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THE
MONTREAL MUSEUM.

No. 8.

JULY, 1833.

Vol. I.

THE SPECTRE GIRL.

I should not have dared, twenty years ago, to relate what I once witnessed in a journey from Paris to Marseilles. At that period the truth alone was not sufficient in a narrative, there must also be probability; and readers chose for this reason, to remain ignorant of a host of circumstances which gives endless variety to human life, and an ever-changing aspect to human nature. We now perhaps incline to the opposite extreme. A philosopher has truly said "all is possible;" and as I am a convert to the truth of this opinion, I have no hesitation in relating the following anecdote.

On the 21st. of October 1812, I was a passenger in a diligence which as it slowly ascended the hill of Autun, gave me leisure to examine a landscape of vineyards just stripped of their rich fruit—a sad sight to one who had no interest in calculating the value of the produce. My fellow-travellers were vulgar people, and to our general misfortune one of them was nursing a little boy, whom I should have considered a fine child any where but in a public conveyance carrying nine insides; of whom however, there were yet only seven.

At a short distance from Autun we perceived, on our right a magnificent country seat, whose principal avenue led to the high road. The lodge gate was wide open, and at its entrance stood a carriage, several saddle horses, and a group of individuals, consisting of elegant women, attended by well-dressed men and a host of liveried menials. The diligence stopped in the middle of the group, from which two servants advanced, the one carrying a large travelling trunk, the other a carpet bag, which the conductor stowed away upon the roof.—While this was being attended to, a fine-looking young man was taking leave of the party. Two ladies and an old gentleman, who stood at a little distance from the rest, seemed to occupy the greatest share of his attention. The ladies were evidently mother and daughter; the young traveller held a hand of each, which he kissed alternately. At length that of the young lady received the last kiss, and the old gentleman gently pushed the youth towards the door of the diligence, which the latter entered, and seated himself without paying any attention to its previous occupants; then thrusting his body half through the window, he seemed desirous not to lose a word addressed to him.

—"A pleasant journey!" repeated several voices.

—"In a week, at Beaupréau," said the mother.

—"Adieu, Maurice!" was added by a youthful, and timid voice, more calculated to touch the heart than the ear.—The traveller also repeated the word "Adieu!" waving his hand and agitating his body, without seeming to care the least for the inconvenience to which he put his unhappy fellow-passengers. At length the diligence began once more to move, and, as there was a bend in the road, all further signals of leave taking soon became impossible. M. Maurice now seated himself, and began to look at his fellow-travellers, who examined him in their turn, and seemed flattered by the elegance of his appearance. His figure was symmetry itself, and nothing could be more strikingly handsome than his features; but there was an expression of recklessness in his dark eye, and he smiled too often to be of my taste; in short, there was a light-hearted joyousness in his countenance which vexed me, for I had begun by setting him down as a hero of romance. We had scarcely advanced two leagues further ere we knew that he was in the army, that his family dwelt in the Chateau de Beaupréau on the banks of the Drome; the old gentleman in his avenue one of the richest landholders in Burgundy, at whose house, he had just spent six weeks with the Countess of T—, and her daughter Augusta, that he had been betrothed to the latter from her infancy, because their estates lay contiguous; that he was going to make preparations for their marriage, which was to take place a fortnight after, at the Chateau of the Countess; and lastly, that he was going to resign his Commission, in order to live six months in the year, in the quiet of philosophy, upon his own estate, and six months as a courtier at Paris. Education and good manners prevented him from being tiresome, yet he was naturally talkative, and the buoyancy of his spirits made him eager to communicate to others the feelings of happiness by which he was then excited. He seemed anxious to be on good terms with every one in the diligence. In short, his good nature was such, and even his flightiness in such good taste, that I at last became interested in him, although I am much better disposed to weep with those that weep, than to laugh with those who are joyful.

On a sudden our vehicle was stopped; our progress was impeded by a crowd of men, women, and children, all mingling their cries with notes of a dozen fiddles, the pressing invitations of two merry-andrews, and the energetic remonstrances of four gendarmes. We were in the midst of a fair.

“What saint’s day can this be?” said our fellow-passenger, Madame Pinguet, taking an almanac from her reticule; “ah! it is the 21st., St. Ursula’s day.”

“Ursula!” repeated M. Maurice looking at the woman with an air of surprise.

“Yes,” replied the latter giving him the almanac, “look! the 21st., that is to-day St. Ursula’s day.”

M. Maurice instinctively took the almanac, and pronounced—the word Ursula in a low voice; then, as if but in thought, he remained silent.

On receiving back her almanac, Madame Pinguet asked him whether his intended bride bore the name of Ursula in addition to that of Augusta. But M. Maurice was so absent that the good lady was obliged to repeat the question several times, ere a faintly articulated—“No” issued from his lips: after which he uttered not another word.

We were at that hour of the day so solemnly described by Alighieri:—

Che paja ’l giorno pianger che si muore:

an hour at which even the postillions cease to swear, and involuntarily participate in the calmness spread over nature.—Silence led to reverie, reverie to sleep; and neither of us knew how time had latterly past, when the coach stopped, and we found ourselves at Châlons-sur-Saône. Here we had supper. The linen was clean, the fare excellent, and all seemed well satisfied, except M. Maurice.

The diligence again started. “Are we out of Châlons?” constantly inquired M. Maurice.

“Why do you ask?” said at length one of the female passengers.

“Oh! I have no particular reason.”

“Were you ever before at Châlons?”

“Yes; I was once quartered there.”

Here the conversation ceased; for the motion of the coach, the darkness, and the heat of the weather, disposed us to sleep; to which, for my own part, I had yielded, when I was awoken by a horrible jolt: the vehicle had stopped.

“What is the matter? what has happened?” But we had no time for conjecture; the door opened. “There is still a vacant place,” said the conductor. This was true, and yet we grumbled, for we were so comfortable at that moment.

“Here’s a young lady,” said the conductor “who will not take up much room;” and a small figure in white appeared upon the steps. “She will not trouble you much, for she is deaf and dumb. I know her, and have already taken her twice to Lyons. The devil be with her!” said he, in an under tone; “She has always brought me bad luck:—You can place her between you on the front seat. Take care of your horses, postillion!—the poor beasts seem frightened; they stopped suddenly before, and now they are rearing. Woah! so! so!—Oh! you may be easy on that score, Monsieur le Curé, I will take good care of the young lady.” These last words were addressed to a man in the garb of a priest, whom by the light of the coach lantern, we could perceive standing in the road.

The new comer having seated herself, the conductor gave the signal to the postillion, and off we started. We were all anxious to know something of our new fellow-traveller, but as she was deaf and dumb that was impossible.

The woman in the diligence, and particularly Madame Pinguet, seemed disposed to talk a little upon this double infirmity, but were prevented by the screams of the baby, which would neither sleep or take the breast. An unpleasant sensation of cold now crept over us all. In vain did we pull up the glasses, and wrap our shawls and cloaks about us,—we all felt chilled.

M. Maurice at length let down the glass on his side, declaring that the external air was warmer than the atmosphere we now breathed in the diligence; and, without being able to assign a cause for it, we found that he was right. The deaf and dumb girl who had come among us, was laughingly declared to be the cause of our feelings; a general malediction was jestingly cast upon her, and each endeavoured again to relapse into sleep; but this was impossible. One awoke in a fright—another was continually starting,—a third had frightful dreams,—and I shook and awoke M. Maurice who was moaning dreadfully; he told me he had the night mare; amid these uncomfortable feelings, which seemed like a sudden blight fallen upon our hearts, the poor deaf and dumb girl was forgotten. The first beams of day reflected upon her white dress, at length attracted our attention towards her. We long looked at her in silent astonishment; for we seemed afraid of trusting to our senses. Each of us thought it was an illusion of the effect of twilight. But the sun soon appeared above the horizon, and put an end to our doubts. Our fellow-traveller struck us with affright. Her skin, of a livid and deadly white seemed just fastened upon bare bone; the orbits of her eyes presented an immense circumference; her thin skinny lips could scarcely cover a perfect set of projecting teeth; and the muscles and blood-vessels of her neck stood out in perfect relief. In a word, her face was a perfect death’s head with the exception of two small eyes, sparkling like live coals, from the bottom of their immense orbits, and a vivacity of motion which made her turn her singular countenance from one side to the other with an appearance of insatiable curiosity. After scanning this strange figure for a considerable time, we looked at each other, in silence as if fear had held our tongues.—The little black eyes of the object of our surprise, seemed to interrogate us in succession, and her large mouth smiled, but with an expression of gaiety so out of character with her countenance, that we cast down our eyes under the glance of hers: she seemed like death laughing in our face. Now that we have read the fantastic tales, such an object might appear simple enough, but, in 1812, it seemed to us like the wild phantasm of a dream.

M. Maurice spoke first. "But for my respect for the present company, I would say with the conductor,—‘the devil take her!’ Did you ever see such a face as hers? I have often beheld corpses on the field of battle; I have often seen dissecting-rooms; but never did I——. Upon my word she makes us all shudder. Look at the poor little baby; it is too much afraid even to cry." Meantime, the poor object of these remarks looked at us all, and burst into a fit of laughter; but to the sight only, for we heard no sound. This silent laughter raised in us feelings of horror, but not the least sympathy for her misfortunes. I know not what confessions we should have made to each other concerning our feelings, had not the axle-tree broke. I shall say nothing of the confusion consequent upon such an accident.—The deaf and dumb girl quickly scrambled over our prostrate bodies, and got out first. When we had followed her and stood contemplating the carriage lying upon its side, and our baggage strewn about the road, we were content to offer short congratulations to each other, for the preservation of our lives. Not so the conductor; he gave vent to curses and imprecations.

"Did I not tell you so?" he exclaimed, "that cursed little *dead woman*, as they call her in her own neighbourhood, has brought misfortune upon us. This is the third time she has gone in my coach to Lyons. The first time, one of the horses fell dead; the second, a postillion broke his leg, and now——."

A house by the road side offered us an asylum whilst the diligence was being repaired. There the conductor deposited us, whilst a postillion mounted one of the horses to fetch the blacksmith and wheelwright from a neighbouring village.

It was not yet nine o'clock, and we thought this a good opportunity for taking a comfortable breakfast. The weather was beautiful; the sun shone brightly, and whilst our meal was getting ready, we rambled about the neighbourhood. But the scenery was not very picturesque or beautiful. There was indeed nothing to attract attention save a huge cross, about fifty yards from the house, surrounded by three young elms. A few branches of sweet-briar and common bramble were gently waving around a small grass plot extending around the stone at the foot of the cross. All this was very common; but it was so tastefully done, that it would have formed a beautiful little vignette for a keepsake.

"Well," said Maurice, "as I have nothing else to do, I will sketch this pretty spot."

At this moment Madame Pinguet knelt upon the stone, and began to tell a long chaplet of beads.

"Admirable!" continued Maurice, "she will be a good figure in my sketch. Can you conceive any thing like that young girl? I really can't bear to look at her. Yet how cruel is her fate! for she is young, and perhaps susceptible of love."

"Young!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, her motions and attitude show youth, and extreme youth too. When at a distance, she might inspire interest, but this feeling is destroyed the moment she appears."

"I assure you," I said, "that in the coach she seemed disposed to flirt with you, for she looked at you as if she desired to catch your attention."

"The poor wretch," said Maurice, as he raised his black silk cravat, and twisted his well-curled mustachios. "The little dead woman a coquette! and why not? Oh! woman, woman."

"I should not suppose that you had much reason to complain. Have you been often in love?"

"Yes, but it never lasted more than a week."

"Yet you are going to be married."

"Oh! that is very different. A woman takes your name, and you administer her property; and then you have children to whom you leave your places and titles. But this is not what I term love. Augusta is charming—but I have known so many charming women. Marriage is good, because it fixes you in the station you are to live in. But love is the most delightful pastime that——" * * *

Madame Pinguet rose, and fetching the deaf and dumb girl who was in the midst of a herd of goats playing with the animals, made signs to the poor creature to kneel and pray with her at the foot of the cross. I know not what the girl had at first thought Madame Pinguet wanted, but she had quietly suffered herself to be led under the elms. But when the good lady endeavoured to make her kneel, she tripped away laughing, and returned to the goats, which she at length led to browse upon the brier that formed so graceful a hedge around the cross.

"She is the genius of evil," Maurice exclaimed, "and the horror with which she inspires me is instinct. Look, she is destroying the only beauty in this landscape."

