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# THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

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No. 7.

JUNE, 1833.

VOL. I.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

“Oh say not woman’s love is bought,  
By vain and empty treasure.  
Oh say not woman’s heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure—  
When *once* her gentle bosom knows  
Love’s flame—it wanders *never*—  
Deep in her heart the passion glows  
*She loves and loves for ever.*”

Ellen Seymour was one of those rare and beautiful beings who seldom have existence except in the imagination of the Poet, and when beheld, afford convincing proof that the spirits of earth are sometimes permitted to dwell in a form divine. Her features so regular that a sculptor might vainly endeavor to emulate their beautiful proportions, were irradiated by a heavenly expression, beaming from eyes, which enshrined a soul within their deep blue orbs. I first saw Ellen in a brilliant circle assembled at her father’s house, to celebrate her nineteenth birthday. I was spending the summer holidays in Boston, with a friend who was favoured with her intimate acquaintance and accordingly I was numbered in the invitation which requested her company.

In vain had the belles of the Metropolis exhausted their {t}aste to rival Ellen Seymour, and many were the fair and lovely girls, who felt, as they gazed upon Ellen’s surpassing loveliness, that, in her presence, they must be content to join in the admiration which she excited, rather than expect their eclipsed attractions to secure more than a hasty passing glance. But her kindness disarmed rivalry, and although she was the magnet of attraction, wherever she appeared her smile was reflected in the happy countenances of

all whom she honoured with her attention. Envy could not exist within its influence, for hers was a smile, in which all that is rich and beautiful in woman's nature was concentrated—it ever lighted that noble, placid brow, and ever appeared like a bright ray of sunshine, illuminating every object around, and demanding from all the heart's warm tribute of love and admiration—to all she was free and unreserved, and none could regard her without reading in the fascination of her expression, how intimately gaiety of heart and the consciousness and pride of beauty in her soul, were mingled with a deep native passionate tenderness.

Many were the young and noble youths who sought her favour and addressed her in soft accents of courtly adulation. She seemed attentive and listened to their just encomiums, with a graceful dignity—but it was easy to perceive that her heart was uninterested. I watched her eye as her gay admirers swarmed around her—but no involuntary burst of feeling—no peculiar look or cast of expression as she replied to their congratulations and kind wishes, showed that to one more than the rest, her heart dictated a warmer language.

“Is it possible,” said I to my friend, who seemed absorbed in contemplating the same beautiful being “that of all these favourites of fortune, who are apparently so interested in seeking her favour, not one can secure her heart's young affections?” “It is possible,” she replied, and although her countenance indicates so much genuine sensibility and true feeling, there are some who affirm that she is not capable of experiencing a more ardent affection than common-place friendship—'tis true, her heart is unaffected by attractions which awaken in common souls admiration and love, but when I have enjoyed her intimate, unrestrained confidence, she has expressed in her own enthusiastic language, emotions, which convince me that she has a heart which can love with a fervency too deep and heavenly to be bestowed on any earthly being. When fortune smiles and all around is joyous and bright it is easy to secure the friendship of the world's gayest votaries—but it is in affliction and when her friends have least to boast, that Ellen Seymour exhibits all the tender sympathy of her nature.—*Her* friendship grows in brilliancy as pleasure's sun withdraws its light.

I found that I had suggested a theme, which to my friend was inexhaustible, and I drew her to a recess, where unobserved I might become better acquainted with the character of this highly gifted being, whose fascinations had completely won my heart. . . . My friend proceeded to inform me that hers had been a life which “had known no occasion to be sad.”—The idol of her fond, indulgent parents and of all who knew her virtues—that her mind was as rich in every mental endowment, as her person was unrivalled in external grace and loveliness—and that many were

the wealthy and talented young men who had aspired to her hand, but none had yet been successful in gaining her heart—when my friend had concluded her warm panegyric she complied with my earnest desire to be introduced to her particular notice, and on that evening a friendship commenced between Ellen and myself, which I trust, will not cease when earthly ties are broken, but will be ripened into a purer and more exalted glow of affection, in another and a brighter world.

At the expiration of my visit I persuaded Ellen to spend the month of August with me at my father's country seat in Brighton. Whoever has visited this enchanting place, need not be told that in its retired walks and shady groves, one cannot but feel that he is in the midst of nature's magnificence, and to one who is not familiar with its scenery, my pen would but faintly portray its surpassing beauty.

It was the evening previous to the departure of Ellen and myself from this sweetly sequestered spot where we had experienced so many hours of bright unsullied happiness—Ellen had been summoned by her father to return home immediately, and my parents had consented that I should accompany her to Boston on my way to school. The sun was lingering in the western horizon, as we had sauntered forth to view its departing glory, and to take a last farewell of those scenes we had loved to contemplate. To me, they were hallowed scenes—for there Ellen had pledged to me her warm, sincere friendship:

And never burned with purer glow—  
Affections consecrated flame,  
Than in her breast who was to me  
More than mere mortal again may be.

We obtained a seat which commanded a view of the unrivalled splendours of the scene—the stillness of the twilight was broken only by the murmur of a distant waterfall—my heart was in unison with the scene and I gazed upon its beauties with uncontrollable delight. I turned to read in Ellen's face—that index of her soul—the same enthusiastic emotions, but I discovered that her countenance, which was wont to be illuminated with happiness was sad, and yet sweetly beautiful in its sorrowful expression. I begged to know the cause of her grief, and her gentle nature at last yielded to my importunity.

I had intended said she that the secret of my soul should ever be buried there—but my heart needs your kind sympathy, it will lighten although it cannot remove my grief. I have often heard you and others of my friends express surprise, that although my hand has been so often sought by worthy

and estimable men, that my heart has been untouched. This would be strange indeed, had not my affections been previously secured by one whom—but oh I cannot tell you half his noble, exalted qualities. 'Twas but to know to love *Henry Mantville*. We met for the first time while I was visiting my aunt in New-York, nearly four years since. He was a frequent visitor at her house during the winter I spent there, and I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with his character. He “never told his love” but his manner was peculiarly kind and tender, and the expressive glance of his eye imparted all that his lips could have uttered. I well remember on one occasion, when he seemed uncommonly excited—he exclaimed, “Oh that you could know the feelings which I dare to indulge towards you. Why, *why* did my mother bind me to a promise so cruel?” From this and many other circumstances which I but too faithfully remember, I was convinced that he loved me—but for some reason with which I was not acquainted, was prevented from confessing the state of his heart.—“It was then, my friend,” continued Ellen, and her eye sparkled with uncommon brilliancy and her cheek glowed with emotion—“it *was then*, that I determined to live for *him*, and whatever the event might prove, to *have none* other. I should blush to make this confession, even to my own heart—had I not sweet convincing proof that there was a time when he loved me, and did I not firmly believe; that should the cause which has prevented him from declaring his affection be removed, it will be seen that it has been mutual.—It is for this reason that I have refused the splendid alliances that have been offered me, and resisted the entreaties of those who have vainly sued for a heart, which, to the end of my life, will be devoted to Henry Mantville. Yes, my friend should he never ask an interest in my heart, my affections will be unaltered, and far, far happier should I be to live single for his sake, rather than give my hand to another where my heart could not accompany it. But I will confess to you my dear M——, my hopes have been far otherwise, I have had so many evidences of his affection, I cannot doubt his sincerity, and I have loved to look forward to the time, when every doubt would be removed and—but why do I dwell upon anticipations, which now I fear will never be realized.” As she spoke, she drew her father’s letter from her bosom, and put it into my hand, while a flood of tears relieved her sorrowing heart.

Her father informed her in the letter that he had received proposals for her “from a gentleman whom he was determined she should accept.” “Long,” said he, “have your parents indulged the whimsical caprice, which has led you to reject the honourable alliances which have been offered you, and now it becomes them to command your compliance. If your heart is not pre-engaged, you cannot know Mr. Dunforth without feeling for him a preference, and if a previous affection exists, do not suppose that your too

indulgent parents will permit you to sacrifice yourself, when in the man of your parent's choice, every admirable quality is united, Mr. D. has heard your character from your friends, and has the generosity to offer noble settlements, without any farther acquaintance with you."—He concluded by demanding her immediate return, enjoining her to be prepared to obey her parents.

My heart ached for the dear girl, for well I knew, what implicit obedience she had ever delighted to render to her parent's commands and that her father's slightest wish had ever been her law.—"Oh," said she, "I must appear to my dear parents as a wilful ungrateful girl or—perjure myself by giving my heart to this stranger, when my heart is irrevocably another's. Mine have ever been the kindest and most indulgent parents and yet I must thwart their wishes in a matter which so deeply interests them."

I tried to comfort her and suggested that should she inform her father of the circumstances which she had communicated to me, I was assured that he would not compel her to a step so repugnant to her feelings.

I have thought of that she replied but shall I not expose myself to the imputation of being a foolish, weak hearted girl.—Think you that my father would give credence to hopes which he may think have no foundation except in vanity and unrequited affection? No he would ridicule his Ellen's self conceit unless his kind heart should induce him to pity her weakness I am determined what course to pursue. I shall endeavor to convince my parents that I cannot love this man however deserving he may be, and promise that I will never marry without their consent—then if they persist in extorting my compliance, I *will obey*, if there can be a "deserving" man who would care to possess a wife, whose heart can never be his—then although my fondest hopes will be blasted, I shall have the inward satisfaction, which a consciousness of having followed the dictates of duty, never fails to secure.—

"Admirable pattern for your sex," I *thought* but said not—as I had learned ere this, to know how painful to her was the enthusiastic expression of my admiration when her merits were the theme, I pressed her hand in silence and we turned our steps homewards.

The shades of evening had come over us, and the moon held her mild and undivided sway throughout her sweet and silent domain. Our hearts were too full for utterance, and after we reached home we endeavoured to absorb our thoughts in the necessary preparations for our short journey.

Bright and joyous was the morning which witnessed our departure from Brighton—such was not the countenance of my friend, although she had assumed an appearance of composure, I could easily penetrate it, knowing as I did the anxiety which it was intended to conceal. I tried to divert her

thoughts, by directing her attention to the scenes of nature, rich in beauty, which the gently undulating country every where presented, as we passed along. Occasionally her eye would sparkle with delight, and she would express her admiration with an animation, which ever characterised her conversation, and showed how deeply she felt every emotion that she uttered. But again she would relapse into silence, and indulge the sad feelings which her situation suggested.

It was a long, sad, melancholy day, but too quickly for Helen its hours passed, and hastened the dreaded interview. Towards evening we entered the environs of Boston, and soon the carriage brought us before her father's splendid mansion. Tremblingly she alighted and leaning upon my arm ascended the steps. Her parents welcomed her with all the affection, which it was impossible for parents not to feel for *such* a daughter.—Her father's mild and noble expression which so plainly spoke the generous mind revived my hopes, and when I noticed Mrs. Seymour's tender glance, so full of natural affection, I could not but feel that my friend's fears would not be realized. After supper her father introduced the subject which was first in all our thoughts, but which for Ellen's sake I heartily wished he had deferred till the morning. He again expatiated upon the worth of the young man who had received her parents warmest affections, spoke in the most exalted terms of his principles, his talents, and when Ellen, with a countenance from which every happy expression had vanished, endeavoured to confess what she feared would provoke his displeasure, he assured her that he "would not receive her answer until she had seen Mr. Dunforth which she would have an opportunity of doing in the course of the evening"—and immediately left the room. Her mother followed, and when I would fain have sympathised in Ellen's sad emotions, she summoned me to accompany her. Vainly I tried to interest myself in the conversation which Mrs. Seymour introduced—my heart was with Ellen and I could hardly look with complacency upon a mother who could withhold her kind and tender sympathy from the sensitive being who deserved her heart's fondest regard. She detained me nearly an hour, and impatiently had I counted every moment as it slowly passed away. At last with an affectionate smile she observed—"I cannot but notice your impatience to be with Ellen, and I willingly release you, assured as I am, that after you have seen her you will dispense with those unjust suspicions which I perceive you entertain towards the parents of your friend." I was perplexed, and as I could not understand her meaning did not reply—in silence we passed through the spacious hall, which led to the drawing room.—Here I found Ellen in close and apparently interesting conversation with a young man, whose noble mien and the visible union of dignity and mildness, sweetly blended in his deportment, marked the favourite of



