction.

Some few months had now elapsed when a cartel was established for the exchange of prisoners—happily in the number were included these two young officers who immediately prepared to visit their native land. Each had so much to anticipate, that it is difficult to pronounce to whom the greater share of happiness had fallen, but we do not hesitate to assert that Clifford evidently evinced the *greatest* impatience to be off.—The excess of joy that he felt in the anticipation of soon seeing his Laura, led him into a thousand follies, and rendered him alike insensible to the remarks of his fellow travellers on their journey, as he was to the variety and beauty through which they occasionally passed—upon arriving at Dover he betrayed the most petulant impatience—raving at the post-boy complaining of the horses—the badness of the roads—the tediousness of travelling—the impositions of the Inn-keepers—in short he

was anything but an agreeable companion.—Elvyn was also anxious to reach the finale of his journey, yet he frequently could not suppress a smile at the irascible feeling betrayed by his friend, and which he knew was so perfectly opposite to his natural disposition.

Upon receiving intimation that his son was on his passage to England—and, to prevent any delay to their meeting, the Major had removed, with his sister and niece to London. As the military travellers approached the metropolis, Elvyn addressed his companion with "my dear Clifford you must positively suppress your impatience for a few hours; and allow me to introduce you to my family before you proceed to yours. I have already communicated to my father that I have a friend with me, though I have omitted to mention your name." Clifford paused for a moment then said, "I will accede to your proposal if you will insure me a friendly reception from the Major."

"That I will," returned Elvyn, "and from the fair Laura too—by-the-way, if it were not for that shy marriage of yours I would bespeak you for my relation!"

"Then here we are," said Clifford "for I believe this is Berkley square." In a moment the post chaise stopped—the boy had hardly raised the knocker when the door opened,—in an instant they were in the drawing room, met by the Major, and his fair niece who had not the most distant idea who was the companion of her cousin,—as Elvyn introduced to his father his much valued friend, he was surprised to see the scowl of angry disappointment which clouded the brow of his parent—whilst Laura gave a terrific shriek and fell senseless on the sofa—there was a mystery in the passing scene, that might have puzzled a wiser head than the captain's to solve, and though indeed he found it difficult to unravel the secret, he had presence of mind to conceal his real surprise—whilst Clifford fondly kneeling over his beloved, endeavoured by every endearment to recall her wandering senses, and justly upbraided the incautious act, which had placed her in so trying a situation, the Major became furious, and peremptorily desired him to leave her; "never,—never Sir," replied the agitated husband, "she is—she is my wife—my own fond wife!" This unexpected declaration left no doubt on the mind of the Major that the young man was seized with delirium, for he had never conceived the most distant suspicion of the marriage; his son however now found no difficulty in solving the mystery, and taking Clifford by the hand said: "and is it really Laura, who has been the constant theme of your enraptured conversation? It is ——I see it, let me then assure you my dear fellow that nothing could afford me more sincere pleasure than thus finding in a friend whom I love, a relation to whom I am probably indebted for my present existence, and whose sterling worth I can so justly appreciate."—Turning then to his father, he related to him the incidents of their first meeting, and the courageous manner in which

Clifford had rescued him from the point of the stiletto—he proceeded to inform him of their previous marriage, and implored not only his pardon for the rash act, but entreated also that his generous preserver might be with him a sharer in his paternal affection.

An appeal from a beloved son so opportunely offered, carried its full effect, the feelings of the Major were subdued—he pressed his trembling niece to his bosom, and extending his hand to Clifford promised his blessing to them both—and assured them of his future friendship and protection.

Thus by an unlooked for event were this amiable young couple made happy; affording an additional proof that the ways of Providence, although mysterious, are wise and good. Clifford has many years since discovered, that the advice given to his Laura in her father's dying words, were not unprofitably bestowed—virtue and affection have shone conspicuously in her family, and at this day render them an example worthy of imitation.

Nor was the good old Major less happy in his son, who was shortly after his return to England united to the woman of his fondest love—he became the father of several fine boys and now fairly promises to keep up the "Good old family name" in ——shire where he has ever since resided on the estate bequeathed to him by his uncle Colonel Elvyn.

SIMPLIFIED APPLICATION OF STEAM.

PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

At the meeting of the Academy, held on the 7th January a memoir was read, in which M. Pelletan treated of the 'Dynamic effects of a jet of steam, and the means of applying it, in a simple and cheap way, to the purpose of the useful arts.'—"A jet of steam," says the author, "when thrown into a cylindrical conduit, or into a pipe filled with air, imparts the active power, with which it is endued, to the column of air, without any other loss than that occasioned by the friction in the conduit or pipe." He then gives the general formulæ applicable to every case in this phenomenon, and adds, that its correctness had been established by a vast number of trials on a large scale, and that he was ready to repeat his experiments before a committee of the members, with an apparatus of his construction. His detail of the results, which have already ensued from his discovery, are deserving of attentive notice. "A jet of steam issuing through an orifice of a millimetre (French measure), under a pressure of five atmospheres, possesses a velocity of five hundred and fifty-nine metres (1084-3/8 feet) per second; it consequently moves at the same rate of velocity as a bullet discharged from a gun. But this enormous velocity is, in its simple form, of no practical benefit, inasmuch as it cannot be converted into a useful agent; when, however, the steam has been enabled to impart motion to a quantity of atmosphere, the velocity, it is true, is diminished, but the mass set in motion is increased; and, by this operation, the active power of the jet of steam is susceptible of extensive application. The elastic force of steam has hitherto been employed under pressure, by the aid of machines, which are necessarily complicated and costly, and involve a serious loss of power from their bulkiness and friction; but steam, acting immediately by its own power can be made to effect its objects in machines of so simple a construction, that a steam-engine of one man's power may henceforth be worked by a common fire." Pelletan remarks, that the force of steam, so applied, may be brought directly in aid of the mechanic, and will enable him to double and treble his daily gains, instead of its powers being limited, as hitherto, to filling the coffers of great capitalists at a compound ratio. The same jet of steam, when applied to the purpose of increasing the draft of furnaces, enables the proprietor to reduce their diameter to two inches, even where a large furnace is in question, to lead the smoke in any direction which may suit him best, and to make use of the whole heat produced. By means of this jet also a vacuum may be effected at will, in any given space however considerable it may be, and

permanently maintained, not only at very small cost, but through the medium of an apparatus of the simplest construction. This process is of ready application wherever evaporation or desiccation are to be effected. Acting upon a column of air, the jet supplies the simplest and most efficacious mode, which can be adopted for creating blasts in forges, furnaces, &c. It appears that the inventor claims priority in this important discovery, inasmuch as he communicated the properties of the jet in a paper addressed to the Academy in the year 1829; and he is tenacious of the claim, in consequence of the latter application of the jet in impelling steam-carriages in England. The second part of Pelletan's paper relates to steam-boats; in this he mentions, that a boat built at Cherbourg, had been already propelled at the rate of three knots and a half per hour, by means of an engine of one-tenth only of the dimensions of an engine in another vessel, which goes at the rate of seven knots and a half; and that additions are making so as to give the new engine increased power.