At this moment the old goatherd and his dogs came and drove away the goats from the hedge. The little dead woman followed them whilst Maurice and I advanced towards the old man, and requested he would continue to guard this little spot. The goatherd knew nothing of landscape effects or sketches; but he informed us, that he prevented his goats from eating the bushes and grass of the enclosure, because, at the foot of the cross, where the grass was thickest, a female had been buried about eighteen months before.

"Was she then murdered on that spot?" enquired Maurice.

"I believe not Sir," the goatherd replied.

"However, she lodged at the house where you are waiting. The people there can tell you all about her. I was not then in the country."

The moment we reached the house, Maurice interrogated our hostess, whom the other travellers were urging to hasten the breakfast. As she was laying the cloth, she informed us that a young girl arrived at her house one rainy

night. She was weary and sad, and her eyes seemed inflamed with weeping. She retired to a private room, in which she shut herself up for nearly a month, paying her expenses each day; but these expenses were trifling, because she scarcely ate any thing. She used to roam about at night, and was often seen sitting upon the stones at the foot of the cross. One day she was found dead under one of the elms, to a branch of which she hanged herself with a silk handkerchief. The branch had given way, and in her fall her temple had come in contact with one of the stones, which, as the doctor said, was the cause of her death.

“The mayor came and scolded us,” continued the hostess, “for having harboured a vagabond; for she had not a single paper with her to show who she was. The priest refused to bury her, or to allow her remains to be interred in consecrated ground; but I had pity upon her poor young corpse. I begged that it might be buried near the cross; for the ground there must be almost as good as consecrated ground. Besides she had given me her will enclosed in an old frame which I sold to her, after taking from it a fine portrait of the Emperor; and I have also placed it in the public room, as she requested I would.”

There was now a general call for the will which the hostess produced in a glazed frame of black wood; but the glass was so dirty that we could not read a word. At our request it was washed and the frame put into the hands of M. Maurice.

On looking at the writing, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and changed colour.

“Well?” said I with curiosity.

“Good God, how singular!” he exclaimed.

“You seem to know the hand-writing!” I said—

“I!—how should I know it? A will! our good hostess calls complaints and lamentations a will.”

“Let me read them.”

M. Maurice’s hand trembled, and he continued to exclaim as if unconsciously: “This is very singular; quite extraordinary!”

I took the frame out of Maurice’s hands, for he still held it though he had done reading the paper, and I copied the following lines written with a somewhat unsteady hand:—

“Be silent, if you recognize my hand-writing; on my knees I implore you not to tell my name, for I shall be afraid of my father even after death; I am dishonoured, and I must die. It is a dreadful thing; but I cannot act otherwise, I have no more money, no strength to work, and he whom I love, bade me farewell with laughter. Would I had lost my senses! but I could not become mad. I fear death, but still I must die. I am not yet fifteen. Let poor girls of my age beware of gentlemen who come to them disguised. Their hands are whiter than the hands of workmen; they utter strange words, and their voice is soft. But they love not girls beneath them in rank. They deceive and abandon, and then laugh at them. I was superior to my station in life; but I was only fifteen; had I been older I should have deserved my misfortune. I have erred bitterly, but I dearly loved him who has destroyed my peace. All must now end. I hope for the prayers of every christian soul who passes this way. Let them pray also for him, for he is the cause of all; but let them say nothing to my father.”

As I read these simple wailings of a seared heart, the hostess and the female passengers showed by their sobs, how much they were affected; even the men betrayed emotion. Madame Pinguet uttered a vehement philippic against male perfidy. She said, indeed, nothing new, but she repeated all that had been said before on the subject, and became much warmer because M. Maurice, who had recovered his presence of mind, was endeavouring to turn the whole into ridicule. The other man composing our party, sided with the kind-hearted Madame Pinguet, and although M. Maurice reproached the latter, all the honours of the discussion were won by the fair devotee.

“It is fortunate,” exclaimed M. Maurice, “that our lovely little fellow-traveller from Châlons is condemned to silence, for I should have her also for an antagonist; and I confess, that such a face talking of love and romance, would have proved irresistible.”

This recalled the little dead woman to our recollection, and we now for the first time remarked that she was not present at breakfast. The conductor informed us that she never sate at table, but contented herself with a crust of dry bread. I looked through the open door, and saw her distributing this bread to the goats, by which she was surrounded. Poor creature, the animals, after taking from her hand the good she offered them, hastily fled from her, as if frightened at her aspect.

The coach being repaired, we proceeded on our journey, during which we constantly felt a damp chill difficult to be accounted for, and experienced a physical and mental uneasiness, which spread sadness among us, and put a stop to all conversation. In spite of his efforts, M. Maurice was unable to resume his appearance of unconcern, and his lively conversation of the preceding day.

We were delighted when we reached Lyons, and M. Maurice and I agreed to embark in one of the passage-boats which descend the Rhone, he for Valence, and I for Avignon. We met with pleasure upon the deck of this vessel, and he had recovered his gaiety. I was now better acquainted with him, and had received from him more circumstantial details about his fortune and his prospects of future happiness. He was really one of the most fortunate men of his age, and his expectations were of the highest and most brilliant kind.

The navigation of the Rhone is disagreeable at this season of the year; the sources whence this river is supplied are already frozen, and its waters are consequently low. Our great and unwieldy boat grounded so often, that on the second day we were obliged to sleep at a gloomy and wretched inn at Pomier. The kitchen was the only public

room, and by the dim light of its iron lamp, the first thing we discovered in a corner, were the flashing eye-balls of the little dead woman.

“I cannot stand this,” said Maurice; “I had much rather return and sleep in the boat. Had I known she would have chosen this conveyance, I certainly should have gone by land.” On saying this, he left the house, and a moment after, I perceived that the young girl was also absent. The tobacco-smoke soon forced me to take a walk in the open air until the repast, which the host and hostess were pleased to call a supper, was ready.

I bent my footsteps towards the Rhine, whose waters I heard gently murmuring under the beams of the moon, which heavy clouds driven by a wind in the upper regions of the atmosphere now and then overcast. In the midst of a willow grove, I thought I perceived M. Maurice, and near him a small figure in white.

“Why how is this!” thought I; “he cannot have taken to the death’s head, and made an appointment with her. At all events, I shall quiz him.”

A dark cloud now passed across the moon, and I saw him no more; but I heard a loud laugh, and the name of Ursula pronounced, and immediately a splash as of a heavy body falling into the water, interrupted the uniformity of its murmurs. I called for Maurice, he answered not. The moon again shone-forth in her splendour, and I looked for him and the deaf and dumb girl: both had disappeared. My voice had, however, attracted the attention of the boatman.

“Two persons are in the water,” I exclaimed in terror, “they will be drowned.”

The boatmen ran to the place. Torches were lighted, the river searched, and in the course of half an hour the body of Maurice was found among the reeds. All our efforts for his recovery were of no avail; the spark of life had fled. The body of the little dead woman was never found.

I shall not state the conclusion to which I have come upon the above facts. The reader knows as much as I do, and may, according to his ideas, account for the agitation of Maurice on hearing the name of Ursula, his impatience to get beyond Châlons, the catastrophe which prevented his marriage, and the impression produced upon him by the little dead woman, my description of whom is not an imaginary one.—*Le Salmigondis*.

THE DYING POET.

(FROM LAMARTINE.)

The full cup of my days breaks in my grasp
Life hurries from my breast at every gasp
Nor tears nor prayers can stay it more:—Death's wing
Strikes on the mournful bell of holy tower
In broken sounds, my last—my fatal hour—
Am I to weep—or shall I sing?—

I'll sing—since yet my hand is on the lyre,
I'll sing—since me, swan-like does Death inspire
The verge of other worlds, when first I view—
A burst of music—bless'd presage 'twill prove:
If my soul's nought but harmony and love
A song divine be its adieu—

The breaking harp yields a sublimer sound,
The dying lamp revives and sheds around
A momentary ray of purer flame:
The swan at her last hour looks to the sky,
Man, man alone casts back his languid eye,
To count his days and weep o'er them—

And what—are days—that I should now deplore?—
A sun—a sun, an hour—another hour;—
The coming like the one that's ta'en its flight
This bears away what on the other came—
Labour, repose and sorrow—oft a dream,
Such is the day—then comes the night—

Oh! bid whose hands around the wreck of years
Ivy-like, eager, cling—bid him shed tears—
Whose hope's consumed by the first gaze of Death:—
But I who've not been rooted in this clay
All unresisting, I am swept away—
Like the light leaf by Evening's breath—

The poet's like the wild birds of the main
Who build not in the rock nor on the plain
Nor mid the leaves their dwellings ever poise,
But still from wave to wave unheeding hurl'd,
Far from the shore they singing {pa}ss—the world
Nought knowing of them save their voice—

My novice hand no artful guide e'er led
As on this chord in playfulness it strayed
Man teaches not what the kind heavens instil:
The rivulet learns not its wave to pour,
The eagle above the black'ning clouds to soar
Her sweets the wild bee to distil—

'Neath stroke of powerful hammer, 'mid the gales,
Yon Holy bell vibrating, weeps and wails;
Alternate—publishing death, hymen, birth,
Like was I to that bronze made pure by flame:
When smote by passion from my soul there came
A sound that seemed nought of earth—

Thus in the night th' Eolian harp its plaint
With noise of murmuring waters mingling faint,
Sounds by the breath of breeze o'er earth that flies,
In wonder starts the traveller—lends his ear—
Admires and cannot him bethink from where
Are wafted those celestial sighs—

Oft did my tears my plaintive harp imbrue—
But for us mortals tears are heavenly dew—
The heart ne'er ripens 'neath a cloudless sky;—
The grape when crush'd, its nectar juice pours forth,
And by a rude foot trampled to the earth
The balm its fragrance sends on high—

My soul th' Eternal formed with breath of fire
To all it near'd its flame it did inspire:—
O fatal gift! I die by love o'er power'd!—
All I touched into dust all moulder'd fast:—
Thus fire from Heaven upon the heather cast
Expires when all around's devour'd—

But time?—time is no more—But glory?—What?
From this to the next age, an echo brought:
Vain toy for children of a future day,
Ye who of years to come have promised it the empire,
List to this sound that now emits my lyre—
Ah! . . . the winds have swept it away—

Oh! less delusive hope to death do give!—
What? the remembrance of that sound shall live
And over a vain tomb shall hover o'er?
Is then, that breath of dying sufferer fame?—
But, ye, who endless time grant to his name
Say mortals possess ye one hour?—

CATCHING TURTLES ON THE COAST OF CUBA.

The turtle and the tortoise belong to the same group of reptiles—in fact the turtle is a tortoise which principally inhabits the water, and is only found occasionally on the land. The two varieties of which we shall speak, are the Green Tortoise and the Loggerhead Tortoise. The former is the species chiefly used for food. It is found in great numbers on the coasts of all the islands and continents of the torrid zone.—The shoals which surround these coasts are covered with marine plants; and in these water pastures, which are near enough to the surface to be readily seen by the naked eye in calm weather, a prodigious abundance of animals, mostly amphibious, feed, and amongst them multitudes of tortoises.

The upper shield is termed the back-plate or buckler; the lower shield the breast-plate. The feet of the marine tortoises are much longer than those of the land, and their toes are united by a membrane, so that they swim with great facility. The head, feet, and tail are covered with small scales. The jaws of the wide mouth are not provided with teeth, but the jaw bones are very hard and strong, and being at the same time very rough, the animal is enabled to consume its vegetable food with ease, and at the same time to crush the shell-fish on which the marine species also feed. The green tortoise attains an enormous size and weight, some individuals measuring six or seven feet in length from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail, by three or four feet broad, and weighing as much as eight hundred pounds. Dampier says, “I heard of a monstrous green turtle once taken at Port Royal, in the bay of Campeachy, that was four feet deep from the back of the belly and the belly six feet broad. Captain Rocky’s son, of about nine or ten years of age, went in it (meaning in the shell) as in a boat, on board his father’s ship, about a quarter of a mile from the shore.”—The green tortoise commonly weighs from two to three hundred pounds.

The instinct which leads the female turtle to the shore to lay her eggs, exposes her to the danger of becoming the prey of man. She deposits her eggs on the loose sand, and abandons them at once to the chance, which approaches almost to a certainty in the southern hemisphere, that they will be hatched by the influence of the sun’s rays. She digs, by means of her forefeet, one or more holes about a foot wide and two feet deep, in which she usually deposits more than one hundred eggs. These eggs are round, and are two or three inches in diameter; they are covered with a membrane something like wet parchment.—The female generally lays three times in each year, at intervals of about a fortnight or three weeks. They almost always go ashore in the night time. A loose sand being essential to the hatching of the eggs, the turtles frequent only peculiar shores; but these are often several hundred miles from their feeding places. The eggs are hatched in less than a month after they are laid; and in about eight or ten days, the young reptiles crawl to the water. Few, however, reach their native element, in proportion to the number produced. They become the prey of sea-fowl and various quadrupeds of prey. The tiger is an especial enemy to the tortoise; but man is still more actively engaged in their destruction. The collection of tortoise eggs forms one of the most important of the occupations of the Indians of the Orinoco.