nature. . . . Every feature beamed with expression, and his large, dark eyes seemed to melt with tenderness as they gazed upon Ellen—that Ellen who but an hour before I had left a sad, unhappy being, and who now exhibited a countenance bright with happiness. I had hardly time to make these observations ere Ellen sprung from her seat and threw herself into her mother’s arms—exclaiming—“forgive me my ever dear and honoured mama, that for a moment I could doubt your love,” then turning to her father, who had followed us into the room.—“Oh my dear kind father, how can I repay your goodness.”—Her parents returned her fond embrace and Mrs. Seymour taking my passive hand, for the scene before me was so inexplicable, I was hardly conscious of my own identity, she introduced me to their mutual friend Mr. Dunforth, adding: you have probably heard of this gentleman, under his former name of “Mantville;” my enquiring eyes demanded an explanation, which was readily given. Mr. Mantville had a few months previous come into possession of a large unincumbered estate, in consequence of the death of his maternal uncle, who had bequeathed it to him, on condition that he should ever afterwards bear his name. Mr. Seymour had not informed Ellen of this circumstance as he had every reason to believe that the surprise which would ensue, when she discovered that Mr. Mantville and Mr. Dunforth were the same individual, would be a joyful one to his darling daughter. This gentleman had for four long years loved Ellen with an enthusiasm which was equalled only by the self command which had prevented him from confessing his affection, and securing her promise to be his—but he had solemnly promised his mother, that such a confession should not pass his lips, even were the object of his passion an angel, until he had completed his professional studies. She was now dead and she alone could release him from that promise; he determined to obey the commands of a mother, whose memory he loved and venerated, even should it cause the destruction of his fondest hopes. He hoped and although he dared not acknowledge it to himself, he *more than hoped*, that Ellen loved him, and when from year to year, report told him how uniformly all were refused who aspired to her hand, however worthy or deserving they might be, he permitted himself to indulge the enrapturing *belief* that for his sake, she remained single. By indefatigable industry and perseverance he completed his studies preparatory to the practice of the law, in a much shorter time than he could have anticipated and the same week in which he became a licenced Attorney, witnessed his arrival in Boston. He sought Mr. Seymour, and the bland and soothing kindness of the benevolent man invited his confidence—and with a minuteness, which told how indelibly his memory retained every expression which Ellen had allowed to escape her, which could strengthen his hopes, he informed him of all that had passed. Mr. Seymour now

understood why his lovely daughter had turned a deaf ear to every suitor, who had confessed his love for her—too well he was aware of the reserved and distant formality which had ever marked her demeanour towards those whom she did not intend to favour—to suppose that she would in *this case*, have given any encouragement, unless her heart had sanctioned it; and when he gazed upon the noble, manly beauty of Henry Dunforth—when he discovered the rich, mental gifts and endowments and the external grace and dignity, so conspicuous in his conversation and deportment, he ceased to wonder that the many who had sought her heart could find no interest there after she had known this young man. Ellen's absence suggested the concealment of the fact, that his name was changed, and thus was Ellen deceived and alarmed by the parental mandate, which commanded her to bestow her hand upon one, who had long possessed her heart. Delighted as I was with the result, I could hardly forgive them for causing one pang in a bosom so sensitive and tender, but when I read in Ellen's happy countenance, how complete and unmixed was her joy, I had no words for reproach.

On the anniversary of that evening on which I first saw Ellen, a gay and brilliant company were again assembled at her father's mansion. It was the evening which witnessed the marriage of Ellen Seymour and Henry Dunforth. Every face was radiant with happiness and the calm delight which filled the hearts of this happy pair, was but a prelude to those years of unsullied enjoyment, which have followed that eventful evening. Mr. Dunforth has since repeatedly received the unanimous suffrages of his fellow citizens, for the honour of a seat among the representatives of his country, and performs the responsible duties of his high station, in such a manner as to secure the esteem and respect of all who know him. While every succeeding anniversary of his marriage, proves to the fond husband, that his Ellen's charming person and bewitching manners were the least of her endowments—and that the unvaried sweetness of her disposition—the kindness of her spirit and the solidity of her judgment, are the attractions which will survive the ravages of time, and render her dearer to him if possible in her maturer years than when she was a blooming lovely bride. . . .

MARIA.

Bedford, April 17.

## RICE PAPER.

The fine and beautiful tissue brought from China and Calcutta, and employed under the name of *Rice Paper*, is far from being an artificial substance fabricated from Rice or any other farinaceous material. By holding a specimen of it between the eye and a clear light, it will be seen to consist of a vegetable tissue, composed of cellules so exactly similar, and so perfect, that no preparation of a paper could be possibly made to acquire.

It is now known to be made of the internal part of the *Æschynomene paludosa*, Roxburg,—a leguminous plant which grows abundantly on the marshy plains of Bengal, and on the borders of vast lakes between Calcutta and Hurdwart. It is a hardy plant, requiring much moisture for its perfect growth and duration. The stem rarely exceeds two inches in diameter, spreading extensively, but not rising to any great height.

The stems of this plant are brought in great quantities in Chinese junks, from the Island of Formosa and other places, to China and Calcutta. These stems are cut into the lengths intended for the leaves or sheets, and then by means of a sharp and well tempered knife, about ten inches long and three inches wide, the pith is divided into thin circular plates, which being pressed, furnish the leaves sold under the name of Rice Paper. The operation of cutting the leaves is very similar to that of cutting cork. The leaves are generally seven or eight inches long and five wide; some are even a foot long. Those which are not fit for drawing are colored for other purposes. Rice Paper absorbs water, and swells so as to present an elevation, which continues after it becomes dry, and gives to the drawing a velvety appearance and a relief which no other kind of paper produces.

Rice Paper may, with care, be written upon, as the ink does not spread. The writing is glossy, showing some metallic surfaces.

Examined chemically, it seems to be analogous to the substance which Dr. John calls medulline. Treated with nitric acid, it forms oxalic acid.

The white and pure specimens are much used for drawings; the inferior are variously colored, and now extensively used in forming artificial flowers. In India, a pasteboard is made by cementing many leaves together, and of this hats are fabricated, which, covered with silk or other stuffs, are firm and extremely light.

Rice Paper was introduced into Europe about thirty years ago. The flowers which were first made of it sold at an exorbitant price. A single bouquet cost Princess Charlotte of Wales £70 sterling.

From the quality of this paper, it may be most successfully employed in painting butterflies, flowers, birds, plants, and animals. For this purpose, the object is first sketched on common paper, which is then to be pasted on a card. The sketch must be of a deep black. When executed in this way by the most skilful hands, the pictures of butterflies, insects, &c. have been often mistaken for the animal itself pasted on paper. Rice Paper has also been employed in lithography with the most brilliant effect.

It is desirable for the purposes of art that some aquatic plant should be found in our own climate whose pith is analogous to that of the *Æschynomene*. Is it not possible, also, to fabricate a paper, the tissue of which may absorb water, and furnish the relief which gives to rice paper its greatest value?

## PARENT AND CHILD.

There is nothing in the whole system of family government so improperly understood, as the relation of parent to child. Some parents seem to imagine that they must be the veriest of tyrants; that the natural bent of human nature, is evil in the extreme; that their duty to their children requires them to be despotic in every thing that relates to them; that they must be reserved towards them, and always keep the rod suspended over their back. This they think necessary, in order to insure obedience, and, as we have often heard it expressed, “*to break the stubborn spirit of children!*”—Others, for fear of cooling the natural ardour of childhood, and through a mistaken notion of parental affection, impose upon them no restraint whatever, but indulge them in every gratification, no matter how dangerous to their morals, or how injurious to their health.

We have not had much experience in this matter, it is true; but it seems to us, that a rigid discipline in family government, is alike unwise and unnecessary. This thing of “breaking the stubborn spirit of children,” is the wrongest notion in the world; is equalled in point of error and folly, only by that lax system of family government, (or rather no system at all,) which holds the reins of authority so loosely, that they are no check whatever to the evil inclinations of youth. There is a course to pursue, which lies directly between these, but which has nothing in common with either. This course, which is to commence with the child in the cradle—to teach it from the first implicit obedience to paternal authority—and as it advances in life, and the faculties of the mind expand, *to treat it as a companion*, to make of it a confidant, and to act towards it without reserve, is happily pointed out in the following extract from a tract entitled “Brief hints to parents on the subject of education.” It is not often that we find so much good sense in so short a space, upon this important subject, as is contained in this extract. We are indebted for it to the “*Courier*,” a very excellent paper printed at Ravenna, in this state.—*Ed. Mirror*.

Success in education depends more on prevention than cure—more on forming habits than laying injunctions—more on example than precept. It is important, however, that rules laid down should be strictly enforced, till obedience becomes habitual.

But when is this interesting business to be begun, and how pursued?

It is to {be} begun from the cradle. The first step is to teach the infantile subject implicit obedience to parental authority; and then to rule with such

moderation and sweetness, that it shall entirely trust and love the hand that guides it. In this way, the good impressions made upon the young mind, are likely to be indelible. Persevering, yet gentle firmness, begun in infancy, establishes proper discipline, procures obedience, and prevents almost all punishment.

The subjection of a child's will may be effected before its understanding is sufficiently enlarged to be influenced by reasoning. Generally the first inclination a child discovers, is will.—The first business of a parent, therefore, is to subject it. An infant will reach out its hand to take something improper for it to have; if its hand be then withheld, and the countenance and expression of the parent refuse indulgence, unmoved by its cries or struggles, it will soon learn to yield. And by uniformly experiencing denial, equally firm, whenever its wishes ought not to be granted, submission will become familiar and easy.

But prudent parents, while they are careful to subdue self-will in the child, will be equally careful to cherish in it every appearance of benevolence and affection.

As children advance in age, and the faculties of the mind expand, parents, by an easy familiar mode of conversing with them, and adapting their language to their age and capacity, may acquire almost unbounded influence over them. If parents were thus careful to cultivate the young mind from the first dawn of reason, watching every opportunity of communicating instruction, they would be rarely disappointed in having their children grow up around them, all that they could reasonably desire them to be.

It is by enlightening the understanding, that children are to be brought to feel the true ground of paternal authority. Injunctions and restraints, if softened by endearment, will generally find returns of obedience, and ungrateful claims to liberty will rarely oppose paternal advice bestowed with meekness. Early to impress the tender mind with clearly defined perceptions of right and wrong, is very important. Much misery may be prevented by it.

The fond endearments of paternal love, produce an attachment in the breast of the child. A judicious parent will take advantage of this circumstance, to lay a foundation for that entire freedom, which ought ever to exist between parents and children. If confidence has been early invited by endearing affability, and established by prudence, reserve in the child will seldom have place in mature years.

When children are accustomed freely to unbosom themselves, and unreservedly to reveal their wishes to the paternal friend, who is most interested in their welfare, what advantages must result to them, and what pleasure to the mind of an affectionate parent! When parents thus become to their children, the familiar friends, the unreserved confidants, the

sympathizing parents of their joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments; a hold on the mind is obtained which will continue when authority ceases; and will prove a safeguard through the most critical periods of life.

Young people who are treated as companions by judicious parents, are seldom addicted to degrading practices. They will even forego many indulgences to avoid displeasing them, or giving them pain.

And there are few young people who would not gladly avail themselves of parental advice and experience, if not discouraged by want of freedom in the parent. Therefore, if we would have children unbosom their thoughts to us, their confidence must be invited by kindness and condescension. Not a condescension to improper indulgences, but a condescension that increases paternal authority in right government. There is no fear of losing respect for right authority, by freedom and familiarity; it is by that we gain their confidence, and thus learn to know, and correct their faults.

Pure affection is so directed to the happiness of the child, that while it endeavours, by kindness and love, to prevent any thing like forced obedience, it also guards against that kind of liberty by which it loses its authority.—*Cincinnati Mirror*.

EXTRACT FROM CONSTANCE,  
*A New Novel.*  
THE HOUSE OF THE TRIBE FAMILY.

It was a large, rickety, banging and slamming sort of a house, famous for its breezes, in which there was a perpetual contest between the wind without, and the children within, which should create the greatest noise. Not one of the Tribe Family was ever known to shut a door without sundry reproaches and entreaties, although Mrs. Tribe was screaming out all-day to Kitty, “come back; you’ve left the door open.—Amy, here!”—“Well, Mamma.”—“Shut the door, James, you really have no mercy on us, &c.” And Mr. Tribe never sat down to dinner without saying to his foot-boy, yclept, from courtesy, “our man,” “Benjamin, really my legs are perished; no wonder I have the gout—there’s that outer hall-door open, as if we kept an Inn or a Post-Office. There’s not a servant in my house ever shuts a door, Mrs. Cattell.” All this admonition which only made one feel colder, was thrown away upon this large disorderly family, who might be said to live extempore, and, from the unfortunate circumstance of having a very good tempered, easy mother, one of the most grievous calamities that can befall so numerous a household, were always in confusion. The servants of course had imbibed largely the latitudinarian system: ringing the bell was hopeless under five or six repetitions; mending the fires equally hopeless: they were generally let so low, that nothing but the utmost skill could recover them; when lo! in came a dusty house-maid in curl-papers, and discharged a whole coal-scuttle upon them. Let those smile who live in tropical climates, but these are no small grievances in merry, but cold England. Yet, nothing could spoil the tempers of the Miss Tribes. They laughed as loud when the fire went out as when it blazed; they made a regular joke of the bell never being answered, and seemed almost in a state of consternation when the servant happened to come at the first summons. One or other of the sisters was constantly on the search of the house keys, which were usually lost twice a day, and one or other of their friends usually engaged in pinning up the gathers and closing the gaps in their gowns behind; for as fast as one separation was concealed, another came to view.—With all this their mirth was unabated.