Pelletan's machinery involves no fly-wheels, nor any external enginery; it is a re-acting machine, placed below the water-line, and beyond the reach of missiles: it takes up but little room, and does not exceed one-tenth part of the tonnage which a vessel can carry. If the invention be indeed crowned with the success which the inventor confidently anticipates, it will produce a complete revolution in the science of steam navigation.

At the same meeting M. Biot reported in the most favourable terms on Persoz' artificial "*Ultramarine*," and the certainty at which he had arrived, in producing the identical articles in quantities; and M. Costaz read a paper on 'A new mode of expressing the absolute elevation of geographical positions.' M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire took his seat, on this occasion, as President of the Academy; and M. Gay-Lussac was elected Vice-President for the ensuing year.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

The following obituary notice, from the *Albany Argus* of the 18th March, {has} been handed to us by a friend of the late *Mrs. Lupton*. We insert it with pleasure, persuaded it will tend to increase a taste for literature and science among the ladies in Canada; and for another reason also, that the deceased had many friends in Montreal who will join in rendering homage to that lady's merits and talents.

MRS. LANCASTER LUPTON.

It may perhaps be permitted one who has much known the subject of the present imperfect sketch, to trespass for a few moments upon the time of his readers, in faintly portraying the life and character of one, who deserved, if ever erring mortal did, to have inscribed upon her tomb, "a woman, in whose spirit there was no guile."

In a sketch necessarily so brief as this, it would be impossible to descend into minutiæ. Of her early life, the writer of this article knows but little. She was born at Walton in Delaware county. Her father, Dr. Platt Townsend, was as justly esteemed for his science and skill in his profession, as for his many amiable qualities. Mrs. L. was married early in life, to Lancaster Lupton, Esq. a gentleman of high professional and literary attainments, and for a short time resided in the city of New-York, where her husband died, leaving to her sole care and protection an infant daughter, who survived until she had nearly completed her sixteenth year.

Mrs. Lupton's early education had not been distinguished by any peculiar advantages; but upon the death of her husband, she devoted herself with even greater energy and perseverance than before, to the acquisition of knowledge, not only as a source of rational delight and intellectual and moral improvement but with special reference to the instruction of her daughter. She personally conducted the education of her child, and witnessed with all a mother's joy the rapid development of precocious talent and youthful loveliness, till in the hour of their brightest promise, death blasted forever her fond anticipations, by suddenly withdrawing the object of her care.

The devotion to literary and scientific studies, commencing with her earliest years, was pursued with renewed and unremitted vigour upon the death of her child. Since that event, Mrs. Lupton has resided in different sections of this state, and for a short time in Canada: admired and loved wherever she was known. Her last place of residence, was at a relative's on Long Island, where

she closed her earthly career, in the emphatic words of holy writ, “dying the death of the righteous.”

The talents of Mrs. L. were of so high an order, and her acquirements of so varied and lofty a character, that it is no injustice to the living to say, that she has left behind her, in her own sex at least, few who could equal her in energy of intellect, or extent of acquisition. She had a general knowledge of natural history, in one branch of which (Botany) she was a laborious student, as well as an amateur and proficient. She spoke French with facility, and was extensively acquainted with the literature of that language. She read Spanish and Italian with ease; was a tolerable Latin scholar, and by great diligence and self-denial, had so far mastered the Hebrew, as to have perused in that language the whole of the Old Testament. She was well versed in the polite literature of her own country, and language; her knowledge of ancient history was distinguished for its peculiar accuracy and extent; and her taste and skill in the fine arts excited universal admiration.—She was an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and executed, during her leisure moments, many pieces in painting and sculpture, which have elicited from those who stand at the head of their respective arts in this country, high, but well merited commendation. In the midst of all these studies and pursuits, she neither overlooked nor despised the ordinary avocations of her sex. The productions of her mechanical skill in embroidery, needle work, dress and fancy articles, would of themselves have entitled to the praise of uncommon industry. In a word, there was nothing she attempted in which she did not excel; and in an industrious and well spent life, there was but few things within her power, that she did not attempt.

In this connexion, it should also be mentioned, that she spent much of her time in society, and mingled in its enjoyments with great vivacity and spirit. If it be asked how she found time to attempt and to accomplish so much, the answer is to be found partly in the fidelity with which she uniformly devoted a portion of each day, and sometimes weeks in succession, to close and laborious application, and partly in the readiness with which she mastered the subjects of her studies.

To those who knew her well, all that I have said, or can say, will be deemed at best but faint praise; those, who knew her not, may at least infer from the facts that have been stated that she was one of those rare and highly gifted females, whose endowments are not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature itself. But it was not alone for pre-eminence in talent that Mrs. Lupton was admired and loved.—In all her different relations in life, as a wife, a mother, a relative, and a friend, she was all that duty demanded or affection could desire—sincere and ardent in all her attachment, the prosperity or adversity of her friends produced in her no change. To the call of duty or

affection, her attention was ever prompt. No personal inconveniences, no dangers, no "lions by the wayside," could ever deter her for a moment from pursuing the path where duty pointed. Of her numerous and munificent charities this is not the proper place or time to speak—whilst living, she guarded them from the eye of the world with the most jealous care, and even when resting in her grave, that which she intended should remain between her conscience and her God, ought not, perhaps, be brought before the public. As an interesting, but very imperfect illustration of the qualities both of mind and heart, which adorned the character of Mrs. Lupton, the writer will venture to lay before his reader, extracts (omitting names) from some of her familiar letters, written in the ordinary style of her epistolary composition.

Montreal, 21st June, 1828.

My dear friend— * * * * * *

Our friends continue, both in sickness and in health, to be unremitting in their attentions—and their numbers are daily increasing. Madame ——, hearing that we had a letter to her husband now in England, called on us with her nephew. She is a lady of the kindest and most amiable manners, and is a great acquisition to us. Mr. —— was our escort on the 18th, and yesterday made a delightful party for us, to visit the Priests' gardens and spend the evening at his house. A little after five o'clock, we filled three calashes, and drove off. The building of the Priests was an ancient fortress, two towers of which are still standing, and give to the present edifice an air of romance not unpleasing. The pleasure grounds are very extensive, consisting of parterres, long ranges of fruit trees in espalier, vegetable gardens, vineyard, orchards, wild rambles among the rocks, with occasional resting places to enjoy the beautiful scenery. Then suddenly a lawn presents itself, rich and glowing as the tints of the Persian loom. A little lake also, with a light canoe floating on its bosom, and a fountain playing in its centre. There are seats shaded by majestic and venerable elms, and linden trees, planted in other times, by consecrated hands, long since mouldered into dust, and even now perhaps "casting their crowns at the feet of the Lamb that was slain." The freshness, the beauty, the tranquility, with the devotional associations of this scene, created a kind of enthusiasm which made us almost wish to linger here forever.