The wood-cut at the head of this article represents the manner in which the marine tortoises are caught on the coast of Cuba and on parts of the South American continent. The Count de Lacepede, in his History of Oviparous Quadrupeds, has described the various modes in which the business of tortoise-catching is carried on; and we shall conclude this notice with an abstract of his account. It must be remarked that the turtle is a most important addition to the ordinary mode of victualing a ship; and that, therefore, the war in which the human race engages against them is rendered absolutely necessary by the wants of navigators.

“In spite of the darkness which is chosen by the female tortoises for concealment when employed in laying their eggs, they cannot effectually escape from the pursuit of their enemies, the fishers wait for them on the shore, at the beginning of the night, especially when it is moonlight, and, either as they come from the sea, or as they return after laying their eggs, they dispatch them with blows of a club, or turn them quickly over on their backs, not giving them time either to defend themselves or to blind their assailants, by throwing up the sand with their fins. When very large, it requires the efforts of several men to turn them over, and they must often employ the assistance of handspikes or levers for that purpose. The buckler of this species is so flat as to render it impossible for the animal to recover the recumbent posture, when it is once turned on its back.

“A small number of fishers may turn over forty or fifty tortoises, full of eggs, in less than three hours. During the day, they are employed in securing those which they had caught in the preceding night. They cut them up, and salt the flesh and the eggs. Sometimes they may extract above thirty pints of a yellow or greenish oil from one large individual; this is employed for burning, or, when fresh, is used with different kinds of food. Sometimes they drag the tortoises they have caught, on their back, to enclosures, in which they are reserved for occasional use.

“The tortoise fishers, from the West Indies and the Bahamas, who catch these animals on the coast of Cuba and its adjoining islands, particularly the Caymanas, usually complete their cargoes in six weeks or two months; they afterwards return to their own Islands, with the salted turtle, which is used for food both by the whites and the negroes. This salt turtle is in as great request in the American colonies, as the salted cod of Newfoundland is in many parts of Europe; and the fishing is followed by all these colonists, particularly by the British, in small vessels, on various parts of the coast of Spanish America, and the neighbouring desert islands.

“The green tortoise is likewise often caught at sea in calm weather, and in moon-light nights. For this purpose two men go together in a small boat, which is rowed by one of them while the other is provided with a harpoon, similar to that used for killing whales. Whenever they discover a large tortoise, by the froth which it occasions on the water in rising to the surface, they hasten to the spot as quickly as possible, to prevent it from escaping. The harpooner immediately throws his harpoon with sufficient force to penetrate through the buckler to the flesh; the tortoise instantly dives, and the fisher gives out a line, which is fixed to the harpoon, and, when the tortoise is spent with loss of blood, it is hauled into the boat or on shore.”—*London Penny Magazine*.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN KAMTSCHATKA.

Horses are very scarce in Kamtschatka. They merely serve during the summer for carriage of merchandize and effects belonging to the crown, and for the convenience of travellers. Dogs, however, abound in this country, and serve all the purposes of carriage. They are fed without difficulty or expense: in summer, which is their season for rest, little care is taken of them; they know how to provide for themselves, by ranging over the country, and along the sides of lakes and rivers; and the punctuality with which they return is one of the most striking proofs of the fidelity of the animals. When winter arrives, their labour and slavery begin anew, to support which it is necessary that those dogs should be extremely vigorous. They are not, however, remarkably large, but resemble pretty much our shepherd dogs. Every inhabitant possesses at least five of these, which they use when they travel, and when they go to cut wood, and for the conveyance of their effects and provisions, as well as their persons. These dogs are harnessed to a sledge, two and two together, with a single one before as a leader. This honour is bestowed on the most intelligent, or the best trained dog; and he understands wonderfully the terms used by the conductor to direct his course. The cry of *tagtag* turns him to the right, and *kougha* to the left; the intelligent animal understands it immediately, and gives the rest the example of obedience; *ah, ah*, stops them, and *ha* makes them set off. The number of dogs that is necessary to harness depends upon the load, where it is little more than the weight of the person who mounts the sledge, it is considered as a common sledge, and the team consists of five dogs. The harness is made of leather. It passes under the neck, that is, upon the breast of those steeds, and is joined to the sledge by a strap three feet long, in the manner of a trace; the dogs are also fastened together by couples passed through their collars, and these collars are frequently covered with bear-skin, by way of ornament.

The form of the sledge is like that of an oblong basket, the two extremities of which are elevated in a curve. Its length is about three feet and its breadth scarcely exceeds one foot.—This kind of basket which composes the body of the sledge is of very thin wood; the sides are of open work, and ornamented with straps of different colours. The seat of the charioteer is covered with bear-skin, and raised about three feet from the ground, upon four legs, which are fastened to two parallel planks, three or four inches broad; these planks serve as supports and skates. The driver has nothing in his hand but a curved stick, which serves him both for a rudder and a whip. Iron rings are suspended at one end of the stick, as well for ornament, as for the sake of encouraging the dogs by the noise which this kind of bells make, and which are frequently jingled for that purpose; the other end is sometimes pointed with iron, to make an easier impression upon the ice, and, at the same time, it serves to excite the ardour of the animals. Dogs that are well trained have no need to hear the voice of the conductor: if he strikes the ice with his stick, they will go to the right; and when he wishes them to stop, he has only to place the stick between the snow and front of the sledge. When they slacken their pace and become careless and inattentive to the signal, or to his voice he throws his stick at them: but then the utmost address is necessary to regain it, as he proceeds rapidly along, and this is reckoned one of the strongest tests of the skill of the conductor.—*Goldsmith's Customs and Manners.*

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.

A Portuguese surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some drogues to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's: "Then you don't live comfortably with your lather, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old, than to take it away. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and enquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is not a doubt that he is a Marabout"—(a Saint.)

MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XVIII.

*Collected and arranged by the Duke de D * * * **

(Vols. First and Second.)

I have this year to record three important events: the duel of the Count d'Artois with the Duke de Bourbon; Voltaire's Journey to Paris, and the declaration of war against England.—I will commence with the Count's affair, my recital of which, will not agree with that of the Baron de Bezenval, owing to a crowd of details with which some of the members of the family alone were acquainted.

On Ash-Wednesday, in 1778, I was at Paris, going to visit the Luxembourg, which the King had given me, when Dubourget, the equery, came in the utmost haste, bringing me a letter from Louis XVI, who, without entering into any details, enjoined me to go to Versailles instantly where my counsels were required. My curiosity was excited, and I could not resist my desire to question the equery; but he knew nothing excepting that the King in handing him the letter written with his own hand, had recommended the greatest possible celerity. Dubourget thinking that I was as light as himself, told me that with a good horse I could reach Versailles in an hour. I thanked him for his information, and added that I would remember it, if ever he was a Prince and I an equery. A post-chaise carried me rapidly to court, and on entering my apartments, I learned that the King had already sent three times to learn if I had arrived. I hastened then to go to him, thinking that as there was so much haste, the affair must be important.

I found His Majesty with the Queen and Amelot, Minister of the King's Household. They all had a solemn and anxious air that alarmed me.

—Here you are at last! said the King.

—We were expecting you with the greatest impatience, added the Queen.

—What is the subject in question? I enquired with some emotion.

—An adventure which happened last night at the Opera, answered Louis XVI.

—Why did you not tell me that sooner? said I gaily; I had imagined something very unfortunate.

—The affair is more serious than you think it is, replied Maria-Antoinette. The Count d'Artois has been giddy enough to insult the Dutchess de Bourbon; all the Condés are furious, and we know not how to manage the affair.

—It is true, continued the King, and we want your opinion and advice on the occasion.

—But I must first know the circumstances.

—Give an account of them, said the Queen to M. Amelot; you know all, and disguise nothing.

The Minister not much pleased with the task assigned to him, fearing to be compromised in this affair by being called on as a witness, gave me a detail of the circumstances I am about to relate with the additions I have since learned.

Madame de Canillac, whom I have already mentioned, had received the homage of the Count d'Artois since she had entered Madame Elizabeth's service. This *liaison*, of which no one was ignorant caused the Dutchess de Bourbon some heart-burnings as she had pretensions herself to my brother's attentions, and besides she had other causes of dislike to Madame de Canillac. On Shrove-Tuesday, at the close of a supper where the wine had circulated in great quantities, the Count d'Artois conducted his belle to the ball at the Opera; the Dutchess was also there in company with her rival's brother-in-law: Madame de C. was so imprudent as to engage my brother to revenge the affront she had before received from the Dutchess, who had sent her from her house with ignominy.

My brother, without reflecting on the consequences of such prowess, approached Madam de Bourbon's cavalier, and affecting to mistake her for some woman with whom such liberties might be taken, he began speaking of her in very improper terms. The princess astonished at the audacity of the mask, imperiously commanded him to be silent; but, far from obeying, he added fresh impertinences to what he had already committed, and went so far that the Dutchess not being able to tolerate this excess of insolence, raised his mask, and recognized the Count d'Artois.

My brother furious in his turn at this violation of all the rules of the ball, in return seized Madam de Bourbon's mask, bruized and dashed it against her face, then retired turning round on his heels. The princess returned home much agitated and half dead with fright; she dreaded the effects of this adventure, determined not to noise it abroad, and made the gentleman with whom she was, promise the strictest silence on the subject.

This affair then would have fallen into oblivion if the Count d'Artois, proud of his exploit had not hastened to the Countess de Polignac's saloon after leaving the ball, and told the whole circumstance; the next day all Versailles and Paris were in the secret, the King, generally the last to be informed of any event, heard it that same day.

It was the Queen, who not knowing to what saint she should devote herself, thought of sending for me, to consult on the occasion.

This event proved how little the Count d'Artois was generally liked, excepting by those who were more immediately about him, or rather his set: for little as the Dutchess de Bourbon deserved the public esteem, the city and the court immediately ranged on her side. The women particularly cried out against the Count d'Artois' want of courtesy; he was not spared, and ere twice twenty-four hours had elapsed he found himself almost alone, while the

Hotel de Bourbon was filled with people who came to compliment and condole with the Dutchess, and make offers of service.

The prince de Condé and the duke de Bourbon, encouraged by those universal proofs of interest, became heated and loudly declared that if proper reparation of the insult was not made, they would avenge her by force of arms. Already before my arrival they had demanded an audience of the King, who had put them off to the next day wishing to consult me first.

This recital in which I have anticipated, for the public opinion did not manifest itself until some days later, caused me to make serious reflections. The King and Queen examined me fixedly, as if to divine my thoughts; but it was unnecessary trouble, as I had no wish to conceal them: so after having meditated an instant, I said:

—I see but one method of arranging this affair: the Count d'Artois must go and make excuses to the Dutchess de Bourbon, and attribute his conduct to the fumes of the heady wine he had before taken.

—That cannot be, said the Queen, the Count d'Artois has said publicly that he knew it was the Dutchess before he attacked her; moreover he will not make any submission whatever.

—In that case, it only remains for him to support his conduct sword in hand.

—My brother fight a duel! said the King with a movement of terror.

—A grand-son of France, settle a quarrel by means of arms! cried the Queen.

—Monseigneur the Count d'Artois on the ground like a simple gentleman! added Amelot crossing himself, that is impossible.

—Does not honor command a grand-son of France to act in this circumstance like a gentleman?

—But, said the King, my brother's illustrious rank . . .

—Sire, I took the liberty to answer, the rank of the Count d'Artois will not prevent him from being dishonoured if he refuses to give satisfaction to those whom he has offended.

—Reflect on what you say, Sir, said the Queen with emotion.

—It is because I reflect, Madam, that I hold to preserving the blood of the Bourbons without a stain: it is in this case that etiquette should be set aside; as the desire of conforming to it might be taken for cowardice.

—My brother shall not fight, however, said Louis XVI.

—So much the worse, Sire, for I am persuaded that he will regret when it is too late that he did not follow the only route pointed out by honor, the public opinion, and a certain power difficult to resist.

—I expected better things from your prudence, said the Queen with a reproachful air.

—I cannot take this for a compliment, Madam, I answered, for in no case should we covenant with a man's renown, be his rank what it may.