AN ENGLISH FAMILY AND CHATEAU.



The Village of Clifford where Mrs. Bouverie resided was a truly pastoral scene, situated to the South-West of Warwickshire, on the confines of Gloucestershire; the neighbourhood about it, had all that verdant, luxuriant, and smiling appearance which Scotchmen and foreigners so greatly admire. The little homeward paths, emerging from the copse wood, enlivened by groups of fine cattle, and winding sometimes through a sedgy pool where on Sunday, varied by the careless, loitering steps of the Villagers among whom the clean, and elaborate smock-frock—the red waistcoat, and long knee-tyes, were still deemed the perfection of Sabbath attire, more especially, if the hat was set on with a knowing air, and the happy wearer carried in his hand a huge posy of the gayest and gaudiest flowers that his cottage garden could boast. Smoke, Steam, and Machinery, were here known solely for their domestic uses and in their simplest apparatus; and the clack of a Water-Mill was the only sound that indicated a substitute for manual labour in this poor, but not distressed district.

The ladies had to drive through a ford, and to pass the low square-towered church before the gates of the hall as it was called were apparent to their view. These were of such ample dimensions, as bespoke a residence of some antiquity, for our ancestors did not choose to sneak into their dwellings; within them, a wide, and well-kept gravel road, conducted by a sweep around the house to the front door of the dwelling. All here was neat to perfection, somewhat stiff; and had not the luxuriance of nature done its utmost to destroy the mischievous intentions of art, it might have been displeasing; but the smooth shaved lawn, studded with junipers, was shaded by a magnificent cedar, and terminated by flowering shrubs, which partly concealed, but could not wholly impede a glimpse of the whole distance beyond.

## COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

Just as she had finished her lonely dinner at half-past five, came the two Miss Williamses, each with a work-bag in their hands, from charity to sit the whole evening with her. They stayed till ten; when their brother fetched them home with a little pocket lantern. These two young ladies were the most simple creatures in the world. They knew vice only from their spelling-books, and their ideas of virtue were framed from Adelaide and Theodore or from *L'Ami des enfans*. They had no idea that Prince George of Wales and Caroline his consort, were not the most united couple in the world: they thought married people always were. They had never been allowed to read Shakespeare, and knew nothing more of Addison than the Select Spectator. Of course they were no adepts in the chit-chat of the day, and they had no

acquirements to compensate for that deficiency, no occupation except needle work, and that of the most elaborate description. The flounces which they began, were out of fashion before they were half finished, and the mind reverted to generations yet unborn who must enjoy the result of their labours, when they talked of their tent-stitch, satin-stitch, open-hemming cross-stitch, and back-stitch. All their ideas wore equally obsolete; and any more enlightened friend, who took them in hand, must feel that she had every thing relative to society in general, to instill into their innocent minds.

## MR. PUZZLEBY.

*From the Temple.*

Mr. Puzzleby, a young lawyer, expressly come from London to pass his short Christmas vacation with his worthy family, a keen, smart young man, second-rate, however, in talent, third-rate in person, and fourth, fifth, sixth-rate in manners, conversation, and gentility. His own advancement in the profession was ever in his thoughts: he had a snare to litigation in every sentiment, a puff in every joke. Garrow, Erskine, Ellenborough, were constantly in his mouth—you would think that he ate his very dinners in the courts of law. His anecdotes had all travelled round Westminster Hall; his routes had all been circuitous; his details were all cases, his very hat was bought in Chancery Lane; his whole heart seemed at *Nisi Prius*. This gentleman had a pale, parchment-looking complexion, and one of those hatchet profiles which seemed to be created purposely for lawyers, his very eyes had a legal near-sightedness about them; he spoke as if he was addressing a jury; he had the regular dusty look of a Solicitor-General in embryo.

## THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

### MARSEILLES.

There is nothing so tiresome as travelling by Canals even though it be that of Languedoc. The continued line of artificial embarrassment affects both mind and eye with its dull monotony. To relieve myself from the heavy sensations which a gliding motion is apt to produce, I walked the whole distance between Toulouse and Beziers, taking advantage of the boat to convoy my portmanteau; and from the frequent recurrence of locks, I found I could more than keep pace with it. I left Toulouse early in the morning, and arrived at Beziers the subsequent evening, so that I was necessitated to walk one whole night, the sofas in the little cabin being quite occupied by men, women, and children; and I preferred the exercise to sleeping, as some of the passengers did, stretched on their luggage on deck, under a heavy fall of dew. As the boat was in continued motion, and no provision made for the passengers on board, I was obliged to cater for myself at the various villages as we passed along; and I continued to do so pretty successfully, though an Englishman and his wife declared that they were half starved. On the whole, I advise every one who is fond of ease and comfortable travelling to shun the Languedoc Canal, which the guide books so warmly recommend; except to a pedestrian with heavy luggage, it offers no advantages. I arrived at Beziers at seven o'clock in the evening; the sun was down some time, and the town which stands on a rock of considerable altitude, and is strongly fortified, rose in a dark heavy mass against the evening sky. I ascended the rocky declivitous pathway on the west, and, by nine o'clock was thundering down the opposite one on the east, in a diligence bound for Montpellier.—Beziers is famed for its manufacture of *eau de vie*; which vies in celebrity with that of Cogniac; and as I had provided myself with a flask of it, a second night in the open air was passed pleasantly enough. We got to Montpellier about four in the morning. I enjoyed a delicious slumber till nine, when the bright beams of a cloudless day broke into my room, and I soon found myself on the *Perault*, or public promenade.

Like all other towns dependent for its prosperity on fashion or caprice, Montpellier has seen many changes. The Montpellier of to-day is but the ghost of what it once was. The sun shines as brightly as ever; the delicious softness of the morning and evening breezes, is as salubrious; the animal, fish, and vegetable markets, are as overflowing with cheap and wholesome viands; the promenades have all the advantages of shade and distant

landscape; but instead of the hundreds who used to flock every autumn to enjoy them, only a few solitary strangers drop in as if by chance. The quackery of medicine, which at one time numbered Montpellier as a panacea for all descriptions of disease, has contributed, I believe, by following the caprice of fashion, to its present adversity. Other towns and climates have been discovered which are more efficacious in curing maladies, and filling the pockets of adventurous physicians. For my part, as I walked along the rows of trees which line the promenade, decorated with its fountain and elegant temple, and caught distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, the Alps, and Pyrenees, with fragments of decayed aqueducts breaking through the foliage of the middle distance, I envied the persons who came to lay their bones amongst such beautiful imagery. As I was sketching a portion of the scene, I was addressed by an English gentleman, who to my no small surprise, I discovered was one to whom I had a letter of introduction, when he politely offered to show me what was to be seen about the place. Making a circuit round the town, we visited the Botanical Garden, a favourite haunt of the English, and which, with their cool shady walks, and thousand beautiful specimens of rare exotics, and little ponds of clear spring water filled with gold and silver fish, offers attractions of no mean description during the warm summer months. Here, in a little sequestered nook, almost hid by shrubbery, Young the Poet's daughter lies buried, with this simple inscription carved upon as simple a tomb:—

*“Placendis Narcissæ muribus.”*

the unaffected pathos of which must strike every one. As we walked along the broad strait avenues strewn with fallen leaves, multitudes of various sized lizards were rustling about. There is no better proof of the existence of a warm dry climate than this. In Italy, they are so numerous that they often find their way into the houses. They are perfectly harmless and very beautiful; they are generally of a dark green, with black spots on the back, and a yellowish white on the belly; their eyes are two little brilliant sparks, which often startle you, peeping from amongst the leaves, and their motions are quick as thought and very elegant. It was here too, that I first observed aloes in flower in the open air another rather convincing proof of the climate's salubrity. The chief objection to Montpellier as a residence, appeared to me its size and bustle; it is too large and too noisy for a retirement, unless one lives some way in the country, and many neat cottages may be had at a very low rate. The town has nothing striking in point of buildings: the theatre is of course, one of the most conspicuous, and in the museum there are some good paintings. I dined at my friend's house,

where every thing was cooked and served *à l'anglais*; so that I have nothing to say but that the English, go where they may, live quite at home, seeing a little of foreign manners and society as if they had never moved from their arm chair.

The following day I found myself at Nismes; and though I did not spend many hours in it, I saw enough to make me delighted with it. As a place of residence it appeared to me preferable to any town I had yet visited. The streets are wide, yet rendered shady by rows of trees. The promenades are truly magnificent, and the antiquities as far as they go as interesting as any thing in Italy. The amphitheatre which, on a small scale, is almost a model of that of Vespasian at Rome, is more perfect than it, and sufficiently large to have a character of dignity and grandeur; but the temple of Diana, or, as the French absurdly enough term it, "*La Maison Quarrée*," is a finer example of a Roman Temple than exists any where in Italy. Indeed its purity and elegance is quite Greek, I was sorry to see a troop of workmen busily repairing it. It is as dangerous an experiment to touch a decaying building, as to retouch an ancient picture. The possession of the statues, real gems of art, seems to have given a proper direction to the minds of the architects of Nismes, for the public buildings have much more purity than the general run one sees in France. As I stood near the office of the diligence, a scene happened not many yards from me, which may seem to illustrate the French character: one of the National Guards, using the most insulting language to a man who was known to be a Carlist, and declaring that he had no right to wear mustachios, offered to cut them off, the other resisted; a scuffle ensued, which ended by the guardsman driving his sword through the other's heart. The assassin was instantly seized but had not the military made their appearance on the instant, so strong was the feeling of the bystanders in favour of his cause, that he would have been as immediately rescued. However he was conveyed to prison under a strong guard; the colonel made a speech to the crowd, and the people withdrew. About fifteen minutes after this incident I observed a very showy and beautiful woman pass hurriedly along with oysters on a wooden board, followed by twenty or thirty people. Upon enquiry I found that this was the wife of the murderer on her way to her husband's cell, with some crumbs of comfort as a solace for his loss of liberty. Had I not seen the whole transaction, I could scarcely have believed that even French *philosophy* could have gone so far. During my ride to Marseilles, being in the interior of the diligence with three Frenchmen, I found that politics at the moment run so high, than an act which, in the eye of reason and justice, could only be considered as an unprovoked murder, was regarded in the light of a heroic deed, and the murderer rather canonized than reprobated.

Marseilles has been justly termed Europe in miniature, for one sees samples of all nations, from the turbaned Turk, and opium devouring Arab, to the furred and oily Russian. The harbour is always crowded with vessels—the strange looking crafts of the Algerines, the broad bottoms and low masts of the Dutch, Italian feluccas, and English jolly-boats, all mingled together in picturesque proximity. Flags of all shapes and colours “flout the sky” and the hoarse bawlings of the crews, in almost every living tongue, is continued from morning to night. The quays which stretch round with two gigantic horns, are gay with shops displaying all sorts of merchandise, from the gold dust, feathers, and perfumes of Arabia, to the muslin and cotton goods of Macclesfield and Paisley. There is nothing which the most excursive imagination could wish for, that is not displayed in the gay windows—costly silks, gems, bright plumaged birds, fruits of delicious odour, spices, gums, spirits, and wines of the finest growths, pipes with amber shafts, and meerschaum bowls, and tobacco of the most fragrant flavour, curling in white volumes from the open doors of the coffee houses, where sit the merchants and ship-owners enjoying their small cups of high-flavoured coffee. I wandered about as it were in a dream; the tales of the Hundred and One, seemed to be at length realized, when I was brought to my senses by a poor half-starved wretch craving a sous. The town is divided into old and new, the portion encircling the harbour belonging to the former. The streets of the latter are very fine and broad, and showy, rising very rapidly from the harbour till they terminate in the public promenade, which put me in mind of the Calton-Hill of Edinburgh. From this point a noble view of the town and Mediterranean is obtained—the harbour being finely covered and defended by a number of small islands. In the evening I strolled into several of the Coffee Houses, which were crowded to the doors with Turks, Greeks, Italians, Jews, Spaniards, Franks, Irish, English and Scotch. There was a perpetual rattle of billiard-balls, dominoes, and dice boxes, a strumming of guitars, gitterns, and harps, a singing of ballads, drinking of punch, coffee, sherbet, and lemonade, a selling and buying, and talking without end. The long bearded Turk sat near the smooth-lipped Frank, and smoked his costly hookah, whilst the other puffed his cigars. There was no lack of fair sellers of bijoux and bon-bons who dispersed all around the sweetest smiles in the world. Again I thought of the tales of the Hundred and One, when the desperate curse of some unfortunate gambler dispelled the illusion a second time.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XVIII.  
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY THE DUKE DE D\*\*\*\*

(*Volumes first and second*) Translated for the Museum.