F. P. LUPTON.

Cedar Swamp, (L.I.) *18th July.*

My dear friend—I received your two favors this day, dated the 12th and the 14th. I am rejoiced to hear of your health in this alarming season, when “we know not what a day may bring forth.” We anxiously cast our eyes upon our friends, and fearly think of “the pestilence which walketh in darkness,” and which is thus in rapid strides passing over our terrified country. No one knows who may be its next victim, or when or where it may approach us, and we only pray that that Power which can speak peace to the raging tempest, will arrest its progress. * * * * * *

I must describe this spot, and then when you see it, you may perhaps be *blessed* with some of my enthusiasm. It is an ancient dwelling built by my grandfather, situated in the centre of a fine valley, containing extensive meadows, rich corn fields, and venerable trees; two orchards planted by his own hands, and one old locust, which looks like a lord of the forest; Jupiter’s own tree, he having marked it with a thunderbolt. This stands on the green space before our door, and around it is our carriage course; in going and in returning we take a wheel around it; and after a long absence I feel as if I wished to embrace it in my arms. To screen us from the north winds, we have a deep shady grove of pseudo acacia, and at the west before my window, stands a giant weeping willow which forms a beautiful curtain, through which I receive the softened light of our glowing sunsets. Our fee simple extends from the east road to the west, and we are about two miles from Hempstead harbor, where we have fine bathing and sea air.

My dear ——, During the short visit which we received from your ——, I could not absent myself long enough from his presence to write you a few lines. We spent that brief period in conversing on the subjects relating to our friends in different parts of the state, and the agreeable moments we had passed together at A——. And now that we are no longer favoured with the company of agreeable visitors, and our accustomed silence and tranquility are restored, I steal a few moments to tell you I have finished my bust of ——, and every one says it is a good likeness. I am now engaged in making preparations for the cast; and here I fear I shall not succeed so well; but I shall soon be with you to tell you in person the result of my experiments.

[Alluding to a present she had recently made {of} a of piece of plate on which was engraved the name of her daughter, Mrs. L. adds —]

I placed on it the name of an angel, whose passage through life was pure, and bright, and transient, to remind you that all earthly hopes are uncertain, and that the brightest felicity must soon be shrouded in the tomb. I hope, my dear ——, that this little monitor, when it sometimes meets your eye, may find your thoughts directed to that heaven, where our blessed Saviour has ascended to intercede for our acceptance, and where our beloved friends are waiting to receive us. Let us not then, my dear ——, be too anxious respecting the things of this life, which are but for a moment; but let us elevate our minds to holier and more glorious objects. Let us live every day, as beings that must soon give an account of actions, and even thoughts.—The world, it is true, has many pleasures, which may be enjoyed with moderation; it has many fleeting joys, but we must not set our hearts upon them—all that is stable is virtue—nothing unchangeable but God. I do not wish to depress you, and give a gloomy cast to your thoughts. I wish you to take a rational view of life, and a sublime contemplation of an here-after. I wish you to pass through it with dignity and usefulness, enjoying all that it is capable of yielding, and when it is over, may you my dear ——, be received to the possession "of those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." * * * * * *

Thus would you pass through life beloved and happy, and your sun would set brilliantly, to rise in a brighter day:—And I fervently pray that the Most High will sustain you by his omnipotent arm, and preserve you ever in purity and peace: that he may direct your footsteps that they may never err, and guide your youthful thoughts to the excellency of wisdom, and the beauty of holiness. There is a sublimity in virtue, a magnanimity in the practice of piety, that on earth can no where else exist; and that you may have an elevated perception of all that is excellent, and an unabated ardor in the pursuit of it, is the most cherished wish of your ever affectionate

FRANCES P. LUPTON.

Cedar Swamp, (L. I.) *26th. Aug. 1832*.

My dear friend— * * * * * *

Never since Christopher Columbus first set foot upon these shores, has such sorrow been known here. One friend after another is snatched away from us; and who shall say where the blow may next fall? I have absolutely grown thin with anxiety; nor do I wish to be so callous as not to feel in a moment like this, when we all live beneath the sword suspended by a hair. The word *fear* is so

indefinite, that I perceive no one likes to use it. If it were that slavish fear, which would induce the recreant to fly from duty, and desert his friend in danger, no wonder. The wise King exhorts us to fear God continually, and *now* if *ever*, we are admonished to do so. His fearful wonders are abroad in the earth, and it is the suggestion of the religious mind, that man should bow beneath them. We admire him in the sunshine and the showers, and fear him in the tempest. We love him in the fruits, and in the flowers; and fear him when he walketh in the whirlwind, and shroudeth our smiling land in pestilence. Let those, then, who blush to say they fear the Cholera, acknowledge with pious humility, that they fear and reverence that Holy Being who giveth us life, and knoweth when it is best to take it away. * * * * * *

Many thanks to you my dear friend, for your kind invitation to your house. The reiterated good offices, and multiplied attentions which I have received beneath your hospitable roof, have left an impression upon my mind too deep to be effaced but with my latest breath.

With me the future is so very uncertain, that I dare not trust to its promises; and can only say, that your presence will ever be pleasant, and your happiness dear to me: and whether the morrow produce good or evil, the power is mine to be true to my friend, and faithful to my duty. * * * * * *

To conclude: The journey through life of the subject of this sketch, though crossed with many trials, was also cheered with many triumphs; and the last and closing scene, by the greatest of all triumphs—the christian's victory over the powers of death. —*Requiescat in pace!*

"Peace to her memory, let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom thro' the flight
Of ages: Let the light
Stream on her deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and in the book of fame,
The glorious record of her virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like hers and catch from her the hallowed flame."

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A GOURMAND.

BY H. D. INGLIS.

It was a thing I had long set my heart upon, for his dinners were celebrated all over town. I had heard, indeed, that he paid his cook a cool hundred per annum. I took up the note, and read again for the twentieth time:—

> "Dear Sir—A few friends are to dine with me on Friday next off a simple haunch; and perhaps a trifle of turtle; if not better engaged, I shall be glad to see you at six o'clock.
>
> "Yours
>
> "RALPH GOODTABLE.
>
> "P. S. An answer will oblige."

"Here Tom," said I, "carry this directly to Mr. Goodtable, Russell Square, I don't know the number, but you will easily find out the house; let me know the number when you return." I knew well enough the number of Mr. Goodtable's house; but, to be quite sure that my note of acceptance was duly delivered, there was no better way than I hit upon. It was yet only Monday; three tedious days intervened, but I had ample food for contemplation in the prospect of Friday. My acquaintance with Mr. Goodtable was but slight; but I had long known him by reputation us one of the most celebrated of Amphytrions; and, looking upon this as the first of a series of invitations, I saw in imagination a long perspective of haunches. My evening passed away delightfully; my servant had left a chink of the window open, to purify the room from a smell of sulphur, and pleasantly occupied with a *brochure* entitled; 'Hints to diners out,' I was first made sensible of my imprudence in sitting with my back to it, by a sharp twinge of ear-ache. However, I thought no more of it; ate a little lobster, and went to bed.