—The Count d'Artois is in a particular situation, said the King, I charge myself with the reparation of his imprudence.—Monsieur Amelot, continued he, addressing the Minister, you will instantly write a letter *de cachet* to the Chevalier de Crussol, by virtue of which, you must forbid his loosing sight of my brother, and make him responsible for whatever may happen.

Seeing that my presence was unnecessary, and fully resolved to have an explanation with the Count d'Artois, I left them and went to my brother's. I found the Countess d'Artois weeping with her sister, for the adventure was also known to them. They also preached to me the pardon of injuries; I would not add to my sister-in-law's distress by combatting too openly her opinion. Her situation deserved attention, for she had just given birth, on the 24th, to my well-beloved nephew the Duke de Berry.

I reassured the Countess then to the best of my ability, saying that if in the worst case my brother was obliged to fight, the combat would not be a bloody one. I then took my leave of the two princesses deferring the interview with my brother until next day, I went home and found the Prince de Condé who knowing I had returned to Versailles, had come to see me under the strictest incognito. The Prince de Condé, like all the rest of his race, was the most intrepid of men in the field of battle, and the weakest in private life. Madame de Monaco, at the latter part of the reign of Louis XV had made him commit faults, that had been too public, not to injure him, both in town and at court. But he effaced those slight stains gloriously by his magnanimous conduct at the time of the emigration. If I continue my memoirs up to that time, I will mention what valour, firmness and disinterestedness he displayed during our misfortunes.

At the time of which I am writing, although I esteemed the Prince de Condé very much, I lived on very cool terms with him. However in so delicate a circumstance, I felt bound to receive him with all the regard he deserved. After complaining bitterly of the outrage done to his daughter, he declared that he was resolved to obtain reparation.

—I take you for a judge, said he; tell me, would you not do the same in my place?

I answered in a manner to satisfy him without compromising my brother. The Prince next begged of me to be present at the audience which the King was to grant him. I acceded to his request if His Majesty would permit it; and in fact knowing the bluntness of Louis XVI and the vivacity of the Prince, I was glad to be present, to interpose between them, in case of need.

The rest of the day passed without any other incident. I informed the King by a note, of the Prince de Condé's wish. His Majesty returned it with the following lines added in his own writing:—"I consent to the demand of the Prince, but my resolution is taken and neither you nor him will make me change it."

These words did not alarm me, for I knew that the King of France would at length agree with whatever opinion would prevail. The next day I sent for the Count d'Artois to come to me, as indisposition prevented my going to him. He came very early, with an air of embarrassment and anxiety that did not please me. As soon as we were alone, I said in a tone half serious and half in jest:

—So, discourteous knight, instead of combatting in the cause of beauty, it is against pretty women you wage war.

Ah! mention not that ridiculous affair, answered he, with a motion of impatience, I find myself in the most embarrassing situation.

—I do not deny it. And how do you intend to clear yourself?

—I have not yet come to any determination.

—And yet it is time to think of it.

—But what can I do?

—It appears to me that a few words of excuse . . .

—Excuses! never will I humiliate myself before the Condés.

—We do not humiliate ourselves by seeking to atone for a fault, I answered with a grave air, not fearing in this case to use a sententious tone.

—I had always thought until this day that a grand-son of France was formed to grant pardons and not to demand any.

—His sword then should give satisfaction for the insult of which he has been guilty; for who more than a Prince should set the example of justice?

—They are opposed to my fighting.

—Who are those that are such enemies to your honor as to endeavour to render you deaf to her voice?

—Why, the King, the Queen, the Count de Maurepas . . .

—And Henry the IV, brother, have you consulted him? His memory should, I think, have some influence over you.

These words caused the Count d'Artois to start, and his eyes flashed brightly on hearing the magnificent name of this great King.

—As to me, I am ready, said he, and if the Duke de Bourbon seeks me he will find me.

—I expected nothing less from you, my brother; so I may give this to understand to the Prince de Condé, who will have an audience in an hour at which I am to assist.

The Count d'Artois answered that he was determined to extricate himself from this affair with honor, and then left me, very anxious as I thought to rejoin his intimate circle.

Soon after I went to the King. He was standing in his cabinet near the chimney, apparently more burdened with ennui than care. It was the hour when he was in the habit of working at the forge with that very bad man, Game, who since did him so much harm by his infamous denunciations. We talked on different subjects until M. de Maurepas joined us, a very unnecessary witness to the conversation about to take place.

He approached me with an effort to look grieved; but in fact, he was only anxious as to the part he should play in this circumstance. His only idea was to temporize, to negotiate; for he flattered himself that he could hide his insincerity by recurring to innumerable little arts which led to no conclusion.

I have learned since that the Prince de Condé had also invited the Minister to be present at the audience wishing to have several persons present to witness his conduct on the occasion. We had scarcely exchanged a few words, when the Prince de Condé arrived. He walked with his head erect, and there was an appearance of haughtiness, I thought, in his manner when first paying his respects to the King.

The Prince briefly stated to His Majesty the insult his daughter had received, and demanded in his own, and the names of all his family the authorization of His Majesty to exact proper reparation of the same. The King grew pale with rage, but nevertheless with more prudence than I had expected from him, he answered mildly declaring in general terms how much pain this quarrel had occasioned him, not the less, as chance alone had brought it all on; for, added Louis XVI, I am certain that neither of the parties had any intention of offending the other; we should not then give this affair more importance than it deserves, and the best thing we can do is reciprocally to forget what has passed.

The King paused, persuaded that the Prince would confirm his words by acquiescing to his proposal. But the Prince affecting not to understand the monarch, answered that for his part he would be ready to forget all when reparation should have been made.

—Well then! all may be instantly terminated if, like me, you sincerely desire peace.

—But you know, Sire, that when war is declared, it cannot be honourably terminated without a battle.

—What signify these words, sir? demanded the King angrily.

—They signify, Sire, that my daughter's honor has been outraged, and that we should be unworthy of the name we bear, did we not demand satisfaction for the same.

—Sir, said the King, know that you will incur my displeasure, if you or your son draw the sword: seeing that the conversation was becoming too animated, and that the Count de Maurepas did not dare to let his voice be heard, I thought it time to interfere.

—Sir, said I to the Prince, the King requires nothing that can wound your honor, but he wishes his decrees to be respected.

The Prince kept silence, and I continued studying on his countenance the effect of my words.

—I complied with your desires by coming here, said I to him; may I in return demand a service of you?

—I will grant you any thing that is not incompatible with my honor, he answered bluntly.

—The Count d'Artois is deeply afflicted by his mistake.

—We should always be sorry for having insulted a woman.

—What more do you wish for! said the King.

—That the repentance that does him honor, should be made as public as was the offence; in a word, that it be expressed by His Royal Highness in presence of the Court.

—You exact too much, I said.

—Then let us employ a mean which, I am sure, will answer his Royal Highness as well as us.

—I shall always oppose it, said Louis XVI, as a King and a brother. I swore at my Coronation, to punish duellists, and I cannot without forfeiting my oath authorize a duel.

—Sire, rejoined the Prince de Condé, I came to demand justice of your Majesty, if you refuse it I shall be forced to do it to myself.

Speaking thus, he bowed; and without waiting for the King to dismiss him, left the cabinet. I signed to M. de Maurepas to follow the Prince with whom he remained some time in conference.

While awaiting the return of the Minister, Louis XVI paced the room for some minutes in silence, seemingly in profound meditation, at least I thought so, when suddenly drawing a small key from his pocket, he tried to open a casket with it, saying to me:

—Would you believe I have been eight days at this cursed key, and that there is something wanting to it yet? But see, he added, I have not entirely lost my time.

—In troth it was a masterpiece of patience and industry.—The King took it again when I had examined it, and after turning it on all sides, he said:

—Ah! I see where the fault lies, and it only wants two strokes of a file.

In saying this the King opened the door of the stairs, and disappeared.

I was confounded, for I could not conceive that the King of France could be more taken up with the mechanism of a key than with the important affair in question. Experience and the study of man have since taught me that the human mind is capable of the most extravagant contradiction. My eyes were still fixed on the door, when the Count de Maurepas entered. He was astonished at the perseverance of the Prince de Condé in supporting his resolution, and could not comprehend his *sangfroid* throughout these explanations. I answered him by this verse:—

“Ira quæ tegitur nocet.

Restrained anger is but more terrible.”

This citation, which I explained to him, did not contribute to re-assure the Minister. He leaned towards pacific measures, and showed me a form of excuse he had composed in such a manner as to satisfy the offended, without humiliating the aggressor too much.

—This is very well, said I, as far as regards my brother, but—what will you make the Dutchess de Bourbon answer?

M. de Maurepas had thought of all, and also gave the answer he destined for the Princess.

—Here are two words, said I, pointing them out with my finger, which can never be pronounced by a Condé. Never will a Condé say he had no intention to be wanting in respect to the Royal family; you are aware that to pronounce this sentence is to touch on their most tender part; for their aim is at all events and against all opposition to make a part of the family, while we persist in regarding them as a branch of the family, distant, as it was not connected with it until Henry IV became King.

—Do you think then, Monseigneur, that they will reject this means for a word?

—I fear it, but hope still remains.

After deliberating some time longer, we agreed to use every endeavour to reconcile the parties, in order not to open the lists to the champions until the last extremity. We were preparing to leave the King's cabinet, when he re-entered with the key in his hand, after assuring himself that it fitted, by locking and unlocking the casket several times, he cried in a tone of triumph, at length I have come off with honor! and then turning towards us: Well! he added, what have you decided upon?

We informed His Majesty of the result of our deliberations, and he told M. de Maurepas to neglect nothing to settle the affair amicably, and to take measures with me, for that purpose; and then dismissed us.

This audience took place on Thursday the 5th of March, the next day and Saturday were spent in making proceedings, the Queen who would not allow the Count d'Artois to fight, put some restraint on all the measures I thought necessary to take. I was forced to act with the utmost circumspection, as malignity might have accused me of wishing to place the Count d'Artois' life in danger. His followers were constantly dissuading him to fight, saying that his dignity forbade him to measure arms with any but a King's son.

While awaiting a decision of some kind, time passed on, the public declared itself for the Condé party; and the Court did the same, and we were about to find ourselves alone at Versailles as at the time of Duke de Choiseul's exile. The Queen only, did not perceive this. She saw but through the eyes of those who surrounded her like an impenetrable battery, and avoided my presence, which prevented me from enlightening her. The Count de Maurepas and Amelot, were in agonies. The first spent his days imagining plans of accommodation which the Condés always refused; they required excuses from the offender, and would abate nothing of their pretensions.

The most unpleasant rumours circulated on all sides. The lieutenant of Police gave us to understand that the Count d'Artois should avoid appearing in public; we knew that the project of hissing him had been formed. The Duke de Bourbon had remitted to the Count de Maurepas a memorial in which insolence pierced through an affected respect; but we were forced to suffer all, being under the necessity of supporting our dignity at any price.

During this general confusion, the Princes d'Orleans remained quiet. The father in the society of Madame Montesson, forgot the injury his daughter had received, and even seemed ignorant of it. The Duke de Chartres by a still more extraordinary abnegation had in this quarrel taken the part of the Count d'Artois; disinterested magnanimity for which he received no credit. He never left my brother, they showed themselves together every where; I would willingly think that he wished to reserve himself as a conciliator in case of need; but at all events his conduct did him much injury with the public.

I learned that the Baron de Bezenval and the Chevalier de Crussol were using their endeavours to have the quarrel settled by arms. As soon as the Queen heard this, she redoubled her efforts to hasten an accommodation without recurring to this extremity. She sent Madame de Polignac to speak to the Dutchess de Bourbon; Madame de Lamballe also joined her efforts to hers; and finally so much address was used that a reconciliation was effected between the parties. Madame de Canillac received an order to quit Versailles; and the Count d'Artois was prevailed upon to make excuses to the Dutchess de Bourbon in the presence of the royal family and the Princes of the blood. It was also stipulated that the answers returned should be made in proper terms.

This plan settled upon, we proceeded to put it into execution. The assembling of the family was appointed for the 15th by the King.

The parties interested presented themselves with a smile on their lips and their hearts filled with gall. Besides the members of the family, and the Princes of the blood, the Princess de Lamballe was also present at this meeting, in her quality of superintendant of the Queen's household.

An air of constraint and embarrassment was remarkable on the countenances of all but the Condés, whose looks announced the victory they had gained over us. They had reason to be proud, for our family was loosing what theirs was gaining. We were sliding rapidly down a steep bank which led to the revolution, and the younger branch was drawn along with us merely by the rapid impulsion, and not at all by the hatred of our persecutors.