History is charged with writing the life of Kings, but Kings are not forbidden to prepare materials for history. Providence having reserved me, in its secret designs for the glorious though pacific mission of restoring the throne of Saint Louis, to reconcile France with Europe, I may flatter myself that posterity will not be uninterested in the vicissitudes of the agitated existence that has been my lot from my earliest youth until the day when, after twenty-five years of absence, I returned to attach my name to the constitutional era of the kingdom.

I please myself also by thinking that I write these Memoirs entirely for the literary happiness of writing them: this employment was during my exile so sweet a source of consolation, that I should think myself in a manner ungrateful to neglect continuing it now I am seated on the throne; if one day these pages, the confidant of my *souvenirs*, are opened to posterity, I hope that the seal of familiar narration, which authorises now the minutest details, and again the capricious omissions of a writer who desires to free himself from the etiquette of historical style will have been respected. When during my life I allowed an extract from these Memoirs to be published,<sup>[1]</sup> I wished to learn by anticipation the difference between the eulogiums of courtiers and criticism. No one will accuse me of having on this occasion claimed the privileges of my title. I proved that the King who had given the Charter to dethrone despotism and anarchy, knew as an author how to observe the laws of the republic of letters religiously.

As soon as my father ceased to live, we commenced as it were a new era. To piety and retirement, succeeded a more worldly course which did not displease us. All our saints were transformed into gallant cavaliers, the religious exercises were replaced by amusements of all kinds, analogous to our eye and tastes; the main object was rather to be agreeable to us, than to confine us within proper bounds. In short, I soon found that we should do just what we pleased.

We continued, the dauphin and myself, to give our time to study, because it was agreeable to us. As to D'Artois, who was less greedy of science, he profited by his liberty and stopped short. Upon my endeavouring to make him blush for his inaction, he answered that a son of France was formed to

handle a sword, not a pen. This chivalric phrase had an astonishing success at Versailles, prognostics for the future were drawn from it. History will prove if they are realized.

Seeing things in a different light, I thought that although the blood royal flowed through my veins, it was not necessary that I should always have recourse to the knowledge of others; that moreover, not being heir to the throne, and being never to command armies, as the new politics of the court forbade it, I sought in study the elements of an agreeable diversion and of a consideration entirely personal. I persisted then in instructing myself, and far from tiring, I laboured with renewed ardor.

I fancied this resolution was not quite agreeable to my preceptors, the solicitude of those good folks towards me was such, that they would willingly have taken upon themselves the trouble of thinking, speaking, and acting for me, in order to spare me the trouble. The obstacle I raised to this charitable intention, appeared like ingratitude in their eyes, and inspired them with a bitterness that was but ill concealed, and which became the germ of the species of ill-favour with which my youth was regarded.

The more I sought to render myself worthy of public esteem, by giving myself up to glorious labor, which a prodigious memory facilitated, the farther I was from my object. D'Artois, on the contrary by a different course, found every heart open at his approach, and every countenance smiling. His goodness, grace, sense and good looks were all cried up; he was gay, ardent and adventurous, and could not but please the nation. His very faults passed for good qualities, his impetuosity was frankness, his hatred of study, absence of pretension, his ignorance, an amiable simplicity, his prodigality, a noble munificence; in a word, the flatterers and interested made him in every point, a worthy descendant of Henry IV, forgetting doubtless, that this great King to whom they compared him, loved the fine arts, though unable to cultivate them.

The weakness of my younger brother, was principally a virtue which could scarcely be sufficiently appreciated by those who desire to govern princes, and establish an empire over them, so much the more to be dreaded, as it is not discovered until too late to shake off the yoke. I own that in this point I was less worthy of the love of the nation. I kept up a reserve that rendered it difficult to approach me, much less could any influence over me be obtained by the many who desired it. This reserve was called pride. I did not lavish my homage upon all women, and I was accused of disliking them. I must be a bad master, as no one ruled me. I was not yielding, so I was said to be wanted in sensibility; my reserve and cautiousness passed for duplicity, my fondness for labor, was disguised ambition; even my memory, and dislike of show and splendour was imputed a crime; my tastes, my actions,



my words, even my silence were calumniated, and I was so often reproached with aspiring to the throne, that at length the desire arose of making myself worthy of the trust, if Providence should one day call me to fill it. This was my only plot, my only intrigue, and God is my witness that whatever steps I have taken, I had no other object than the welfare of the nation, and of my family. All my fault consisted in seeing the incapability of the latter to govern properly, and in sometimes advising means to save it from the faults which came from the throne, and which tended to compromise our existence and our future. If I have then occasionally put my hand to the helm without the permission of the pilot, whose good intentions did not divest me of alarm, it was necessary to strengthen the crown, and I flatter myself that I have succeeded, in such a manner that it will remain firm and unshaken on our heads as long as my charter is the fundamental law of the state.

It was thus that from my infancy, I have breathed in the midst of an atmosphere of ill-favour. As I advanced in my career, I have had to struggle against ingrates, with the clergy and with the nobility. They did not understand that by refusing something at first, I could assure them of much more afterwards; they misunderstood my wisdom and fore-thought, and hated me for my good intentions. Senseless beings! I knew the human mind better than they did; I have followed the progresses of the age, step by step, I know what suits the light it has acquired, to go contrary to this, were to dash against the rock that a skilful hand should avoid.

Nevertheless I had some flatterers; I was a son of France. That was saying enough, and yet I knew the public opinion of me: truth has a perfume that penetrates even to places from which it is banished. This knowledge affected my temper, soured it, and I gave myself up sometimes to movements of impatience caused by the injustice of man. From that time I was feared, and less loved than ever; I saw this, it afflicted me, and I was a long time in accustoming myself to a disgrace which I had done everything to avoid.

The Dauphin, later the unfortunate Louis XVI, was not better appreciated with his perfect virtue and love of the public welfare. He was good, but wanted firmness, his eye was sure, but he had an extreme distrust in himself; he did not know how to refuse, or grant seasonably; he gave to others the credit of good intentions, and judged of men by himself. Not fond of meddling with affairs of State, he frequently abandoned them to his ministers, frequently to his wife even, and diverted himself in solitude when he could for a moment throw off his character of King, forgetting that a King should never cease to be one, that for him there is neither interlude, or recreation, and that like another Sisyphus, he should constantly roll the burden of royalty up the brilliant steep assigned to him.

The court did not like Louis XVI; he was too much a stranger to their manners (*mœurs*,) and this monarch knew not how to set it aside to draw near the people; for there are moments when a sovereign should know how to choose between the one and the other. How many evils would my unfortunate brother have spared himself and his family, had he but held the sceptre that Providence had confided to him, with a firm hand!

I prefer speaking of my family to dwelling upon the first years of my life, on the actions and sayings of a child whose pretty tricks are always admirable in the eyes of parents, but very tedious to others.

The marriage of my brother with Marie Antoinette, I own, displeased me sovereignly; Austria had interests so opposed to those of France, that I dreaded the influence of an Archduchess amongst us. I knew the weakness of the dauphin, and the careless ease with which he allowed himself to be governed by others and I particularly feared the effects of the empire his wife would of course take over him: this princess, brought up as an Austrian, could she forget her first principles of education to become entirely French? It was at least doubtful, and it was to be feared on the contrary that the Cabinet of Vienna would find in her an auxiliary entirely disposed to serve its interests.

Besides too, this house of Lorraine which was almost our subject, the remembrance of the Guises who had been so fatal to France, this chimerical pretence, but sustained so seriously, caused the gravest reflections to arise within my mind, for in spite of my youth, I sought to read the future, and I should have preferred that another wife than the Austrian had been given to the presumptive heir of the kingdom; but I was not consulted.—

The princess arrived provided with a list of those who were to partake of her good graces most particularly. They were for the most part Lorraines and descendants of the Guises. However her mother's happy star placed near her a Frenchman, an Austrian in his heart, the Abbé de Vermont, a mysterious personage, always behind the curtain, whose immense influence from its not appearing in broad day was the more dangerous.—It was he who governed my sister-in-law till the last moment, every night ere resigning himself to sleep, he sought in his mind what he could do in favor of Austria the next day. This man was destitute of capacity, had no knowledge of affairs, and liking nothing but disturbance and intriguers, he kept in the back ground, while he made his friends act, being himself like a spider who spins his web in the shade that his prey may more surely fall into it.

My sister-in-law had unbounded confidence in her Counsellor; he ended by estranging her from us and prejudicing her against the sincere partizans of the monarchy. I flatter myself with holding the highest rank among those, and she testified towards me the utmost coldness, when the dread of my

ambition did not mix with it, which consisted in willing the greatness of France to the detriment of Austria.

The Archduchess at her first coming out conquered all hearts; she was beautiful, seducing, and gracious; she dazzled: her success was complete. She was worshipped like a deity; moreover the court gave the word of command, and as they expected everything from the wife of the dauphin, they would not refuse her any thing.

This lasted till her accession to the throne, and eight days after the Queen had lost half of what the dauphine had gained. The court commenced by stripping the Idol, which later was broken by the people. My sister-in-law did not deserve this hatred, nor perhaps the infatuation which had first been testified towards her. I must say that I feel a certain embarrassment in explaining my opinion of her; we were never cordial to each other, I have even little to praise in her proceedings towards me, nevertheless I shall endeavour to be impartial in my judgment; besides, her misfortunes inspire me with a reserve from which I trust I shall never depart, and this idea will help me to keep in the explosion of discontent which a recollection of past times might sometimes occasion.

The Queen loved her children and the King; this was perhaps all she loved in France, with the exception of Madame de Polignac, who, in obtaining her good graces, became in a manner a new member of her family, for she bore towards her the affection of a beloved sister; this was wrong, Madame de Polignac, mild, good and affectionate, possessed none of the qualities that could be useful in a favourite. Her influence could {not} serve the State; she employed it merely to enrich herself and her creatures: she surrounded herself with nullities of which she soon formed a rampart round the Queen, wishing to render her, as it were, invisible to all who were strangers to the sphere in which she lived. This sphere, where were confounded, hatred, mortifications, fears, and personal hopes, became the centre of petty intrigues and narrow ambition from which none of the generous thoughts and resolutions can arise which forms the glory of an empire by strengthening it when menaced with a fall.

War, peace, with the administration of the interior, or overseeing of distant affairs, weighed nothing in the scale in the Queen's circle, against the acquisition of an article of furniture, of a *cordon bleu*, a fashionable head-dress, or a plume of feathers. These were the great interests that occupied this frivolous court, where it was thought that time could not be better employed than in singing, dancing, performing theatrical pieces and inspecting workmen who were making preparations for a new fête. Neither the men or women disdained this employment which passed for the quintessence of *bon ton*. Money too was to be procured, no matter at what

price, to support a pomp behind which was hid a frightful abyss! Also did these careless beings see the approach of the revolution without a thought of what was reserved for them, and it was only on becoming its victims that they learned. Unfortunately the innocent were crushed in the common wreck.

Marie Antoinette's *debut*, as I said, was much to her advantage. I shall ever remember the moment that first placed her on an intimate footing with us. Her looks were at once directed to her husband, then on the King and the rest of the family. She seemed to seek in the countenance of each, the character which had been traced out to her beforehand; I know not why but her examination of me lasted longer than the others. She addressed me in the softest accent, requested my friendship in return for hers which she said was already wholly mine, and begged me to believe that she already considered herself a member of the family, that she wished to live but for us, and would sacrifice all her habits for our sakes. It was honey that flowed from her Austrian lips, and she had nothing to complain of in the compliments I paid her in return.

The very next day my brother followed his youthful bride like a slave, he was dazzled by her graces, with her merit, and her maidenly dignity; he saw only her, which was already a step towards to see but through her, and it was not long ere this was the case.