Next morning I awoke with a violent cold. I was hot, husky, and uncomfortable! " 'Tis but Tuesday," said I, "and besides a basin of hot tea will put all to rights." After my potation, the cold took a more determinate form —" 'Tis but a cold in the head," said I, "and will no doubt, be well to-morrow." The day passed away sulkily enough; I could not resist a cut of turbot, a bachelor's leg of Welsh mutton,and a snipe or two at dinner, and, towards evening, my cold increased. "I ought to have dined sparingly," said I, "but agad I'll starve it at supper;" and I kept my word; for I drank gruel in bed. "Nauseous stuff," said I, as I swallowed it; but the prospect of Friday forced it

down.

Wednesday morning, after a restless night, I awoke worse; I was half deaf, and blind of one eye, and a constant stream of pure water descended from eyes and nostrils. “This is very disagreeable,” said I, “but ’tis only a cold in the head, and will, no doubt, be well to-morrow—and to-morrow is but Thursday.” This day I contented myself with soup and a fricassee of chicken and trespassed only the length of two glasses of sherry. The starving system produced no effect; I supped upon oysters and Burton ale, and crept to bed.

Thursday came and no improvement with it. “This is more than a joke,” said I, “to-morrow is Friday; no doubt I can equally enjoy the haunch; but a man, with a cold like this, looks so decidedly queer, and feels so uncomfortable, and is such poor company besides, that he runs a bad chance of a second invitation. I’ll send for my friend Dr. Mendem,” and so I did.

“Really, doctor,” said I, “I’m almost ashamed to tell you why I’ve sent for you. You see the condition I’m in; I’m engaged to dine to-morrow with Goodtable—you know Goodtable?”

“Know him! ay, that I do,” said the Doctor, “you need go no farther, I see the whole affair; I must cure you, I suppose. I’ll order you a draught; I can’t undertake to cure the cold by a draught, but I can stop it during to-morrow at all events.”

This was all I desired; at bed-time I took the Doctor’s draught, which smelled strong of opium. I slept sound—woke late—and the cold seemed to be gone. No pain—no dim eyesight—a little stupid or so, and thirsty; “but a basin of tea will remove these inconveniences; he is a wonderful fellow, Dr. Mendem.” This was the wished-for day, and the glories of the haunch began to rise more distinctly to my imagination. I resolved to be cautious, I drank tea, and ate bread and butter, which I thought tasted more than usually insipid. I sat down to write letters, but found myself scratching the figure of a haunch; I took up the Encyclopædia, and instinctively turned to the word Turtle. The day wore away slowly—one—two, came. I rang for the chicken broth I had ordered; “It is always insipid,” said I, “but to-day ’tis absolutely tasteless:” but my ill-humour at the cook evaporated before the vision of turtle, and three o’clock struck. I had long been aware that no man can do justice to himself, or to the dinner which he is invited to eat, if he neglects air and exercise. I therefore ordered my horse, and galloped three times round the Regent’s Park; and, when I returned to Gower Street, it was time to dress.

As six o’clock struck I left home: ’twas but a step to Russell Square, and the walk would do me good. What pleasant anticipations were mine! My appetite was in the most enviable condition,—decided—even keen—but not outrageous,—when a man for mere hunger, tosses down turtle, as if it were barley broth. I felt, as I lifted the knocker, and saw the bright glare of the

kitchen fire illuminating the area below, that there are few moments of a man's existence more enviable than that in which, with a keen relish for the enjoyment of an exquisite dinner, he reaches the door of the Amphytrion.

Some of the party had arrived,—and the rest soon followed; we were received in Mr. Goodtable's library—a model of a room for comfort; and the interval between our arrival and the announcement of dinner was just long enough to create a little gentle impatience, which acts as a whetter to the appetite. The door swung open; and we proceeded, with the visual civil bows of yielded precedency and mock humility, to the dining-room, where the anticipated pleasures of the palate prevented me from noticing the absence of that rich savour, with which the steams of turtle might have been expected to impregnate the atmosphere.

I have always been of opinion, that swallowing rich soup takes off the keen edge from the appetite; and that *a certain* keenness of appetite is indispensable to the perfect enjoyment of that relish which may no doubt be felt in some degree even with a partly sated appetite. Some persons, well conversant with these matters, are, I know, of a different opinion; thinking that the vulgar appetite of hunger prevents that leisurely attention to flavour, which they say the pleasures of the palate demand. But siding, as I do, with the former opinion, I resolved to abstain from turtle, that all my powers might be concentrated upon the haunch, which has always been my favourite staple of a dinner.

The preliminaries were over—the haunch was set down—and all the acquired perceptions of the epicure, blended with the natural instincts, were fixed upon the now near enjoyment of it. Having eaten no turtle, Mr. Goodtable kindly helped me first. Now was the moment of my reward; I looked on my neighbours with a consciousness of the advantage I possessed over those whose appetites were already impaired, and whose nice perceptions of the delicate shades of flavour, the turtle must in some degree have blunted. The delicious slices smoked on my plate; the wine sauce was added; I seized my knife and fork with as much composure as the excited state of my feelings would permit; and the next moment, a morsel, with all its auxiliaries, was in my mouth. What miracle is this? said I within myself, as the fat, melted away, left no impression upon my palate. Another and another morsel succeeded—and with the same result. Ye Household Gods, who are in truth the true Gastronomic Deities, aid me in describing the anguish of that moment, when the horrible suspicion flashed across my mind that Dr. Mendem's draught, in staying my cold, had locked up the sense of taste. The haunch, the anticipated haunch was before me—in contact with my palate: it might have been the vilest mutton—a French *bouilli*—a Spanish olla—it might have been anything; and yet, every morsel which a brute appetite—hunger, Sir, vulgar hunger—

forced down my throat, carried along with it, unexhaled, untasted by me, that exquisite savour, which all could appreciate but myself, and upon which I, of all those who ate of it, had no doubt cherished the fondest hopes.

"Charming haunch," said the happy mortal who sat by my side, turning to me with the contented air of a sated epicure, and requesting me to join him in a glass of Madeira.

Unfeeling wretch! said I internally, as echoing his "Charming haunch" I bowed over the glass of Madeira, which for me, might have been Cape, or rain water.

VEGETABLE COOKERY,

With an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food. London:

The editor of this work belongs to a society, upwards of one hundred of whom have abstained from animal food from ten to twenty years. We have heard of this society, and suspect that it holds its meetings in Covent Garden, and that the president has a lively interest in the sale of pot-herbs. There is a frontispiece, indeed, very like a fancy stall in that market.