The Count d'Artois whom we had at length prevailed on, by repeated solicitations, made the reparation required. The Dutchess answered in tone more ironical than respectful, some phrases wherein the words Royal Family were not pronounced. Marie Antoinette was about to remark on this voluntary omission, when the King anxious to terminate this difference at once, declared that he imposed on the parties the obligation of never recurring to what had passed: that all should now be forgotten, and nought be preserved in the heart, but sentiments of affection one for the other. It is thus that this solemn meeting terminated; but it was but the prelude of another denouement which brought the famous reconciliation of the two Spanish gentlemen in Le Sage's romance into action. In going out, the Duke de Bourbon made a sign to the Count d'Artois which he did not see, and went in the course of the day to Bagatelle, the other expecting to meet my brother, and not finding him, spoke of him in unmeasured terms.

It was then that the Baron de Bezenval was called upon to take a part in this troublesome drama. The Queen having sent for him, he convinced her of the necessity of recurring to a duel. Marie Antoinette wishing at least to prevent any effusion of blood, thought of causing the Chevalier de Crussol to be present, who, provided with the lettre de cachet, would arrest the parties when they should dispose themselves for action.—Bezenval told the Chevalier who informed him of this project:—

—If it is a farce that the Count d'Artois is to be made to perform, I shall not move a step towards the ground.

—And for what reason, if you please? Is it not enough that H. R. H. presents himself on the ground? and also in the order of things that the King should interpose to save the life of a brother or a cousin?

M. M. de Polignac and de Vaudreuil, who were present at this conversation supported the Chevalier de Crussol's opinion, while Bezenval persisted in saying that he understood nothing of this morality.

—You talk very much at your ease, answered the Chevalier, reflect that my head is answerable for the consequences.

Bezenval left them to go to my brother. I will make him speak for himself, seeing the importance of the occasion.

“I opened the business to the Prince and gave him an exact account of all that was being said in Paris, without seeking to palliate the manner in which they spoke of his person. I informed him of the conduct of the Duke de Bourbon, and particularly of his proceeding at Bagatelle, and concluded by assuring him that it was absolutely necessary that things should be brought to that point. While speaking, I examined the Count d'Artois with the strictest attention, and I owe him the justice to say, that neither by the least word or action did he betray the slightest

emotion; his countenance even, did not undergo the least change; I saw nothing but astonishment depicted on it, for, as I said before, he was ignorant of what was going on, and was far from suspecting the part he was playing.”

My brother, decided by what M. de Bezenval had told him, to take counsel but from his courage, sent word to the Duke de Bourbon that he would walk in the bois de Boulogne the next day. What passed between them is too well known to require repetition. The duel took place and was interrupted by order of the King. The two adversaries escaped without a scratch. A numerous crowd of complimenterers besieged the palace Bourbon; but there was no haste displayed at Versailles. The Dutchess went that very night to the theatre, where she was received with unbounded applause.

The Queen, who showed herself there some time after with the Countess de Provence,^[1] was received with more coldness; she had offended by taking the part of the Count d’Artois. The arrival of the Prince de Condé which excited a new display of enthusiasm, caused the indifference towards Marie Antoinette to be the more conspicuous. My turn came next, I partook of the Queen’s disgrace; I was equally suspected of supporting the Count d’Artois. At all events it was making a crime of what was very natural. The Count d’Artois, whom I had advised not to appear so soon in a numerous assembly, allowed himself to be seduced by the praises of his friends, who cried up his heroism to the skies, came also to the theatre. At his entrance a murmur of disapprobation was heard, and put a stop to those who were preparing to applaud him. The Prince frowned, and the Queen ill concealed her displeasure. The Duke de Chartres, more prudent, did not show himself in this circumstance; and he did well, for I believe demonstrations of the general disapprobation would not have been spared him.

The King was angry for form’s sake; my brother wrote to him in vain, to save the Duke de Bourbon from a slight mark of his displeasure. He was exiled to Chantilly for a week, and the Count d’Artois received an order to go and pass the same time at Choisy. It is thus that this affair terminated, which has caused us so much anxiety, and which served to show the evil dispositions of the Parisians towards the Royal family. Unfortunately the members did not profit by these repeated warnings.

[1] Wife of Louis XVIII, whose title was comte de Provence.

ENTHUSIASM, OR FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

By a Lady, the Author of Tales of the Heath, Scenes at Home and Abroad, &c.

(Written for the Montreal Museum.)

It was about the year 1812, that Edward Morton, who was then holding the rank of a Lieutenant in the British Army, was by the French, made a prisoner of war, and, with some of his no less unfortunate brother officers, conveyed to the depot at Verdun. Perhaps few minds were better prepared generally, to bear *la fortune de guerre* than Edward, yet on the present occasion, so fatal a blow to the completion of his fondest hopes, had for a time nearly deprived him of reason that strength of nerve—that energy of mind which had formed so prominent a feature in his military character, and had so eminently distinguished him in the field of battle, now yielded to the intensity of feeling:—not for the sabre wound which in the last engagement had laid him prostrate on the field, and placed him in the power of the enemy of his country—no, for it was not the first time that this noble youth had bled for that country, which from his infancy he had been taught to feel, it was his highest ambition and glory to defend, for Edward was the only son of one of the bravest officers that ever served his King. He was in truth a soldier in character, as well as profession, while his heart responded to the bravery of the lion, his disposition was as mild as the lamb; by his companions in arms, from the field officer to the private soldier he was loved and respected, but perhaps, by none more so than by the Colonel of his Regiment, to whose daughter he was plighted by the bonds of a long standing attachment sanctioned by the approbation of his noble commander who, while gallantly leading on his men to the engagement, which proved fatal to the life of one, and for a season threw a cloud over the aspiring hopes of the other, was heard to exclaim, as he looked with the eye of admiration on the movements, and the conduct of the young Subaltern, “well done, brave Morton, a company, and Caroline’s hand shall be thy reward for this day’s duty!” These portentous words had hardly been uttered, and had not admitted of a reply when a French Dragoon raising his sabred arm, by one fatal effort thrust it through the body of the venerable Colonel, who fell bleeding into the arms of him, whom he had just appointed the future protector of his only child. It was at this juncture, that Edward also received a slight wound, which at another time probably would scarcely have attracted his attention, but now, overpowered by contending feelings, and weakened by some loss of blood, he instantly fell into the power of the enemy, and was carried off the field.

It is no wonder then that circumstances so fraught with disappointment, and threatening such utter destruction to his plans {of} happiness,—at the very moment too, when his enthusiastic imagination had fancied their completion realized, should have tended to enervate the natural energies of his mind, which however had only temporally subsided to return with additional vigour, for as his health renovated, Edward soon found opportunity to write the particulars of his fate to those who were most dear to him in his native land, taking the precaution to relieve their anxiety regarding himself by stating, that his only trial was the apprehension of a prolonged separation from individuals whose happiness he prized infinitely beyond his own, assuring them at the same time that every effort on his part should be exerted to seize the first opportunity that might offer of returning to a mother whom he fondly loved, and to claim the hand of his dear Caroline, whose heart he knew he possessed, and who, from circumstances had now become dearer to him, if *possible*, than ever.

Edward had certainly written to his friends with an air of greater firmness than in strict justice was fitting to his condition; and the very motive of which had been truly inspected: he knew, that next to his personal safety his comfort would be in the estimation of those fond individuals, the first consideration; he had therefore represented his situation as better than it deserved. It was true that he was visited by the noblesse and families of the first consideration in the vicinity of his prison.

His youthful, and elegant appearance, and the nobleness of his deportment had created an interest, and had inspired a general wish to show him attention. But Edward had refused his parole, consequently he was watched with an eye of suspicion, and in the way of liberty, not the smallest indulgence was allowed.

In the vicinity of Verdun, resided the Marquis St. Clare, a nobleman of ancient French family, who early in life had visited England, and there formed an alliance with a young lady of equal rank, but moderate fortune; soon after their marriage the Marquis returned with his lovely English wife to France, and fixed their establishment in the Chateau St. Clare, fondly imagining that happiness in her rarest form was now within his grasp!

“Oh! human life, how mutable! how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joys.”

Alas! too soon he had reason to feel that *unsullied* bliss is not destined for mortal man, the prize he possessed was perhaps too good for earth, for shortly after giving birth to their first child, the lovely countess breathed her last, thus destroying the fondly cherished hopes of one who had lived but in her smiles! and who now determined to devote his remaining years to the care and education of the little treasure which had been so dearly bought; forming

at the same time the resolution that no inducement should lead him to enter into a second marriage. Seventeen years had elapsed, and Laura continued her father's chief companion; without that extreme beauty, for which her mother had been celebrated, she bore a strong personal resemblance to that parent; she was interesting, and possessed all that *gaieté de cœur*, which is the characteristic of her country, and a nobleness of soul that raised her above ordinary beings. Yet from an ill-judged education she had grown up on {en}thusiastically romantic. She could form no other idea of excellence than that of being idolized as the fascinating Angelina or the incomparable Rosamonda, or any other such celebrated heroine of romance.

The Chateau St. Clare immediately overlooked the prison gardens at Verdun. From her dressing-room window Laura had first beheld Edward, he was walking with his arm in a sling, on the turrets of the prison, accompanied by two French officers with whom she was well acquainted, and who were frequently in the habit of dining with her father. In his elegant figure her imagination soon discovered a hero worthy of her affections.—His manly form—his fine countenance—his dignified step, and the interest excited by his situation as an English wounded officer, were sufficient to render him perfect in the romantic mind of Laura. Her anxiety to become acquainted with his rank and name increased, and this information she hoped to gain from the French officers with whom she saw him walking; by her suggestion therefore, yet without knowing the motive of the proposal they were invited by her father to dinner, when, to perfect her romantic dream, they informed her that the young English officer was a very superior character; that he was of good family, that with general accomplishments, and an elegance of manner which rendered him quite prepossessing as a companion, was blended an unusual energy and strength of mind bespeaking mental endowments of no ordinary nature, and foreboding, in their opinion, his future rise to the highest rank in his profession. The Marquis was fond of the English character, he therefore listened to the detail with unusual interest, and as he frequently walked in the prison he desired that they might be introduced to the young English soldier. Nothing could have been more propitious to the wishes of Laura, her eyes told truly the language of her heart—they sparkled with a joy that the tongue could not express; and she determined to accompany her father that evening in his visit to the ramparts.

In the mean time, she lost no opportunity of watching the individual of her budding affections, as he took his customary morning walk. She perceived however, and with serious apprehension, an air of melancholy depicted in his countenance and a reserve in his manner, which created increased interest in her romantic mind—but which at the same time, gave birth to feelings far less graceful. “Alas!” said she, “that expression bespeaks more than I would wish to know. Yes, he loves!—doubtless he loves—and his noble soul is rent with pangs of separation. Alas! I now see, *too* late I fear, it is idle vanity to hope for his affections;—but I will let him know I have a heart as fully imbued with principle and nobleness of feeling as his own.”

With such impressions Laura accompanied her father in his evening walk, and by their friends they were introduced to Edward Morton; he received them with reserved but dignified politeness, yet there shone beneath the veil of assumed austerity, an urbanity in his manner, far more pleasing than Laura had generally found in the deportment of Englishmen towards strangers.

A mutual pleasure was experienced in a long conversation between the Marquis and the young soldier; for Edward was perfectly conversant in the language of the country; all this combined to increase the interest he had previously gained in the mind of both father and daughter; the latter however could not banish the impression that Edward was suffering from a secret sorrow, infinitely more than from the circumstance of his captivity. With fine innate feelings of generosity, this noble girl resolved to fathom the depth of his secret, for the sole purpose of exerting every effort to ameliorate his affliction,—but this could be accomplished only with great delicacy; for Edward was yet a stranger. Still she thought him,—

“So pure, so good, he scarce could guess at sin,
But thought the world without, like that within.”