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[1] H. M. here alludes to the journey from Paris to Brussels.  
—*Note by Edt.*

LE SALMIGONDIS,  
*CONTES DE TOUTES LES COULEURS.*

*Paris: Fournier, jeune; London, Treuttel & Co.*

We have received volumes V. and VI. of this entertaining, and, in many respects, interesting miscellany; and need do no more than make translations from them, in support of what we have already said of their predecessors, and for the amusement of our readers. The work obviously owes its existence to the success which has attended the 'Livre des Cent-et-Un' amongst the French; who, being a tolerably acute and intelligent people, may, we suppose, be presumed to be indifferently good judges of that which professes to illustrate their own modes of living and thinking,—with perfect deference, however, to the opinions of those, amongst ourselves, who may feel themselves better qualified for that office. In like manner, we may venture to assume that volumes V. and VI. are to be taken as evidence of the success of the preceding ones, and we hope as much. The publisher, in execution of his promise to bind up into his garland "tales of all colours" seems to have made his arrangements for culling them in all climes. The portion before us contains three specimens of English growth, from the gardens of Mrs. Norton, Mr. MacFarlane, and Mr. Bulwer,—but with reference to which we are compelled to observe that, even beneath our cold and clouded island-sky, the editor might have contrived to pick up much more brilliant flowers. In truth, we should not have been sorry, in a miscellany of this kind, to see our compatriots make a more distinguished figure. The volumes contain likewise two charming translations, from the Sanscrit and Chinese respectively, each presenting a very delightful view alike of the poetry and ethics of the easterns. The two most amusing papers are one by George Sands, entitled 'Cora,' and an exceedingly well written and effective story, called 'Le Bas Bleu,' by Paulding, the American. Unluckily, however, for our purposes, they are also two of the longest, and we are not very fond of presenting our readers with a single link of a story as an evidence of its complete stature. We shall, therefore, content ourselves on this occasion with translating, what is called, a Mexican anecdote, a tale not very admirable for style or sentiment, or the development of character—but perfect in its humble way—full of melo-dramatic incident, of robbers of a very whiskered fashion, and all that sort of thing, and which we think likely to be of service to some of our dramatic *Scribes*:

## PEPITA; A MEXICAN ANECDOTE.

*By the Marquis de Chateaugiron.*

“The Marquis de Bevenuccho, his wife, daughters, Don Cæsar his intended son-in-law, a *femme-de-chambre*, and two male servants, occupied one of those huge coaches drawn by ten mules; and guided by two postillions, which are frequently to be met with on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico. While this lumbering vehicle was descending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinol, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test, as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. The travellers were, in consequence, obliged to alight. What was to be done?—The coachman informed them that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada* which, though certainly not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and where they might pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the whole party, escorting the coach, and bemoaning their misfortune, reached the gate of the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. Nevertheless, it occasionally served as a place of shelter for muleteers and their mules. The Marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, in which their beds were prepared; the *femme-de-chambre* nestled as well as she could in a closet which resembled the cell of a convent; and the servants slept just where sleep happened to overtake them, and wrapped up in their cloaks.

“But the heroine of our tale, the *femme-de-chambre*, Pepita, had some suspicion that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared; and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell; she had no need of a light to find the wooden bench which had been prepared for her, and placing her mantle under her head, for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when casting them towards the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light, which glimmered through the chinks of a wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself silently upon a table which stood beneath the window, and half withdrawing a curtain which hung before it, her eye peered into the adjoining room, within which she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in a corner of the apartment. Pepita, a Quadroon by birth, had enough of Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst

her Indian compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as Judith herself.

“With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of these men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she, at once, recognized as belonging to her master, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and plate which it contained. Both appeared to have done honor to the Marquis’s wine, and were so much intoxicated, that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. She continued, therefore, to observe their movements with anxious attention, and, at the same time, arranged the plan of operation, which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard, conveyed to her the knowledge that the elder of the two was the famous *Capador* himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a silk dress.

“She learned, or rather half guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band, of which they were the leaders, awaited in the forest, for the signal was to be given by a hunting-horn, which she noticed in a corner of the apartment; and that upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. She saw, with joy, that the wine of the Marquis was gradually gaining mastery over them and, soon after, observing that they were buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers’ chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, the hat, and the well known hatchet of the chief, and also of the hunting-horn, and carrying with her the lamp and her precious booty, contrived to effect her retreat into the court, without accident. She now fastened the chamber of the bandits with the bolts which are often placed outside the doors of Mexican houses; then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and resting the hatchet upon her left shoulder, took in her right hand the hunting-horn; and, thus equipped, she sallied from the court. The night was utterly dark. She reached the border of the pine-wood; and, drawing a few low tones from the hunting-horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. The moment was now come in which it was necessary for her to muster all her courage; for she saw a band of from ten to twelve men issuing from amongst the trees, and advancing in her direction. She retreated before them towards the house, contriving, with much address, to keep herself nearly hid within the shadow of the buildings, and letting herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently

near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe which she carried, and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into the large chamber adjoining the stable; and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits could have no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

“Then, without a moment’s delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of her master, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. We will not attempt to paint the surprise of the Marquis. Guided by the counsel of Pepita, he wakened Don Cæsar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry which was stationed in that village.

“During his absence, the Marquis and Pepita determined to watch their prisoners, and act as circumstances might require.—They wakened the two domestics, and armed them.

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“On returning to the apartment of Gomez, and listening at the door, they found that the two chiefs had awaked, and were endeavouring to escape from their confinement. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the inn were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all hands. Gomez and his lieutenant uttered shouts of rage, and their appeals were answered by his companions, as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The Marquis, Pepita, and their servants shouted likewise, in every tone which they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But the door of the room which confined the troop was now beginning to tremble before their efforts. They had found some heavy logs of wood, which served as a kind of battering-rams; while others hacked at the door with their swords, Gomez and his companion were also very busy after their example; and exerted every means in their power to effect their deliverance. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment, in this posture of affairs, to follow the track of Don Cæsar.

“This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule; and the one on which he was now, unhappily, mounted, was the most obstinate of its kind. In vain did he apply the argument of gentle terms, and equally in vain that of the spur; nothing could prevail upon the cursed beast to hasten its pace, or lose the remembrance of the friends it had left behind in the stable. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most sinister presages. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Dona Francisca—if the brigands should escape from



their confinement before his return? He trembled for the consequences. The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete: but what was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*—that is, one of those numerous caravans of mules, employed for the service of government to transport gold and silver pieces from Mexico to the coast, and which are always escorted by a large troop of soldiers. Don Cæsar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, told his story in a few words, and implored assistance. The officer, to whom he was known, drew his soldiers together, and leaving a few behind, for the safety of the caravan, mounted Don Cæsar on a horse, and set off with him towards the hills with all the rapidity that the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all schemes which had been laid to surprise him.

“During this time, affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of their prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Having ascertained the small number of those against whom they had to contend, and with a view of securing for themselves a less dangerous *sortie*, they had begun to fire through holes which they had made in the door, upon the Marquis and his servants. Gomez and his lieutenant had likewise taken the same course, and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand, which showed through the opening. This incident had the result of daunting the brigands. It was evident that one of their leaders were struck, and a deep silence succeeded his fall; nor was it till after a considerable interval that their exertions recommenced. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to their attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, and the Marquis and his family had determined to abandon the place, and fly towards the road, in the hope of meeting the expected succour,—Pepita had discharged her last pistol,—when they caught the sound of the galloping of horses on the road from Acayete. Their deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*; and before Don Cæsar had embraced his future family, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

“But it remained to secure the persons of Gomez and his lieutenant. From the rash and desperate character of the man, it was not supposed that he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. A council was therefore held, to deliberate on the means which should be employed to get possession of his person, without risking lives of greater value than his own

in the capture. It was proposed by some to force the door, and enter in a body; while others desired, first, to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed,—it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities;—but, upon drawing aside the outer bolts, it was found, that the door was fastened within.

“‘Open the door to the Lieutenant of the Republic,’ cried the commanding officer.

“No answer.

“‘If you resist another moment, you are a dead man,’ said the Marquis.

“Still the same silence.

“‘By the Madona of Guadaloupe! by the Holy Virgin!’ cried Don Cæsar, impetuously, ‘you shall receive no quarter, unless you at once come forth.’

“Not a sound was heard in reply.

“At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was followed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartments where the family of the Marquis had passed the night. All hastened in an instant, in that direction; and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita stretched upon the ground, and bathing in her own blood. But when they approached her, she had strength enough to point with her finger to the little window. The commanding officer, raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter in the act of reloading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and regaining the corridor with his soldiers, the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was at length, secured.

“All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita; and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had so nearly proved fatal to her. She had, by showing herself at the window intended to convince the bandits that their retreat was on all sides cut off, and all further resistance on their part would be useless; when the enraged Gomez had immediately fired at her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her service near the person of her mistress.

“The journey of the Marquis to Saint-Jean-d’Ulloa, was postponed to a future time; and the family returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the capture of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the close of the year; and the Marquis, considering her the saviour of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during her life.”

We trust the worthy people at the Minors will return us their best thanks for having thus gratuitously furnished them with so pretty and perfect a little melo-drame.—*Athenæum*.

## THE VICTIM OF DEVOTED AFFECTION.

*Written for the Museum.*

“Oh there’s nothing half so sweet in life—  
As love’s young dream.”

Caroline May, a blooming and accomplished girl, was playing the sweet notes of this song upon her piano, accompanying it with her own melodious voice, when a deep drawn sigh attracted her attention to her friend, who sat beside her. She was young and beautiful, but her dress and countenance indicated that she was a deep and sincere mourner for one, who was no more numbered among the living. There was a touching melancholy expressed in her lovely face, which rivetted the attention, and awakened the interest of all who saw her. As Caroline turned towards her, she marked the emotion which evinced her agonized feelings. She enquired not the cause, for the story of her beloved Isabel’s grief was familiar to her. She momentarily ceased her song and with compassionate sympathy, took her friend’s hand—“Oh my Isabel! could your Caroline afford you comfort, it would be a source of satisfaction which nought else could furnish—but I feel that it is but mockery to attempt it—I know that I cannot realize the depth of your affliction—but oh! I know too, that while it has made your heart desolate and sad, your devoted friend can know no more true happiness, till that face once so radiant, with joy resumes its wonted expression.”—

“That can never be my beloved girl,” murmured Isabel, “but you have no reason thus to resign the high hopes which are indulged for you by all your fond friends, and not the least by your Isabel. The world has not become a wilderness to *you*, and *you* can be happy—but *for me*” . . . Here her emotions overpowered her,—but—she soon resumed. “Ah how forcibly did I realise the truth of those lines:—

“Oh there’s nothing half so sweet in life—  
As love’s young dream—

“It *was* a dream as I found by bitter experience—but oh *how sweet*—perishingly sweet—Oh Caroline, when you know as I have done, the almost heavenly delight of intimate communion with a congenial spirit—to mingle thought with thought and soul with soul, and when your every emotion whether of joy or grief finds a corresponding throb of delight or pang of

sorrow in the bosom of another, and then to be separated from that other, forever." She paused and for a few moments the friends wept together. Again she proceeded—"Think not, my beloved Caroline, that I do not appreciate your devoted friendship. It is my only consolation—and be assured, that if there are happy moments in the life of your afflicted friend, I am indebted for them to your love."

"Oh Isabel," exclaimed Caroline, as a glow of pleasure flushed her cheek—"how delightful is this assurance—It is all I ask—but indulge no fond anticipations with regard to your friend—I have devoted myself to you—to the promotion of your happiness, and I will form no engagements which will separate me from you. Refuse me not the sore comfort of sympathizing in your sorrows and doing all that I can to alleviate them."

Isabel expostulated and Caroline quietly, but firmly repeated her determination, and after an interesting exchange of ardent professions of attachment the friends separated to meet again in the evening.

Isabel Norton and Caroline May had met for the first time, when both were capable of discerning and appreciating each other's excellencies. Caroline was ardent and enthusiastic, and Isabel too evinced the depth and fervency of her affection in every action, although her attachments were not suddenly formed. Her mind strong and well cultivated, was well fitted to guide the gay thoughtless Caroline, and it was with a love amounting to adoration, that Caroline regarded the high souled Isabel. From the moment she saw Isabel, she had loved her and those who knew her light and giddy nature were astonished at the alteration which was soon evinced in her character. To please and gratify her friend was to her a motive powerful enough to induce her to overcome every obstacle which impeded her progress in the path of improvement. They spent two hours of every morning together in prosecuting their favourite studies, and with admiration and respect, did Caroline listen to the explanations and comments which were the results of Isabel's well disciplined mind, and when they parted, it was ever with mutually increasing esteem and love. Every interview heightened the interest which Isabel felt in the ingenuous, enthusiastic being, who lavished upon her all the overflowing tenderness of her affectionate heart; but unlike Caroline, Isabel shared her affections with another—her heart was devoted to one who was in every respect worthy of her. He was a Professor in the University of W——, and was distinguished for his talents and literary attainments—in order to promote his own improvement and the benefit of the institution with which he was connected, he formed the design of going to Europe, that native home of the sciences; after making the arrangements necessary to facilitate the attainment of the great benefits he proposed to secure, and bidding adieu to his beloved Isabel, he left her with

bright hopes and buoyant spirits. And it was with a happy countenance that Isabel exchanged the parting embrace. She loved Edward Drayton with all the deep devotedness of her nature, but his fame was dearer to her—and when she heard of his intended departure, and felt the bitterness of separation, she believed that he was going to prepare himself to cull brighter laurels, and win a more glorious name. This was the constant subject of her thoughts, and she was daily expecting to hear of his safe arrival in a foreign land, when the dreadful intelligence was received, that the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, and that *all on board perished*. The shock did not break her heart at once—but it was her death blow, and it was evident that although she lingered in this world it was as one, who was not of it—and whose earthly career would soon close, and now it was that Caroline May exhibited all the untiring devotedness of her nature. She had rejoiced in the bright prospects of her friend, and now that they were blighted in this hour of bereavement, with all the winning art which devoted love only knows, did she endeavour to soothe and comfort her. She avoided society and devoted herself wholly to her friend. Her kind parents indulged her affectionate desire, and every feeling of her fond heart was absorbed in attempting to divert the melancholy of her beloved Isabel.