The hint is clearly taken from Grimaldi's old stage trick of building up a man of vegetables—and the authoress has wisely, or more herbally speaking, sagely endeavoured to apply pantomime practice to the real every-day life, and to support the human body with sourkrout, onions, parsnips, and split-peas. "The pernicious custom of eating animal food having become so general in this country," she feels called upon to make a stand against buttock of beef, set her own face against pork chops, and lift up her vegetable voice in a style enough to put Alderman Scales and his fraternity on their own tenterhooks. The lady's chapel is evidently not Whitechapel, and she declares mote for Tabernacle than Meeting. Dr. *Lambe* very naturally declares with her against *Mutton*; and Dr. Buchan says "the consumptions so common in England are in part owing to the great use of animal food;" but the dear lady does not perceive that the consumption here applies to the cattle, with whom it is really an hereditary disease. The late Sir Edward Berry "prevailed on a man to live on partridges—without vegetables," but after eight days trial "he was obliged to give up the game." Nobody doubts it; but how long would a good strong hearty fellow hold out on a diet of "purslain, pennyroyal, and tarragon"?—"The Tartars," says Sir John Sinclair, "who live principally on animal food, possess a ferocity of mind and fierceness of character, which forms the leading features of all carnivorous animals." Begging Sir John's pardon—the horseflesh has nothing to do with the matter. A Tartar would be a *Tartar* if he only ate sorrel. The lady, however, goes a step beyond Sir John, and declares, that the eaters of animal food are nothing less than Holloways and Haggertys, and that Dolly's chop-house is as infamous as Probert's cottage. She tells us—"We must cease to degrade and bestialize our bodies, by making them the burial places for the carcasses of innocent brute animals, some healthy, some diseased, and *all* violently murdered!" p. 3. And again, (p. 4.) "There can be no doubt, therefore, that the practice of slaughtering and devouring animals has a tendency to strengthen in us a murderous disposition and brutal nature, rendering us insensible to pity, and inducing us more easily to sanction the murdering of a

fellow creature."—No such thing. Johnson, the last murderer, was a gardener, and certainly had more to do with vegetables than butcher's-meat. The Irish, unfortunately adduced by the lady as examples, though they live mainly on potatoes, are not very remarkable for mildness, or mercy; and if this Mrs. Herbstrewer will refer to Thurtell's case, she will find, that though the murderers ate pork chops, it was *after* the fact.

The lady is a pious lady, and appeals often to her Bible, but professedly disbelieves that "real animals were let down in a sheet out of Heaven" to the hungry apostle. Her version evidently is—"Arise, Peter;—kill that cucumber—slay that lettuce—and stick that turnip!" Such a diet, she declares, would "entirely abolish the greatest of all curses, *war*"—and yet, of all the apostles, St. Peter was the only one recorded to have used his sword!—To come nearer home, Earl Grey pursues a peaceful policy; but does it follow that his lordship breakfasts on leeks, or dines on cabbage, and sups on radishes? To be sure rations, of marigolds, and marjoram might take some of the fight out of the lifeguards and dragoons; but we fear, not even the lady herself could preach the Coldstream into living on water-cresses.

Holding these opinions, we shall not trouble our readers with the prescriptions for making vegetable messes, but must extract part of a recipe for an omelet, which includes a whole direction for making a frying pan.

"Omelets should be fried in a small frying pan made for that purpose with a small quantity of butter."—p. 4.

There is in the introduction a second discourse, on spirituous liquors, in which the vegetables of course get well watered; but the essay is only remarkable for a shrewd suspicion by Doctor Carlyle, that "no man would give a lamb, a calf, a chicken, for a duck, spirituous liquors with a hope of rendering it sooner fat, even if such liquors were so cheap as to make it an economical process; yet, many parents do this by their *children*."—The fattening of children for the table, is certainly a new idea, and we recommend the lady to keep a wary eye on the ogre-like doctor, who has perhaps got tired of eternal celery and endive. Let her take the warning. Let her put a leg of mutton to her trimmings, a beefsteak to her onions, and a mutton-chop into her Irish-stew. It will make her book more saleable and her cookery more eatable; and besides, if she marries, she may then hope for the *marrowbones and cleavers* in the evening.

THE ESCAPE.

Concluded from page 238.

Here I must say a word for our companions below; equally alive to the dangers which surrounded us, not a sentence that betrayed fear escaped their lips; I had often seen woman in affliction, oppressed by the various distresses of common life but never had I seen her in personal danger, such as then stared us in the face, nor could I have believed it possible that in the delicate frames of nature's masterpiece, such true courage and contempt of danger existed, as I here witnessed. We stood in breathless anxiety gazing on the Snake, determined to sink her if possible, or to make them pay dearly for our lives. The point opened gradually, but the Snake was within a few lengths of our stern—in starting we had not noticed that our mainsail was reefed; "shake out the reef," exclaimed the young officer who was at the helm, "shake out the reef or we are lost;" "there, there she feels it, but 'tis too late! our arms must now crush the Snake for we are almost in her folds."—Another stroke of their oars and we should have been in their power, but from their over anxiety to board, they all arose simultaneously with their arms; but the bow men, who however had swung their grapples, had not well measured their distance, they fell with a plunge into the water—in another instant we were within the influence of the sea breeze and also within an ace of finding a resting place beneath the blue waters of the Celestial Empire, but the sudden gust which nearly capsized us passed over, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing our pursuer tumbling about like a cork on the water; they had ventured upon the open sea—but smooth water was the only element for their frail bark, they lost no time in retreat and as they swung round, we gave them three cheers.—The gale increased and it was with some difficulty we ran alongside the Indiaman who had witnessed the chase. We of course met with hearty congratulations on our very narrow escape—and most thankful was I to providence for granting us the means of getting clear of such miscreants.

CHANGES.

ORIGINAL.

Leaves grew green to fall,
  Flowers grow fair to fade,
Fruits grow ripe to rot,
  All but for passing made.

So our hopes decline,
  So joys pass away,
So do feelings turn
  So darkness and decay.

Yet some leaves never change,
  Some scents outlive their bloom,
Some fruits delight for years,
  ’Mid all this death and doom.

So there are some sweet hopes
  That linger to the last,
Affections that will smile
  Ev’n when all else is past.

Only to patient search
  Blessings like these are given;
When the heart has turned from earth
  And sought for them in Heaven.

L. E. L.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE MUSEUM BY A LADY.

It was towards the close of a lovely afternoon in the summer of 1832 that I was gliding down the noble River St. Laurence in the Steamer Queenston, the sun was just shedding its parting rays over the earth, and nature was smiling in all her loveliness. I was lounging on a settee on one side of the promenade deck, thinking of home and all the dear friends from whom I had been so long separated, and with whom I was anticipating in a short time the delight of joining in a social chat. My attention was suddenly arrested by the approach of a young Lady, supported on one side by an elderly female, and on the other by a middle aged gentleman whom I afterwards learned were her father and Aunt. —A slight noise near me caused her to turn her head; she appeared to have seen scarcely seventeen summers. Yet, that "fell destroyer" sorrow had found his way to her young and gentle heart—Can it be, thought I, that one so young and lovely has had her brightest hopes blighted? For something whispered me —her disease was of the heart—sorrow had given to her countenance a pensive expression that interested me singularly in her favor. Her jetty hair contrasted strikingly with the whiteness of her beautiful formed head. Her long dark eyelashes, gave a deeper hue to her languishing large eyes;—her mouth, oh! how shall I describe it? Pearls encircled by coral; while a hectic flush which occasionally tinged her cheek, told that health was a stranger there. I gazed at her until I was completely bewildered, she arose from her seat and again entered the cabin—accompanied by her father and aunt. When she had left, I sunk into a profound reverie from which I was aroused, by a slight tap on the arm. I turned, it was Mr. —— a fellow traveller, who said: What are you meditating upon? We are just in port. The boat remains here an hour—There are several passengers to leave here—do you not walk round the village?—I arose, and stammered out something I know not what, but however declined the walk, determined to see who left the boat. I had not waited long before the three strangers whom I have mentioned, appeared all in readiness to go on shore; as the young lady moved forward, I gazed after her until she was completely lost to view. The deep interest I had taken in her determined me to ascertain the cause of her dejection and illness, my curiosity was soon gratified by a fellow passenger who told me, he had known her from infancy. Frances —— was the only child of Mr. ——, a worthy merchant at ——; her mother dying when she was yet a child, her maiden aunt who resided with her brother, took the whole charge of the little Frances. She was always kept at the very