Always accompanied by her father, Laura made many succeeding visits to the prison, and each day returned more fully convinced of the merits of the individual for whom she was so much interested; as the Marquis was always present at their conversations, no opportunity had yet presented itself of making known her intentions—at length, inspired with the ardent wish to promote the happiness of one whom she so enthusiastically admired, she determined on writing to Edward and tendering that friendship which she was persuaded she really felt. The thought was no sooner suggested than in the fullness of her soul she wrote to Morton, desiring that he would point out any possible way, in which she could alleviate the distress of mind which, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal, she discovered, was, like the vampire destroying his best energies, and almost depriving him of existence—though the mind may become impaired, hearts break not by excess of sorrow, yet the slow consuming hand of grief may lead us through a lingering death to an early tomb! and such Laura feared might be the fate of Edward, unless the cankering worm was speedily removed. Having finished her letter she carefully placed it between the two first leaves of a favourite work which she had promised to lend for his perusal. Upon reading the communication Edward now sincerely lamented their frequent intercourse, fearing that he might have expressed himself with more ardour than was consistent with his engagement, and the happiness of his dear Caroline. He determined to remedy the error by immediately writing to her, and explaining his real situation; which was precisely what this

charming girl desired. She received the letter through the same medium, by which her own had been conveyed—and opened it with the greatest impatience! “Noble minded Morton!” she exclaimed, “I love thee tenfold for thy constancy and generosity; and will prove to you that I have a soul, worthy at least of thy friendship.” Laura delayed not to convey her acknowledgments to Edward, assuring him that both himself and his beloved Caroline should find in *her* a sincere friend. She intreated, that he would submit to her propositions, and prepare to see her in the evening when he would be called upon to act with firmness and decision. She knew her father had a party of gentlemen to dine with him, she could therefore more easily absent herself. At the hour when the Marquis and Laura were accustomed to visit the prison, she dressed her maid, who was an elderly woman, in her father’s clothes adding a large military cloak, which was usually worn by the Marquis in his evening walks; then taking her arm, proceeded as usual towards the ramparts, unnoticed, except by the customary salutations from the sentinel, from whom she learned that Morton was indisposed: but she persevered, and entered his apartment, resolved on her plan. The moment the door was closed she said in a low voice—“Now, my friend, I am come to prove the test of your love, not to me, but to your lovely Caroline, who impatiently grieves your absence, and waits your return. Here is a disguise, which will assist you,—fly to her—lose not a moment in hesitation. I visit you doubly clad, one suit you must immediately exchange for your own, and leaning on the arm of my maid, you may leave the prison unnoticed, while I will remain here; and in this paper, presenting him with a note, you will meet your further directions:—Fly—fly! your escape will entirely depend on your acquiescence.” Edward would have thrown himself on his knees, but Laura prevented him; “dear amiable girl,” he exclaimed, “how sincerely do I appreciate your intentions; but I cannot possibly leave you subject to the results that may accrue from this generous act.” “Delay not,” said Laura with a firmness of voice amounting almost to sternness—“delay not, it is a duty you owe your affianced bride—to whom but you, can she now look for a protector?—and if you *love her* you will not one moment hesitate.” This was an appeal which Edward could not resist, and putting on the prepared dress, with Laura’s bonnet, cloak and thick veil, he pressed her beautiful hand, which had arranged his equipment, to his lips, and incapable of utterance, leaning on the arm of the disguised maid, he left the prison and proceeded as Laura had directed, to a cottage at the extremity of her father’s domain, where he again changed his dress to that of a fisherman. His next steps were bent towards the coast, from which he was then at no very considerable distance, and where a boat was ready by Laura’s previous direction to receive him. The master of the boat owed all he possessed to the liberality of that generous girl, who had rescued him for the sake of his wife and seven helpless children, from prison, where he had been dragged in consequence of debts unavoidably contracted which he never could have paid but through her benevolence.

To this man Laura had confided her secrets, and the poor fellow, being anxious to prove his gratitude, was happy at all risks, to undertake any thing that could oblige his benefactress; he took Edward on board, and, in the disguise mentioned, passed him off, as one of his sailors, and with a favourable gale in a passage of only a few hours, landed him safe on the English coast.

After Laura had ascertained by her maid, that Edward was safe on board the boat, she communicated to the Marquis the full particulars of what had transpired. That excellent parent tenderly alarmed for the safety of his daughter, directly sent for the French officer, who had first introduced him to Morton; by this gentleman it was arranged, that the Marquis should visit the prison as usual, and that Laura should return with him in her proper dress, which was done, without difficulty or observation. The Marquis and his daughter were so well known and so universally esteemed, that not the smallest suspicion rested on them, as concerned in the escape of the young English officer.

Laura had never experienced stronger emotions of pleasure, than when she learned from the fisherman the success of her plot, and she perused with an extacy of delight a note from Edward delivered to her by his faithful pilot, expressive of sentiments which the fullness of his heart would not permit him to acknowledge when he left her. “Happy Morton,” she exclaimed, “in prompting your views how superior is the enjoyment to any selfish possession! And how little are women known by those who think them incapable of *firmness*, and unequal to the sacrifice of feeling!”

Edward would have hailed the sight of his native land with natural sensations of unalloyed delight, but he could not banish the painful consideration, that in all probability Laura would have difficulties to encounter in consequence of *his* escape, these gloomy reflections necessarily mingled with and tinged with melancholy the otherwise delightful anticipations of soon meeting again those whom he so tenderly loved. It was not without conflicting feelings that Edward travelled to London and reported his escape and arrival at the Horse Guards. The good old Colonel’s predictions were realized; “a company, and Caroline’s hand were shortly after his reward.”

A correspondence blended with truth and affection commenced, and continued between Laura and Caroline, until after the latter had given birth to her second child, when the Marquis and his daughter visited England for the purpose of being present at the christening of the little son, who was to be named St. Clare, in compliment to their noble friend; a few months only after this event, Morton was deprived by death of his amiable wife, her health had been for some time in a delicate and precarious state which ultimately terminated in rapid consumption. Five years now elapsed, when Laura became the partner, of the only man she had ever loved, and most faithfully did she perform her duty, as a friend, a wife, and a mother.

Isle-aux-Noix, 6th June.

THE RED ROSE.

(Extract from the *Salmigondis*.)

(Translated for the Montreal Museum.)

He, who on the evening of the 15th December, —93, would have left the small town of Clisson to repair to the village of St. Crépin, and stopped on the ridge of the mountain at the foot of which flows the river de la Moine, would have seen a strange spectacle on the opposite side of the valley.

First on the side where his eye would have sought the village amid the horizon, darkening already in the twilight, he would have perceived three or four pillars of smoke, which, isolated at their base, meeting above and spreading, remained a moment poised in mid air like a dark dome, and gently yielding to the damp west-wind in that direction rolled away while they gradually became blended with the clouds of the lowering and misty sky. He would have seen that base redden slowly, then the smoke cease, sharp tongues of fire dart upwards with a crackling noise, from the roofs of houses,—now winding in a spiral form,—now bending and rising like the mast of a vessel. He would have thought every window was bursting open to vomit forth fire. From time to time when a roof sank he would have heard a dull sound, beheld a more vivid flame mingled with myriads of sparks and by the dread light of the wide spreading conflagration, have seen the glitter of arms and a circle of soldiery stretching away in the distance. He would have heard shrieks and laughs, and had said in affright:—Have mercy God! 'tis an army warming themselves with a village in flames.

It was so.—A republican brigade had found the village of Saint Crépin abandoned and set fire thereto.

This was no act of cruelty, but a medium of *war*, a plan of campaign like another; experience proved that it was the sole effectual.

Meanwhile an isolated hut was not burning, indeed all necessary precautions seemed to have been taken to prevent the flames from reaching it. Two sentinels were on watch at the doors, and each moment commanding officers and *Aides de Camp* entered and soon after re-appeared bearing orders abroad. He who gave these orders was a youth who seemed to have numbered from twenty to twenty-two: long fair hair, separated on the forehead, fell wavingly upon each side of his pale and fleshless cheek, and all his features bore the mark of fatal sorrow *which hangs over the brow of those who are to die in youth*. His blue cloak, in enveloping his form did not cover it so entirely as to conceal the marks of his grade: two epaulettes then worn by generals; but his were of wool, the republican officers having made the convention the patriotic offering of all the gold of their regimentals. Bent over a table, his eyes fixed on an unrolled map, he was tracing thereon by a lamp, whose light was gradually fading away before the blaze of the surrounding conflagration, the route his soldiers were to follow. This youth was General Marceau, who, three years later, was to fall at Altenkirchen.

—Alexander, said he half erecting himself—Alexander, eternal sleeper, do you dream of Saint Domingo that you sleep so long?

—“What? What?” said he, whom Marceau addressed and whose head now, as he sprung to his feet almost reached the ceiling of the hut—What! Is the enemy coming? And these words were spoken with a slight creolian accent that lent them mildness in the midst of menace.

—No, but an order coming from the General-in-Chief, Westermann.

And while his colleague read the order, for he whom he had thus called up was his colleague, Marceau gazed with the curiosity of a child on the muscular form of the Hercules who stood before him.

He was a man of twenty-eight with short and frizzled hair, brown complexion, highly developed forehead and white teeth,—whose strength well nigh supernatural, was known by all the army—for they had seen him on a day of battle cleave a casque to the cuirass, and on a day of parade, stifle between his limbs a fiery charger that was bearing him away.

Nor was he either to live long, but less fortunate than Marceau, he was doomed to die far from the field of battle, poisoned through the orders of a King. He was General Dumas, he was my father.

—Who brought you this order! said he.

—The representative of the people Delmar.

—'Tis well.—And where are the poor wretches to assemble?

—In a wood, at a league from this spot; see on the map, 'tis there.

—Yes, but on the map there are not the ravines, the mountains, the fallen trees, the thousand roads, that encumber and perplex the true rout, which scarcely can be known even in the day. Infernal country! . . . notwithstanding its eternal cold.

Here, said Marceau, driving the door open with his foot, and pointing to the village in flames—step out and you may warm yourself. . . .

—Ha! citizens, what have ye there?

These words were addressed to a group of soldiers, who, on the look out for provisions, had discovered in a sort of kennel close by the hut in which were the generals, a peasant, seemingly so intoxicated, that it was probable he had been incapable of following the inhabitants of the village when they had abandoned it.

The reader may depict to himself, a stupid-faced farmer with long hair in a broad-brimmed hat and grey vest:—a debauched being, in the form of a man, but a grade beneath the brute;—or it was evident that the mass of matter was destitute of instinct. Marceau put a few questions to him; the answers—his patois and his wine rendered unintelligible. He was about to be given up by Marceau to the sport of the soldiers, when General Dumas hastily ordered the hut to be evacuated and the prisoner enclosed within. He was yet at the door, a soldier pushed him inside, he stumbled across the floor, leant on the wall, staggered a moment—oscillating on his half-bent limbs—then falling heavily, stretched at his full length, he lay motionless.

—In one hour we may march, said Dumas to Marceau, we have a guide.

—Who is he?

—This man.

—Yes if we wish to get on the route by to-morrow, be it so. That lad has quaffed full twenty-four hours sleep.

Dumas smiled; come, said he, and he led him to the shed, where the peasant had been discovered; it was separated by a single partition from the interior of the hut, and even that was furrowed with openings through which all that passed within might be distinguished, and every syllable uttered by the two generals when conversing a moment previous, might have been heard.—And now, added he, lowering his voice, look in.

Yielding to the influence his friend possessed over him, even in the habitual events of life, Marceau obeyed, and with some difficulty descried the prisoner who had fallen by chance in the darkest corner of the hut. He still lay in the same spot, motionless; Marceau turned towards his colleague; he had disappeared.

When he cast his eye anew to the interior of the hut, the tenant thereof seemed to have made a slight move; his head was placed in a direction which enabled him to embrace all the interior in one glance. Shortly after he opened his eyes with the protracted yawn of a man awakening from sleep and saw that he was alone.

A strange light of joy and intelligence beamed over his features.

Forthwith it was evident to Marceau that he should have been this man's dupe had not a more piercing eye divined the whole. He therefore examined him with new attention, his features had re-assumed their first expression, his eyes were closed once more, his motions were those of a man relapsing into sleep; in one of them he hooked with his foot the light table that bore the map and general Westermann's order which Marceau had thrown upon it; all came to the ground pell-mell, the sentinel opened the door at the noise, thrust in his head, and seeing what had caused it, said to his comrade, with a laugh: "It is the citizen a dreaming."

In the meantime time this latter had re-opened his eyes, a threatening look followed the soldier—then rapidly snatching the paper on which the order was written he hid it in his breast.

Marceau withheld his breath; his right hand seemed attached to his sword, his left supported with his forehead all the weight of his body leaning on the partition.

The object of his attention then lay on his side, presently with help of knee and elbow he advanced with a slow motion towards the entrance of the hut; the interval between the threshold and the door allowed him to perceive the legs of a group of soldiers standing in front. Then, slowly and patiently, he turned to crawl towards the open window; when three feet distant from it, he took from his breast a weapon which had been there concealed, gathered up his body, and with one bound, with the bound of the jaguar, sprang out of the hut. Marceau uttered a scream: no time had been given him either to foresee or hinder this escape. His scream was echoed by another. This was one of malediction. The Vendean on leaping through the window had alighted face to face with General Dumas, he had attempted to strike him with his knife, but Dumas seizing his wrist had turned the weapon to his breast, so that he had but to thrust forward to make him stab himself.