It was an evening, when they were taking their accustomed ramble, that Isabel complained of weakness, and was frequently obliged to rest. With distress, Caroline noticed it—and for the first time became sensible of the ravages which grief had made in a countenance, once so blooming and joyous. Her emotions were too powerful to be concealed and she burst into tears. They were then entering a grave yard, and seated themselves upon the turf.

“My affectionate Caroline,” said Isabel, “do not mourn at these tokens of weakness and decay. Remember that death has no terror for me, and it is with joy, that I look forward to an union with my Edward in heaven. Yes, I feel, that soon a few feet of earth in this grave yard will be all that remains of Isabel Norton and that the same Almighty Being who took my Edward’s spirit to himself as it rose from the billows, will also bear my soul to the regions of the blessed.”

“Talk not of dying,” murmured Caroline, in a voice, whose tones indicated heartfelt anguish—“You must not leave me—live for your parents—for the many who love you—oh my Isabel—will you try to live? Are you willing to do all that can be done to restore your health?” And with beseeching earnestness she gazed into her face.

Isabel replied—“Caroline, I will not deceive you, I feel that death has already commenced its work with me, and although for your sake I should be willing to linger yet a little longer, yet I cannot regret that I am going to

meet one who is in heaven, and although I feel that it will be of no avail, yet if it will be of any satisfaction to my friends—to you my Caroline, I will do anything which may be thought beneficial.”

Caroline’s countenance brightened and after she had accompanied Isabel to her home, she communicated to Mr. and Mrs. Norton the conversation which had passed. These afflicted parents were but too sensible of the great change which was so evident in their beloved daughter, but they did not allow themselves to feel that she could die—now they awoke to the dreadful reality of her situation, and their family physician was immediately called. It was evident that nothing could be of material benefit, unless her mind could be diverted from the painful cause of her sufferings. Accordingly the physician prescribed travelling, and suggested that a jaunt to “Saratoga” might be beneficial—Isabel acquiesced in this arrangement, but it seemed to her anxious friends, that she hoped nothing from it. Caroline would not be denied the favour of accompanying her, and early in the month of May, Isabel with her afflicted parents and devoted friend commenced their tour. They travelled by short stages, and Caroline’s sanguine feelings led her to hope that the invalid was improving in health, but whenever she fancied that she could perceive some favourable symptom, she found new cause for alarm. Caroline now looked forward to the time when she would receive the benefit of the springs, and hoped every thing. In the course of a week they arrived at Saratoga, but for several days, from debility and fatigue, Isabel was unable to leave her room and her friends feared that the hour of separation had come, but she was yet spared to them, and for a time was evidently better.

One morning, when the invalid appeared weaker than usual, as Mr. and Mrs. Norton were seated at the breakfast table, Mr. N. was told that a gentleman wished to speak with him; he left the room and did not return till Isabel and Caroline had withdrawn to their own apartments. It was evident that something had powerfully affected him, he paced the room in great agitation, and for a time did not reply to the anxious inquiries of his wife. But as he noticed her distracted looks, he advanced and taking her hand, begged her to be composed for her own sake, and for the sake of Isabel—“Edward Drayton lives,” said he, and as he glanced at the incredulous expression of her countenance he added—“He is here, I have seen him.” Mrs. Norton clasped her hands in silent gratitude, and ere she could make further inquiries, Mr. Norton withdrew, but soon returned and introduced one, who next to Isabel was dearest to her heart. As soon as the mutual congratulations of such a meeting were exchanged, they considered how they should communicate the joyful intelligence to Isabel. Mrs. Norton went to her daughter’s room, and sent Caroline to learn the welcome tidings while

she prepared Isabel to bear it with calmness. But notwithstanding all the cautious prudence which a mother's love dictated, the happy group in the drawing room were soon summoned to assist Mrs. N. in restoring Isabel from a swoon, into which she had fallen at the first intimation of the intelligence. Edward stood by her side, as if rooted to the spot, he was shocked at the awful change which had taken place in a few short months. When last he pressed that cheek, it was flushed with health, now it was hollow and sunken. The impress of death was on her beautiful features—and in the agony of his soul he groaned aloud. For a time their united efforts were ineffectual, but at length she slowly recovered. Edward stood behind her. "Oh what a sweet dream," murmured she, "and yet was it all a dream? Oh yes—there is no such happiness in reserve for me."—"Isabel."—said her father in a low and solemn tone—"have you never indulged a hope that your Edward has escaped the sad fate which we feared was his, and that he yet lives?"—"What mean you?" exclaimed she, wildly, and clasping her hand upon her brow—"Ah now I remember—can it be?" "It can, my child, and it is so." Isabel's weak frame was powerfully agitated, and it was with difficulty that they could prevent her from relapsing into a state of insensibility. As soon as she was capable of speaking, she asked, "where is he?—let me see him before I die." Caroline with a face radiant with happiness, and yet expressing anxiety begged her to be composed, conjuring her to think what might be the effect, should an interview affect her too deeply. "Then he is here," she exclaimed. Edward stepped forward, and the lovers were clasped in each other's arms, "—My Edward! my Isabel!" burst from their lips, and all was silent. As soon as they could in any degree compose themselves, Edward briefly related the particulars of his miraculous preservation. When the vessel struck he was thrown upon the rocks—the blow made him insensible, but when his consciousness returned, with great difficulty he released himself from his perilous situation and sought the inhabitants who lived near. They welcomed him with kindness and hospitality, but in consequence of his exposure a fever ensued which threatened to terminate his life. Thus situated, without money and among strangers, he had not been able to inform his friends that he yet lived. The exertions which he made in endeavouring to procure the means of returning, occasioned a relapse and it was long before his health would enable him to travel. At last he succeeded in his endeavours and once more trod his native soil. He wrote to Isabel and followed the letter immediately. At her home he heard of her illness and without delay proceeded to Saratoga. "But," said he as he closed his narration, "I can now say, would that I had not been rescued from a watery grave if my fearful forebodings are realized." Mr. and Mrs. Norton endeavoured to reassure him, and Caroline with enthusiastic ardour



expressed her belief that Isabel would *indeed* be spared to them. With a melancholy smile the dying girl regarded her idolizing friends, and her eye with melting tenderness rested upon Edward.—“Oh,” said she, “I fear that I am now *too willing* to live, since earth’s choicest treasure is restored to me, *but it is too late.*”—Edward’s agonized countenance showed that his breaking heart felt the truth of what she uttered, and she added—“But let me direct your thoughts to a better and a brighter world where we shall meet, *to part no more forever.* There, my Edward, my dear parents, and my beloved Caroline, shall we be united in bands of eternal love and everlasting friendship.”

With sad countenances did these afflicted friends respond to her pious thoughts, and as Mrs. Norton noticed that the invalid appeared much exhausted, she took her husband’s arm and with Caroline left the room.

And now would Edward have relieved his bursting heart by pouring forth the sad feelings which overpowered him, but he feared to excite Isabel, he pressed her hand and with a countenance expressive of deep heartfelt grief, regarded her in silence. She was engaged in silent prayer to Him, who hears the secret breathing of his children. She supplicated for Edward, grace to support him in the trying hour which she felt was near.—The exercise composed her tender feelings, and although she would have spared him the anguish the subject occasioned, yet she was so convinced that the time of separation was at hand, that she determined to take this opportunity to express to Edward her dying wishes. With an enthusiasm, which Caroline’s disinterested friendship well deserved, did she speak of this beloved friend. She expatiated upon her sweet untiring love: of the devotedness with which she had sacrificed every selfish interest, that she might afford her comfort and consolation; and then with solemnity laying her hand in his, she said “My Edward, had it pleased God, I would have remained on earth, till he should take you hence, I would have been to you all that you could ask, or devoted love teach me to be—your companion—your solace—your all—but as He, who is infinite in wisdom, has otherwise determined, I am willingly to leave you, but oh, how happy can you render my dying moments, by assuring me that when I am gone and time has soothed your grief, you will select my beloved, devoted Caroline, as the partner of your bosom—promise me this, and I shall feel that a ministering angel will be your companion on earth—will cheer your pathway to the tomb, and while I rise to live in heaven, from that abode of bliss I shall be permitted to bless your union.”

“Isabel,” said Edward, “my heart will be buried in your grave, and soon will this frail tenement be laid by your side. Say then can I promise to give my hand to one, whom for your sake I shall ever regard with interest, but whom I cannot love?—Ah my Isabel! you have never known the deep, deep

love which my heart feels for you, but ask your own devoted soul, if you could have given your affections to another, when you thought your Edward had found a watery grave?" She replied not to this interrogation, but reurged her request.

"Should I live," said Edward, "I promise that your wishes shall be solemnly considered by me, but for the present, I conjure you say no more of it."

The dying girl survived a week after the arrival of Edward Drayton, but the shock which this joyful event occasioned, exhausted her feeble strength, and she never after left her room.—Caroline was ever at her side, and it seemed as if she hoped, by unbounded love and indefatigable exertions to retain her friend, but the hour was soon coming in which she would cease to be an inhabitant of earth.

One evening Caroline and Edward retained their usual station by her side, while Mr. and Mr. Norton sought a few hours of rest. They watched her sweet repose in silence, till Caroline's anxious eye noticed a change in her friend, and tremblingly she grasped her hand—it was cold—and in breathless anxiety she attempted to discover if she breathed—alas—no beating pulse indicated that life was there.—The chill of death was on her brow, but so calmly had her spirit fled, that her attentive friends had not marked the time of its departure.

Edward was so completely absorbed in his own melancholy reflections, that although his eyes were fixed upon the face of his beloved Isabel, he was not aware of the change which had taken place, till a shriek from Caroline attracted his attention. She had fainted and when he learned the awful truth, it was with difficulty that he retained his composure, while he raised Caroline in his arms, and attempted to revive her. Too soon she awoke to the consciousness of her loss, and turning to Edward she breathed rather than said—"Oh if you knew how my heart was bound in hers—how very, *very dear* she was to me, you would not wonder that this dreadful hour so completely overpowers me."

"I feel it Caroline, to my heart's core: I know all that you have lost, for oh! I am too sensible of her worth, and when I think of my own bitter bereavement, I can realize how great is your loss."

Mr. and Mrs. Norton were in some measure prepared for the sad tidings, but it was evident that in this case, anticipation of the event did not soften their grief, when it became a dreaded reality.

In a few days Isabel Norton the victim of devoted affection was laid in the burying ground of L—— but her angelic virtues and exalted worth will ever live in the memory of her afflicted friends.

Caroline arrayed herself in deep mourning garments, “for,” said she, “well it becomes me to wear the externals of grief, when my heart has been bereaved of its best earthly friend.”

These mourning friends soon returned to their homes, but during the following year, Caroline May was seen only by those who sought her in her retirement.—Hers was the deep sincere grief of the heart, and she sought not to exhibit it to others. With Edward Drayton she continued a correspondence which while it renewed their grief for the departed one, whose transcendent virtues was their never varying theme, it endeared them to each other—and insensibly did Edward unite the image of the sainted Isabel with the lovely devoted Caroline.

The next summer they met at the springs, and over the grave of his Isabel, did Edward inform Caroline of her adored friend’s wishes—“I am aware,” said he, as he took Caroline’s hand, “that my heart has received a shock from which it will never recover—I cannot offer you the first born affection which was my Isabel’s—that is buried in her grave, but next to her, is your place in my heart. Tell me, Caroline, will your benevolent spirit lead you to fulfil the wishes of your friend, and make me happy?”

Caroline replied—“whatever my Isabel wished I should consider myself bound to perform, aside from that, I frankly acknowledge, that as her *other self*, you alone could gain my affections, but in justice to her superior excellence, I would not claim a love, which none but angelic virtues like hers can secure.”

Edward realized at this moment, that to him, they were one in every surpassing charm, and that as one he loved them, and from that hour did Caroline allow herself to regard Edward Drayton with the same admiring enthusiasm, which had marked her love for Isabel. But not till a second year of mourning had expired, did they fulfil the dying request of the sainted Isabel. Then they were united and Caroline imitating the bright example of her friend, becomes daily more dear to her admiring husband; while the first sweet pledge of their union—Isabel Norton, is constantly reminded of the exalted character of the angel whose name she bears, and like her she promises to become a being fitted only for heaven.

MARIA.

Bedford, May 30th.

## THE SUNKEN ROCK.

*By Mrs. Fletcher; (late Miss Jewsbury.)*

A gentle ship was sailing  
Upon the Indian seas,  
O lovely looked she sailing,  
So fair were wave and breeze:  
Yet sunken rocks were near her,  
And but one seaman grey,  
Of all who had to steer her  
Knew the dangers of the way:  
But they hearkened not the fearer,  
For a syren-song that day.

In air, the waves were flinging  
Their silver crowns of spray,  
And these their words of singing,—  
“Away bold ship away;  
To-day, all fair together  
We bear thee o’er the sea,  
And who talks of stormy weather,  
A moody wit is he.