best schools to be found in the country, and of course her education was brilliant.—When she left school she was just entering her seventeenth year. Shortly after, she was addressed by a young barrister of highly respectable connexions, his addresses were received by Frances, and their union sanctioned by both her father and the parents of Edward. Frances was the idol of Edward, she was his first and only love: and in him, she beheld all that her fond heart could desire, possessing every noble and generous sentiment, together with a handsome, and commanding person; how could he fail to touch this lovely girl's heart? Their union was looked upon, by the parents of both, as the source from whence all their future happiness was to flow. Preparations were making for their approaching nuptials, which were to take place the following month, when his father received tidings that by the demise of a distant relation, he became heir to a large estate, which would require either his, or his eldest son's presence, at a certain *Town*, in the West of England. The father being infirm and in a very poor state of health, Edward was obliged to supply his place. Need I attempt to describe their feelings, on being made acquainted with the arrangements of the father? No, those who have loved and have been separated but too well know.—The hour of separation at length arrived, Edward embraced his own dear Frances again and again, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon her, while overcome by her feelings she sunk fainting upon his breast, he pressed her to his agonized heart, then gently resigning her to the care of her aunt, tore himself away.

But what were her feelings on awaking to consciousness, to find, he had really gone—How cruel thought she, to leave me thus, but perhaps it were better—Oh! the parting hour, with the being we love best!—Within one week she received a letter from him, he was then in Quebec, and was to sail that afternoon. Altho' this was in some degree a cordial to her drooping spirits; yet —she thought, that at that moment he was on a vast ocean—liable to storms, and tempests, which might in one short hour deprive her of all she loved best; she lost all her gaiety, became silent and thoughtful, but at length, another letter came, he had arrived safely at Plymouth and intended proceeding immediately to —— and transact his business as soon as possible, when he hoped in a short time to join his dearest Frances.

It was about six months, previous to the time mentioned in the foregoing part of my narrative, Frances was sitting at her piano, her Father beside her, singing a little pensive air, that she had frequently sung for Edward accompanied by him on the flute, when a servant entered and handed a letter to her father; he glanced at the post-mark, it was from ——, but the address was not the handwriting of Edward, the seal was black, he opened it, a black margin—fears of a most unpleasant nature took possession of him, he read a few lines, he became pale as death, the letter dropped from his hand, he

clasped his Frances to his heart—My child cried he, be composed, be composed, for the sake of your poor father, and prepare to hear—to hear what? she cried;—what! has any thing . . . my Edward . . . and she sunk senseless in his arms; she at length revived, and conjured her father, to tell her what had happened to her Edward. Father continued she, Edward is no more; my worst fears are realized. He then told her, that Edward proceeded from Plymouth to ——, where in about a fortnight after his arrival, he was attacked by the Typhus fever, which was then raging there with great violence, to which he fell a victim—Frances—never more for her was the light of happiness to beam, or the cord of affection to vibrate to the touch of love—her health rapidly declined: every means were tried, to divert her thoughts, from their one melancholy subject, but in vain, memory, mighty and mysterious Memory, still held her seat. The ties that bound her to earth were broken—Without him the world was to her a chaotic nothing—her heart was crushed and her disease incurable.

The impression this touching tale of the heart left upon my mind can never be erased. . . . It was about a couple of months after I had heard this affecting tale, that I was looking over an U. C. news-paper, when my eyes were arrested by: Died at —— of consumption, Frances —— aged 18 years. Thank God! cried I, she is at length at rest—where sorrow can no more reach the Broken Hearted.

E.

Upper Canada, April 8th.

THE RING.

ANECDOTE OF THE POLISH WAR.

“The night which followed the battle of Praga was by no means a quiet one at Warsaw. Groups of human beings, some bearing torches, others poignards, were tumultuously assembled opposite to the palace of the ex-imperial police. A thousand confused voices, including every sound, from the deep bass of the athletic full grown patriot, to the high treble screams of women and children, demanded in chorus of frightful discord the death of an individual.

“In the midst of the principal group, the string of a broken[1] lamp dangled loose from the lamp-post; and children in rags with wild and ferocious countenances, were laughing, swinging, and playing with it, and ever and anon converting the end of it into a slip knot. The moon shed its cold white beams upon the livid features of a poor spy, bound, encircled, and half smothered by the pressure of the dense crowd thirsting for his blood, which had come thither to wreak their vengeance upon him. Overcome and motionless, he was in that state which is neither life or death. He looked at the crowd without appearing to comprehend their meaning; the string was ready, and the knot slipped; the brawny hands of an extempore hangman were upon him.

“Die! die! thou vile traitor! Praga is burnt, the lancers are biting the sod, and Poland is bleeding; whilst thou and thine, those whom thou lovest and servest, would inflict chains and pestilence upon us! Not a single cry of mercy is raised in thy behalf; not a regret nor a complaint uttered at thy doom. Even the women pity thee not. Therefore must thou die, and on this very spot, in front of the palace of the Russian Police; for there hast thou drank, there hast thou sung—there, when it was cold for us in Warsaw, thou hadst the warmth of spring at thy command. Thence didst thou look upon us scornfully as we passed cold and suffering. There we warmed thee and by our toil of slavery provided wine for thee;—there we pampered thee at the expense of our comforts, and our happiness, and our freedom. Fool that thou art; knowest thou not that the animal is fattened before it is killed?”

“The string was strained and the pulley squeaked. The unhappy man was hoisted slowly, and the impatient crowd applauded. On a sudden the rumbling of a heavily laden waggon was heard at a distance. The nearer it approached, the more did it excite the attention of the multitude. It proceeded with difficulty along the unpaved streets; but it stopped at length before a neighbouring barricade. All the spectators of the execution immediately ran thither. The spy was left alone; the string by which he was suspended had not

been fastened, and the men who held it letting go their hold, the half strangled wretch fell to the ground.

"What was the cause of this reprieve? The spy hoped——what? I can't tell. For supernatural aid, perhaps; that God had performed a miracle to save him, or that the Russians had entered Warsaw. But a sublime and patriotic strain soon resounded in his ears—

"Let the lancers die, and Poland live for ever!

"followed by clapping of hands, greetings, cries of grief and cries of joy. The waggon conveyed the wounded from Praga. It contained those young and brave lancers who had gone forth so handsome and so robust, and were now returned mutilated by the enemy's grape shot. One had lost an arm, another a leg; a third——but let us draw a veil over the sufferings of these brave men. They were singing in chorus:

"Let the lancers die, and Poland live for ever!