—Marceau, I had promised you a guide, behold one here, and an intelligent one, I trust. I might have thee shot, fellow, {it} is more expedient to let thee live. Our conversation thou hast heard, but one syllable thereof thou shalt not bear to those who sent thee. Citizens, he now addressed the soldiers, who had crowded around to witness the strange scene—two of you each take a hand of this man and place yourselves with him at the head of the line, he shall be our guide; if you detect him deceiving you, if he but move to fly, blow out his brains and cast his body over the hedge.

Then a few orders given in a low voice went spreading commotion amidst the broken line of soldiers that surrounded the ashes which had been a village. The groups lengthened out, each platoon appeared, as it were, to flow into another. A dark line was formed, descended to the long road which separate Saint Crépin from Mountfaucou, closed it up as a wheel sinks into a rut, and when, some minutes later the moon passing between two clouds, was reflected for a moment by the stripe of bayonets gliding noiselessly along, you would have thought you beheld an immense black serpent with its silver scales gliding through the shade.

A march by night is a sad event for an army. War is beautified by a bright day when the heavens look down on the struggle, when the nations standing erect around the field of battle as on the benches of a circus, with hurried hands applaud the victors, when the thrilling sounds of the brazen instruments make the bold fibres of the heart wildly vibrate, when the smoke of a thousand cannons covers you with a shroud, when friends and foes are there to see how well you'll die. It is sublime.—But by night, by night! . . . To be unconscious of who {attacks} and how

you defend yourself, to fall without seeing the {bullet/hand} that dealt the death blow, to be trampled down by those who stand and know not whom they tread upon! Oh! then you {do} not fall like a gladiator, you wither, you roll upon the earth, {you} bite it—you tear it with your nails; then—it is horrible.

This was what caused that army to march on in silent {sorrow;} they knew that high hedges and wide fields of broom and {rose} stretched away on each side of their route and that at the {issue} of that route a combat awaited them—a combat by a night.

They had marched a full half hour; from time to time as I have said before a ray of the moon filtrating between two clouds, shewed the guide still guarded by a soldier on each side as he lent an attentive ear to the least noise. By times they heard on their flank a rustling amidst the leaves, the head of the column stopped abruptly.—Several voices exclaimed: who goes there! Naught answered, and the peasant said laughingly: It is a hare starting from its lair. Often the two soldiers thought they saw in motion before them something they could not discover, and would say one to the other, look, look, and the Vendean would answer: It is your shadow, let us proceed. Suddenly at a turn in the road they beheld two men rising before them; they attempted to speak; one of the soldiers fell before he could utter a word, the other staggered a moment and had but time to exclaim for succour. That instant a score of shots were fired, by the light of the flash the men were seen flying, one of them staggered, crawled a short way along the bank in hopes of reaching the other side of the hedge. They ran towards him; it was not the guide; they questioned him, he answered not: a soldier stabbed him in the arm to ascertain if he were dead,—he was. Marceau then became their guide. In short, after fifteen minutes march the darkness of the forest was descried. It was there, according to the advice the republicans had received, that the inhabitants of a few villages and the remains of several armies, about eighteen hundred men in all—were to assemble in order to hear a mass.

The two generals separated their small troop into several columns with orders to encircle the forest and pursue their way through every road leading to the centre; it was calculated that a half hour might suffice them to assume their respective positions. A platoon halted at the route that was opposite them, the others spread in a circle on the wings, the noise of their measured tread was heard a moment as it became fainter and fainter, it died away and silence reigned. The half hour that precedes a combat flies rapidly. Hardly has the soldier time to see if his rifle is well primed, and to say to his comrade: I have twenty or thirty francs in the corner of my haversack, {if I} die you will send them to my mother.

The word ‘forward’ sounded and thrilled through the heart; every warrior as though it had been unexpected.

As they advanced the intersection of the woods in the centre of the forest appeared to be lighted up; on approaching they descried flaming torches, the objects before them soon became more distinct and a spectacle of which none then had formed an idea rose in sight.

On an altar rudely represented by a heap of stones the priest of Saint Marie de Rhé was celebrating mass, and all around aged men, women and children knelt in prayer. Between the republicans and this group was placed a wall of armed men who in a narrower point presented the same plan of battle for the defence as for the attack; it would have been evident that the republicans had been expected even had they not recognized in the first rank, the guide who had escaped; he was now a Vendean soldier in complete costume, bearing on his left breast the red heart which was the rallying mark and on his hat the white kerchief worn in lieu of the cockade.

The Vendeans awaited not the attack, having scattered {rifle}men in the woods the fire began; the republicans advanced, their guns on their shoulders, without answering the reiterated fire of the enemy, without uttering aught after each discharge, except the words: close up the ranks, close up the ranks.

The priest had not ended mass but still continued; his auditory seemed unconscious of what passed around, and remained kneeling. The republican soldiers still advanced. When arrived at the distance of thirty feet from the enemy, the first rank knelt, three lines of rifles were lowered like ears of grain that the wind bendeth; their fire burst forth;—the ranks of the Vendeans were thinned and balls went flying through and killed women and children at the foot of the altar. There was in that crowd a moment of screams and tumult. The priest raised the host, every head was bent to the earth, and all sank anew into silence.

The republicans made their second discharge at the distance of ten feet with as much coolness as at a review, with as much precision as if firing at a target. The Vendeans returned their fire, and to neither was allowed time to load their guns again; it was now the bayonet’s turn and here the regularly armed republicans had all the advantage. The priest still said mass. The Vendeans recoiled, whole ranks fell without other noise than that of curses. The priest perceiving it gave a signal; the torches were extinguished and darkness closed around the combatants. The night was but a scene of confusion and slaughter, in which each dealt his blow in rage and died without asking mercy, that mercy which is seldom granted when asked for.

And yet the words pardon, pardon were uttered in a heart-rending voice at the knees of Marceau, whose uplifted arm was about to strike.

It was the voice of a young Vendean, an unarmed boy who strove to escape from the dreadful *mêlée*.

Pardon, pardon, said he, in the name of heaven, in the name of thy mother, save me.

The general hurried him a few steps from the field of battle to escape the eyes of the soldiers, but was forced to stop, for the youth had fainted. He was astonished by such an excess of terror in a soldier, but not rendered the less eager to recover him, bared his breast to the breeze: . . . his captive was a woman.

There was not an instant to lose, the orders of the convention were precise;—every Vendean taken with arms in hand or constituting part of an assemblage, was without regard to sex or age, to perish on the scaffold. He seated the young girl at the foot of a tree and ran to the field. Perceiving amongst the slain a young republican officer whose station seemed to be nearly that of the unknown he stripped him of his uniform and hat and returned to her. The coolness of the night soon roused her from her swoon.—My father, my father, were her first words; then she rose, and pressed both hands on her forehead as to fix her ideas within.—Oh it is frightful—I was with him. I have forsaken him;—my father, my father! perhaps he is dead!—

Our youthful mistress, mademoiselle Blanche, said a voice proceeding from a head which suddenly appeared behind the tree, the marquis of Beaulieu lives, he is saved. The King and the good cause forever.—He who had spoken these words vanished like a shadow but not so rapidly that Marceau had not time to recognize the peasant of St. Crépin.

Tinguy, Tinguy, exclaimed the girl stretching her arms towards the farmer—Hush! a word denounces thee and to save thee is my wish! Put on this coat and this hat and wait here. Returning to the field he gave his soldiers orders to withdraw to Cholet, left the command of the troop to his colleague and hastened back to the young Vendean.

He found her prepared to follow him. Both directed their steps towards a sort of highway which crosses Romagne where Marceau's domestic awaited him with horses to whom the interior was impenetrable, the roads therein being all savannas and bogs. There he became doubly perplexed through the apprehension that his companion could not ride and possessed not sufficient strength to walk; but she soon reassured him by manœuvring her horse with no less gracefulness if not so much power as the best cavaliers. She observed Marceau's surprise and smiled. You will be less astonished when you know me.—You will find by what series of circumstances the exercises of men have become familiar to me:—for you seem so kind that I shall relate to you all the events of my life—so young and yet so troubled.

Yes, yes, but at a future period, said Marceau; we shall have time sufficient for it, for you are my prisoner and for your own sake I will not restore you your liberty. Now we have but to reach Cholet with the utmost speed—So steady on your saddle—and gallop,—my cavalier.—Gallop! answered the Vendean lady, and three quarters of an hour later they were entering Cholet. The general-in-chief was at the *Mairie*—Marceau entered—leaving at the door his domestic and prisoner. He rendered in a few words an account of his mission and returned to find a lodging at the *Hotel des Sans-Culottes*.—an inscription which had supplanted on the sign the words: *Au grand St. Nicolas*.

Having retained two chambers, to one he conducted the young lady,—advised her to throw herself upon the bed without undressing in order that she might take a few moments of that repose she so much required after the frightful night she had just passed,—and in the other shut himself up, for now he was responsible for an existence and it was necessary that he should think of the means of preserving it.

Blanche likewise had to think—to dream, first of her father, then of the republican general with the mild face and sweet-toned voice. She would walk to and fro to be certain that she was well awake;—she would stop before a mirror to be convinced of her identity,—then reflecting on her forlorn situation she would weep; but the idea of death—of death on the scaffold darkened not her mind, for Marceau had said in a kind voice: I shall save you.

And she,—the child of yesterday,—why should she lovely and inoffensive—why should men demand her head, her blood? Scarcely could she think she was in the slightest danger. On the contrary her father—the Vendean chief—her father killed and might be killed; but she—she a poor young girl—yet hand in hand with childhood. Oh! far from listening to sorrowful presages: life was lovely and replete with joy—boundless was the future,—the war would end,—the empty castle behold its lord once more.—Some happy day a wearied youth would come demanding hospitality, he would be twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, a sweet voice—fair hair—the uniform of a general—long would he remain;—dream on, poor Blanche, dream on!

There is a season in youth during which woe is so foreign to existence that it seems as though it never can become acclimatized;—however sad a thought may be, it ends by brightening into a smile. It is because we then see life but on one side of the horizon, it is because the past has not yet had time to make us mistrust the future.

Marceau was dreaming also—but he saw into life: he knew the political enmities of the time, he was aware of the exigencies of a revolution—and while Blanche slept, he was devising the means of saving her. One alone offered to his mind, and that was to conduct her to Nantes where his family resided. For three years he had not seen either his mother or sister, and being now within a few leagues of that city it seemed quite natural that he should request of the General-in-Chief permission to visit them. He dwelt on this idea. Day was breaking, he repaired to Westernmann's residence, and what he asked was granted without hesitation. Thinking that Blanche could not leave Cholet sufficiently soon, he wished the permission to be handed to him that moment—but it was necessary that it should have another signature,—that of Delmar the representative of the people. He had arrived but one hour previous with the troops of the expedition, he was taking a few minutes of repose in the adjoining room, and the General-in-Chief promised Marceau that as soon as he would awake the permission should be sent to him.

On re-entering the hotel he met General Dumas in quest of him. The two friends had no secrets for one another, so that he soon heard the adventure of the night. Whilst he was having breakfast prepared, Marceau ascended to the room of his captive who had already requested his attendance; he announced the visit of his colleague, who delayed not to present himself; his first words encouraged Blanche, and after a moment's conversation she experienced

nothing more than the restraint inseparable from the position of a young girl placed with two men almost unknown to her.

They were sitting down to table when the door opened. The representative of the people, Delmar, appeared on the threshold.

We had scarcely time in the commencement of this story to say a word of this new personage. He was one of those men whom Robespierre placed as an arm at the extremity of his own to reach into the provinces,—who thought they understood his system of regeneration, because he had said to them: We *must* regenerate—and in whose hands the guillotine was more active than intelligent.

This sinister apparition made Blanche tremble, even before she knew who the intruder was. Ah! ah! said he to Marceau, you wish to leave us already, *Citizen General*, but you have behaved so well last night that I have nought to refuse you.—I am rather piqued at you however for having allowed the Marquis of Beaulieu to escape. I had promised the Convention to send them his head. Blanche, meanwhile, was standing pale and cold as the statue of terror. Marceau stepped before her. But what is deferred is not lost, continued he, the republican blood-hounds have a keen scent and good teeth, and we are on his track. There is the permission, added he, it is in due form, and you may go when you wish. But first, I ask breakfast of you, for I would not leave such a brave fellow as you without previously drinking to the republic, and to the extermination of the brigands.