“So white the furrow streameth,  
As strewn with pearls are we,  
And who of danger dreameth,  
A moody wit is he.  
Light hearts are in thee dancing,  
Light steps are on thy deck,  
The sun is cloudless glancing,—  
Sail on—who dreams of wreck?”

“We are thine, bold ship, and bear thee  
Home, home,—trust us, not him;  
Ay, home, bold ship, we bear thee,  
Trust us, trust us, not him:  
The pilot’s trade is caution,  
And with talk of rocks and sands,

He tells foul tales of ocean,  
And us, his wandering bands.

“Brave bark, bound on, and heed not  
Let rocks be sunk or seen,  
The chart and line they need not,  
Where once we’ve pilots been.  
On, on, and end thy roaming,  
There are many look for thee,  
Who will laugh to greet thy coming,  
Ay, kiss thy sides for glee.

“Thou hast never heard such laughter  
As that will greet thee soon;  
Thou wilt never hear such after,  
Beneath the sun or moon.  
We will love and leave thee never;  
We will tell our secrets thee;  
And thou shalt be for ever,  
Our nursling of the sea!

“Ha! ha! we have won! and the silly ship  
That braved us so long, is ours;  
She sinks in our arms as if drunk or asleep;—  
Down with her, fathoms, fathoms deep,—  
And laugh we, and leap, with conquering roar;  
Her wreck had displaced some waves a score,  
And to all upon earth she’s a name and no more!”

The waves were hushed, the song they spoke  
In cruel triumph over the waters;  
And other, milder music broke,  
From other, milder ocean’s daughters.

“Well, too well, the depths are cloven,  
Soon, too soon, the work is done;  
Many a weedy shroud is woven—  
Many a mortal course is run!  
Fathoms deep their bodies lie,  
Stiffened limb, and stony eye;  
Wrapped about with slimy things,

Who were Beauty's queens and kings;  
Wealth, with all his gold outspread,  
Sleeps upon a rocky bed;  
And the salt and hungry spray  
Eateth Valour's sword away,  
Once, as flashing as the day:  
Wisdom charmeth now no longer,  
Weaker brain is as the stronger,  
And the man of giant size  
With the little-infant lies:  
Whilst afar the taper burneth,  
And the watcher's bosom yearneth,  
Each, for one who ne'er returneth;  
Buried by our father sea,  
Where none know their graves, but we!  
We are daughters of the deep,  
Yet, because his daughters, weep  
That the sound of human woe  
Through our caverned halls should flow,  
And that he, so calm to us  
And the fragile nautilus,  
Stern and full of death should be  
To a mightier race than we!  
We would save, but we are weak;  
And when mighty tempests break,  
And a ship with all her crew  
Sink, as if a drop of dew  
Fell upon an ocean weed,  
We may pity their great need,  
And, when hushed is foam and surge,  
Sing as now, their funeral dirge;  
Hide awhile the limbs of youth  
From some monster's ravening tooth,  
Bind sea blooms round beauty's locks  
Sadly floating on our rocks;  
Or remove a hoary head  
From its lacerating bed,  
Unto soft sea-weeds instead—  
But 'tis all that we can do,  
Mortals, yet our love is true!"

Thus, upon the self-same seas,

Sang the Oceanides!

## THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

Seduced by the annual salary of five thousand francs, and persuaded that the office of police commissary might, like many other offices, be converted into a sinecure, I made application for the situation, and,—which is not very surprising, considering that I had no claim,—my application was successful.

The arrival of my appointment made me nearly wild with joy, and I rushed out, replying only to officious questioners—“I am a commissary of Police!”

Having in a few seconds reached the corner of the street, a dense multitude obstructed the way. The confusion increased every instant, and I began to doubt the possibility of ever freeing myself from this moving labyrinth. In the middle of the crowd were two men fighting. “Take them before the commissary,” was exclaimed on all sides; and in a moment the spectators had overpowered and seized on the two champions.

I turned back and threaded another street—for I hate a mob. But scarcely had I proceeded twenty yards, ere I was impeded by an other quarrel. A waggoner had broken a pane of glass, and the complainant urged the application of the adage, “Whoever breaks must pay.” But the waggoner was not convinced. After this, agree on political theories if you can! A voice at length uttered the magic words—“Take him before the Commissary!” and the man immediately pulled out a black leather purse from under a triple rampart of clothing; and paid the money without another word.

A few doors further on there was a new scene; but it could be enjoyed only by the lucky few whom good fortune had first led to the spot. The crowd collected round the door formed a half circle, reaching as far as the kennel<sup>[1]</sup>; and as the other half of the street was occupied by omnibuses, citadines, tricycles, bearnaises<sup>[2]</sup>, hackney coaches, and other vehicles, each passenger who arrived was forced to increase the number of spectators. I could only see caps flying about, and catch the words trollop, hussey, and others of similar import. On a sudden, in a voice like thunder, the following words resounded from under the arch-way: “The commissary! the commissary! to the commissary!” The dread sounds re-echoed from the cellar to the garret of the house. The two actresses in the scene were terror-stricken, and disappeared in double quick time, whilst the crowd dispersed. I also went on my way, having gained a new point in experience—namely that when two men are fighting, they may be separated by once naming the commissary; but when two women quarrel, the commissary’s name must be



repeated three times, and with a voice like the roar of cannon, ere they will desist.

I then with nervous haste proceeded towards the office of the commissary, to whose authority I was to succeed. It appeared to me terrible and threatening, like the den of Trophonius; yet it was with sincere delight that I reached the portico of this temple, raised by the moderns to public security.

I began to ascend the stairs. Letters of all forms and sizes scrawled upon the wall would have indicated the way, had I not been more surely guided by the confusion of voices, which mingled and melted into one horrible sound, like the demon revels in Pandemonium. The staircase at length became so dark, that I seemed as if groping my way under a perpetual eclipse of the sun. On my entrance into the office, I was struck with the disgusting filthiness of the place. As the commissary is obliged to take care that the streets within his jurisdiction be kept clean, I had imagined that he would take special care that this cleanliness should extend to his own office; but I was mistaken. The walls were black, the registers were black, the tables, chairs, and benches were black—all, in short, was black and dirty; and the light of day scarcely penetrated into this disgusting den.

I had fancied that the commissary, whose very name had the power of terminating a riot, daunting a highwayman, making a pick-pocket tremble, and had just set in motion so many pairs of arms and legs and tongues, must be one of Satan's most powerful ministers. I had not yet seen him, but his portrait was traced on my imagination: it was the *beau ideal* of ugliness—a sort of sublime horror that would put to flight a whole herd of rhinoceroses, or a real Quasimodo.<sup>[3]</sup> The thoughts which this fantastic portrait had conjured in my mind, were suddenly interrupted by the arrival of an elegant young man. A strong smell of perfume preceded, followed, and surrounded him, like the atmosphere of a planet. His countenance was thoughtful, amiable, and prepossessing;—his dress denoted care and attention: the fashion was rigidly, though tastefully, followed;—his manners were graceful and easy. This was the commissary! Having shown him my letter, the gracious smile which followed, and the open manner in which he congratulated me, effaced every unfavourable expression from my mind.

“As you are to succeed me,” he said, leading me into his private closet, and shutting the door, “allow me to initiate you into the mysteries of the *science*—for it is truly a science to understand properly the dark, and secret, and hidden powers of the police.

“Secret reports, denunciations, calumnies, and crimes—do not these form a complete course of study of the human heart? Here you will not see the most favourable side of human nature, that you may depend upon. \* \* \*

“But we must return, and attend to business.”

The splendour which had appeared to me to surround the office of commissary had gradually disappeared; and my dreams of honour, and opulence, and idleness, fled at the not very flattering picture which my predecessor had drawn.

[The scenes in the police office, though clever and graphic, would hardly repay the English reader for the space they would occupy; and we shall therefore omit them.]

Hitherto nothing in my future duties appeared disagreeable. To make up quarrels, settle differences, and bring rioters to reason, was an honourable and philanthropic task.

“Now,” continued the commissary, after we had returned to the closet, “I must make known to you the *personnel* of my administration. In the first place, you will have for your secretary an old poet, who devotes his leisure to the muses, writing couplets for the confectioners, *epithalamia*, and birthday songs. His imagination is so fertile, that his official acts are beset with rhymes; and even in a *signalement*,—certainly the least poetical of documents,—he still contrives to rhyme. Behold here a specimen of his talents:

“Light chesnut eyebrows, auburn hair,  
A well-turned mouth, complexion fair,  
Straight nose, and stature middle size,  
An oval face, and dark blue eyes.

“The inspector is a vulgar, positive, dogmatical fellow, who talks of nothing but beefsteaks and his bottle.”

Whilst my informant was drawing these portraits, I had opened a register, and its contents raised in me such astonishment and indignation, that I scarcely listened to him.—This he perceived, and tired, no doubt, of playing the part of cicerone, he seized the opportunity of my preoccupation of mind, and took his leave with marvellous address. Thus I really had become commissary.

But let us return to the object of my surprise. It was a report—and one, too, against myself.<sup>[4]</sup>

“\* \* \* Jules Graffin—patriot—His opinions are moderate—he frequents the club of the *Amis du Peuple*; but he is too good to herd with those *montagnards*. He appears, however, on the eve of amendment.”

I was thunderstruck.

The 5th and 6th of June had supplied volumes of accusation. Society, indeed, had then, in the short space of twenty-four hours, sunk almost to the

lowest state of degradation. I threw aside the document in disgust.

Scarcely had I closed these ignoble archives, when a municipal guard brought me a warrant which required to be immediately executed. It was to apprehend a publicist. This mission was far from pleasing, for I particularly dreaded the small fry of the public press. Fortunately, my good genius extricated me from this dilemma. The man of letters had changed his abode—nobody could give me his new address—and my heroic expedition was reduced to a mere confidential report.

It was nine o'clock in the evening before I had dispatched the latter; and I was perhaps the only person in Paris, who, with a good dinner within his reach, had not yet dined. I was just about to perform this important business when the secretary appeared.

“Sir,” said he, “you are waited for with the greatest impatience. There is a disturbance at the —— theatre; the noise and confusion are dreadful; and the manager has sent for you three times. Force cannot be used unless you are present.”

I set out immediately. The noise, the cries, the stamping of feet, the oaths of some, and the lamentations of others, seemed to have assimilated the theatre to Pandemonium in a state of insurrection. The occupants of the galleries showered upon the pit volleys of boiled potatoes and old crusts of bread, which projectiles were thrown back to the place whence they came. The prompter had abandoned his post, and the stage lamps were broken. Having put on my scarf, I advanced my head and body out of my box in order to impose silence on the multitude. At this moment something struck my face and entered my mouth. I tried to speak—impossible: I was under actual suffocation. Noisy applause then burst forth from every part of the theatre; and cries of *bravo* and *encore* were vociferated with a sort of frenzy. One voice, shrill and piercing as a trumpet, uttered the almost prophetic words, “It is the commissary’s dinner?” I was under the necessity of withdrawing for an instant. On my return peace was nearly restored, and the play continued. Finding, therefore, my presence no longer necessary, I went back to my office; and next day I read the following paragraph in a ministerial paper:—“There was last night a slight disturbance at the —— theatre: the presence of the commissary of police proved alone sufficient to put an end to it.” I confess I could with difficulty understand why I had been forced to swallow a potato to produce this effect. Be that as it may, the receipt may be a good one for the suppression of riots. You had better try it, Messrs. Commissaries. Swallow a boiled potato instead of ordering the troops to fire upon the multitude, and matters will end much better.

On my return from my theatrical excursion, harassed and worn out, I was preparing to go to bed, when a violent knocking at the door was

succeeded by the entrance of a lady about thirty years of age, rather handsome, and in a dishabille almost equivocal. She stated herself to be an unhappy wife, deserted for a fat cook wench; and weary at thus being left alone, she had imagined that the commissary could seize her husband, and by virtue of his magisterial authority, arrange all their family differences. It was with the greatest difficulty that I got rid of this strange complainant.

Day had now dawned, and my office began to be filled and emptied twenty times an hour. Here, were lodgers who had gone away without paying their rents; there, women who had insulted passers by; next, men and women to settle quarrels as impossible of adjustment as they were insignificant.

But behold a new personage taken *in flagrante delicto*. The witnesses for the prosecution were learned dogs and a monkey: the crime was that of having made these quadruped *artistes* dance without a *licence* from the Prefect of the Police. The Italian boy Raggi, although, accused, was nevertheless innocent. He had observed the formalities prescribed in the police regulations, with this only difference, that he had addressed his application to the King! I could have no doubt of the truth of this defence, for the lad had the answer about him. It ran as follows:

“I have *the honour* to inform you, that your letter has been forwarded to the Prefect of Police, with directions to attend to it,” &c.