"The crowd was instantly occupied in pulling down the barricade which prevented the waggon from passing. Surely there was never before so energetic and unanimous an operation; emmets alone display such amazing activity. Paving-stones, tuns, timbers, and chains, were cleared and separated like the unravelling of a knot of thread. The street was soon cleared; the waggon passed through two lines of respectful citizens, and, followed by the crowd, advanced towards the man whose execution had been suspended. The latter, with the rope about his neck, dared not move or call for assistance, lest the attention of the populace should again be directed towards him. But, once more surrounded, he implored for mercy.

" 'Mercy!' loudly repeated a young wounded man from his waggon. He stood upright, and his head was awkwardly bandaged with a linen saturated with blood. His words were brief and his accent imposing. 'Mercy!' he exclaimed, 'for this poor wretch.' When a condemned criminal meets the king's carriage, he is entitled to his free pardon. Now, this man has encountered a waggon of wounded patriots—a majesty which is, perhaps, as good as any other. Let him, in this case, have the same privilege. 'Let the man live.'

"This voice of clemency from a wounded patriot, asking for the pardon of an enemy, carried with it a power that subdued the anger of the multitude. The populace is variable, and its passions changeable. Each pressed forward to liberate the spy; his deliverance could not take place too soon. An infinity of hands seized the string, crossed each other, and pulled different ways;

unhappily, they executed the poor wretch in their very anxiety to save him.

" 'Thou art free! Get up and go about thy business!'

"The spy answered not.

" 'Has fear then killed thee?'

"No. The spy was dead: and the people who so lately had blasphemed at seeing him alive, now grieved for him. Fear and sadness were expressed on the features of all. The waggon and the crowd rapidly quitted the square.

"Meantime the young wounded soldier had fallen into strange reflections. The moonlight had enabled him to recognize the features of the dead man; they were those of Michel Linski, a former comrade in Constantine's guard, and his rival in the affections of the youthful Maria, when both wore the imperial livery. The revolution had taken place; the one had remained in the service of the Russians, the other had deserted to serve his country.

"Now that the wounded man had recognized the victim of both the popular wrath and the popular humanity, he felt less grieved at the occurrence. He had no rival to fear; and, after all, Linski was a base traitor.

"Like a hearse moving among tombs, the waggon slowly proceeded between two rows of houses, whose doors were carefully closed. A single window in one of these dark dwellings still showed a light. Who could be watching at such an hour—a thief, or a poet? Neither. It was a young girl of ravishing beauty. One of her elbows was supported on a table, over which her elastic and youthful figure was gracefully bending. She was thinking, no doubt, of her lover. But she had been reading:—a smoking lamp threw its light upon a number of the State Gazette: in Poland the women do not confine their thoughts to their lovers.

"Public rumour had in vague terms made her acquainted with the battle of Praga:—and her lover was at Praga; he was to her as an offering upon the altar of her country. No doubt he had acted in a manner worthy of her; no doubt he had fought bravely; and was perhaps wounded—perhaps killed! This idea flashed through her heart, like lightning through a cloud, and left a pang of dreadful apprehension. She dared not for some time open the paper and read the account of the battle, lest she should find the name of Stanislas among the slain.

"At length she took courage. From the report she found that he had been wounded, during a glorious charge, and that he was sent back to Warsaw to be cured. She should soon see him, then! Disfigured perhaps! But how handsome would he then appear in her eyes! She should press him in her arms to-morrow, and walk with him through the whole city. She read no more. Her mind was wandering in search of her wounded lover, and her meditations were full of delight. The purest patriotism was linked with her love for Stanislas; and, at the time when she should unite her fate to his, she trusted her beloved

Poland would have effected its divorce from Nicholas. By degrees her long eyelashes closed, and the paper fell from her grasp. She was asleep, and the lamp burnt on, when a Polish soldier entered the room. He was young and handsome, and he was, moreover, wounded. It was Stanislas. He contemplated his sleeping mistress. Her sleep was that of innocence; her breathing was calm and free, and from her head, a little thrown back, a thick ringlet of auburn hair hung over each cheek. Stanislas, in profound admiration, remained motionless as a statue. A delicately white hand was spread upon the knees of the maiden; it was the hand which had held the gazette—the left hand, that upon which the wedding ring is always worn.

"A sharp and sudden pang contracted the brow of Stanislas. Upon this naked hand he saw not a ring, which, on leaving Maria, he had given her as a pledge of his affection. He examined the other hand; but it was not there either. She wore no ring, no necklace, no jewel of gold or silver, either in her hair, on her neck, or in her ears. What could this mean? And the ring of fidelity, where was it; what had she done with it? Stanislas was beside himself,—a painful thought shot through his brain. He regretted he had not examined the fingers of the dead spy. The young girl slept on; he shook her rudely.

" 'Awake,' he cried, 'awake and answer me. What have you done with it?'

"In alarm, she opened her eyes, but without comprehending what was passing.

" 'It is I! Stanislas!'

"He squeezed her arm. His wound had again opened, and the blood flowed copiously. The poor girl could neither speak nor move; she seemed under the spell of the nightmare.

" 'Michel Linski is at Warsaw,' roared Stanislas; 'that Michel whom you loved; Michel the spy. I have seen him; and I asked for his pardon. You may see him from your window. They have strangled him; so much the better.'

"He laughed, but it was the laugh of a madman.

" 'Wear no mourning, for your lover died for his country!' and he added, in a melancholy tone, 'I have sacrificed all for my country, and, whilst I was fighting her battles, I was basely betrayed. Woman! woman! thy heart is inexplicable. Come, it will not avail to shut your eyes and faint—you must and shall hear me.'

"And he shook her; but the poor girl had fainted. This apparition in the middle of the night interrupting her quiet sleep; uttering curses, and besmeared with blood—this horribly fantastic reality, had overcome her. When she recovered her senses, Stanislas was gone.

" 'I have dreamt it,' she said, 'and oh! what a horrible dream! I think he began mildly.'

"Meantime Stanislas, who had gone to the hospital, was raving in delirium.

He cursed both his country and the object of his affections.

"Unhappy man! he still loved her, and for a passion like his there was only one remedy—death! She was still before his eyes, cold and unmoved—but beautiful.

"The sister of charity who attended the ward approached Stanislas, and held out to him a small box, sealed. His pale cheeks became suddenly flushed, and he eagerly snatched the box from the hands of the good sister. He recognized it as belonging to Maria. On opening it, he found lying upon a soft bed of beautifully white cotton, the very ring which he had given to his betrothed; accompanied by a writing, stamped with the arms of Poland, in the following terms:

" 'The National Government to Ensign Stanislas.—For a month's pay due, the ensign shall receive this ring, presented to the public treasury by the citizen Maria * * *

" '* * * Minister of Finance.'

"The government had not yet had time to send to the mint the patriotic gifts of the ladies of Warsaw.

"Stanislas recovered in a moment; he rose from his bed, and was in a short time in Maria's presence,—but trembling, agitated, and ashamed to look her in the face. Gently taking her left hand, he said,

" 'What have you done with my ring? Do you recognize me? I am Stanislas!'