In the present position of the two generals this mark of esteem was any thing but agreeable to them; Blanche was seated again and began to take fresh courage. All were placed at the table, and the girl, in order not to face Delmar, was obliged to seat herself at his side. She sat at a certain distance so that she might not touch him, and her fears were, in a great measure, removed when she perceived the representative of the people more engrossed with the repast than with those who shared it with him. Now and then however one or two words of blood would fall from his lips and make the blood run cold in the maiden's veins; but no real danger seemed to menace her and the generals were in hopes that he would leave them without having directly addressed word to her. Of his wish to set out on his journey Marceau made a pretext to shorten the duration of the repast;—it was almost at an end; they were beginning to breath with more freedom when a discharge of musquetry was heard in the town square in front of the inn; the generals sprung to their arms which they had laid within reach. Delmar stopped them.

—Well, my brave friends, said he laughing and rocking in his chair; well, I like to see you on your guard; but set down again, there is naught there for you to do.

—What is that noise there? said Marceau.

—Nothing, said Delmar, they are shooting the prisoners of last night.

Blanche uttered a scream of terror: Oh! the unfortunates! exclaimed she.

Delmar dropped the glass he was about to raise to his lips and slowly turned towards her.

—Ah! this is well forsooth, said he, if soldiers now tremble like women, women must be up like soldiers;—true, you are quite young, added he, seeing her two hands and staring in her face; but you will become habituated.

—Oh! never, never, exclaimed Blanche, without thinking how dangerous it was for her to manifest her feelings before such a witness, never shall I become habituated to such honors.

Boy, said Delmar, letting her hands drop, thinkest thou a nation can be regenerated without blood being drawn,—that factions can be repressed without erecting scaffolds? Hast thou ever beheld the level of equality sweep over a people without cutting off heads? Woe then, woe to the great, for the wand of Tarquin has marked them out!

He was silent a moment, then continued: Besides what is death?—A sleep that has no dreams, no waking;—what is blood? a red liquor something like that contained in this bottle which produces no effect on our mind, except by the idea we attach to it:—Sombreuil drank of it. Well! you speak not: let us see, have you not on your tongue some philanthropic argument? In your place a *girondin* would not be at a non-plus.

Blanche was therefore forced to continue the conversation.

—Oh! said she trembling, are you certain that God has given you right to smite thus?

—Does not God smite?

—Yes, but he sees beyond this life, while man, when he kills, knows not what he gives, or what he takes away.

—Be it so:—the soul is immortal or it is not; if the body be nought but matter, is it a crime to render somewhat sooner to matter, that which God had borrowed from it? If there dwells a soul therein, and that soul be immortal, I cannot kill it:—the body is but a garment which I tear from it, or rather a prison whence I rescue it. Now, hearken to a counsel, for I condescend to give you one; keep your philosophical reflections and college arguments for the defence of your own life, if ever you chance to fall into the hands of Charette or Berard de Montigny, for they would grant you no more pardon than I have given their soldiers. As for myself, perchance you might repeat a repetition of them in my presence; remember it. He withdrew.

There was a moment's silence. Marceau laid down his pistols which he had cocked during the conversation. Oh! said he, pointing after him, never did man unconsciously approach death nearer than you have done. Blanche, do you know, had one gesture, one word escaped him to prove that he knew you, do you know that I would have blown out his brains?

She heard him not. One idea possessed her mind—it was that that man was to pursue the remnants of the army commanded by her father the Marquis of Beaulieu—O my God! said she, burying her head in her hands.—O my God,—when I think that my father may fall into the hands of that lion; that if he had been made prisoner last night

—there opposite—he might—execrable! atrocious!—Is there then no more pity in this world? Oh! forgive, forgive, said she to Marceau, who better than I should know the contrary? Oh God—oh God!

At that moment the domestic entered and announced that the horses were ready. Let us go, in the name of heaven, let us go. There is blood in the air we breathe. Let us go, answered Marceau, and all then immediately descended.

Marceau found at the door a detachment of thirty men whom the General-in-Chief had ordered to mount on horseback, in order to escort him to Nantes. Dumas accompanied them, during a short time, but at a league from Cholet his friend insisted strenuously that he should return; farther, it would have been dangerous to return alone. He therefore took leave of them, put spurs to his horse, and disappeared at the angle of a road.

And Marceau wished to be alone with the Vendean. She had the history of her life to relate to him, and he thought hers must be a life replete with interest. Drawing up his horse to the side of the one Blanche rode:—Now, said he, now that we are tranquil and have a long way to go, let us converse and talk of you. I know who you are,—but that is all. How did you happen to be in that meeting? Whence came this habit of wearing these habiliments of men? Speak, we soldiers are accustomed to hear concise and harsh words, but do you speak at length of yourself, of your childhood, I pray you.

Marceau without knowing why, could not, in speaking to Blanche, habituate himself to employ the republican language of the day.

Blanche then related to him the history of her life;—how when she was young her mother died, and left her an infant in the hands of the Marquis of Beaulieu; how her education given by a man, had familiarized her with those exercises which, when the insurrection of Vendée broke out, had become so useful, and allowed her to follow her father. She unfolded all the events of the war, from the *emcule* of Saint Florent to the combat in which Marceau had saved her life. She spoke long as he had requested, for she saw she was listened to with happiness. At the moment she was closing her narrative they descried at the horizon Nantes with her lights glimmering through the mist. The small troop traversed the Loire, and a few instants later Marceau was in his mother's arms.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

The subsequent wild strain is very old, and has generally passed under the name of Ballad of Bedlam. It is a wonderful specimen of the vivid force and romantic flights of that ærial faculty, our imagination.

I'll sail upon the dogstar,
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
And make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll COIN THE WEATHER,
I'll wrench the rainbow from the skies,
And *tie both ends together*.

The stars pluck from their orbits too,
And cram them in my budget;
Now; if I'm not a roaring boy,
Let Gresham College judge it.

I'll mount the clear cerulean,
To shun the tempting gypseys,
I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

“THE INDOMITABILITY OF THE FLY.—Imagine the endeavor to *tame a fly*! It is obvious that there is no getting at him; he does not comprehend you; he knows nothing about you; it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you, or at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither? What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose. He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he is done. Thumping, [if you could get some fairy stick that would do it with impunity,] would have no effect on a creature who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it.—Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture.—The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and he often rubs his hands together, with the appearance of great energy and satisfaction.”

The foregoing from the New Monthly Magazine for May 1832 is not amiss. But whether we are to give the cleanly and familiar little pests, called common flies, credit for stupidity or for impudence, even while we write, though their presence is said to argue purity in the atmosphere, we wish the whole and universal family of them was totally extinct—gone from the face of creation, and remembered only as are the Anachins, Mastodons, Philistines, Phœnixes, Phederalists, and other monstrosities of former days. They look harmless, and have a tame, genteel, insinuating air about them; and, at the same time they are the most impertinent, weariful and truly diabolical pests in creation.—When Uncle Toby discharged one, his philanthropy was most questionable. Mercy to the insect was cruelty to mankind; for who can say what untold millions of ravenous and unnumbered armies may have descended from that solitary fugitive? Philosophy furnishes us with no means of avoiding their assaults without excluding light and air; and the *cordon sanitaire* is often worse than the disease. By exposing a mineral poison in a flat vessel containing spirits, you may kill more legions of them than can be swept out; but other legions come to mourn their fate and share their destiny. At present they are not remarkably numerous, but they are remarkably vicious and obstinate.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The June monthly meeting of this Society took place at its rooms, on Monday evening the 24th ult. the Rev. J. BETHUNE, President, in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved of, communications were read from the Right Hon. the Countess of Dalhousie, dated Dalhousie Castle, 30th March, 1833, (on behalf of the noble Earl, then, we regret to say, in continued ill health) in reply to a letter from the corresponding Secretary, of July 1830, received by his Lordship while on the Himalaya Mountains, 1500 miles above Calcutta, and announcing a donation from her Ladyship of a large number of shells, and eleven birds of the most elegant plumage, from the mountains and the plains of India; from the Honorable William Smith, of Quebec, dated 18th June, accompanying a full set of the Journals of the Legislative Council, in pursuance of a vote of that body towards the close of the last Session; and from the Hon. James Cuthbert, of Berthier, dated 8th May last, announcing that he had commenced a series of experiments in the culture of some Himalaya Corn, transmitted to him by the Secretary, the result of which he would in due time communicate.

The monthly report of the Council was then presented and read. It announced the gratification it had in congratulating the Society on the number and value of the donations received during the month; and, as claiming especial notice, it detailed the most important. One of much value was the one already alluded to from the Countess of Dalhousie, consisting of birds, and of 68 distinct species of shells, (amounting, with duplicates, to upwards of 100 specimens) selected from her own cabinet; which she sent in consequence of the noble Earl not having been enabled, during his residence in India, to obtain for the Society the objects which, at his own request, had been pointed out to him. A second of great value was from John Clark, Esq., of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, of several skins of animals (among which were a white fox & porcupine), birds (particularity of some rare aquatic fowl), shells, starfish, &c., from the Labrador coast. The third was a very acceptable donation from Mr. Matthew Cranford, of this city, of 52 fine specimens, principally fossils from Scarborough and Whitby, in England. The other donations to the Museum were from Hoyes Lloyd, Esq., of New Glasgow, and his son, Mr. J. Lloyd, of 8 valuable silver and 2 copper coins of the continent of Europe; from Dr. Skey, Inspector of Hospitals, Quebec, of a very large and fine specimen of carbonate of barytes;—to the library, from the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, the first part of the third volume of their Transactions; and from Mr. A. H. Armour, a book of plates illustrative of Natural History, with a descriptive catalogue in seven languages.

In addition to the augmentation thus received, the Council reported a late purchase of upwards of one hundred specimens of shells, not previously in their collection. The receipt by the Treasurer of the *50l.*, voted by the Legislature last session in aid of the Society, for general purposes, was also announced. From the recent augmentations to the collection of the Society, the Council had been under the necessity of ordering additional cases for the display of its shells and minerals.

The by-laws recently adopted for the government of its members in conformity to the Act of Incorporation, had been ordered to be printed; to which, a list of the members would be added.

A vote of thanks was passed for the liberal donations above mentioned.

The Society agreed to subscribe for four copies of the "Tabular View of Metallic Minerals," to be published by Lieut. Baddeley, R. E. Quebec.

The Society resolved to offer Prize Medals for the best Essays on the following subjects:—1, On the Fish and Fluvial Shells of Canada—2, On the Minerals of Canada—3, On the Climate of Canada—and 4, On any other subject connected with Natural History, at the option of the writer.

The Society then adjourned.

ANDREW ARMOUR,
Recording Secretary.

July 17. 1833.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Among the last, but not the least in feeling, we would bri{n}g our tribute of praise and admiration to the shrine of female genius and talent. So much has been said and written of Miss KEMBLE, that it is almost difficult to praise even her, without repeating what has been written, and spoken many times before; we will not however repine at this, but rejoice that the merits of this surprising young lady are so well appreciated. Since her arrival in Montreal, Miss KEMBLE, has personated the principal female characters in *Venice Preserved*, *Fazio*, the *Wonder*, the *Gamester*, and the *Stranger*. Her success in each has been complete, and the ladies of M. must ever remember with pride and gratitude the proofs she has given how high a woman's mind can soar, and were we to question many who have witnessed her performance on the cause of the abundance of tears shed by them, not a few would answer: exultation.

With regard to Miss K's personal appearance, we shall say nothing; and regret that all have not been equally silent on that subject; conceiving, that pointing out beauties or defects of form or feature in a public paper, is more proper when discussing the transactions at Tattersall's, than in writing of a modest woman, who gives every proof of a delicate, and sensitive mind. One of the most prominent characteristics of Miss K's acting, is, the striking beauty of her attitudes and motions; we could liken them to nothing but exquisite poetry, the language of which, although too high wrought and figurative for common conversation, is perfectly proper for that style or writing; fascinating to the imagination, but natural; sublime and lofty, but plain to the understanding of the most simple reader.

Had Mr. KEMBLE come to this country unaccompanied by his accomplished daughter, his self-love had certainly received more gratification in the exclusive admiration his talents would have excited; as it is, attention seems to be so entirely absorbed by her, that the mind can scarcely attend to any other, however eminent their claims, but we question much if the Father's feelings are not a source of more exquisite happiness than those appertaining to himself alone. Mr. DE CAMP has appeared but seldom since his present stay in Montreal; but his powers are well known—and it adds not a little to the pleasure which is excited by this interesting trio, when we reflect how nearly they are related.

Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

Interpolated words or letters are enclosed in { }.

The abbreviated name originally given as T * * * is here represented as T——.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 8* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]