After such an example and such a letter, I conceived that I had only to bow my head, and bear my burthen in silence. If the King had been obliged to read and answer an application for a licence to “allow dogs and monkeys to dance,” I surely ought not to complain. But go and see the Italian boy Raggi: he lives at the Marché-Neuf; he will inform you how, in the month of August last, he wrote to Louis-Philippe in favour of his learned animals, and how the King *had the honour* to answer his letter.

It was after dismissing this case that I began to feel the weight of my official duties; but I yet knew not all. I was now called upon to have a room opened whose occupant (a female) had suddenly disappeared. Alas! The wretched woman that was lying dead upon the floor, holding in her arms her dead child. A mother’s tenderness had led her to commit infanticide: she had been desirous of sparing her unhappy babe the agonies of poverty and hunger. The state of the room, the complete absence of furniture, and the miserable rags on the body, left no doubt as to the cause of the poor woman’s suicide.

Dreadful as such a spectacle was, how many of the same kind was I not forced to behold! The rest of my time was divided between rioters, boxers, disputants, pickpockets, swindlers, highwayman, convicts, informers, courtesans, and *intrigans* of every description. I was obliged to watch over

the dens of prostitution, run after thieves, apprehend malefactors, examine the conduct of suspicious persons, visit the gaming tables, seize smuggled goods, act as a spy among the politicians, look out for conspirators, draw up *procès-verbaux*, and visit the haunts of crime. It cannot surely excite surprise that with such duties, I should take a dislike to my office.

Already bent upon my resignation, the last incident led me to send it in. The first, a man of about forty years of age, was a liberated convict, suspected of a fresh offence. He joked about his arrest; and as there was no direct evidence—nothing but vague suspicion to support the charge against him—he had assumed an arrogant bearing, and his bloodshot and tiger looking eyes expressed the most insulting irony. I actually felt myself quail under their audacious scrutiny, and I cast mine upon the ground, without being able to account for his superiority of crime over probity. Whoever had seen the infernal smile of mockery, and the air of exaltation with which this disgrace to human nature gloried in the experience he had acquired, would, like me, have felt confounded. He was guilty, and his very guilt fed and nurtured his demon pride. Could any hope of moral improvement be entertained with regard to such a being?

The second prisoner was a child, with an expressive rather than a handsome countenance. On it were depicted sadness, want, and fatigue. It was childhood scared by misfortune—a young but blighted heart: it was pain, in the place of the buoyant pleasure of younger life. There he stood in the darkest recess of the office, concealing his face in his hands, though the fingers of which his tears fell rapidly, and awaiting with shame and visible anxiety the decision of his case. I felt moved and interested; it seemed to me that this child could not be a criminal.

“Well, my little man,” said I, “and what is enormous offence have you been guilty of?” The child made no reply, but his tears increased. A policeman undertook to explain the case.

“The enormous offence,” said the latter, “of which he has been guilty, your Worship, is no less than burglary. He has been in the habit of climbing over a wall, and breaking into a kitchen much better supplied no doubt than his own, where each time after regaling himself at his neighbour’s expense, he has carried off a piece of plate.”

Thus this child, scarcely twelve years old, had already made frightful progress in vice. His tears were the resource of cunning—in his distress, he used them as a weapon of defence.—So young, and already so corrupt! Unfortunate child! Yet at his age can guilt really exist? Oh, no! This child was only deserving of pity—the blame, the disgrace of his fault, ought to have fallen upon his parents. Taught from his tenderest infancy to consider

the whole world as his prey, to rob was, in his idea, to work and live: it was the exercise of an industry—of a trade which procured him a subsistence.

I now turn to the third prisoner, whom I had not seen before, and beheld a female leaning against the office table. Her fleshless hands, her livid complexion, her sunken and glassy eyes, her hollow cheeks, and those deep furrows, dug not by age but by starvation, pictured her to my senses as death still clinging to life with desperate and pertinacious grasp. She was a living skeleton. She had been driven to do wrong by hunger, which she had not the *virtue* to support. Knowest thou not, thou poor wretch, that thou art permitted to suffer, but not to eat? the law grants the protection at this price; and dost thou not appreciate such an advantage?—dost thou appreciate all that it has done for thee, in allowing thee the privilege of dying, and deserted, on a bundle of straw, and some dark garret; whilst from the rooms under thee, thou canst hear the song of gladness and the mirth of revellers? How ungrateful thou art! When thou wert stung by hunger, and all thy fellow creatures rejected thee, thou hadst the baseness to take a *single loaf of bread*!! Fie, fie, thou art not worthy of the benefits of our social system. To prison with her!

“Yes,” said the poor woman, with a vehemence of which I should not have supposed her capable; “yes, Sir, I took a loaf; but it was not for myself. What would it signify if I died!—life has little attraction for one who is always suffering. Yes, Sir, I did take—nay, why should I soften the expression—I did *steal* a loaf; and I would do it again in the same holy cause: I had no other means of saving the life of my poor child!”—And for the first time she wept. Hers were tears of bitterness. Until now, she seemed plunged in a kind of stupid insensibility; and it requires the associations which the words she uttered had aroused within her, to bring her to a consciousness of her situation.

“I will visit her dwelling,” said I to myself; and in a few minutes I had the most heart-rendering spectacle before my eyes. The child, about five years of age, lay stretched upon a few handfuls of straw, which constituted the only furniture of the place, and scarcely gave signs of life. Its dreadful emaciation told the tale of his suffering; and it was a tale that chilled my blood. “Make haste,” said I to the inspector, “and fetch a bottle of wine and a pound of sugar, for there is not a moment to be lost, if we would save the child’s life.” The poor mother began to sob. She thanked me in the most affecting terms—pressed my hands—and I could perceive that it was with difficulty she refrained from throwing her arms round my neck. What a moment! how my heart dilated! It had been so contracted, and so full of gall and bitterness, ever since I entered into public life.

“What is the amount of your loss?” said I to the baker, who had accompanied us.

“Why Sir . . . this is perhaps not the first time . . .”

“Well, ask what you like, and you shall have it.”

The baker’s self-love was aroused at this proposal, and he would take nothing.

“Then you will not prosecute?”

“No, your worship.”

“My good woman, you are free. Here are five francs—go and put on the *pot au feu*; and do not blush to receive this trifle; you shall return it when you are able.”

“Oh, Sir, may God bless you!” Joy and emotion had exhausted her remaining strength, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

For my own part, leaving her to the care of a neighbor, and blubbering like a whipped school-boy, I betook myself to flight; then, entering a *café*, I wrote a letter, which I carried myself to its address. It contained my resignation.—(*Livre des cent-et-un.*)

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[1] At Paris, the kennel is in the middle of the street.

[2] The *citadines* and *bearnaises* belong to the family of the omnibuses; the tricycles are likewise public conveyances, but with only three wheels.

[3] The hero of Victor Hugo’s ‘*Notre Dame de Paris.*’

[4] This is literally true.—*Hennequin.*

## SKETCHES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

—That very morn from a fair land I come  
Yet round me clung the spirit of my own.—HEMANS.

It was evening—the bright summer sun was slowly fading in the west, while the last rays of his departing splendour, reflected in softened radiance around, the lake was waveless, the black buoys of the fishing nets floated on the waters, and seemed stains upon its bosom, like those made on the snow white lily by the careless insect. The village church was peering above the willow and the cypress—I could but gaze as that moment, threw a sudden freshness back on banished hours, nor could I afford one thought to external objects, from the world within my bosom, I had been a wanderer, a searcher after happiness and vain dreams, and now like the prodigal son was retracing my way, from a far country, to the home of my childhood, the bosom of my family. I had always an inward veneration for the “houses of God” and a wish to view their site and structure, and with melancholy feeling I slowly bent my way along the shore towards the village church, its wall of the rough mountain granite and its thatched roof had an air of simplicity, I had often looked for in vain among the stately edifices of rich and more populous cities; the burial ground encircled with a wooden fence, and a few head-stones of marble or painted wood, on which some were inscribed a simple motto, or recorded the name or age of the tenant beneath; in one corner I marked a small rising mound, no stone was there, but in the centre grew a rose bush, on which only one bud expanded its deep but delicate flower. I approached and gazed awhile with the deepest feeling of melancholy, for youth was buried there—thought after thought came rushing on, of severed affection—pure yet hopeless love—and ruined frame—and I lingered till twilight’s dusky mantle, warned me of approaching night, and all nature seemed to take the same dark hue of my own feeling—slowly I retraced my way towards the village Inn, and found my hostess, like most of her craft conversant with all the gossip for miles around, I took an early opportunity of enquiring the history of the grave, which appeared to interest me more than I could account for, the story was a simple and a commonplace one—but to me fraught with sorrow and misery. The grave was that of the only daughter of a widow, some said they had seen better days, she was the lov’d of the village and sought after by most of the gentry, one young man, the second son of a nobleman, she gave a preference to, he was proud



and poor, consequently the marriage was postponed from time to time, in the hopes of fortune shining on him—they lived but in each others presence.

—“He was the sun of her bright world of dreams, and her young heart, like Memnon’s harp beneath *his* eye alone gave out its hidden music.” A situation of profit in the West Indies was offered him, by which he hoped in a short time to amass sufficient wealth to support her if not with the luxuries of life at least with some of its comforts. And after a heart-breaking farewell, in which reason was almost dethroned, they separated, she took on sadly continued the landlady for a long while, till a letter came and then she went like a bird so blithesome and so gay and for a time she received letter after letter,—and then came a dead silence—some said he was faithless, others that he was on his return, but at last the truth come out, he fell an early victim to the climate.—She lost her judgment for a time, and then slowly dropped into the grave. And her poor mother enquired I? She lives hard by in a small cottage, her religion keeps her up, but she has not long to live among us, and it is to be rejoiced at, ’tis a sad thing to live alone in the world—what were their names, that of the poor victim? Emma M’Neath—Oh God! it was my sister’s grave.

F.

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

MORNING DRESS.—It is composed of white jaconet muslin. A stomacher corsage made nearly but not quite up to the throat, and the stomacher part, as also the top of the bust, small plaited. Long sleeves, the upper part bouffanted, the lower setting close to the arm. The top of the corsage is finished with a frill of embroidered muslin. The hair is parted on the forehead; the hind hair is partly plaited and partly gathered in a tuft on the crown of the head, and decorated with a large knot of green gauze ribbon. The scarf is of green cashmere, with a rich Indian border.—*World of Fashion*.

WALKING DRESS.—Hat of paille de riz, the front put on so as to sit back, and off the face as much as possible. A guirlande of fern commences very small on the left side, near the bow, and goes gradually broader till it reaches the front, where it forms a kind of high bouquet, and ends at the lower part of the callotte, near the passe. At the right side, underneath the front, are three very long bows, without ends, of gauze ribbon; they appear a little beyond the edge; at the left side is a narrow border of blanc. A rope of cachemere striped, the color chamois; the fond is plain, and a little cachemere pattern runs up the stripes. The front of the corsage is cut in three pieces, and gathered into small plaits between stripes, which are put on so as to form a kind of point at the waist, the back is plain. A piece called a revers turns over the top of the corsage; it is open on the shoulders, forms a sort of cape at back, and is cut away to a point in front, where it meets. The sleeves are immensely full at top, and gathered into plaits; they are tight to the arm, from the elbow to the waist; the skirt, very full, is plaited on; at the bottom it is gathered into plaits, like the corsage and sleeves, to the depth of about half a yard, or rather less. Between the stripes, and just over the gathers, are small palms of different colours. The chemisette has a full trimming of black lace, which appears all round, about the edge of the corsage. A guimpe of tulle, embroidered, is on the neck, and the cravatte is a small scarf of black lace, knotted at front. The ceinture is of a ruban de gros de Naples. The hair in curls, falling low at the sides, black shoes; the stocking of fine Scotch thread.—Gloves, white kid.—*Lady's Magazine*.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The first are of rice straw, poux de Soie, and gros de Naples chini; the same materials are adopted for capotes, with the addition of white straw. There is less change in the forms than might have been expected. The brims of capotes are longer; they sit almost close to the

lower part of the cheek, against which they are drawn close by the bridges, that tie in a full bow under the chin; the crowns are half-high, less pointed than in winter and lie on one side. A light sprig of flowers, or a small bouquet, with little or sometimes no ribbon, is used for the trimming. Hats are decidedly of a round and open shape, cut in such a manner as to be placed far back upon the head, displaying the whole arrangement of the front hair. A good many of the crowns are oval, others are round, and have the materials disposed in oblique folds. The same flowers are adopted for hats and bonnets. We may cite as the most fashionable, single hyacinths of two colors mingled, with tulips, double poppies, lilac, chesnut blossoms, rhododendron. Such are the materials and trimmings of the Longchamps hats and bonnets; but we must observe that rice straw, which appeared there for the first time this season, is more generally adopted than any of the other materials. It is worn trimmed only with a ribbon as an undress bonnet, adorned with a flower, and it forms an elegant evening dress hat when trimmed with feathers and blonde lace.—*World of Fashion*.

## Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

Interpolated words or letters are enclosed in { }.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 7* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]