" 'Oh! he is just as he appeared last night. It is the reality of my dream!'

"But this time Stanislas spoke mildly, and his look was tender;—neither was his hand so strong and rough. His wound, however, was still bleeding, and this was in the dream; but it was now divested of the fear and horror that had accompanied the circumstance on the previous night.

" 'Maria, forgive me my mad fury; idiot that I was, to accuse thee so wrongfully!'

"She did not comprehend him.

" 'Will you believe that I thought you had given my ring to Michel Linski?'

"Still she did not comprehend his meaning. She wanted to talk to him about the war, the danger of Praga, his own wounds, and the general in chief, as if this was the first time she had met him since his return. He, on the other hand, would speak of nothing but his ring and his anger on the previous night.

" 'Oh! we have already met,' he said; 'it was in this very apartment, and here is evidence of the fact. Behold this blood upon the carpet!'

"The truth flashed upon Maria.

" 'It was not then a dream? I have it,' she cried, after a moment's

reflection; ‘you were asking me for my ring.’

“ ‘I cursed you.’ he exclaimed.

“ ‘Oh, no! I did not hear it.’

“ ‘You were asleep then. So much the better. As for the ring, I have it here, and I thus restore it to you.’

“Maria put the ring on her finger, and a few days after, the lovers were kneeling together before the great altar of the Cathedral, receiving the nuptial benediction.”—*Salmigondi.*

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[1] At Warsaw the lamps which light the streets are suspended with thick hempen strings as at Paris.

THE BAZAR.

This scene of attraction opened on the 16th, at the Government House, the use of which had been kindly granted on the occasion. The different rooms which were opened for the disposal of articles, were tastefully adorned with evergreens, flags and military ornaments of different kinds; and several of the tables appeared to be within alcoves or rural bowers. In the first room, opposite the entrance, we found the tables of Mrs. LAFRAMBOISE, who was assisted by Miss LAFRAMBOISE, Miss LACOMBE and Miss MUNRO; of Mrs. WILLIAM FORSYTH and Mrs. AULDJO, aided by Mrs. JOHN FORSYTH, Miss CLARKE and Miss FINLAY; of Mrs. ROSS and ANDERSON, joined by Miss ELEANOR ROSS; and of Mrs. SHAW and Mrs. GATES who had Miss MAXWELL and Miss GRANT as their assistants. Proceeding onward to the next apartment, we met with the tables of Mrs. BETHUNE and Mrs. ATKINSON, with an additional aid afforded by Miss JONES, Miss M. JONES, Miss LAVICOUNT, Miss BOWMAN and Miss HALLOWELL; and the two general tables of Mrs. W. MONK and Mrs. M. OGDEN, assisted by the Misses OGDEN; and of Mrs. J. SAVAGE, Mrs. HOLT and Mrs. BIGELOW. The next room beyond, in the rear of the building, was appropriated to Mrs. SELBY'S table, at which that lady, her daughters, and the Misses GUY were the fair sablewomen. A room to the side was occupied by the band of the 15th Regiment, which, with the pipers of the 79th HIGHLANDERS, stationed on the gallery, gratified the company during the day, with a selection of fashionable and favourite airs. The two rooms to the front of the house, were made use of as refreshment and confectionary apartments, and were under the superintendence of the Baroness de LONGUEUIL and Mrs. GRANT, aided by Mrs. BUCHANAN, Miss HAY, Miss ANNE DEWSON, and Miss BELTON.

On the different tables might be seen a profusion of all that great ingenuity, skilful workmanship, and refined taste could effect, from the laborious and painstaking of the needle, to the delicate and tasteful productions of pencil and palette. On a cursory inspection of the beautiful articles displayed for sale, we were particularly struck with several, which at the risk of being considered invidious, we would allude to, as in particularizing, we feel confident we shall escape the charge of individual partiality, since it must be admitted to be a hopeless task for any one person to observe all that was worthy of notice. We cannot withhold our humble tribute of approbation from a highly ornamented jar, a beautiful pair of fire screens on stands, painted on velvet by a young lady of this city, a very rich pair of bell pulls and other paintings on velvet, a miniature chest of drawers, a delicate miniature chandelier in glass, and several articles of great value, at Mrs. GATES and Mrs. SHAW'S table; the extremely

beautiful drawings and paintings and the baskets in imitation of china, at Mrs. Ross's table; the portraits, in the finest style of pencilling, and other drawings, by different gentlemen and ladies, at Mrs. Forsyth's table; the extremely interesting Indian curiosities at Mrs. Laframboise's; the very curious representation of the interior of a kitchen, with every necessary culinary article or utensil, on a diminished scale, carefully supplied, an extremely beautiful glass box, with six or eight paintings very neatly transferred on the glass, and several other articles of extreme value, at Mrs. Bethune's; the drawings, paintings and other expensive and valuable productions of skilful ingenuity at Mrs. Selby's, as well of the many neat and beautiful articles to be found at the two general tables of Mrs. Monk and Mrs. Savage. We need only add generally, that at all the various tables might be traced the skill and accomplishments of those who contributed to furnish them with the diversified productions of their respective fancies.

We are extremely delighted to add in conclusion, that the beneficent labours of the fair promoters of this Bazar have been crowned with the most ample success. It is understood that above £1000 has been already collected, but from some additions, from small amounts still due, sales of the remaining articles at auction, &c. having yet to be added, the amount cannot be precisely stated at present.—*Montreal Gazette.*

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR THE FIRST WEEK IN MARCH.

From the London Court Journal.

We have lately observed some ball dresses of crape, trimmed at the top of the hem by a wreath of flowers. The trimming has a very beautiful effect, especially when a wreath of the same flowers is worn in the hair. The colour of the flowers should correspond with that of the dress; for example, pink on pink, blue on blue, &c. With white dresses, however, any coloured flowers are admissible.

Trimmings of marabouts are likewise extremely fashionable and elegant; and beads of marabouts are frequently placed between the puffs of the sleeves.

Marabouts, mingled with jewels, are a very favourite head-dress.

Mantillas of blonde, encircling the whole of the corsage, are now no longer seen. In front, draperies are indispensable.

With low dresses blonde *guimpes* are frequently worn. These *guimpes* sometimes rise two or three inches above the top of the dress. They have no trimming.

The corsage of evening dresses are still cut very low on the shoulder, and rather high behind and before. Short sleeves descend nearly to the elbow. They are invariably made with two puffs or *sabots*, intermingled with bows of riband, and finished at the bottom with *manchettes* of blonde.

Hats have undergone no change of form. With regard to bibis, which, however, are less worn than heretofore, the fronts are somewhat more rounded, and almost meet under the chin. With these bonnets, long cork-screw curls, descending on each side of the face, are very becoming.

For evening dress, white sleeves, either short or long, are invariably worn with all dresses of thick texture, such as silk, satin, velvet, &c. These sleeves are made *à l'amadis*, that is to say, confined here and there, so as to form large puffs, and are ornamented with bows of riband corresponding with the colour of the dress.

Transcriber’s Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

Where words were inferred to be missing, they are indicated within { }.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 5* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]